

Witchers Were Never Girls

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Witchers Were Never Girls

by [ironhawkofmischief](#)

Summary

Witchers were never girls. Geralt had heard that his whole life, but he wasn't girl. Geralt had just been born with all the wrong body parts. He never thought someone could accept him for him until Jaskier waltzed into his life and paid no mind to what he did or did not have. It was so refreshing for once, Geralt didn't have to answer questions.

Notes

Day 8! Free day! Okay so I AM TRANS MYSELF! I am female to male trans and had been on hormones at one point. I am taking what happened to my body (besides losing my top that hasn't happened ugh) and projecting it on Geralt. I have no qualms in penis in vagina sex and actually enjoy it. So, this MAY be triggering for some trans men. Also, the idea that Geralt really had no choice on if he wanted to be male or not is kind of mentioned. Plus, this is just a lot of sex so... Read at your own caution.

“Girls don’t become witchers,” That was what Geralt had heard his whole life. Yet, here he was. Well, he wasn’t exactly female, but he had been assigned female at birth. Geralt was raised male most of his life. It was all he had ever known.

He was only a child when Vesemir had scooped him up from his mother. Even during training, no one knew Geralt’s secret; only Vesemir did. Geralt did his best to bind his chest and was never seen naked by anyone. The training was hard, harder so for someone who was assigned female at birth. He had to work extra hard, train extra long, and bulk even more than others to finally get the body he needed.

When it was time for the mutations... Those had been horrendous. Only three out of ten boys actually survive. For some odd reason, Geralt was one of those three. He had handled the mutations so well he was given extra mutations and set upon even stronger potions.

Though, they had some great side effects. With the help from some magic, his breasts had all but disappeared and turned into nice hard pecks. He had grown several inches and bulked out tremendously. The only thing that had been left was... Was the parts between his legs. Granted, some parts of the mutations had caused certain... Areas to grow but he still kept his original set of genitals in tact.

Geralt really had no dysphoria over that part of his body so it had never occurred to him to go find more magic to maybe change it into what “normal” men had between their legs? He just decided to keep that part of him to himself. Even the women he slept with had no idea he wasn’t fully male thanks to some lovely crafted items he kept stowed away.

He had no qualms in pleasuring just about any woman but always refused her to pleasure back. It wasn’t that he didn’t ache for that connection. The want and need on his dick was sometimes real. So real, he would play with himself and stroke himself to completion alone. The orgasms just never seemed to scratch that itch... That itch deep within his body, but he just could not bring himself to share that side of himself to anyone.

Until that damned bard walked into his life. This perky 18 year old boy came waltzing into his life singing about fake mythical creatures and abortions. The man who used a pick up line about bread in his pants. It was almost unbearable. “Come on, don’t wanna keep a man with... bread in his pants waiting,” he had said before he had sat across from Geralt. Geralt had just grunted trying to ignore him.

Though, something perked his interest and the way the bard licked his lips was so delicious... No, no he could not fall for some strange and young bard. He was almost 100 himself! He was just a boy!

And somehow, said boy had gotten Geralt naked and was happily bathing him after the fight with the selkimore. Jaskier had glanced between his legs and Geralt was ready to attack if he made any comments on the folds and smoothness. Yet, Jaskier had not said a word and happily sprinkled bath salts in the tub and sang his praises about helping him at the damned banquet.

At least he hadn't mentioned Geralt's lack of a huge cock. Most people automatically assumed the 6 foot 2 man with the broad chest and broad shoulders held something monstrous in his pants. At least, that was the tales in the brothels and Geralt would like to keep it that way; thank you very much.

Yet, Jaskier had said nothing nor told anyone of his plight between his legs. Geralt had for once actually felt a little insecure with what he held down there. That was pretty unusual considering he actually didn't mind for the most part. It was just easier to not explain to people that yes, girls CAN be witchers but in fact, they end up still becoming men in the end. It was part of the side effects of the mutations.

After that bath, and the banquet, Geralt was a lot more free with undressing and bathing with Jaskier. Jaskier would rake his eyes over Geralt then turn away and not say a word about what he did or did not see. Jaskier would gladly help Geralt bathe and even bathe with him if the tub was large enough or the pond warm enough. Geralt could handle almost freezing temperatures to wash off in but Jaskier was a lot more soft. He was prone to hypothermia. Which ended in them cuddling against one another during the coldest nights when they could not afford or be near an inn.

