

Minotaur, as Fresh as You Can Milk It.

By GarifhNebula

Ouch! It has been a while! I've been incredibly busy with life stuff, and when I started writing again this story got a little out of hand. I'm a little out of practice so forgive this one being a little less polished than other things I have written. As you might be able to see it got a little long, but I guess that makes sense for how long I was gone. Please feel free to give feedback.

If you want to skip straight to the porn you can look up "matters" for a skinny dipping cow-man and "focused" for lots and LOTS of milk.

Contains: Some Voyerism, Extremely Excessive Cum, and Even More Cum.

Farming is never exactly glamorous. Well, unless you are some noble who sees the work of the "lesser folk" as something worthy of a painting in a royal hall, or something to pretend to do in your private garden while dressed for the part; till you get tired of it and get your actual gardener to do the work. Maybe that's why the Crown City has so much farmland outside its gates, so they can all gawk at you at their leisure. Lords and Ladies took to making great profit off the work deep within the concentric ringed districts of the City, only coming to live in their finely made manors or quaint farm cottages when they were in the mood. Or worse, have their brain dead children take care of the place. Those who worked the land got pushed away, small sad villages hidden from the view of the roadways to the City.

Thwack!

“Shed aint a Gaudsdamn playce fer ye fuckin magic tricks!!” The ratty old woman smacked the back of Rye’s leg with the handle of a rusty hoe. Rye winced in pain, but kept a hold of the wooden bowl he held, not spilling a pinch of the powder inside.

“Fucking bells Joan!” Rye quickly and precisely emptied the contents into a small tarnished canister before he felt another smack on his hip. Even this rotten wood shed with its dark splintered walls and low torn-up ceiling was a more suitable place for Rye’s alchemical work than anywhere near his living quarters, and Joan was the reason. Or at least it WAS a more suitable place until last week. That was really the final straw for Rye.

Rye was nominally a farmer, had been his entire life. From what he knew his mother had worked here to pay off her debt to lord and lady, but had died shortly after giving birth to her son. She didn’t have anything to pass on to her newborn, and so little care was given to the workers here that apparently no one had even bothered to learn his name. Rye always wondered what his mother might have called him.

“Aint gonna fuckin miss you fer much but beatin yer dumb ass,” Joan said as Rye pressed a lid to the small canister and stuck it and his other alchemy supplies and a ratty old book in his bag. It didn’t take long for the news of Rye’s departure to meet the ears of the other workers. But then again they cared so little about Rye that they might as well have never known.

“I guess that means you ARE going to miss me for SOMETHING though.” Rye knew he was going to get another whack for his tone, but after twenty-something years of dealing with the woman it was nice to finally talk back to her. “By this afternoon I’ll be gone and you’ll have to find someone else to treat like shit!” Rye stuffed a grey covered and terribly worn book into a satchel along with the mixture he had been working on.

Joan gave a small wrinkle of the nose on her weathered face, but leaned the hoe against the side of the shed again, “Always someone slackin’ off, least you’ll be doin’ it

somewhere else.” It was the closest Rye was going to get for a farewell from the old woman, but even if he hated her he still felt a tinge of sadness at the “goodbye.”

Not having any real friends or family was something Rye learned to deal with rather quickly. Really the only person who had ever seen Rye as more than a worthless farmboy was old Lady Moereyn. She had at least a little kindness in her old heart, always taking pity on the boy, letting him take time as a child to receive some basic schooling. She also never had him work to pay off his mother's debt, a practice performed under the table by many an unscrupulous lord for those in Rye's position.

That schooling had really ultimately meant the world to Rye, it meant on his rare time off he could do something. Research. After learning about alchemy as a child Rye was enamored by it. Potions and salves to change the world, seemed a lot better than getting beat for... Half the time he didn't even know.

As a young teen Rye would head off to the markets surrounding the Crown City. One fateful day Rye discovered his most treasured possession. From a sad cart, scrolls tucked in every crevice and books strung like garland across twine overhead, Rye found a dusty old tome. “Alchemy of the Rare, Odd, and Occultic.” Some old hand-written book by some unknown alchemist.

Every day since he discovered it, Rye took to practicing what he could. Determined from that day to become an alchemist, he did all he could, with whatever ingredients he could muster. The book was no beginner's guide. Hell, half of it was hardly even legible. But Rye stuck to it, letting failure be as much a teacher as any. Potions ranged from the mundane to the absolute insane. Potions for hair growth a page away from one which would turn a man into a tree. It was all alongside sketchy illustrations, from men to monsters to ingredients, even maps. With it Rye thought he had a chance in the world. He finally had a dream that could take him away from the farm life. The book had been his awakening.

To more than just alchemy as well.

The books illustrations made no qualms about how to use some of the more...

Interesting salves. There was no attempt to hide where some of the ingredients came from either, though sadly many of the more interesting pages were hardly legible, and Rye had simply dog-eared all the pages that struck his fancy. But a few sketches of naked men applying alchemical rubs and the beastman sweat needed for a virility potion were better than nothing.

And hopefully Rye was going to get to expand his practice beyond an old tome, he was finally moving on. Having saved his money for years now, he was hopefully leaving the farm life for good. Away from gutless lords and brainless overseers. Far from the fields and castle walls he had come to despise. It was time he was off to places unknown. Alchemy was as important a study of magic as any, and he hoped he could find an apprenticeship or something somewhere out there. Even if it took him some time, he had enough of a coinpurse to keep him well enough, for a while at least.

After a double check on his supplies and packing some stale bread and cheese for the road, Rye began his trek eastward. No point in announcing his leave, he hardly thought anyone would even bother to bury him if he was found flat on the floor dead. No one really cared about the troublesome alchemist. He supposed a little bit of anger was to be expected, he did once start an unquenchable fire just a few feet from the crops. But that was years ago! *I suppose when most of your life can be summed up in "today I worked," you tend to hold onto grudges like that longer*, Rye thought.

He thought a few times about hiring a carriage, but knew they would charge a fortune so close to the city, besides he still had his lean muscled figure from his farm life; he could walk. It was rather scary, seeing the life he knew begin to shrink behind him. Before long he began to see other travelers on the roadway as well, some old and haggard and some who looked like they were half Rye's age, all making their way at different paces. Having always seen travellers from a distance, Rye was excited to see the different peoples making their way across the realm up-close. He had seen a few Gnomes on a moss covered wagon, a lone pale Elf effortlessly carrying a pack as large as he was, a

group of Kobolds in blue robes sitting on the roadside, and many others in just the first day. Above all, the travel meant he might finally see some of the things his alchemy books had described, plants and people of all shapes and sizes. Perhaps even a few that Rye had looked at in his books for a bit more than... “research” purposes.

