

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1: How It Started

They'd been traveling together for years, but for some reason, out of the blue one day, Jaskier suddenly announced he was going to buy his own horse.

Geralt, to no one's surprise least of all the bard's, grunted.

Geralt didn't think it was a bad idea, he just wondered why it had taken so long for Jaskier to do it. Especially considering how often Jaskier bought the most ill-conceived footwear, then complained about all the walking he had to do.

What Jaskier's requirements were for the horse, however, seemed amorphous at best. Every town they stopped in for weeks he would ask if there was anyone selling horses in the area, look at anything and everything available, and declared all of them "not quite right."

Geralt, for his part, tried to make suggestions as to what to look for. Conformation and temperament being chief among them, and that it would always be better to stick with geldings.

Jaskier nodded along with most of Geralt's suggestions, as if it was all obvious. (It certainly was to Geralt, but this was Jaskier he was talking to.) But he absolutely balked at the idea of a gelding.

"What a terrible thing to do to an animal!" he'd declared, as if Geralt had suggested nutting him, personally. (It certainly might have solved a number of problems if Jaskier was gelded, Geralt thought, though it might hurt his own interests, since the bard might be less inclined to bend over for Geralt, himself.) "Besides, isn't it better to have a steed as virile and masculine as its rider? It's far more representative, poetic if you will."

Geralt somehow refrained from saying the first thing which popped into his head, namely, "That's quite the statement from a bardling who's regularly begged me to breed his cunt." Instead, he just shared a long-suffering look with Roach and continued to eat his stew in silence.

After several weeks, Jaskier declared he had found the perfect horse, paid way too much for it, and named it Pegasus.

"As regal a name as the steed deserves," Jaskier declared dramatically.

The horse was...fine, Geralt supposed. It was an attractive enough blue roan, shorter and wider built than most, but hardly regal or majestic, as Jaskier kept going on about. It was, more to Geralt's tastes, healthy looking and appeared to be up for the long hours of riding it would need to do.

On the negative side, it was very definitely a stallion. A fact only partly evidenced by the prick, peeking partially out of its sheath.

"Those are the balls of a champion," Jaskier had marveled, though let himself be dragged a bit more to the side before Pegasus could kick him for admiring his balls too closely.

"As long as you can control that 'champion,'" Geralt said doubtfully.

He fucking hated being right sometimes.

Not only did Jaskier struggle with controlling the highly strung animal multiple times a day, it added considerable time to their travel. After the third day in a row they ended up sleeping on the cold

hard ground instead of at a semi-comfortable inn because they couldn't quite make it to a town as Geralt had planned, his temper was fraying, to say the least.

Geralt had tried to train Pegasus as well as he could whenever they stopped to water the animals or rest themselves, and the stallion was clearly not unintelligent: it knew commands and how to follow them. But the second Jaskier climbed aboard, all bets were off.

"Jaskier, get that horse under control or I will do it for you!" Geralt seethed at him through his teeth, and Jaskier had swallowed and stammered an apology.

It was also clear that Jaskier was somewhat distracted, as well. Geralt had caught Jaskier more than once glancing underneath the horse when they were stopped, for a break or the evening, at the stud's perpetually exposed cock head. He even caught Jaskier licking his lips when, one day, they were stopped for a rest and the horse's prick extended even further than normal before it pissed.

Geralt figured it was no coincidence when, that evening before sleeping, Jaskier insisted Geralt fuck him on all fours and they just happened to be facing towards where both horses were tied.

It was certainly no coincidence Geralt fucked the bard harder than normal, reminding him of the not inconsiderable girth he had inside of him.

The breaking point was a few days later. Jaskier, having once again ignored Geralt's warning to NOT follow him on a hunt, had not only done so but had brought Pegasus with him. What should have been a routine hunt with a couple of drowners got much hairier with an unbroken stallion and a useless bard thrown into the mix.

"I'm sorry, Geralt," Jaskier was saying along with many other useless things, as Geralt knelt and panted amidst the dead drowner corpses. It wasn't even that it had been that dangerous for him, but Jaskier had nearly been thrown by his horse, and Geralt could have done fuck all to save him.

Jaskier was in the midst of calming Pegasus when Geralt, his vision still tunneled from anger and fear, got up and came behind him.

The bard likely never even saw Geralt perform axii.

The thing was, while Jaskier had been busy cooing over his newly purchased "majestic steed," Geralt had a few words with the trader.

"Here," the man had said, shoving a large bundle in his hands which obviously contained a saddle. "This comes with the horse."

Geralt had raise his eyebrow, noting, "There's a saddle already on it. I've never known one to come with a spare."

The trader looked a little shifty until Geralt looked more closely at the bundle he'd been handled. He looked up, hiding most of his surprise, but raising his other eyebrow.

"It's a good Gemmeran steed, just as I said," the man had stammered, starting to sweat a bit.

"But one from Ratonia," Geralt had deadpanned. The man swallowed, but didn't back down.

"I didn't cheat anyone," he insisted. "He's worth as much as your friend paid for him. More to the

right...rider.”

The man wasn't wrong, though Geralt knew why he'd sold him to Jaskier as cheap as he had, when he could. While Gemmeran steeds were all prized, and you'd even find one or two Ratonian ones around, they were a rare sight in this part of the Continent. Their specialized breeding and training—and their need for specific kinds of riders—made them a surprise to meet, though Geralt had done so on the Path a time or two.

Geralt thought about warning Jaskier, but the man had already foolishly paid, and the trader seemed unlikely to return his money. It's possible it would all be fine, but if it wasn't...it was Jaskier's own damned fault, Geralt decided. Buyer beware, indeed.

All that in mind, Geralt got Jaskier and the horses further away from the stench of dead drowners, finding a peaceful clearing, before securing all three. He worked efficiently, taking a potion from his packs before he took the bundle with the “spare” saddle which had been tied to the side of Jaskier's normal saddle, and opened it.

At a glance, it looked like what it was: an elongated, strangely hornless saddle. What made it truly special were the various harnesses, which were not where you would expect them to be. If you knew what to look for, however, you could see that rather than meaning to be strapped atop the back of the horse, it was designed to be suspended underneath it. Geralt fastened it into place, and rolled out a long piece of soft leather from the bundle, which he draped over horse's back for a moment before turning to his bard.

Jaskier, of course, was still where Geralt had left him, standing next to the tree. Geralt walked over and handed the potion over to Jaskier to drink, which the bard obediently did.

After a minute, he had Jaskier remove his pants and smalls, and bend over.

His anger had mostly dissipated, but the memory of it and the fear still lingered as he looked at Jaskier bent over, half-naked and waiting. He'd normally find the site arousing, and he couldn't deny that he felt a twinge for it, though he knew it was more in anticipation of what lay ahead than true desire for the bard at this moment.