Jaskier was almost the same height as Geralt, but he was incredibly lithe with just the tiniest of pudges around his stomach. The "noble softness" that it was called. Geralt loved pulling that lithe body against his as Jaskier was spooned. Jaskier fit so perfectly against him and sometimes Geralt would have to stop himself from pulling him even closer to smell the scent of chamomile or Jaskier's own strong musk.

On nights like those, he was thankful his cock wasn't big enough to tent his pants and press against his friend's bottom. Jaskier never made any advancements towards Geralt in any way. He never initiated the cuddling when it was cold, or any of their touches unless they were bathing of course. Then Jaskier was all over him, rubbing his back and even massaging his scalp and untangling the long strands and smoothing it away from his forehead. Geralt actually enjoyed these moments the most.

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Now, here they were. It was late when Geralt entered the shared bedroom with Jaskier. A young bard maid screamed at the blood covered witcher and even without thinking, grabbed her clothes and ran. His eyes were still black from the potions he drank and he was panting loudly as he dropped the sheath with a loud thunk on the floor.

"Geralt!" Jaskier chastised as he sat up. The bard pulled the sheet over his own naked body as he swung his legs to the floor and planted them on it. "I was having a lot of fun!" He pouted a bit as Geralt growled, showing teeth. He was still high on the potions, "oh, oh don't give me that!" Jaskier snapped as he stood.

Geralt being like this had never bothered or scared the bard. Maybe that was why Geralt had kept the bard around for so long? Jaskier tsked as he started to help remove the blood soaked armor. Geralt still growled and huffed but did not fight the ministrations of his friend.

“Stop your boorish growling. You need a bath. I am guessing drowner guts?” He made a face as he pulled strands of viscera from his hair. “Yes most definitely a bath!”

“Jaskier...” Geralt warned as those fingers worked on his scalp. A large hand came and clasped around Jaskier’s wrist and Jaskier stopped, dropping a few pieces of entrails to the floor. Geralt put his nose against his friend’s wrist and snuffled lightly as he moaned in the scent of chamomile, Jaskier’s own scents, and the scent of arousal and sex from the bard.

“G-geralt...” He murmured back and cleared his throat as he tried to pull away. Geralt did not allow that to happen as he started to lap and suck on the inside of his wrist with a quiet moan. “C-come on lets get you undressed. You need a bath... Ah!” He cried out and his cock twitched when he felt the witcher bite down. He did not draw blood but it left a small purple mark. Geralt grunted and dropped the wrist lightly. Geralt seemed to relax again as Jaskier finished removing the armor.

Geralt helped as he slowly undid his own belts and buckles letting them fall with a clang. Next, he kicked off heavy, black boots and they went flying across the room with a thump against the wall. Jaskier helped undo his pants and pressed on them to get them to go down. Geralt allowed this but soon moved to help and his pants and underpants also made it to the ground.

Jaskier cleared his throat again as his eyes glanced over the now naked form of the witcher. Geralt stood, bare without moving as he let Jaskier stare. “Ah, yes bath.” The man finally broke his gaze free and went for the tub. It had a pump built in thanks to being a much nicer inn and he started to pump the water quickly. It came out in splurts of steam and he hummed as he filled the water with floral scented bath salts.

How could one man be so flowery? Geralt had yet to know but he wouldn’t complain. He actually liked it. Geralt closed the distance between them and bent down to pull Jaskier up. Jaskier came willingly. Geralt could sense he was stiff, but there was no sour smell of fear. No, only the sweetness of arousal mixed with flowery bath salts and chamomile. “You aren’t afraid...” Geralt said calmly and Jaskier shook his head,

“I have no reason to be afraid of you,” Jaskier replied as his gentle hands came to rest on his friend’s arms. “You have never given me a reason to be afraid...”

“I bit you...” He murmured ever so gently and bared his teeth again. “I could kill you if I wanted especially right now. No weapons. Just bare hands...” He snarled gently and Jaskier tensed, Adam’s apple bobbing along with his cock.

“Yes, you could.” Jaskier replied gently, “but you won’t. Now, if you don’t get in this bath I will have to wrestle you and we all know I am not that strong. So, in!” He pushed at Geralt until the larger man slowly entered the tub and sat down as he groaned from the warm water. It was almost heaven on aching muscles and sore limbs.

Jaskier sat to work and grabbed a bucket to start to pour warm water over his hair. Geralt grunted in between the motions but said nothing as Jaskier started a lather. He smelt lavender this time and closed his eyes as Jaskier hummed a song. “Come on, wash your own body you

big brute,” Jaskier encouraged and Geralt growled but grabbed the cloth that was offered to him and started to wash the blood off his neck and face.