Rye had seen a fair few places by the fourth day of his journey, but the alleyway he found himself in was certainly the most... Unnerving. It looks like he had stumbled into a place he ought to have kept from, this was the risk of his curiosity and it certainly was not paying off. The streets were grimy, the smell of rot wafting up, making Rye’s face crumple in disgust. The building were in a sorry state, tattered and torn, and the paths were not clear, making escape back to where he had come from a maze. The journey so far had been almost dreamlike, but now that dream was melting into a nightmare before the hopeful alchemists very eyes. Rye was at least thankful he hadn't run into anyone...

“Mmm, look here,” a shrill voice called from behind him. Rye quickly turned to see, “lost human boy!” It was a ratty little Goblin, with an oily face and some tattered old clothes. But far more frightening was the small dagger he held half behind his back. Rye tried to give off a confident face, but he knew where there was one Goblin there was probably a whole cluster of them waiting to strike.

Rye spoke as stalwart as he could, “Don’t do something you’ll regret.” He knew that even if he cooperated he was just as likely to get a shank in him just for the sport of it, Rye’s favorite tome described Goblins as such, and Rye certainly was in agreement with it right now.

Rye always tried to hold his own, both in body and tongue, but now he felt very weak, and very afraid. He tried to keep an eye on his surroundings as he reached for his shoulder slung bag. Perhaps a pinch of the sleeping powder he had in a side pocket would give him enough time to escape.

He had obviously not kept a well enough eye on things however, as he felt his pack suddenly fall to the ground, the strap had been sliced. As he twisted his head another goblin grabbed at his bag, while the first goblin he had seen ran at him, shrieking. Rye sweat with fear as he grabbed the strap of his bag, desperate to reclaim it. He could feel his heart beating in his ears. Boom, boom, boom.

Boom Boom BOOM, the Goblin grabbing for his bag stopped in his tracks, the ground trembled beneath them. Rye turned to see what was coming at him, but only saw a streak of white as the goblin grabbing the bag went flying through the air, having been flung into the sky by a pair of horns. Rye felt a tug at his hip as the oily goblin had sliced the coinpouch from his belt, throwing it into a nearby broken window as several coins fell out of the leather. Before the goblin could run Rye saw the massive figure that had flung one goblin grab the other. He tossed him like a skipping stone into a nearby tree as the goblin gave a fearful cry. He fell with a painful thud and moved only in short, labored movements. Whoever else might have been around quickly made themselves scarce as the creature that stood before Rye gave a snort.

“Hey, you alright there?” A deep and rolling voice spoke. Rye looked up to see who it was, or rather *what* it was. Rye had seen a few non-humans before, halflings were regulars to farm life, he had seen Elvekind always coming and going to the City, and on his trip so far he had seen Kobolds and an Orc. But standing now in front of the human was a creature whose shadow seemed to shade the entire street before him. It was a Minotaur!

“I... I’m not hurt.” The human managed to finally speak. He gave a shaky swallow and tried to pull himself together. “Thank you... Sir, I don’t know what would have happened if you weren’t around.” Rye felt the words constrict his throat a little, he certainly made no habit of calling people Sir. Most people who demanded that kind of title hardly deserved it, manor lords and their ilk, but this... Tower of Bull felt far more deserving of the title.

"It's nothin'," He gave a smile. "Just glad those little shits didn't hurt ya." The massive creature stood twice Rye's height at his horns. His sharp blue eyes matched his gentle bovine face. Rye saw the light pink tones of his nose and the insides of his large ears. Almost reddish, light brown, untidy hair was cut medium. The same color and untidy appearance was shared by a short beard on his chin. As he lowered his gaze, Rye saw the massive neck of the Minotaur, it was corded with incredible musculature. A simple brown shirt hung from his shoulders loosely, covering him down to the waist. His fur was a grey-white, with very light brown piebald spots on his exposed arms. The shirt covered a decent amount of the creature, lowering past his beltline and down to his thighs, covered again by a simple brown garment. He saw a white-tipped tail swinging behind the Bull. The muscled lower legs had the same white fur, but with a small splash of mud discoloring them. His cloven hooves beared the weight of the monumental minotaur and looked the part to do so.

Rye realized he was staring up and down the creature and shot his gaze back to those blue eyes. "Oh, sorry, perhaps we should make our way back to somewhere more... civilized. Do you know the way?" Rye was amazed he was speaking with a Minotaur, he was sure there was a scrappy image of one somewhere in his alchemy book, but at the moment he could not remember where. Never would he have imagined one to be this size, nor had he ever imagined he would be talking to one.

The Minotaur gave a hearty laugh. "Boy, a Minotaur always knows his way, follow me."

Rye had picked up what little money had been left behind on the street, as well as his torn bag. He knew he should have kept a bit of money somewhere discreet. As it was, Rye had only his alchemy supplies and enough gold to keep him for a few days at most. His rather grim thoughts, however, were put to a hold as that deep and rumble voice came to greet him.

"Ghreys is the name," The big Minotaur smiled.

“Mine’s Rye,” he still felt rather speechless as he stared at the big Bull. “I uhh, was raised on a farm, never got to know my birth name.”

“Hmm, I get it,” the bull spoke with kindness “I won’t press, think it suits yer blonde hair though! I’m a farmer myself, I live n’ work alone in th’ mountains. What were ya doing back there?”

Rye blushed, “I’m an alchemist, though not officially I suppose. My books always speak about rare ingredients in forgotten places deep in cities, I guess the romance of it got to me. I will try not to be as stupid in the future... If I have any. What about you,” Rye attempted to change the subject. “What were you doing back there?”

The minotaur cleared his throat, “The gutter of civilization is somethin’ I try to avoid. I only come here for business shit, and I don’t usually fear much!” Ghreys confident laugh helped put the human at ease, and made him feel a bit... excited as well.

“Well it looks like this might be it for my journey,” Rye gave a sigh as the buildings once again grew familiar. “Unless I can find an apprenticeship or something soon I don’t know what I’ll do.”

Ghreys rested a hand on Rye’s shoulder, it felt as heavy as anything he had ever lifted back on the farm. “Ay, things like this always work out! Actually, if you are in a bit of a pickle, I think I might ‘ave a solution. I know this is sudden, but would you be interested in work from an old Bull? I have a lot o’ work keeping me from my crops recently, and I was thinking of putting in fer some help. Bet you would do perfect. No room to yerself or anything sadly, but I have room for a bed in my cabin, and I can feed ya well. Other thing is, I know a few alchemists from my business dealings, I could put in a good word for ‘ya.”

