

A Lesson in Alchemy

By Baseddook

Terryn strolled casually into the library, sliding his phone into his pocket as he walked past the metal detectors and into the foyer. He was running a good ten minutes late for his tutoring lesson, but he wasn't in a hurry to walk up the wooden spiral staircase to the second floor. Bryar would understand, the lion thought to himself. This would be their fifth tutoring session together, and Terryn had managed to arrive fashionably late for each one. However, Bryar never mentioned it much less chastised him over it. Besides, most people would suppose the son of a high mage had far more important business to attend to than private lessons in alchemy.

Dust glimmered in the sunlight entering from the windows, which reached from the floor to the ceiling, casting a rustic atmosphere over the library that matched the smell of old parchment and hardbound books. The wooden steps of the staircase creaked whenever the lion's footpaws placed their weight on them. He earned an annoyed glance from a buck seated at one of the reading tables as he climbed deliberately slow. Once he was out of the deer's sight, he pranced his way up the rest of the steps with a bemused chuckle under his breath.

Bryar was already seated at their meeting table with alchemy parchment, ink, and the rabbit's weight in reference books. None of these things surprised the lion in the least bit. If Terryn had to describe Bryar to someone who'd never met the rabbit, he'd say they were meticulous, intelligent, and too shy to admit it.

The cinnamon furred bunny looked up from the reference book he was studying just in time to see the Terryn leave the staircase. His studious visage warmed into a closed smile as he waved the lion over.

"Alright, I think we've covered the basics of the alchemical table and now we're ready to get down into the fun stuff: summoning!" said the rabbit. He was never the type for greetings or small-talk, though the lion believed this was due to social awkwardness rather than a frigid personality.

The lion pulled a wooden chair out from the table and dropped his satchel to the floor with a thud. "You mean, I get to turn shit into other shit finally?"

"Well, no..." replied the rabbit as he fixed the glasses on the bridge of his nose. "First, we're going to focus on bringing elements to the alchemy parchment through magic. When you start doing actual alchemy, not all of your material will be able to turn into the desired product.

You'll need to learn how to sift what you want out of the stuff that you don't. Does that make sense?"

"So it's like, taking out the red candies because they're the worst?"

The rabbit slowly half-nodded his head. "Uh... yeah, kinda?"

While Bryar busied himself with setting up the parchment, Terryn let his mind wander as he pretended to read over the book sitting in front of him. Certain words and phrases glossed over his mind: sulfur, transmogrification, spirit of Saturn, but they didn't hold onto his attention span like Bryar did. Each tutoring session went the same way. He'd listen half-heartedly to the words coming out of the rabbit's mouth and then focus on the voice creating them.

The rabbit confused him - not just his words, but also his actions. He knew that his father had offered a healthy salary to Bryar for helping his son pass alchemy and yet the rabbit took the job pro bono. The bunny wouldn't have gotten anything for his work if it weren't for Terryn suggesting that he act as Bryar's personal trainer in the rec center.

Bryar took to the gym environment pretty quickly. His endurance had gotten much better in the past few weeks, and the lion could already see improvements in the bunny's muscle definition. He was shaping up to be quite the sight to see in the showers.

The heavy book in front of him was slammed shut, drawing Terryn's attention to the bunny waving his paw in front of him. "Terryn? Are... are you alright?"

"Yeah, of course!" he responded brightly with a wide smile.

The rabbit's face tinted red with blush as he continued. "Okay, so first you want to draw a symbol to represent what you would like to summon to the parchment. We can use the universal table here to find the symbol for the desired substance."

The bunny reached over the table to grab a small handbook with symbols and element names on every page. He handed it over to Terryn before placing his hand on the lion's shoulder. "Go ahead and look through this to see if anything piques your interest. Keep in mind, there's not going to be much sulfur or spirit of mercury around here so look for something that we have a lot of."