Jaskier’s fingers felt like heaven buried deep into his scalp as he massaged and worked until he felt all the viscera and blood slowly ebb away. Jaskier poured more water over his head to rinse and repeated the process until the water ran clear of blood. “There, nice and clean! Oh, your eyes are going back to normal...” Jaskier mentioned quietly when Geralt looked up at him with gold eyes,

“Yes, that is what happens when the potions wear off,” Geralt grumbled faintly as he leaned back and sighed. Jaskier just smiled gently and slowly stroked his friend’s shoulder. “How can you not be scared of me?” Geralt asked again lightly. “All I smell is... is your arousal. It’s so sweet it makes me ache,” he admitted and Jaskier flushed lightly,

“Well you did catch me in the act of having a nice romp with a beautiful young bar maid...” He said softly, “but you really are a dense man.” He said softly. “I have always been attracted to you. I know you have always felt my eyes on you when we bathe. Yet, you have never brought it up or mentioned it. Can you not feel or smell my arousal when you spoon me on bitter winter nights? How I have touched myself in my bedroll next to you?” Geralt grunted softly,

“Oh, I have... I just thought you were thinking of others. I thought the reason you looked at me was curiousness you know because...” He pointed to between his legs and Jaskier snorted,

“I don’t care what is between your legs, Geralt. I care about you as a person,” Jaskier admitted softly, “though the tales of the brothels is that the witcher is hung like a horse!” He almost giggled softly and Geralt rolled his eyes,

“I wanted people to believe that. It is easier than explaining that not all witchers were born male,” he said calmly, “because witchers are never girls.” He made a face and turned away.

“Hey... Whatever your gender is or lack of or whatever... You are who you are,” Jaskier soothed and pulled Geralt’s chin so they were looking eye to eye. “I care about you. Not your gender, not what is between your legs, but you...” Geralt gave a faint smile and surged up. Their lips meshed and Jaskier moaned softly as he returned the kiss with just as much vigor and want.

They kissed for several minutes before Geralt pulled away and nodded to the bed. Jaskier nodded as well and was the first to make it to the bed. Though, Geralt easily closed the distance and toppled them both down onto the bed as he started to kiss Jaskier happily. Jaskier groaned and ground up, his hard cock touching and rubbing against Geralt.

Geralt gasped and threw his head back lightly. He was hard and swollen but his lips were incredibly wet and demanding. Geralt hadn’t really ever played with below his cock. It had never occurred to him that he could. Now, he just wanted to feel Jaskier play with him below. “Jaskier... Please.” he almost begged and Jaskier raised an eyebrow,

“Is that begging? Do witchers beg for sex?” He teased and was able to easily roll them. Of course, Geralt allowed the smaller male to roll them so he was now on top. He shifted his hips and started to grind low and slow. A small bead of precum smearing between them as Geralt ground back and whimpered at the friction of Jaskier’s normal sized cock against his own small dick.

“W-witchers don’t beg...” Geralt growled out but his head fell back and his hips bucked at the sensations as he moaned again.

“Oh-ho but I think they do,” he breathed softly and kissed Geralt gently on the lips. “If anything I do bothers you, please stop me alright?” Jaskier murmured and Geralt gave his consent as Jaskier quickly moved down his body.

He spent little time nibbling and sucking nipples before he traveled down the well furred body. His tongue dipped in and out of a clean belly button and he grinned at the way the strong muscles tensed and relaxed under his tongue.

Soon, he was settled on his knees in front of the witcher’s crotch. He leaned forward and sniffed lightly and moaned at the heady scent of arousal and slick from his friend’s crotch. “Oh, you smell divine... I bet you taste just as good,” he murmured and Geralt just moaned softly as his legs opened to better accommodate Jaskier between them.

The bard shuffled between strong thighs and gave light kisses to said thighs. Geralt tensed but soon relaxed as he felt soothing rubs on his hips. Geralt almost cried out when he felt the first tentative licks upon his small shaft. His cock twitched and he groaned as Jaskier moaned softly, “you taste amazing...” He murmured before he took all of Geralt into his mouth and started to suck gently. Geralt fisted brown mousey hair and held him close.

Jaskier was able to take his small size all the way within his mouth and he happily licked and sucked as his nose rubbed against Geralt’s pelvic area. Geralt ground up and moaned as he bucked. Jaskier was sucking him with vengeance and Geralt knew it would not be long before he was cumming. He had yet to let anyone touch him like this so it was all new sensations.

Jaskier felt the way Geralt shifted and was whimpering as he neared his release and refused to let up until he felt Geralt stiffen and he moaned loudly as he bucked twice and came. Jaskier groaned at smelling and sensing the other leaking so much between his legs. Jaskier pulled back; lips red and spittle sliding from his chin to Geralt’s small and twitching cock.