Rye felt his heart give a quiver and his knees almost gave out. He would be able to get all that and... Work with this massive beautiful Bull? It was almost too much. “Sir, are

you sure? That sounds perfect! I have worked with many crops, and housing sounds fine. It would give me enough to-

“Alright boy!” The Bull laughed heartily. “No need to sell me, sounds like we have an agreement. No qualms about taking a carriage to the ringed mountains ‘morrow then?”

It was a decent ways away, but Rye had little to lose. Perhaps he was too trusting of the old Bull, but Ghreys had saved his life! He at least owed him a bit of trust. “I-I’ll be ready”

Ghreys patted Rye’s back with a decent bit of force. “Right! Here’s a bit for a room, see you right in the morning boy.”

Oh no don’t do that, I would be fine... Sharing a room. Rye almost said, but he flushed with embarrassment as the words were about to leave his mouth. What made him feel like this? Rye watched the big guy reach under his shirt to his waist, and pull a few coins. Rye graciously nodded his head as Ghreys started to a nearby inn. Maybe a good night’s rest would calm Rye’s nerves.

Rye thumbed through his alchemists tome, letting the candlelight shine down on the old thing. Sleep didn’t seem in the cards this night. The bed was nothing special, though it was far superior to anything he had back on his old farm, and the room was warm and pleasant. “Minotaur, Minotaur, where the hell did I read about you? Finally he came to a page near the very back of the book. Rye gave a saddened sigh, the page was one he had almost destroyed in his youth, a brown stain covering most of the words. The sketchy old image still remained however, a Bull-like creature just like Ghreys. Even in the rough ink, Rye could see the details of the muscles, the horns... And the lower extremities. Rye had not noticed the particulars of this image until now, never having looked close enough to see the rough detail of what might have been some kind of sheath at the Bull’s abdomen, or seeing the sketched testicles below. With such a rough drawing it wasn’t strange to have missed that detail, but now Rye could not get his eyes

off of it. He really wished he could remember what the book used to say about what could be procured from a Minotaur. Perhaps horns, or some hair from one's tail? Whatever, he had more important thoughts at the moment. Rye wasn't alone very often, and never had much "alone time" as it were. Rye often looked for clean, semi private areas around the farm to, uh, relieve himself. Even when he did he usually used the time to practice his alchemy. The outhouses were an absolute no for him, and having very little in any other private space, Rye often went without. He learned the basics of sex in his schooling, and had often heard of couples at the farm sneaking off for privacy, but masturbation was something Rye had discovered himself. Rye lowered his hand to his thin, naked torso. Work had the benefit of keeping him lean, but even in his adult years he had little hair beyond what was on his head and above his crotch. Even his legs had only a light dusting of blonde.

As Rye stroked his average, foreskinned cock, he looked deep at his tome. He began to piece together his memory of Ghreys to the image before him, letting his imagination fill in the blanks. Rye inhaled sharply. He thought of that big minotaur, looking at him with his gorgeous eyes. He started to imagine his touch, how strong those arms around him were. He imagined what was just below that cloth shirt, just under those pants. As he continued his mind filled with nothing but Minotaur. Rye hit the point of no return, feeling his body tense as his cock gave a few hard squirts right onto his bare chest. As he came, all Rye thought of was Ghreys, and his perfect masculine body.

The next morning, Rye was up with the sun as usual. Mornings were always a busy time, and today was going to be no different. Rye had butterflies in his stomach. He wondered what people would think, one day leaving to find work in the field of alchemy, the next riding into the mountains with a Minotaur. It did sound a bit insane, but this was an opportunity, surely no one would fault a man for taking a good opportunity? He was overthinking the whole matter, he had to get ready for the journey. He got dressed and went down to get some breakfast. He waited for what seemed a fair while, wondering what Ghreys was doing. After a while he heard the creak of the steps as the big bull

came down. Something was a little off however, Rye noticed. Ghreys looked a bit disheveled. He was bent over a bit and tugging on his shirt.

Before the human could question him, Ghreys said hurriedly, "Sorry, I'll be with ya in a minute!" He quickly left the inn, getting stares from both the innkeeper and Rye himself. Eventually Rye started to worry about the Minotaur, hoping he hadn't jumped a carriage after regretting his new hire or something. But just a bit later Rye saw Ghreys, now with wet hair and fur. Rye's heart gave a flutter at the moist Bull, his subconscious mind wishing the shirt was far more wet than it was.

"Hey, didn't mean to disappear on you. Went and got a quick dip, keeps me invigorated in the morning. Say, I'll just skip breakfast myself 'n grab something before we head to our ride. Sound good?" Ghreys came to pat Rye on the back again.

Rye gave a nod, but suddenly felt his nose crinkle. It wasn't just the smell of wet Bull, it was something... different. He couldn't put his finger on it, but Ghreys had a distinct smell about him.

"Great, The guy who I hire 'as some good strong horses, we should be there with a few hours to spare 'fore dusk." Ghreys said as the two left the inn. Rye was excited, he knew something special was going on. Opportunity awaited.

The ride to the mountains was a bit awkward. Rye almost started laughing as he saw how much Ghreys made the wagon sag, or how far he had to scrunch himself up to fit in the covered wagon. Another thing was that scent, it certainly hadn't gotten any better as the ride progressed, it wasn't something that offended Rye, he actually found something pleasant about the scent, but it also made him feel almost antsy.

"I always did love 'ese mountains," Ghreys said. "When I was a young adventurer I always would scout the job boards for anything to do with em', even if they paid nothing and led nowhere. I spose' if I was a bit more smart in those days I would have been

able to lead a more “charmin” retirement, but nothing would have been able to keep me from these mountains for long.”

Rye look out the window, it really was breathtaking. Snow capped peaks loomed high over the green valley, clean springs running down it with life giving veins of water. Wildflowers bloomed along the road, nature streaked all across the land. It was no wonder why the Crown City was built in the shadow of these mountains, it teemed with all that makes life worth living.

“You were an adventurer, Sir?” Rye asked, genuinely curious.

“Mmm, seems like t’ was only yesterday. I used to trek across the provinces by my own hooves. Mostly just lookin’ for excitement, findin’ my own path and living off the land. But I gotta say, farm life ain’t fancy, but has its benefits.” The big Minotaur chuckled.

The road became less tame as time went on, and soon they were on a hardly trodden path through the thick of the trees. Not long after that, the cart came to a stop.