Terryn flipped through the pages, glancing at each element before moving on to the next. Water? Too boring. Air? Far too dangerous! Lead? He didn't want to know how much lead was in the library. Finally, a symbol caught his eye. It was one he was well familiar with, as he had drawn on it many times before on desks, lockers, and sheets of paper. "That's a dick!" he exclaimed, as he pointed to the symbol.

"That's the spirit of life, Terryn." said the bunny flatly.

"Okay! You mind telling me what the spirit of life is? Does this summon a bunch of spirit dicks?"

The rabbit put his palm on his forehead and slightly shook his head. "No, not exactly. It's... uh... well... it's sperm."

Terryn's eyes lit up and his voice lowered to a quiet though excited whisper. "There's a cum symbol?"

Even though there was no way someone else could have heard them, the rabbit urged the lion to hush. "There's a symbol for every known chemical, substance, and solution known to beastkind! Of course, there's... that."

"We have to do this one, Bryar. I've got a real talent for drawing dicks! Besides, could you imagine every dude in here cumming and not knowing why?"

The rabbit gave a tired sigh. “That’s not how the spell works, Tarryn. The substance would have to be exposed to the air and within a certain radius above the parchment.”

The lion’s smile was unwavering and his gaze shifted from the rabbit to the aisle behind them and back. Bryar turned slowly to look behind him and then whirled around to face Tarryn. “You can’t be serious!”

Tarryn’s visage was of pure innocence. “But I haven’t suggested anything - yet. Hear me out! No one comes back here around this time. There’s only a handful of magic arts majors at this college and none of them have come into this library since you started tutoring me. We sit here for hours on end, alone no one bothers us at this time. It’s as good as getting a room!”

“So you’re suggesting that we-” the rabbit paused and lowered his voice to a worried whisper, “jerk off in this ‘private room’ of a library?”

“You don’t have to! You can just watch and coach me along if you want. Some of us didn’t have time to rub one out this morning if you know what I mean.”

The rabbit’s cheeks burned a deep crimson as he looked back at the tall shelf of books. “Um, okay. I can do that for you. You don’t mind being watched do you?”

Tarryn was already out of his seat and rolling up the alchemy parchment. “Nah,” he said over his shoulder, “You’ve seen me naked plenty of times before in the showers anyway.”

The lion walked behind the bookshelf and laid the parchment flat on the floor. It took him a couple seconds of messing with the paper to make sure that it wouldn’t roll back up mid-summon. The rabbit stood behind him, his fingers fidgeting nervously with one another as the lion drew a circle in the center of the parchment. Tarryn studied the cock and balls in the book carefully. He had to get the length, girth, and simplified geometry perfect in order to get the

desired effect. He dabbed the pen in the ink and gingerly placed it down on the paper, just as the rabbit had taught him. He let his hand guide the pen rather than his thoughts as he looked closely at the example in the book.

He looked up to admire his handiwork. It was an exemplary symbol of the spirit of life and even his tutor nodded his head in approval.

“See, I told you I was good at drawing dicks,” said the lion with a smirk.

The ink glowed an eerie blue, its aura wafting over the parchment and then turning back at the edges of the paper. Terryn’s eyes were fixed on the shimmering phallus as he tugged on his belt and lowered his jeans to the floor. He heard a gasp over his shoulder from the rabbit as the lion tugged his jock down past his knees. Even before he was pulling his shirt over his head, his cock was swelling to an impressive size.

The first step was the scariest. He wasn’t sure how his body would react stepping onto the parchment. Would he levitate off the ground? Would he feel a sudden pressure around his sack? He was relieved to feel his feet meet the solid ground and a pleasant tingle wrap around his shaft and balls. He let out a quiet groan as he moved to the center of the symbol and the magic went to work at coaxing the spirit of life out of him.

It tickled the underside of his shaft at random intervals. It wasn’t so much stroking him off as it was focusing on each individual nerve ending in his cock to make it throb and ooze pre. Not a drop of his pre ever hit the parchment. Instead, it gathered around his shaft and glistened in the sunlight raining down on him from the window. He turned to face the bunny with a look of sheer bliss plastered over his face. To his surprise, Bryar was staring slack-jawed at the impressive manhood in front of him.