Geralt had used this particular modified version of axii on Jaskier the last time the bard had asked to be fisted. He could and had, with enough patience and time, get Jaskier open enough to take his fist without it. But the axii certainly helped him relax more quickly, as well as allowed them both more time to enjoy Jaskier stretched to accommodate Geralt's not insubstantial fist as well as a good portion of his arm.

Geralt thought of this and avoided adjusting himself as he began to prepare Jaskier. Honestly, he wanted the axii to last long enough to not cause damage initially, but he also wanted Jaskier to be aware of what was happening. This was, of course, both lesson and punishment, which wouldn't mean much if Jaskier didn't know what was happening to him. Which is where the potion had come in.

The apothecary he'd approached in the previous town was one he'd used before. She had only a mild look of surprise on her face as she reviewed the ingredient list Geralt had handed to her and said, “You know the risk of this causing permanent...modifications?”

Geralt had nodded, not changing expressions at all. “If used repeatedly, yes.”

The apothecary had just shrugged and made it. Which added to the list of why he liked to use her services.

Jaskier was bent in half, hands braced against a log, as Geralt managed to work his entire hand into him. Making a fist he began to slowly twist, and Jaskier was now moaning though did not move from his position, and pushing back slightly. Geralt slapped his flank with his other hand.

“No rocking,” he said gently but firmly. “Not unless I say you can.”

Jaskier settled, but continued moaning.

He was nearly panting by the time Geralt had worked his arm in up to his elbow, then left it there, admiring that view of Jaskier stretched around him for a few minutes before he reluctantly started to withdraw it.

His work wasn't over.

An hour later, Geralt was enjoying the leisurely ride to the next town, Pegasus's reins tied to his pommel loosely enough to allow the horse to walk a few feet to the side of Roach.

The peace of the afternoon was broken by a groan coming from under Pegasus.

“Finally awake, then?” Geralt said conversationally, as they continued to ride, not bothering to look down.

He was guessing Jaskier was only somewhat awake, as the muffled groans continued, and then became somewhat panicked a few moments later.

“And finally figuring out the predicament you've gotten yourself into,” Geralt said, just as calmly as before.

A somewhat indignant whine answered him, and Geralt couldn't help smiling before finally looking down at the now fully conscious bard.

He was a site to make any Ratonian belly rider proud: strapped into the under saddle, his hands and legs wrapped around the horse and secured with soft ropes to the regular saddle on top of Pegasus. The belly saddle he was riding on was currently tilted to allow Jaskier's chest and shoulders to swing leisurely as the horse walked along, but his hips were tilted up to be solidly fused to the horse's belly—and where the horse's not-insubstantial cock was buried inside of Jaskier's ass, where Geralt had inserted it.

Getting Jaskier into the saddle had been easy enough, with axii still fully in place. Getting the horse's cock—which had dropped fully, once Pegasus felt the familiar sensation of a human underneath him—inserted into Jaskier was astonishingly simple. Once Geralt had gotten the first few inches of it into Jaskier's prepared hole, Pegasus went with his instincts and training, and hunched several inches further until he was fully settled. Jaskier's moans grew louder, though Geralt felt no distress as axii and the potion continued to do its work.

In the present, Jaskier had half closed his eyes again, and groaned.

“I know what you're thinking,” Geralt continued pleasantly, allowing as much amusement as he

could to come through in his voice. "But don't bother trying to get off right now: you're secured so you can't move too much and distract the horse. You're as well packed as any of the items on Pegasus. More so."

Jaskier made a lot of noises at that, much less pleased ones, and Geralt was aware that he was trying to talk as if the ball gag Geralt had secured in his mouth wasn't there.

"I warned you," Geralt pointed out, much less jovially. "I told you to control your horse or I would figure out how to. Multiple times, I told you. Before that, I tried to warn you not to get an ungelded stallion, but you ignored that, too. And then you didn't even bother to ask any questions of the trader and figure out what the breed was or where it came from." He shook his head sadly. "At first I was angry. Then I realized even you couldn't be that stupid."

Another indignant, muffled shout.

"You probably did it deliberately," Geralt continued as if Jaskier hadn't made a sound. "I know how much of a whore you are for cock. You've spent enough time practically inhaling mine."

The sound this time was one of grudging agreement.

"And remember that time outside of Redania? I thought we'd never get that pack of mutts off you. Three in, and you were still offering your cunt up to all their dirty knots."

Geralt did glance down at him this time when Jaskier moaned. His face and shoulders had already been pink due to his position, but he was now flaming red in both embarrassment and arousal, Geralt had figured. Geralt himself had some fond memories of Redania.

"Fucking dirty animal whore," he said, just as conversationally. "So maybe you did do it deliberately, I figured. The dogs just weren't big enough for you, so you had to go find some horsecock. I suppose I should be glad you didn't try to ride the ghouls I took down a few days ago."

At this point, Jaskier wasn't even trying to talk, and when Geralt glanced over again, he had his eyes closed, tears leaking out of the corner. Geralt tsked his tongue.

"There's no shame in it, Jaskier," he said, sounding more sympathetic. "That's just who you are: a dirty, cock loving whore. So, you want to be a cocksleeve to a horse." He shrugged his shoulders. "Don't I always give you what you want?"

Jaskier was now sobbing, and Geralt hardened his heart to the sounds. There was no other way Jaskier was going to learn.

"So, that's what you're going to be today, tomorrow, maybe longer: a cocksleeve for Pegasus," he finished.

Jaskier—no, the cocksleeve—made more pleading sounds, and Geralt only shifted in his saddle, not looking at him again. He was going to have to jerk off when they stopped for lunch, he knew.

After another fifteen minutes of riding with Geralt enjoying the sunny countryside and the cocksleeve whining under his horse, Geralt pointed out, "You better learn to be quiet before we reach the next town. I don't think you'll want to attract too much attention to yourself."

He only smiled at the renewed crying.

The road Geralt had chosen was not a major one, but not without its traffic, so they passed a few people along the way.

Geralt had been deliberately positioned them so that anyone who passed would have to do so closest to Pegasus and his cocksleeve.

The first person he passed, a noble on an overly fancy mare, didn't even glance over as they passed on the wide road.

The second, a farmer and his family in their cart, likely heading to the next village back for supplies, nodded hello at Geralt, which he returned. Geralt watched out of the corner of his eye and smiled as the wife did a wide double-take, and turned back, her mouth a surprised O as she suddenly realized what she had seen underneath one of the horses.

Each time someone approached, the cocksleeve quieted any noise he was making (though he'd seemed to have cried himself out for the moment), and stilled as well as he could from where his upper body was swinging.