“Looks like we’re here! Come boy, I’ll give you a tour.” Rye was starting to really like the little nickname the Minotaur had for him. Normally someone calling him “boy” was them trying to disrespect Rye. But that tone simply wasn’t the vibe he got from Ghreys. Instead it was something... Nicer. Ghreys opened the door and squeezed himself out, as he left Rye was bounced a bit as the carriage jumped from the loss in weight. “Send me a bird ‘fore next month an’ I’ll tell ya when my next trip is,” Ghreys said as he gave a motion to the carriage driver. Rye gave a small wave as he turned away from the carriage. As he turned back, he stopped in his tracks at the scene before him. It was like something out of a fairy book. A large and sturdy log home beside a glistening waterfall, and rows of terraced ground covered in greenery down the slope of the hilly landscape. Nothing was here that did not look like it was a true part of nature, and everything came together like a fine painting. The smell was of the most natural beauty, the mist of the waterfall, the plants, and rocky allure of the soil satisfied all of Rye’s senses. This was

no factory of goods to be unceremoniously dealt out to the highest bidder. This was a true place of cooperation in the wilds.

“Yep, told you it was nice. Whole place I made myself, ‘cept for things like cloth and shit.” Ghreys said proudly. There was certainly a lot to be proud of! Ghreys was a hermit of the most idealistic variety, living the way he wanted to, Rye was a bit jealous. Never before had he seen farming as something other than someone barking orders at you and seeing months of hard work rolling off to places unknown, never seeing what was to be made of it all.

With a bit of a jolt Rye felt his stomach give a hearty growl.

“Well that says it better than words,” Ghreys smiled. “I’ll pick us some chow. Why don’cha go in the house and give it a look?” Rye silently nodded. He walked along the hoofprint studded path down and up the natural sway of the mountainside. Rye had never been so close to nature before. It was more beautiful and wild than he could ever have imagined.

The large cabin was beautiful, the word primitive might apply as well, but it was much more to the eyes of Rye. So used to seeing the elegant farmhouses or the sickly workrooms of his old life, this cabin was a far departure from both. Rye could imagine the sturdy Bull making the home log by log, the labor bringing him to a sweat... Rye swallowed the idea and kept going.

As he approached the cabin however his eye caught a few other wooden structures just behind the building. He decided to give them a look before he made his way into the house. One looked like a typical storage shed, a little more ragged than the sturdy home it flanked, but what shed wasn’t? A large outhouse and a large pile of wood stood closer to the trees on this side of the building.

But right there, half hidden by the edge of the tree line, was another log structure. It was a decent size bigger than the shed, and looked about as well put together as the house, if not a bit more so. Rye was curious enough that he approached the building. He

noticed a big rusty lock keeping the door shut tight. As he came closer he noticed just a tiny hint of some odor. It smelled... familiar.

“Ay, was lookin’ where you went.” Ghreys came up behind Rye and gave him a grin. He had a few vegetables in a wicker basket slung over his shoulder. “Oh. saw my... mushroom house did ya?”

That must have been that musty odor. Rye had never farmed mushrooms, but knew they needed a dark and dank environment, hence being half hidden in the tree shade he imagined.

“I’ve had to put in a lot of effort for it, been keeping me busy enough that my other crops ‘been suffering. But that stuff makes me enough money that I can afford to pay fuckin’ taxes, get equipment and... other necessities.” Ghreys paused for a moment. “Why don’t you grab some firewood while yur’ out here, then let’s get in.”

Couldn’t argue with that.

Rye grabbed an armful of wood from a rack beside the house and followed the Bull inside the cabin. A big grin came over the human’s face as he looked inside the quaint home. A stone fireplace with a pot and spit sat waiting for a bundle of logs, and beside it was a soft looking woven rug. Most of the furniture was made of raw wood, looking as if Ghreys had built it himself. A bed sat in the corner, looking a bit more decorated than the rest. Knitted and woven blanketing covered a soft stuffed mattress. Ghreys came over to that bed and reached high to grab something from a shelf above. He pulled down something rolled into a large tube.

“Didn’t think I would be bringin’ in company just yet, but ya’ can never be too prepared.” He presented the rolled textile with one hand, but Rye had to cradle it in his arms just as he did the firewood a moment ago. Rye recognised what it was after a closer look, some of the workers back at his old farm slept on these, it was called a futon or something. But this one was not some straw stuffed scratchy bastard, it was so thick and fluffy! It must have cost a shiny gold, those mushrooms made decent money

indeed! As Rye gawked at his soft bedding, Ghreys was setting down a woven mat near the fire.

The interior was so... Livable! A place just to live your life, not simply exist until the next time you needed to work.

“Should be comfy ‘nuff, I’ve thought about building a little guest house, but never thought it’d be used very much,” Ghreys chuckled. Rye was beyond grateful. Not just for the bed, but for the fact that Ghreys *hadn’t* built that guesthouse! Rye was going to get to sleep just feet away from this kind white Bull, it was a dream Rye didn’t even have the imagination to dream. This was going to be a *very VERY* nice time.

Rye was living a life he didn’t even know existed before but a week ago. No longer did he feel like work was some forced bullshit put on him by people who only thought about the output the man could produce. Ghreys truly seemed to care about his work, whatever he was doing. This really started to rub off on the human. There was so much more effort put into a lot less farmland, but it was clear how much that effort showed.

And beyond the time he took to farm, Rye even found a few moments to try his alchemy. The mountains were rich with ingredients Rye had never tried before. And Ghreys never treated it like some dangerous toy of the human’s. Ghreys had a real interest in Rye’s work. Liked to, “see it all up close for once.” Whatever that meant.

Ghreys certainly was a multi talented Bull, not only were his fall crops hearty and full of flavor, the big guy was no slouch in being a cook! With a flame and some iron pots and pans, he had been able to make some of the tastiest food that Rye had ever had the pleasure of eating.

Rye however, was quickly finding an appetite that stew and grill could not satiate. The way Ghreys spoke to him, the way he moved that massive body... The way he smelled. Rye took every opportunity he could to get close to Ghreys. Sometimes it was while

they were working, matching the pace of the bull so he could keep an eye on that expansive granite slab of a back. Other times it was sliding right next to the bull as they ate, letting the heat coming off of Ghreys warm every inch of Rye. In a short amount of time he felt he had grown close to the Minotaur, they shared an enjoyment of the peaceful quiet here in the mountains.

Two things had become clear over the days, Ghreys disappeared a fair amount, and it wasn't just to go that mushroom house of his. Even though the two were growing close, the Minotaur had at least a few secrets around, Rye could tell.