Terryn could trace exactly where the bunny's eyes were studying. First, they watched his golden shaft twitch and throb, then they glided up past the happy trail of red fur on his abs, and finally resting on his euphoric face. Terryn could also see that the bunny liked what he was seeing, judging by the bulge forming in his shorts.

Bryar gulped and adjusted his glasses before hurriedly pulling down his shorts. He made backward glances at the empty aisle of the library as he quickly disrobed. He joined the lion on the mat with a shudder as the magic washed over him as well. He stood a few inches away from Terryn with his hands behind his back as he swayed back and forth nervously. "Is it alright if I join you?" he asked sheepishly.

The lion smiled down at the rabbit before pulling him in close, sandwiching their pulsing members between their fuzzy bodies. "It's alright with me," he said softly in the rabbit's ear. "Is this alright with you?"

The rabbit shivered against the lion's body. "Uh, yeah. This is perfectly fine with me."

Bryar rubbed his cock up and down the length of Terryn's shaft, trading slick pre between the two hot poles. The bunny's breath beat softly against the feline's chest as he pulled himself closer to the other male. He appeared restless to the lion, hungry to feel more pleasure sweep over his slender form. This wasn't the first time Terryn had seen the rabbit naked. He'd traded glances at Bryar in the rec room showers and even caught the bunny at half-mast before, but they'd never seen each other like this.

Bryar suddenly turned his back to Terryn and braced himself against the bookshelf. The lion's cock gave a lively twitch as the rabbit spread his legs and let his tail tuft flick back and forth over his plump cheeks.

“What about this, Terryn?” the rabbit huffed raggedly. His breathing was short and desperate.

Terryn didn't know the exact thing that Bryar had in mind, but he had a general idea. As he bent down onto his knees behind the rabbit and placed a large golden paw underneath the base of that puffy tail, he replied. “What, you mean this?”

The lion opened his mouth and dragged his tongue up the bunny's hind end, wetting the fur of his taint and butt with warm saliva. He heard a muffled gasp from the bunny as he buried his muzzle between the firm cheeks and licked across the tight rabbit hole. He spread the cheeks with his hands to give his tongue better access to Bryar's intimate depths. He prodded the entrance and stretched the ring playfully with each lick.

Bryar gasped and his wiggling little tail tickled the lion's nose. Terryn had to fight to keep from sneezing, but he managed to hold it off. He didn't want anything to bother him as he explored his tutor's most private of places. The bunny muttered words of encouragement as Terryn's tongue pushed its way into Bryar's ass. “Yes... just like that. Umph - deeper!”

Terryn didn't want to disappoint his teacher now of all times! His tongue curled upwards until it found the bunny's prostate, which it then played with mercilessly. The lion loved seeing the consequences of his actions as he toyed with the lagomorph. The way the rabbit's thighs flexed or the sound of pleased sighs escaping his muzzle would have kept the lion's cock hard regardless of the magic stimulating his shaft.

Finally, he heard the words he liked to hear the most: “Fuck me.” He held off from acting on his impulses to make sure the rabbit wasn't just cursing from the pleasure overwhelming his small frame.

Again the rabbit spoke. "Terryn, please fuck me. I can stay quiet, I promise!" he whined.

The lion rose up from his kneeling position, planting licks and suckling kisses along the rabbit's backside until his towering form was flush with the bent over bunny's. Terryn pressed his erect member between Bryar's cheeks, letting them clench around his uncut shaft and feel the weight of the girthy cock soon to be inside that ass. He licked the rabbit's long ears before whispering, "I'll start slow to make sure you keep that promise."

The saliva drooling out of the bunny's rear and the hefty amount of pre on the lion's shaft aided Terryn's progression immensely. With one paw resting on the rabbit's shoulder for balance, he used the other to press the tip against Bryar's asshole. He gradually leaned his weight onto the tutor until he felt the tight ring spread to welcome his hard cock inside. The rabbit felt warm and soft around the lion's shaft, clenching around the flesh with each throb. For the next few moments, as the lion slowly pushed his sex deeper into the bunny, the two could feel each other's heartbeats as one.