When he saw another lone rider coming towards him, Geralt allowed himself a small, secret smile.

"Good day, sir," Geralt called when he was close enough. "Can you perhaps tell me how far it is to the next town?"

There was a vaguely distressed and quickly stopped squeak of protest from below Pegasus that Geralt ignored.

The stranger—a night watchman on his day off, would be Geralt's guess—eyed him warily, but didn't glance down as he began answering.

Geralt nodded pleasantly, and could tell the moment the man noticed everything about Geralt's group. To his credit he only stumbled for a moment before finishing, "And is everything alright here? Are you...transporting a prisoner?"

Geralt allowed himself a little laugh—and a thought to using that as the reason for a future date, that the bard was a prisoner who could not be restrained except on a horse's erection—and shook his head. "You mean my new pack horse? A fine animal from Ratonia I recently purchased. He came with some useful...accessories." Geralt may have meant the saddle or what was in it, but he didn't elaborate further.

The man's face cleared of confusion and worry with that explanation. Ratonian horses may not have been a common site this far north, but they were not unknown.

"Ah, that's down in Nilfgard's direction, yes?" he asked, and when Geralt nodded. "They're odd ones in the South, but I've certainly heard their horses are exceptional, and I see no reason to doubt it."

Geralt thanked the man for the directions and the compliment, and they split ways.

After another five miles, Geralt decided it was a good time for a rest, and guided the horses off the road towards a small pond. As usual, he did not restrain Roach, but just set her to drink and graze by the water at her leisure. Pegasus he tied loosely to a lower branch of a nearby tree, with enough slack to allow him movement.

As the horse lowered his head to take his own drink of much needed water, Geralt patted his neck and back, avoiding the arms and legs currently wrapped around him. "Good boy," Geralt said in a soothing voice. "So much calmer today than before. You really needed that sleeve, didn't you."

The horse neighed, as if agreeing. The sleeve made no sound, as it should.

"Speaking of, I think you deserve a treat," Geralt continued, patting his side before moving to adjust the bindings on the leg at the horse's side closest to him.

The sleeve obviously thought it was being freed, though clearly realized it was wrong when Geralt merely slackened the rope on both sides so it could straighten its legs more. It did groan in relief at that, but that only lasted for a moment.

While it allowed the sleeve a bit more freedom of movement, that was merely a side effect: the purpose was to allow the horse more freedom, instead.

This was demonstrated quickly by Pegasus, who chose that point, the first time that day since the cocksleeve was mounted and where he had freedom to do so, to thrust into the sleeve hanging below him.

Which he did again. And again.

Geralt stepped back out of the way, both for safety and to fully observe this first mating.

Geralt had to admit he was in awe of Pegasus in a way he'd not been before. He couldn't imagine being fucked by a 2,000 pound animal bucking down into his hole with all its power. Then again, he couldn't imagine wanting to get down on his knees in the mud for a pack of wild dogs to fuck him, either.

To each their own. It was still fucking hot to watch, which was why Geralt had untied his own breeches to pull out his cock as he watched.

Jaskier grunted under the onslaught, and Geralt wished he had taken off the leather apron draped between his front and the horse's belly all day, just to see if he was hard. Geralt assumed he was, though, not only because he couldn't imagine Jaskier not being hard unless he'd been fucked out entirely, but also because Jaskier was definitely making those squealing noises he always did as he neared climax, even between the grunts as his—horse? lover? stud? mate?—thrust into him.

Pegasus, though, didn't care if the sleeve attached to him was nearing orgasm or not, only searching for his own release as he snorted and whinnied as he chased it.

The sleeve definitely finished before Pegasus did. But Pegasus' cum was harder to miss, as it flowed back out of Jaskier's hole in a flood.

When Pegasus had calmed, Geralt approached the horse slowly, and patted its sides soothingly again. He checked there was no damage to the cunt Pegasus had just used—not even a little bit of tearing, which was good to see—before again tightening the straps until the hole was more securely—if now more loosely—around near the base of the stud's cock.

Going to the other end, Geralt bent lower to remove the sleeve's gag.

"Geral—" it started to say, until Geralt slapped it lightly on its reddened cheek.

"Sleeves don't talk," he reminded it gently, and held up the gag. "I removed it to feed and water you, but if sleeves remember to be quiet, they don't have to be gagged. Understood?"

The sleeve nodded slowly, obviously still in a daze from its orgasm.

Geralt smiled. "Good. Now, time for your feeding." With that, he shoved his own erection into the sleeve's mouth.

Geralt and Jaskier had long ago trained away Jaskier's gag reflex, but the angle meant Geralt could get much further down into that throat without as much effort.

After the events of the day, Geralt knew he wouldn't last long, though a sudden thought made him grab the back of the head he was currently fucking and hold himself deep. Jaskier's eyes started to bulge and vague sounds of protest, muffled but audible, emerged.

Geralt ignored the sounds, enjoying the sensations around his cock, and chuckled at where Jaskier was connected to the horse, as well. "Definitely air tight," he said, before doing his own downward thrusting, coincidentally allowing the sleeve to breathe again occasionally.

He finished quickly, and just stood there for a moment with his softening cock soaking, before he shook his head, realizing he did need to get on with his day if he intended to get to town by sundown.

"And time for your watering," he muttered before he began pissing down Jaskier's throat. It was far from the first time they'd engaged in this particular activity, but there was something special about this time.

It was well after dark by the time they got to the small town, which Geralt was willing to admit he was both disappointed by and not: Not because despite it being a relaxing day, overall, he was tired and could use a nice bed at an inn. Disappointed because he couldn't show off his horse's cocksleeve as well.

Though it was clear that some people noticed, even with just the street fires as light. There were gasps and murmurings, as they passed, which Geralt ignored.

The cocksleeve was silent.

It had actually been pretty quiet all afternoon since their break, even with the gag removed. Certainly a few hours under Pegasus—especially after the mating—seemed to have stopped it from being able to form words. Geralt had half-expected to be the subject of pleas and begging, but no. There was the occasional whimper and groan, but that was it.

They were stopped for a moment as they waited for someone to get a cart out of an alley when Geralt heard a groan from below, though, as well as Pegasus side stepping a bit. Geralt thought the stud was ready for another mating session, which he'd expected might happen when he stabled him for the night, but when he turned to look, he found a group of teenage boys poking underneath the horse's tail with the handle end of a hoe.

Geralt would have loved to let them carry on, certain where they were aiming their pokes even as the sleeve emitted another faint squawk, but- "Best stop before my horse kicks you," Geralt warned, and the boys paled and froze. "No male likes to be poked there."

The boys unfroze and scattered, and a small sound, like a sigh of relief could be heard.

Geralt snorted at that.