Rye decided one day to check where exactly the Bull went, it was probably in bad taste to go spying on your friend and employer, but what was the harm in a bit of curiosity? He made sure he worked extra hard one day, pulling double the work so as to not seem like he was slacking off. When he saw Ghreys stand up straight and head towards the cabin, he silently went to follow behind. Rye had to always sneak off to practice his alchemy, so he was no stranger to hiding himself in the fields. Not unexpectedly, Ghreys headed first to his mushroom house. The Bull unlocked the door and slipped himself in sideways; perhaps to avoid letting in any light? Rye waited to see where he might go next. Whatever needed tending in there was certainly taking up daylight, it must have been half an hour before Rye saw the wooden door open silently.

Whatever work went on in that mushroom house must have been intense! Ghreys practically came out of that building steaming, not that it was a visual that Rye was complaining about. This time the door opened quite a bit wider, though a curtain stopped the human from peeing within. Ghreys was rolling something out of the shack. It was a barrel, like the kind he had seen wine or spirits transported in, but a good size larger! He rolled it carefully, off into the trees. *Harvesting time?* Rye wondered.

Waiting again, this time but for a few short minutes, Rye watched the Minotaur return, this time with a fresh new barrel. *How many mushrooms could possibly be in there? I know they grow fast but those things must be some sort of magic,* Rye wondered if they might make for good... Alchemy supplies! That must have been why the Bull had good

alchemical connections. Probably why he was walking around a dark alleyway that day they met too, made a strange sort of sense that they would work together. Rye had to stop himself from running up to see if there was any way he could peek inside.

Ghreys rolled the fresh barrel inside before locking the shed again. Then once more, he went into the woods. *What could he be getting now?* The human decided this time to move up closer. He quickly made his way to the trees, but saw no sign of Ghreys returning. Slipping deeper into the woods, he followed the heavy hooftracks to a fork. To the right he saw what looked like a rocky cliffside, with a large natural cavern. *Must be where he keeps his mushrooms and barrels*, Rye imagined. Hearing a snap of a twig, Rye turned around to the leftward trail and followed it.

Through a small clearing, Rye winded down the foot trail for a bit before he saw it. Hidden by trees and brush was a small spring, and judging by the wafts of steam, it was a hot spring! Rye felt his breath catch in his throat as he looked to a tree nearby, where Ghreys was lifting his shirt over his head! Rye realized he had never seen the Bull clean up in his own wooden tub, this must be the reason.

Far more important matters were at hand however. Mainly Ghreys massive bulged trousers! The Minotaur always wore long shirts, and Rye saw the reason now. That thing looked like the Bull had hidden a prize winning pumpkin down the front of his pants. Rye would have thought it unbelievable... But now those trousers were being unbuttoned and sliding down the white leg fur of Ghreys.

Next to the glistening hot springs, Rye saw the image he held in his mind ever since he met the Minotaur. No, in fact it was even better! His perfect muscular torso was like fresh cream, with perfect pink nipples that matched his nose and ears. His huge pecs stood like mountains themselves over a belly that mixed musculature and fat in perfect union. The definition of all his muscles was obvious even through the fur, and it all seemed like it was meant to point down to the most incredible part of the Minotaur.

Under his belly and between those thighs sat a thick and wrinkled sheath, and just above it a small line of light brown pubic fur. The meaty tube itself sat a bit below the bull's navel and sagged under its own weight. Even from this distance Rye could almost look directly into the pouch of valuables. The pink skin looked so touchable, so kissable. Even weightier than the sheath itself was the pendulous balls. They looked like two overripe melons, and hung heavy on the muscular frame of the Bull. Each would fill the Bulls massive mitts easily. The sack was lightly furred and saggy. While he started he saw the pair gently draw up and back down, as if to churn more and more hormones into the Minotaur's bloodstream.

Rye noticed something else in his stares, that the sheath seemed a bit wet, a slimy sheen on the pink flesh. Rye wished deep in his heart to see Ghreys cock, was it humanoid or monstrous? Was it as large as he imagined? Perhaps bigger... Rye felt his hands slip into his pants and massage his rock hard erection.

Meanwhile Ghreys slowly walked into the hot springs, Rye watched those massive muscles instantly relax. The crystal clear water let Rye watch as the Minotaur reached below the water, massaging the folds of his sheath.

The human pulled the tip of his cock out of his pants just as he reached his peak. Embarrassment washed over the human as his seed spilled out over some shrubbery in gooey strings. Rye took his hand and wiped the excess from his cock, without thinking he brought it to his mouth. He wished it was Ghreys jizz he was sucking on, he wished to just fucking gulp down a fat Bull load. He almost jumped from the bushes to join Ghreys then and there.

Ghreys gently cleaned himself in the hot water. Rye watched closely to see if he would get hard, hell, it would be even better if he started jacking it right then and there. But that pleasure was denied to the human as Ghreys simply cleaned himself off as if... He had already finished jacking himself earlier.

Now Rye knew what he had to do next, get into that mushroom house, whatever the consequences.

Rye took a few days, he learned when Ghreys took to the mushroom house and that every time he did he would wash in the hot springs. Rye knew he wouldn't just check the shed and leave it at that. He wanted to be there when Ghreys was there. He and Ghreys had grown so close, and Rye wanted more. It was something Rye needed in his heart. He was too scared to ask the Bull, too scared of rejection. He decided he would not be coy about it. When Ghreys next went to the mushroom house Rye would be there with him.

Just as he was reaffirming his plans in his head he watched Ghreys set aside an axe he was chopping wood with and start towards the back of the house. *Well... It's now or never.* Rye thought. He gave a few minutes before he went to the shed himself, mentally preparing himself. He walked to the unlocked door, and swallowed as he gently pulled it open, moving the curtain with his free hand.

Rye's eyes focused on the scene before him, the image burned into his mind, a memory he would never forget. Ghreys sat naked, his muscular butt on a smooth wooden floor, and his fat balls jerking up and down between his splayed legs. The minotaur's massive shaft was stuffed into a long glasslike tube, and stuffed was absolutely the correct word for what he was seeing. The pink human-leg-sized appendage hardly fit into the huge bit of machinery. The wide fat and flat head of the dick pressed right against a large rubber hose at the end of the tube, clear pre pumped from the minotaurs tool making that hose jump. It went to a strange looking bit of machinery, several gears attached to some kind of cranking lever, the other end sealed tight to a big barrel.

"Ohhhh, oh fuck... Rye..." Ghreys said as his meat pushed even harder against the tube it was stuck in, the Minotaur strained to stop himself from prematurely orgasming, the sting of humility from the situation pushing his buttons in a way he had never

experienced. He tugged at the tube as if to remove it, but inhaled sharply as the machinery sucked at the oversized cock.