The magic around Terryn's shaft never faded, instead it spread down his shaft and to his balls, meandering around the perineum, and sending sensual tingles up and down his spine. He pressed his muzzle down in the crook of the bunny's neck before slowly rocking his hips back and forth. Bryar would relax around his shaft and then tighten up again with each hilt of the lion's cock. Just as Terryn was starting to find a steady rhythm, he caught a vixen walk past the aisle. She paused for a moment, confused by what she was seeing, and by the time her eyes met with the lion's and then the bunny's she turned on her heels and promptly walked in the direction she had come.

“So much for not getting caught,” huffed the lion in the rabbit’s twitching ears. “I guess this means you can be as loud as you want now.”

He thrust his hips with hard, hammering movements, letting his thighs clap against the bunny’s cheeks as that ass stroked his cock. Bryar took the lion at his word and let his moans drip freely from his mouth as the lion’s uncut rod hammered into him.

Looking over the rabbit’s shoulder, Terryn could see Bryar’s prick flinging pre into his dark brown fur with each pounding that he took. With one paw, he grabbed hold of the cock head and swiveled his fingers around it teasingly. Bryar let out a loud moan because of that, and the lion wondered if they’d draw even more curious eyes to their location. Maybe for once, the magic arts section of the library would be the most populated section of the library.

Terryn stared down at his shaft entering and exiting the bunny’s hole. It was almost mesmerizing how it meshed perfectly to fit the shape of his cock. The pink circle widened just enough to accept what the lion had to offer and then tightened to keep it in its warm embrace.

His thrusts grew more impatient and less deliberate. The lion’s instincts to sow his seed in the valley of the rabbit’s ass grew stronger with each slap of his balls against the bunny’s taint. He could tell that Bryar wasn’t too far from the same need. His cock trembled in the firm grasp of the lion’s paw and the pre drooling from its head made it difficult for the lion to keep a constant hold of it.

Bryar’s ass was getting especially difficult to thrust into. The bunny’s approaching orgasm, caused all of his muscles to clench in preparation for release. Terryn’s powerful thrusts were no match, however. His hips continued to buck arduously into the small rabbit, mercilessly hitting his tutor’s prostate while searching for the final thrust to earn his release.

The bunny's orgasm pelted against the lion's paw, warm sticky spurts gathering in the crevices of his fingers before being pulled down by the magic to the parchment below. A warm sense of accomplishment washed over the lion, knowing that he was able to give his tutor some much-needed pleasure.

Terryn's balls rose in their golden furred sack, there was no stopping him now. He pulled his cock free from the rabbit's now gaping hole and let his spunk shoot freely into the air. The strangest thing was that the spunk took a few seconds to come back down. The bluish aura wrapped itself around each droplet of cum and gradually brought it down into the pool forming on the parchment. If it weren't for the hazy afterglow the two were experiencing, they might have thought the sight was oddly beautiful.

Eventually, every ounce of the milky liquid had gathered into a perfect white circle in the center of the parchment. Not a drop could be found on either of their persons.

The rabbit was the first to speak. "Well now... at least we know that summoning technique is good for something," he said as he walked off the parchment to retrieve his clothes. "That was the easiest after sex clean-up I've ever had to do."

"Amazing..." Terryn muttered as he took a seat to the side of the rabbit and slipped his jock back on.

"You don't think that Vixen will tattle on us, do you?" Bryar asked nervously as he fumbled around with his shirt to get his long ears past the collar.

"You kidding? Why do you think no one goes to the magic arts section of the library to study?" giggled the lion. "At most, she'll be a little peeved we didn't schedule an appointment first."

Bryar looked puzzled at first, but the pieces all seemed to click into place eventually. “So what you’re saying is, we’ll need to schedule an appointment next time?”

Terryn nodded his head with a big smile. “We can go anywhere next time! With an alchemy parchment and enough ink, we can go anywhere without a trace.”