They soon reached a stable next to an inn, and Geralt dismounted with his own sigh of relief. The stable hand came rushing out to assist, and Geralt readily handed over the reins to the teenage boy.

There was a soft moan as they moved inside, and the stable hand seemed startled.

“Um,” he said, and gestured under the stallion, “what about...?”

Geralt had already moved Roach towards one of the empty stalls. “Just make sure to feed and water the horse. I’ll take care of the saddles and cocksleeve in a minute,” he assured the boy.

He saw the boy nod, and guide Pegasus into the stall opposite, but constantly glancing underneath it.

Pegasus ate the fodder given to him and drank from the bucket, but was clearly still restless, likely because the sleeve was. The boy, obviously not sure what to do, looked over at Geralt, who had gotten Roach’s saddle and packs off already. “Um, sir...”

Geralt sighed and reached into one of the packs, pulling out a riding crop (which he would never think of using on Roach, but had used plenty on Jaskier before) and tossed it to the surprised stable hand.

“Use that on the legs until it calms down,” he said bluntly. And just in case it needed to be said, “Avoid hitting the horse.”

The boy blinked a few times, and gave a few tentative hits which the sleeve likely didn’t even feel, they were so gentle. Geralt was pleased, however, that the boy then started to swing with a bit more enthusiasm.

Geralt let it go on—well past the point that the sleeve had stopped wriggling and Pegasus had calmed down, as well—before calling out, “That’s enough. I’ll take it from here.”

The stable boy—clearly having gotten into the process—gave one more whack to a thigh, before handing the crop back to Geralt with a thank you, heavy breathing, and a clear bulge in his pants before he exited the stable.

Geralt chuckled and finished up with Roach before he casually wandered over to Pegasus’s stall. The horse appeared halfway to sleep, which was a shame, as Geralt had hoped he would need to breed one more time before Geralt retired. Ah, well.

Geralt petted the sleepy stallion. “Had a good day, boy?” he teased it with a smile before beginning to unfasten the various straps keeping the sleeve in place. When it dropped to the ground, it was less a release of drop and more of an ooze off the horse—followed by a gush of cum and piss as Pegasus’s cock fell free of the now not-so-tight hole it had spent most of the day in.

Geralt didn’t acknowledge it once it fell to the hay, except to nudge it briefly with his foot so it was no longer directly under the horse and in the way as he continued to remove both saddles from the animal.

“There you are, boy, it’s all right,” Geralt continued to soothe Pegasus as he worked. “You’ve done

well today. Don't worry, you'll get your cock sleeve back soon enough, once you've gotten some rest."

Once he'd finished with the rest of the tack from Pegasus, he turned around to look at the sleeve. It stayed where it had been moved, still panting into the hay its face was half-buried in.

"Hm, think we'll leave your sleeve in here with you tonight," he told Pegasus. "If you're lucky, it'll try to get your cock into its other hole before morning."

Glancing at the sleeve again, Geralt realized he'd need to clean it before he turned in for the night. Sighing, he went to grab a bucket and a cloth.

When he got back, he threw half the bucket of cold water on the sleeve. It groaned a bit, but still seemed disinclined to move too much, which was fine with Geralt.

He worked quickly and efficiently to wipe down the sleeve, starting with the head and avoiding its used hole until last.

When everything else was mostly wiped clean, Geralt threw the cloth away, and tilted the sleeve ass up, to gaze at its hole.

"Hm, not too much damage," he muttered out loud. "Definitely wouldn't feel anything if I tried to ram my cock in there now, though." To prove his point, he shoved two fingers into the gaping ass without any further prep, and found it remained loose.

The sleeve made a noise of protest, so Geralt slapped the ass in front of him until it stopped.

"Definitely a mare's cunt now," Geralt said, shaking his head. "Ah, well, still has a mouth I can use. Wonder if this town has a brothel." He stood up and turned to give Pegasus one last pat. "Should make an easier ride for you in future, at least."

With that, he left the stable and headed towards the inn for some stew. He was extra cheered to realize he wouldn't have to hear that fucking "Toss a Coin" song tonight.

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## **Chapter 2: Jaskier wanted to buy a horse for...reasons**

As often happened, Jaskier found himself traveling alone that Spring. He'd been wandering through the south for most of the Winter, and had just started turning north again with an idea that he might be able to meet up with Geralt in maybe a month or so, if he were lucky.

If he were really lucky, he could convince Geralt to fuck him on the side of a busy road again as a nice reunion. Any flourishes, of course, left up to his dear, dominant Witcher.

Those pleasant thoughts in mind, he'd managed to hitch a ride with a farmer headed in his direction to the next village.

He'd waited until he was situated in the cart behind the farmer and they were on the move again, before he broached the subject that had been on his mind since he'd seen the cart coming towards him on the road.

"Good friend," he began in his best jovial voice, "I couldn't help but admire the unusual bit of decoration on your cart horse."

It was, too: a young man, probably around 20, clearly suspended underneath the horse, facing the ground, not only by multiple rough ropes pulling his arms and legs behind him, but also the stud's cock, which was embedded in his ass. Jaskier found the sight of the fully naked man's semi-hard dick waving beneath him to the movements of the horse almost as arousing as the sympathetic ache in his own joints, knowing how much pressure a position like that would feel.

The old man snorted, "Not all that unusual in these parts. We're not that far from Ratonia; it'd be more of an unusual site to see a horse with no one riding underneath 'round here."

Jaskier nodded and hummed in agreement as the farmer droned on about his plans to breed his cart horse but, not being a Ratonia breed and trained to it, was loaned the "cocksleeve" currently underneath him by the breeder up the road from his place. He honestly was only getting part of the explanation, more of his brain busy as Jaskier caught glimpses of the hole stretched around the horse's cock whenever the stud's tail twitched to bat away a fly as it walked. And the tone of the farmer, dismissive to the young man currently attached to his cart horse, as if he was nothing more than the bridle or reins the farmer used to steer the horse and cart.

How Jaskier didn't come in his fashionable and elegant pants in the back of that frankly odorous cart, he had no idea.

He did, however, take it as his queue to head to Ratonia and check it out.

Jaskier, along with most of the Continent, had seen humans mounted to the underside of horses before, of course. Normally, though, in the northern parts of the Continent, it was a sign of status and wealth, used on the parade grounds by nobles, and even on the streets by particularly ostentatious, upwardly mobile merchants.

Not, as Jaskier was seeing more and more as he traveled east, deeper into Gemmera and closer to Ratonia, underneath plowhorses and couriers and even random horses wandering in fields. He'd even come across more than one steed with no rider on its back, only the one below, guiding them expertly with their legs and reigns, obviously off on some routine business one place or another while stuffed full of horse cock.