“Ghreys, Sir... Wow.” Rye was astonished at the sight. He wasn't exactly sure what to call what he was seeing. “You, I mean, You don’t have to stop.”

The big bull winced as the mechanism gave another pull at his bullhood, but then smiled. Not like the gentle smile Rye was used to, this smile made the human’s heart skip a beat. “Guess I should have taken the hint huh? Well why are you standing there? You have some work to do. Strip.”

Rye swallowed hard, he didn’t even realize how dry his throat was from hanging open. He began to remove his shirt when he heard the floorboards creak. Gentle, strong mitts came to help the human. “Let me, boy.” Ghreys voice was a sound from the land of milk and honey, it was so kind and yet so firm. Rye almost went limp as the Bull pulled away his shirt. Rye saw that the tube was still tugging at Ghreys dick, the weight of it pulling the erection down to almost meet the floor. Ghreys made no effort to be gentle to the ties holding Rye’s pants together, giving a small tug that tore the seams apart. The muddy trousers fell to the ground around Rye’s shoes, and he was exposed to the great beast before him.

“Mmmm, won’t lie to you, I've been eyeing that cute body of yours since day one. I’ve been having to double up on my usual... GHHRrr,” The contraption gave another suck and the bulls weighed down cock gave a strong lurch. “Even had to go out of my way to get my rocks off after I asked ya to work. Kick off those shoes and I’ll show you the real ‘cream of the crop’,” Ghreys laughed and turned to sit back down.

Rye quickly pulled his leather shoes. While he was pulling them off he looked at his erection, after staring at Ghreys it looked like almost nothing, but then again literally any penis he could imagine would be nothing compared to Ghreys incredible cock. It would normally have been very chilly, but the bull’s body heat had warmed the small shack to

a comfortable temperature. But Rye wasn't going to stand for just warm, he quickly shuffled over to the beast and the heat that radiated off of him.

"Come sit in my lap boy, I need to show you something." Ghreys patted his thigh, Rye shivered. He straddled the leg of the Minotaur, letting his back rest against the hot chest. Ghreys brought his wide hand up to gently caress the human. "I like what I see," Ghreys whispered. "You comfy?" Rye didn't answer, simply relaxing in the hands of the god of masculinity before him. Best of all was the warm smell, thick and almost vegetal, enough to make Rye almost forget himself and start jacking on the spot. But he knew that there was more in store for him, so he restrained himself. All the beauty of the world seemed to condense in the milky fur of the old Bull.

Ghreys gave a grunt. "Now you just- AH, sit back. There will be plenty for you soon enough son."

Rye felt his throat stop at that. But while his ears were transfixed on those words, his eyes were transfixed on the monstrous cock. It seemed to swell even more suddenly, the clear tube straining. Rye was afraid it was going to pop open, spilling out cockmeat and pre, thinking about it maybe he was hoping it would break. Instead the cock began to lurch rhythmically.

"Watch- watch how an old Bull empties himself! Might... learn something." Rye wasn't going to miss it, not even blinking. The cock went rigid, and Ghreys let out a shaky breath.

The hose at the end of that tube jumped. The entire rubber hose bulged like a snake that had eaten a rabbit. Ghreys moaned in a loud and low moo. His massive testicles pulsed as they churned out as much semen as most mortals would make in their lifetime. The smell was the unmistakable, that "musty" smell he had sniffed before, even separated by thick glass and rubber, it permeated the room.

"Rhhhh Rye..." Ghreys whispered. The human watched as litre after litre of semen exploded from the fat tip of the bullcock. He realized, Ghreys wasn't farming turnips and

potatoes, he was farming something else. Rye Finally remembered what ingredient he had seen in his book long ago, what was on that Minotaur page he had ruined long before he knew what he was doing. A valuable ingredient used in a few potent mixtures.

Minotaur cum, as fresh as you can milk it.

All that gooeey, warm seed was going to be sold to other alchemists, used by possibly hundreds of unsuspecting people buying potions from back alleys. And here he was, with the big Bull and those cum organs all to himself.

After a few minutes the Minotaur tugged on the tube, Rye watched as the bulls meat was finally freeing itself of the clear enclosure, swelling slightly as it was released. The cock was still spitting its last few sprays of jizz, still more than most any creature would cum in a week. With a kissing sound the fat head popped free of the machinery, suddenly the most unbelievable smell traveled right to Ryes nose.

Rye could not stop himself from grabbing his face, it felt like he had not eaten in years and was handed the nectar of the gods slathered on a tender slab of beef. It was too much, he almost felt like he would pass out from the sheer musk. Ghreys took a hand to grab the human.

“Pretty strong stuff huh? Think I could use a hand cleaning up, I usually do it myself but...” There was no need for Ghreys to finish that sentence. The image of the Bull cleaning his own meat with that mouth of his was one more image that Rye would never be able to remove from his imagination.

Rye knew what he had to do. First he tried to uncover his nose and mouth, the smell made him want to tear open that barrel and drown himself in bull cum, it made him want to stuff that cock into his ass until he could feel it in his throat. It made him more horny than he had ever felt, and possible ever would feel. He let his body do the work, reaching out for the bullcock. It was a spire to all that Rye now craved, he didn't know if he was worthy of touching such a magnificent object.

As soon as his hands touched the sticky flesh, Rye inhaled sharply. He felt his own cock jump, oozing a touch of white cum, as if his body was in surplus. Ghreys reached his hand down into the lap of the human. With a thick finger he pulled up a bit of human seed and took it to his nose. He took a lungful of Rye, then exhaled slowly as he took his massive pink tongue around his finger.

“Sweet, seems I’ve been feeding you well boy.” Ghreys eyes were so soft, and yet so firm.

Rye continued to slowly encircle the bullcock. Even with both hands, there was still pink dick separating his fingers. He pulled the living meat towards himself, still as engorged with blood as when he was blasting hot jizz. He saw the oozing head, the thick cum trickling down the shaft. It wasn’t like his own greasy semen, it was substantial and solid white, creamy even. Rye could almost imagine how packed it was with sperm, making the cum opaque and thick. The wide head came closer and closer to the human, until at last they met. Rye kissed the cockslit like he was making out with a lover. His mouth was filled with the taste of earthly pleasure. It was as savory as any spice, rich and slightly bitter. Heavy too. Rye greedily gulped, sticking his tongue into the bull’s urethra to dig out more of the godly nectar. Rye knew he would never be satisfied by any food ever again, nothing could ever compare to Ghreys calf-batter.

“MMmmoo. Drink all you want, there’ll be more where that came from.” But even as Ghreys was saying that, Rye felt the once mud-thick jizm seem to turn to a lighter, slipperier flavor and texture. As he removed his head from the meat, he saw it was now oozing clear pre once more.

“Never said it wouldn’t take work,” Ghreys laughed. “Tell ya what son, working me up a bit will get me pumpin’ more of this stuff than you could ever drink, so let me try a little something eh?” The bull took the big tube that once enclosed his meat and grabbed the hose at the top. With a pop like a cork from wine he pulled the gasket from the tube, now holding just the large hose. “I’ll show you how this little baby works!”

Rye watched as Ghreys gently grabbed the humans small dick with two fingers, moving the rubbery hose to slip over the humans penis. The massive fingers completely overtook the cock, yet Ghreys kept a soft and gentle grip on his human. He pulled the hose over the entire length of Rye, once it was snug around the base of his dick, Rye saw the bull scoot over to grab the handle on the geared bit of machinery. With a gentle motion, he turned the crank and wound some unseen spring. After he had given the handle a few turns, he moved a small lever, which looked like it might loosen one of the gears. "There, now it wont pull yer dick off," the Bull said half jokingly.

With a pull of a small finger sized lever, Rye saw the mechanism begin to sturr back to life. It made a gentle puffing nose, and a soft clockwork click. A gentle tug on the human's cock began, before it abated, repeating over and over. To a man who had only ever felt the wonders of his own hand, the alien sensation made his toes curl.

"Ahhhhnnmmmm..." Rye swallowed his own words like the gentle rubber hose swallowed his cock. Meanwhile Ghreys was exploring the human's body with his thick three-fingered hands. Up and down the hairless human body, feeling the light musculature and the soft skin. Ghreys scent was still permeating the human's body, every breath the human took let that thick Bull musk in his lungs. Rye was completely overtaken, he sat mouth agape as his body was completely enwrapped with pleasure unknown. He could not help but moan and breath heavy as he squirmed under the touch of the bull and the pull of his dick. Everything but Ghreys and that gentle suckling on his penis disappeared. His peak grew closer and closer, and Ghreys could practically feel it in his body.

"Better make sure we get all the milk we can eh?" Ghreys raised one hand from Rye's torso and brought it to his large bovine face. He sucked his own finger for a moment, and the human listened to the soft sound he made. With a soft pop he removed his finger, trailing it down the human's back and down to the crease of his ass. The human was about to say something, but was stopped by the Bull's other hand coming around to

his face. “Wonder if you’d work as well as my little machine, why don’t we test it? Suck boy.”

Rye did not hesitate as a finger slowly parted his lips. It was as big as a cock in and of itself, Rye almost choked as it reached his soft palate.

“Squeeze your thumb in your fist ‘n concentrate on using your throat. Yeeeah, that’s it, you’re a fuckin’ natural.” Ghreys encouragement was nice, but Rye had more than the slightly salty sweat of the Minotaur’s finger to deal with. Another digit had spread apart his cheeks and was inching closer and closer to his orifice. Rye had never even thought of messing with his backside, though he had heard at least once before in his life of what pleasures lie there. “I’ll make sure I milk every last drop, so you just relax. I’ll take care of ya.” The soft speech made the human melt, he took the words to heart and tried to relax himself from his throat to his anus.

With a gentle push the Bull entered the human. Rye gave a sharp inhale at the foreign sensation. Ghreys did not waste time as he put firm pressure on his invading finger. Rye wanted to cry out, there was quite a bit of pain as his virgin ass was stretched beyond what it had ever been before, and by nothing but the Bull’s finger! Suddenly the human went completely stiff.

“There ‘t is!” The Minotaur said as if he had discovered hidden gold, but then again that was exactly what he had done. Rye never imagined any part of his body could give the sensation his prostate was giving him now, the little nub sending waves of pleasure right into his sternum like waves crashing against the shore. With another gentle suck on his cock from the mechanism and another squeeze from the Minotaur, Rye was set off. The human felt as the suction on his dick drew out hard spurt after spurt, at the same time he felt as if every last drop was being squeezed out of him from the inside. He would have screamed, but he also was continuing to deal with the thick appendage his mouth. All he could do was squirm in the massive muscular arms of Ghreys.

With eight hard squirts, the human could only watch through foggy eyes as his cum disappeared into the tube, to mingle with the vast supply already within the large barrel.

“They won’t mind a little extra spice I don’t think, would you my little alchemist?” Ghreys gently whispered. Rye imagined the relatively tiny load of his being used alongside the Minotaur’s in all sorts of potions, it made him blush so much he was as red as a tomato. Ghreys removed his fingers from Rye’s orifices with a pop and gently tugged on the hose attached to the human’s softening organ, the little bit of suction remaining overstimulating the human.

“Come here.” It was a tone of love and affection from Ghreys, and as the human turned to face the Bull he saw the face to match the voice. Sweet and kind, the Bull could only be described as having a face of love upon it. Rye leaned right in as Ghreys kissed the human. They both pushed hard into each other, Rye letting the invading tongue in like it was as much its home as the mouth of the Minotaur itself. Ghreys also felt the human give all his might to use his own tongue.

“I never realized how lonely it was up ‘ere until you came around,” Ghreys had never sounded so sincere, not even when he spoke of his love of nature. “I thought I was doin’ alright just living with the mountain, then some cauldron stirrer comes around... I guess I wanna say I’m glad I took ya on boy.” With that Ghreys gave a lick of the human’s neck. Rye had never felt so loved before.

Ghreys continue to hound that neck, pushing harder and harder before the human fell on his back, the Minotaur shading over him like the mountain itself. Rye felt a hard slap against his thigh and looked down. Ghreys erection was pulsating and dripping pre once more. The Bull moved himself so that the human was against him chest to chest. Rye knew that if Ghreys did not hold himself up he would simply be crushed by the massive heavy musculature. Rye did not even hesitate as he brought his head downward, letting his tongue caress the milky fur of Ghreys, until he came to his pectoral.

“What’s th...” Ghreys did not finish his thought as Rye came to the rubbery pink nipple of the Bull, quickly bringing his mouth around the soft flesh. Ghreys simply exhaled, enjoying a new sensation of his own. No one had ever paid much attention to the Bull’s nipples, not even himself! Now he saw that this was a mistake that only a human mouth could correct. At the same time as he pressed himself into the soft musculature of Ghreys, Rye tried to wrap his feet around the base of the bullcock. All this stimulation made Ghreys suddenly shutter, his cock pulsing to spew a thick geiser of pre across Rye and the wooden floor. Rye felt the steaming hot goo warm him to the core, he released his mouth from the Minotaurs nipple and rested himself down on the ground. He was greeted with a sight of pure malehood. Ghreys fat pink prick stood waiting to be milked, this time not by a machine, but by Rye.