Jaskier was no blushing virgin, Geralt and many, many (many) people could attest to that. And he certainly would never say he was above a little—or a lot of—bestiality. But horses? Just the thought of the size, the strength, the discomfort, the exposure.

Melitele's tits, he wanted it all. The inspiration for dirty tavern songs, alone, would make it worth it, even without the amazing orgasms which would follow.

Jaskier spent most of his time wandering from town to town, ducking behind a convenient tree now and then to jerk off, and trying to appear as nonchalant and non-tourist as a traveling bard could be.

Then he came across a farm with a sign by the road advertising "Riding Lessons."

As he walked up the pathway leading to the barn, as with most other places in the area, he found that virtually every horse in the pasture he passed by had a human, of any gender, riding in a swinging saddle underneath them. In fact, in this field, he didn't see a single unmounted stallion in the bunch.

When he met with the woman obviously running the farm—Leeza—he found her a no nonsense woman, who only smirked a bit at the tent in his pants, presumably used to that from unseasoned visitors.

He politely declined the offer of lessons for the moment, but explained he was a renowned bard (he could hear Geralt's dismissive snort from here) from the north, and had questions about the...unusual culture of Ratonia. Leeza was happy to explain.

There were, apparently, three different styles of the Ratonia Tradition, as it was called, each with their own draws and skills involved.

First there were the belly riders, those who rode in the lower hanging, swinging saddles underneath, who could guide and control their horse from underneath. It was a skill that had to be learned, and it was no simple task, but many people learned how to do it every day. There were some people, Leeza assured him, who spent more time under their horses than upright, and even conducted daily business in town or otherwise from the belly of their horses.

Then, there were the human mares, which she led him into the barns for a demonstration. There he saw one woman, tied to a large breeding bench, wailing as she was pounded by a steed many times her size and weight, its front hooves propped on the stand her arms were tied to in front of her. Jaskier couldn't imagine the kind of punishment her insides were taking, even as she clearly enjoyed it.

God, he wanted to feel that.

When the horse neared completion, a stable hand rushed in to place a bucket directly under the groins of the mating pair, and catch as much of the spend as possible. The woman also collapsed, letting the ropes tying her and the bench below her take her weight and the horse stepped back and pulled until its gigantic cock escaped her, followed by a veritable flood of its cum.

"Ratonian studs," Leeza explained calmly, in that vaguely bored voice of any business owner describing something which was routine to them, "spend their lives from the moment they are of a size enough to take a rider on their prick until they're too old to carry the weight anymore with a human cunt of one kind or another on them. They don't even know what to do with a true mare if you give them a chance to mount. So any time a mare is in season and ready to be bred, this is how we have to collect the semen from the stud, and introduce the sperm to the horse mare manually."

Fuck, Jaskier thought.

He cleared his throat, and tried to sound just as casual, though even he could tell he failed miserably. "Well, interesting. You said there was a third style?"

Leeza smirked, and led him back out to a paddock where four horses all wandered about lazily, each with a human strapped beneath them.

They were called different things, depending on how high a status the horse owner—and therefore the horse—was and what the intended purpose of them might be. To some, they were horse jewelry: something additional to make your horse look fancy or imposing on the parade grounds. Most, though, were just because they'd bred their horses to be comforted by the constant feel of a human wrapped around them, and a useful part of horse equipment, like a bridle and bit or stirrups.

"That's my brother, on the bay back there," Leeza pointed out, and Jaskier immediately saw him, strapped belly to belly with a larger than average horse, not impeding the stud's movement at all as a stable hand checked the hooves of the horse he was attached to. "He says he always feels as if he's a part of the horse, when he's strapped for days at a time, like he's not equipment, but actually an extension of the horse himself."

She looked as if she disagreed, and when Jaskier prompted her about it, she just shrugged.

“We all have our ways of relating to our horses. It’s in our blood, a part of who we are. God knows I love to ride every chance I get, and will spend this evening working with my stud, but being strapped in like that?” she said, pointing to her brother again and shaking her head. “That’s not riding. He’s a cocksleeve. No more, no less.”

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Jaskier made his way back north with a bit more purpose after that. He still took plenty of time, on his way, to note the various Ratonnia Style riders he saw. Certainly the ones strapped in were the most prevalent, and he’d learned from Leeza that prisoners often chose to serve out their sentence under a horse rather than in some lord’s dungeon—and sometimes, it was no choice at all. Though most were volunteers, and many farms would not take forced riders, it still happened, as there were more horses than riders who were of age.

He was also cursing Geralt nightly, as the dildo the Witcher had allowed him to travel with was not nearly big enough for what he was currently craving. The man had refused to allow him to use the one Jaskier had had made modeled after Geralt’s own fist and forearm. Something about not trusting him to use it unsupervised.

You injure yourself ONCE with a sex toy, and some people never let you forget it.

It was a relatively fast journey—the weather, for once, was with him—so by the time he was able to meet Geralt in a clearing outside of Redania, he was thrilled. As Geralt likely could tell by the fact that he launched himself full force, and blurted out the word which had been running through his head for the last month: “Cocksleeve.”

Geralt looked taken aback, for a moment, but only said, “That better not be my new pet name,” before Jaskier leaned forward and shoved his tongue down Geralt’s throat.

He couldn’t talk Geralt into fucking him next to the road, alas, but Geralt didn’t take much convincing to strip Jaskier of his pants, and have him spread his legs as far as they would go as he bent over Geralt’s lap, hole clearly on display to anyone passing along the road, as Geralt beat his ass with his gloved hand alone, and Jaskier wailed into the mean witcher’s thigh in pain and ecstasy.

(Sadly, no one did wander by, but Jaskier still came across Geralt’s lap when the man switched from spanking his upper thighs and the meat of his ass, to landing a few well placed spanks directly on his hole. Thank Melitele, his Witcher always knew what he needed.)

Later that evening, they made camp on the other side of Redania, Jaskier whining about not getting a warm meal and a soft bed at an inn, instead of sleeping on the cold hard ground. Geralt only smirked.

“I haven’t seen you in months. I know how noisy you can get when we’re first reunited. Best to be out here where we can only disturb the owls.”

Jaskier couldn’t quite argue with that, and once they’d eaten, climbed into Geralt’s lap.

There were a number of things he liked Geralt to do to him, but he knew of no better way to get Geralt in a good mood than to lay him flat on his back and then sink down on the wonderfully large cock that he’d missed almost as much as the Witcher it was attached to.

So, he was riding Geralt slowly, undulating his hips, mostly with Geralt lying back and watching him in the firelight appreciatively, but not doing much else, letting Jaskier do all the work for once. And then Jaskier, smiling down at him, started to tell him about Ratonia.

Geralt mostly contributed a “hmm” or two, here or there, occasionally throwing Jaskier an extra hard pinch to his bruised and sore buttocks now and then to make Jaskier’s breath skip and his cock twitch. Otherwise he let Jaskier ramble on about how hot it was to watch these people underneath, coupled with these enormous beasts, and virtually ignored by all and sundry, as if they were just part of the other parcels and items packed onto the horse.

“And you want that, do you?” Geralt said, sounding not nearly as close to orgasm as Jaskier felt, but starting to move Jaskier by the hips at a faster rhythm and punching up into Jaskier just right. “You want to be nothing but a cocksleeve for a horse for all the world to see.”

“Yes, fuck, yes,” Jaskier said, trying to get Geralt to go faster, make him go faster.

Then Geralt stilled him entirely on his lap.

Jaskier whimpered and looked down at him.

Geralt was looking up at him fondly, and reached a hand up to cup his face. “You are the most arrogant little shit I’ve ever met,” Geralt said fondly, almost sweetly. “I do not understand how you can also be the biggest humiliation slut I’ve ever known.”

Jaskier smiled down at him, letting all the love he felt but Geralt wouldn’t let him say shine out of his eyes. If the idiot couldn’t understand how the two things met, Jaskier had no idea how to explain it to him. The closest he could come was: “An audience is an audience, darling.”

Then he bit Geralt’s thumb. Hard.

As he hoped, Geralt slapped him across the face in retaliation, hard enough to push his head back, but not to leave too much damage. He looked down again, laughing, to see Geralt with his own look of devotion, ridiculously clear on his face.

Jaskier yelped as, suddenly, Geralt moved quickly to his knees and forward, balancing on one hand as he held Jaskier underneath him and parallel to the ground with the other hand until Jaskier got with the program and wrapped his legs around his waist. Geralt began pounding into him, hard.

“And just like the fucking cockslut you are, you’re after a bigger cock,” Geralt growled down at him as Jaskier held on for dear life. “My cock not big enough for you anymore?”

Jaskier wished he had the breath and wherewithal to actually respond, “It’s big, darling, but not horse big,” but he didn’t.

He loved Geralt for so many reasons, but knowing how to fuck his brains out was definitely near the top of the list.

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There was no more talk of horses or kinks the rest of the night. They were remarkably sappy, to be honest, as was their want when they’d been separated for any length of time and weren’t trying to fuck each other to death to make up for lost time. So Jaskier had fallen asleep in his favorite way, stretched out on top of his Witcher, Geralt’s arm around his shoulder, holding him warm and safe.

He also woke up in their favorite way the next morning: sputtering as he received a face full of piss as Geralt stood over him.

Geralt didn't say a word, and aside from the coughing and yelling Jaskier did as he woke up, Jaskier didn't move, lying back and letting Geralt move his stream of urine down the length of him. Geralt stopped his movements to concentrate the last of his piss directly on Jaskier's cock and balls before shaking off the last drops.

Geralt had complained to him once how Jaskier never smelled right, didn't smell like him, after a long separation, how he wanted to mark Jaskier somehow until he did smell right again. Jaskier had given him blanket permission to mark him however he felt necessary, whenever he liked. Geralt didn't take Jaskier up on everything the bard had ever given him blanket permission to do—something Jaskier grudgingly, if only internally, admitted was probably a good thing—because he did on this.

When he was done, Jaskier sat up and grabbed Geralt's cock, giving it delicate good morning kisses. "Well, you're only metaphorically hung like a horse, but I think you literally piss like one."

As he hoped, when he took the head of Geralt's cock into his mouth to suck off the remaining drops of piss, Geralt gave him a held-back mouthful before shoving him away and throwing one of the cloths he used to wipe down Roach at him.

Jaskier looked at him, mouth still full of the Witcher's urine and Geralt saying nothing, until Jaskier deliberately, ostentatiously swallowed. Geralt then grunted and turned away as if unaffected. Jaskier, fortunately, could read his Witcher better than that.

"Get dried off," Geralt said over his shoulder, walking over to Roach. "We'll need to make up some time if we want to make it to the next town by nightfall."

Jaskier sighed in contentment as he wiped the horse-smelling towel against himself.

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It was several hours and miles later before Geralt broke into Jaskier prattling on about something even Jaskier couldn't have recalled he was talking about, with a casual, "So, how do you picture this working?"

Got him, Jaskier thought triumphantly.

What followed was several days of passing back and forth ideas, mostly Jaskier expressing only half-formed fantasies, not all of which were connected very closely, but all of which concerned Jaskier getting fucked by a horse, hopefully in public, hopefully more than once.

Geralt mostly listened, adding his usual occasional "Hm," into the mix so Jaskier knew he was still listening. He shut down a few things almost immediately—no, he would not leave Jaskier alone while impaled on the horse, Geralt had to always have him in line of sight to avoid Jaskier being seriously injured, yes he needed a safeword, saying "you trust me" is not a fucking excuse not to have one, Jaskier—but he also seemed oddly intrigued by more of it than not, if the increasing bulge in his pants was anything to go by.

"We'll definitely want to get a Ratonia stallion for this," Geralt said one evening over the stew in the inn where they'd taken a room. "They're not only trained to fuck humans, they're bred for it, with smaller pricks than the average horse, so less likely to do real damage."



Jaskier started to protest, knowing how difficult it might be to find a Ratonian horse for sale, but Geralt cut him off.

“Axii and the potion will help, but if I’m going to impale you on a horse cock, I’ll be the one to choose the horse,” he said flatly and without lowering his voice.

Which just happened to coincide with a lull in the conversations nearby. And the barmaid showing up with their new round of ale.

Geralt, rarely embarrassed by anything, looked at her blankly as she blinked in surprise and looked between them.

Jaskier felt himself blush, but also felt his cock twitch in his pants as she murmured something unintelligible, dropped their tankards on the table, and scurried away.

Jaskier kicked Geralt under the table. “You did that on purpose,” he hissed, even though they both knew Jaskier’s prick was growing hard.

Geralt admitted nothing, merely “Hm”ed and picked up his drink.

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It was several more days for Geralt to get word to his friend the horse trader and back. He, unfortunately, did not have any readily available stock of Ratonian studs, but knew of a trader who regularly did, and directed them in his direction.

Meanwhile, Jaskier started to set the stage for his little fantasy come to life, making a production of looking at every bit of horseflesh that they came across, and building up the excitement inside of himself.

Geralt, in his usual fashion, indulged him even as he clearly didn’t fully get the point. His darling, beautiful Witcher knew nothing about drama.

However, he did know, much to Jaskier’s eternal delight, a lot about tying up bards. Whenever they made camp over the next few days, before Geralt took care of the horses or did anything else, he would tie up Jaskier in strange and strangely erotic positions—and then leave him there.