Slap! Another pulse of clear pre-jizm ran over Rye, who shuddered at the intense heat. There was no need for words, Rye knew what he needed. Scooting lower, the human came face first with the head of the veiny pink god. Head was no exaggeration either, this thing was as big as Rye’s skull. With his feet still pressing against the wrinkly folds of Ghreys Bull-sheath, Rye went to press his face to the fleshy cockslit before him. As soon as his mouth touched it, a gush of pre washed over his face. Rye felt his mouth fill with salty juice, not even a scratch on the amount that spilled all over his naked flesh. Undeterred, he pressed harder into the Bull, letting his hands run over the massive veins and fleshy medial ring the inhuman penis possessed.

Ghreys, for his part, simply let nature take its course. He was used to letting something, or someone else do the work of letting him to cum, and he wasn’t about to deny that to the eager human below him. The excitement of finally coming flesh-to-flesh with another living being after so many years was certainly more pleasurable than even the best milker he could ever buy.

Rye was starving, he needed this more than life, more than breath. He expressed pure need through his mouth, hoping it would please Ghreys.

“Ohhh, I-Hnnng- never thought somethin’ could match ‘at little gizmo for enthusiasm... You take the cake son!” Ghreys praised.

Rye was filled with pride as he felt another hard spray of messy clear goo fill his mouth and spray out. He knew to keep his throat closed when he felt a pulse at the medial ring his hands sat upon. With such a big cock you could feel the goop coming a mile away.

Though Rye couldn’t see it, Ghreys balls were slowly swelling up. Even for a Minotaur Ghreys was particularly virile, that's what turned him onto the idea of selling his spunk. He always had to regularly empty himself, in his youth it was usually three times a day so as not to have his swollen balls impede his adventuring, but in his hermitage he can lessened to a once a day affair. But since Rye, since his friend and compatriot had arrived in his life, Ghreys had found once was becoming not enough. And now that Rye was here, sucking him off just minutes after he had gushed a prize winning load, Ghreys felt hornier than he ever had in any point in his life. He felt like he could cum eight times a day and still be horny, just as long as each orgasm was drawn out by the human sucking on him now.

Ghreys thoughts were stopped by a tinge of ache from his nuts. In the span of just a few minutes they had swelled considerably! Churning harder than the machine he used to empty them, his usually wrinkly sack was smoothing out as it was filled to overflowing with his own sperm factories. Ghreys grunted and moaned as his genitals buzzed with pleasure. Rye was almost concerned with how much the Bulls chest seemed to heave with every beat of his heart. The human could not even place his mouth over the cumslit anymore as it simply gushed pre like a waterfall. The wood below him was already saturated with the stuff.

“Rye,” Ghreys said with a soft moo. “I love you... and yer’ about to see just how much. Make sure to.... Muuuuhhhh, not hurt yerself!” The beast Rye straddled seemed to slow its endless spray of pre. Then all it did was silently pulse. Rye took the opportunity to

once again suck on the slit atop the turgid head. It jumped with every beat of the Bull's heart. Beat, beat, beat-

Lurch, lurch! The spire swelled as the underside bulged with the coming wave.

SPPPPOLLOOOOOORRRR- Cum filled Rye in a second, it blasted down his throat with a boiling wave of heat. It pushed Rye off of it, and with such force that he slid across the slick wood to the wall, right next to the cum barrel. Rye felt hot gunk spray all over him with frightening force. It was literally like liquid lead, as dense as anything Rye could imagine. It came out in such a thick rope, and did *not* stop. That first blast lasted, on and on, just as hard as ever. Rye was pushed again out of the way by the sheer force of it. The wall of the shed was completely whitewashed, so thick was the cum that you could not see the wood underneath. Rye was already coated head to toe, and even Ghreys was getting a cum bath just through the sheer spray-back.

Even as the geyser began to subside, **GLLLLORRP-** Another came over the room. Ghreys came continuously for minutes, the floor, already saturated, flooded with creamy jizz. Rye's mind was swimming in cum, and even with a sore throat and a belly full of the stuff, Rye leaned down and drank from the hot flood like it was a natural spring.

As the blasts became softer, Ghreys too was taken over by cum-hunger. Bringing his own shaft to his lips to directly drink from his fountain of life. The demigod of sex himself must have blessed Ghreys shaft and balls, as he came more that day than perhaps even a great wyrm of a dragon would.

As Ghreys orgasm subsided, he still felt his shaft pumping rope after rope. "That," He said, "is how much I love you boy."

"And with a few drops of dew from a broad leaf... There!" Rye gave the grey potion in his hands a swirl. "Who needs an apprenticeship when you are inventing potions never seen before?"

“Well don’t forget you hav’ a good ingredient supplier!” Ghreys laughed as he watched Rye mix another potion. The “Milk-house” as it was now called by the two had become a great place for the human to create his concoctions with his main ingredient right on tap. Perhaps no other alchemist had found so many uses for Minotaur spunk before him. “N’ What’s this one do?”

“This is one I’ve been excited about. I call it, ‘Minotaur’s Incredibly Laudable Keg of Stamina!’”

“People ar’ gonna start figuring out what this stuff is made out of if you keep namin’ em like that!” Ghreys said.

“It’s made so that humans like me can, uh, “keep up” with a beast like you! SO I imagine they would enjoy that knowledge.” Rye said, then sipped his own creation. “And now for the live testing session, I’ll need some more fresh ‘Milk’ as well so don’t hold back.”

“Now this is what I’ve been waitin’ for.” Ghreys said as he rubbed his swollen nuts.

Farming isn’t glamorous, but it can be damn fun.

Minotaur’s Incredibly Laudable Keg of Stamina.

Very rare.

Effect- 1 hour.

This potion removes all points of exhaustion from the user, and allows them to take one extra turn at the beginning of the next encounter, or as soon as the potion is imbibed if already in an encounter. Attacks of opportunity against this player are at disadvantage while this potion is in effect. At the end of the hour of effect, the player affected by this potion will fall unconscious. They cannot be woken by any non-magical means for 8 hours. This counts as a long rest for the player.

An odd grey potion in a small bottle. It has a heavy smell, and feels weighty in your hands. It has a savory taste and completely invigorates you as soon as it is past your lips.