The first time, Jaskier was tied with his wrists behind his back and secured to his ankles, back arched and left in the center of camp while Geralt went about taking care of Roach and setting up everything for the night.

Jaskier was almost in the perfect headspace when Geralt, without apparently looking up from where he was rifling through saddlebags, said, “Show me your stop sign, Jaskier.”

Jaskier took a moment, blinked, and then was irritated, opening his mouth to argue yet again.

Geralt immediately stopped what he was doing, grabbed Jaskier by the hair and pushed him into an even more uncomfortable position than he’d been in, and said, all seriousness, “You need this, to be treated as if you’re nothing but a whore, a cunt for horses, something I don’t care about, and I’ll give it to you. I’ll bind you and gag you, let a fucking horse use you as a cum rag and let others watch. I’ll do all of that and enjoy the fuck out of it, as always. But this goes no further until I can trust that you can and will tell me to stop it if you need to.”

And Jaskier knew he was serious, as it was an old argument between them: Jaskier insisting that a safeword was unneeded between them, that he trusted Geralt completely, that Jaskier neither wanted nor needed an out from any of the games they played, that Geralt was a Witcher for fucks sake, he could tell if Jaskier was in any real distress.

Geralt, however, was unmoved and insistent.

Jaskier had only ever pushed him once, refusing to agree. The result had been Geralt refusing to touch him at all.

Jaskier had been a mess after less than a day, begging Geralt to touch him, kiss him, kick him, anything.

Geralt had held out for a week.

When he'd finally relented, Geralt had fucked him slow and deliberate, so tender Jaskier was the closest he had yet come to using that safeword Geralt had insisted on.

"I'll give you what you need, little lark, always," Geralt whispered into his ears as he fucked him relentlessly, not speeding up or thrusting hard, and Jaskier sobbed as Geralt laid his heart before him. "I'll tear you apart and put you back together. But don't ever let me injure you. Don't let me hurt you without meaning to. That would kill me."

Which was the first time Jaskier realized it wasn't about Jaskier trusting Geralt. Not entirely.

So tied hand-to-foot, Jaskier grumbled with no real heat or intent, and gave the sign with his left hand that they had agreed on.

Geralt nodded and rewarded the bard with his entire cock down Jaskier's throat.

They repeated this ritual in many different configurations, including one afternoon Jaskier spent most uncomfortably, tied down and slung across Roach like a dead deer Geralt had hunted, Geralt riding calmly behind him.

He whined about how uncomfortable it had been that night as Geralt fucked into him from behind, Jaskier's hands still tied and pinned underneath him.

Geralt chuckled, and gave a hard thrust. "Going to be a lot more uncomfortable with a horse cock fucked inside of you all day," he pointed out, and Jaskier moaned in agreement and anticipation.

They ironed out a few more details of the whole thing, but as Jaskier insisted, he was leaving the majority of the decisions up to Geralt, wanting to be surprised by his lover.

Which had been just in time for them to find and purchase Pegasus.

Jaskier knew he managed to get through the transaction, the words in the little play he'd concocted himself, but he could barely recall any of it later. Because all he could think of from the moment he saw the blue roan was that this horse would be fucking him so very, very soon.

Added into the mix was that even if Jaskier hadn't know the horse was a Ratonian breed, even if they hadn't deliberately gone looking for one, he would have known simply because the horse always, always had some of his bare cock poking out of its sheath.

Sometimes it was a little peek of that broad head which made Jaskier's mouth water, wanting to kiss

and worship it. Sometimes it was nearly a foot, which made his ass ache in longing and anticipation, not just because of how much he could see, but in the knowledge that there was more of that cock, still hidden in the sheath.

Geralt took to fucking him when they camped, always on his knees, always facing Pegasus so they could look at him and his fucking amazing cock. Geralt poured filth into his ears about how soon he would mate Jaskier with the horse, impale him on its cock and walk him through towns near and far so that everyone would soon know that Jaskier, the great bard, was nothing but a cocksleeve for a horse.

Jaskier, in turn, soon was babbling out his own fantasies and hopes and half-realized truths. How badly he'd wanted to take Leeza up on her offer for riding lessons all those months ago, but resisted, couldn't do it, only because he'd wanted Geralt there, needed him to be the one to put a horse's cock in him, to tie him to the horse as if he were nothing, just another pack or bracer or tool to be put away and carried by the horse.

And still, Geralt made no move to make Jaskier get fucked by his horse. It was driving Jaskier insane.

He knew he shouldn't goad Geralt the way he had, deliberately courting danger to rile the man up, but they were just drowners, nothing really dangerous.

Until they were, of course.

He really, somehow in some way, didn't see Geralt coming.

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Before he regained full consciousness, he could feel the ache inside them, that feeling of being impossibly stretched.

A part of Jaskier resented Geralt not waiting until he was fully conscious for that first penetration, for robbing him of that moment. The rest of him appreciated the sheer degrading joy of simply waking up on the horse cock fully embedded in him already. That illusion of non-consent he'd wanted, which Geralt had stubbornly, steadfastly insisted remain clearly an illusion, bless his ridiculously good and pedantic heart.

The rest of the day passed in snapshots of perfection, from Geralt's initial anger to seeming indifference. The overwhelming humiliation when they passed by strangers on the road. And all accompanied by that over-full, overstretched feeling of the horse cock inside of Jaskier and the full, unending arousal, no matter how often he came.

Jaskier literally thought he was dying when Pegasus started to fuck him in earnest, from the powerful thrusts wracking his body to the pull of the ropes on his arms and legs and so many other sensations and feelings. But the tears of pain were mixed and definitely surpassed by tears of joy, and he loved Geralt for not asking if he was okay, for trusting Jaskier enough to tell him if he wasn't okay, and letting the whole thing play out as it should, as Jaskier had been dreaming of.

His love for the Witcher only grew as Geralt's supposed indifference increased, as they walked through the town, Jaskier swinging below the horse as if it was the most normal thing in the world. Jaskier honestly couldn't remember most of the trip to the stable, his mind lost in an overload of sensation and emotions and full, full, full of horsecock.

His love for Geralt grew even further as he felt the first tentative strikes of the stable hand beating

him with the crop. He appreciated the boy's confidence growing and his blows becoming more forceful, waking Jaskier up a bit from his trance, though clearly he had nowhere near the strength to give Jaskier the beating he normally craved.

Jaskier thought distantly about making sure Geralt tipped the boy extra tomorrow before they left. He knew they'd both be enjoying the welts from his beating through at least the morning.

A part of Jaskier longed for Pegasus to fuck him again when Geralt loosened his bindings, Jaskier's ass making a disgusting, wonderful sound as it slid partway down the horse's cock for the first time in hours. The rest of Jaskier, however much he hated it, was relieved when he was dropped to the ground entirely, instead, knowing that if the horse had started to fuck him again, Jaskier would have given Geralt the sign he knew the Witcher had been surreptitiously watching for all day, the one signaling him to stop this whole thing and release Jaskier from his situation.

And Jaskier knew he would never love Geralt more for his generosity and open heart and ability to match Jaskier kink for fucking kink, for nothing else than following through to the end, kicking Jaskier to the side of the stall (actually the gentlest nudge with his boot to signal Jaskier to roll himself away) while otherwise completely "ignoring" him. And then checking him for injuries in the guise of perfunctorily cleaning him. (Jaskier knew, because Geralt had told him, that the main purpose of the potion was to not only make it so there'd be room inside for the horse's organ, but to give an elasticity to his opening, which would mean he'd not only be able to stretch to accommodate its girth, but go back more quickly to his more normal tightness. Jaskier had agreed readily, not only for his own comfort, but he didn't want to deprive either Geralt or himself of continuing to be Geralt's favorite fucktoy.)

If Jaskier could have spoken, could have moved, he would have shouted his love for Geralt at the top of his lungs at Geralt's last degrading words as he left him alone, discarded, degraded and abandoned in the stall.

As it was, all he had the strength for was weeping.

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Chapter 3: Jaskier needs tending to, and Geralt needs to tend to him

Jaskier resurfaced to consciousness what felt like hours later—but was likely no more than 20 minutes, which is as long as he could imagine Geralt ever leaving him alone after the day they'd had—as Geralt lifted him up out of the hay.

"Shh, Jask," Geralt gently whispered. "I've got you," and Jaskier hummed an acknowledgment, snuggling closer into Geralt's chest.

Jaskier was grateful, not for the first or last time, for his lover's Witcher strength as he carried him to their room.

Jaskier could not tell if he carried him to the room from some outside entrance or through the middle of a bustling tavern, and he didn't much care. He was still floating in some distant realm between the real world and the one he'd been in most of the day, and wasn't quick to escape it.

He felt a little closer to the real world as he was carefully lowered into a tub of hot water. He winced at the sting against both the welts on his thigh, the indentations on his wrists and ankles and, most especially, against his long abused hole, even as he welcomed it all.

"If I let you go," Geralt's voice was saying in his ear, his arm a solid band across his chest, "can you stop yourself from drowning for two minutes?"

"Hm," was all the answer Jaskier could or was inclined to give, which earned him an amused snort from Geralt.

Whatever Geralt had wanted to let him go for—undressing, possibly?—he didn't, as he never stopped feeling at least one of Geralt's hands on him before he was climbing into the tub with him.

A few years or moments later, Jaskier finally felt himself breaking the surface of reality, and blinked his eyes, taking in a bit of the room—partially banked fire in the fireplace, nice looking bed, nothing spectacular except for this wonderful tub—before turning his head towards Geralt and smiling dreamily.

"Welcome back," Geralt said dryly, but still in that quiet, gentle voice that he always used with Jaskier in moments like this. Jaskier became aware that the entire time he'd been in the tub with him, Geralt had been massaging various parts of his body, his arms and legs and whatever he could reach, as if trying to get his circulation flowing.

"Hm, good to be back?" Jaskier said, unsure of why he'd made it a question.

This seemed to amuse Geralt more, but the Witcher only continued the movement of his hands, and Jaskier let himself be pampered for a bit.

When the last of the fog lifted, and all of the aches and pains he'd earned came to the forefront of his mind, Jaskier shifted, trying to take at least some of the pressure off of the welts on his thigh. Geralt's hands transitioned seamlessly from massaging to caressing without a pause.

"So," Geralt asked, at a volume closer to normal, "was it all that you wanted?"

"Mmm," Jaskier said, closing his eyes and smiling, letting Geralt see his contentment. "Same thing tomorrow?"

Geralt laughed louder this time, and when Jaskier opened his eyes, he shook his head. "Not two days in a row. We'll give you—and Pegasus—a break, at least for a couple of days."

Jaskier, who hadn't really been serious with the suggestion—he'd doubt he'd be up for riding on top of Pegasus for a while, much less underneath him—laughed and teased, "Spoilsport," before accepting the kiss on his lips as his due.

"Seriously though, Geralt," he continued, touching his lover's face, "you were magnificent. That was so much better than my fantasies."

Geralt nodded, and Jaskier thought that would be the end of it. Geralt might not be as stoic as some claimed, but he also wasn't a fan of talking about his own feelings that much.

So it was a bit of a surprise when Geralt said, "I liked it. Seeing you like that. Treating you like that."

Jaskier's smile widened. "I hoped you would," he admitted. He had suspected that Geralt more than "liked" it, but wasn't going to push. He knew that most of the filthy tales he whispered into Jaskier's ears weren't for Jaskier's benefit alone.

Instead he decided to tease and continued, "Your acting has really improved. I almost believed you

were really going to leave me in the stable all night.”

Geralt slanted him a disbelieving look, but said nothing, closing his eyes and relaxing back into the side of the tub, his arm still pillowing Jaskier’s head.

“And the thing with the drowners,” Jaskier added. “I genuinely thought you were angry with me.”

“Oh, I was,” Geralt said without opening his eyes, but with enough seriousness in his tone Jaskier froze. “Still am. I’ll need to come up with a proper punishment for you.”

Jaskier tried to keep it light. “Oh, I can make some suggestions.”

Geralt snorted in amusement again, and opened his eyes. “I’m sure you could,” he said wryly. “You’re a damned difficult one to really punish, little lark. You enjoy most of them too much.”

Jaskier could think of a thing or two he would really not enjoy—and that Geralt just might do if he thought it would convince Jaskier to be more careful. Instead, he offered the first thing which popped into his mind. “You could lead me around with a leash and collar.”

Geralt hummed, as if he was considering it. “But then I’d have to come up with another idea for your birthday,” he said.

Jaskier laughed at the unexpected jibe, and kissed Geralt again as a reward. “You could whip my balls?” he suggested next.

Geralt smiled again, showing teeth this time. “Then I’d have to come up with another idea for my birthday.”

Jaskier couldn’t quite stop the giggle which bubbled up. He was clearly more tired than he’d realized.

Geralt kissed him on the forehead. “In any case, that’s a puzzle for tomorrow. Tonight, I just want you, in a bed, sleeping beside me.”

Jaskier would deny it if anyone ever asked, but he knew the expression on his face was the most disgustingly besotted ever seen. Fortunately, the only one there to see it was Geralt.

Jaskier leaned forward to kiss him again, and said into his mouth, “Kinky bastard.”

The End