Geralt looked down at how debauched his friend looked and moaned gently as he pulled Jaskier up and into another kiss. “Jaskier...” Geralt slowly said as Jaskier pulled away,

“Hmm?” He asked softly and Geralt flushed,

“I have never let anyone touch me so... intimately.” He admitted and Jaskier turned red,

“I am glad you allowed me to, my dear witcher. I quite enjoyed sucking your cock,” he grinned a bit and Geralt gulped a bit and sat up,

“I want you to penetrate me.” He said and Jaskier gasped and sat up fully,

“Pe-penetrate you? Like... there?” He pointed and Geralt nodded,

“I haven’t even touched myself there. But I want you to. Will you?” Jaskier nodded and they shifted so both men were fully onto the bed.

“I will be gentle. Please, you have to talk to me and tell me to stop if I hurt you.” Jaskier replied and Geralt hummed lightly and opened his thighs more. The man settled between them and slowly let his fingers trace circles until they met his friend’s labia. He pressed one finger forward and felt Geralt buck as the finger slipped in oh so easily.

He rested and waited for Geralt to relax and slowly started to massage and move it around. Geralt’s brow was furrowed and he was grunting softly, but he did not tell Jaskier to stop. So, Jaskier pressed in a second finger and Geralt’s face relaxed slightly and his jaw went slack as he moaned out loud for Jaskier. Jaskier moaned along with him,

“Oh Geralt, you are so wet,” Jaskier breathed. “I can’t wait to feel you around my cock so wanting... Ohh you are clenching so beautifully,” Jaskier praised and Geralt felt himself really getting off on the praises as he moaned and clenched around the two fingers, “I wonder can you take three hmmm?” At that, a third finger entered Geralt’s hole and Geralt cried out happily as he bucked against the feeling of being full.

Jaskier figured he tortured his friend enough and slipped his fingers out. Geralt keened at the feeling of being left empty, “shh now my dear friend. I promise to show you exactly what it is like...” He said softly as he slowly grasped himself in his hand. He rubbed against the folds gently and then slowly pressed forward and gasped as his head slipped in oh so easily.

Geralt tensed and his face looked like a mix of fear, and concentration. “Geralt? Geralt speak to me.” Jaskier had not slid any further than the head as he waited for the other to allow more. Geralt nodded,

“I...I’m alright. I was expecting more pain but I am only feeling pleasure. Continue please?” Jaskier hummed and nodded as he slowly pressed closer in and buried himself deep within Geralt’s cavern. Jaskier had to hold back just a bit because he felt as if he could spend just from entering his friend. So, he waited until he felt Geralt relax more and slowly started a swift pace.

It wasn’t hard just the thrusts were quick and shallow. Every thrust in, Geralt groaned or cried out. Jaskier was surprised how vocal the witcher could be and it allowed himself to be just as loud. His own moans encouraging the ones from Geralt’s lips.

Jaskier leaned forward and his lips locked with Geralt. Strong hands encased him so they were lying chest to chest; stomach to stomach. Jaskier kept the fast and shallow thrusts as they shared a loving kiss. Soon, the witcher pulled away. His pupils were blown and there was almost no gold left, “more, harder.” He panted and Jaskier groaned as he sat back up on his knees. He slowed to a stop so he could adjust and quickly grabbed his friend’s legs about the knees.

He adjusted his friend's hips and was holding tightly to the legs and bent Geralt forward just slightly. Geralt moaned softly at the deeper position and Jaskier jack hammered his hips roughly. Geralt felt his larger body slide against the bed and he cried out at the sharp thrusts. Jaskier really was giving it all he could. He was thrusting long and hard and moaning as he deepened the thrusts. Geralt took it all quite happily as he thrust back and kept making obscene moans.

The loud sounds of slick sex, and skin to skin smacks rung between their cries of pleasure. Geralt couldn't handle this almost. He pressed a hand between their bodies and started to stroke himself roughly in time with the thrusts his friend was giving him.

It didn't take long before Geralt was crying his release. Though, this time liquid squirted out of him and he cried out as he felt as if he had peed all over himself and Jaskier. Jaskier seemed to enjoy it and moaned, "oh, oh yes look at that!" He cried and panted, "you just came all over me, Geralt. Beautiful oh, oh I'm close. Where at? Where can I cum?" He asked between pants.

"In me, cum in me!" Geralt panted and that was all it took. Two more thrusts and Geralt felt the first spurts of an orgasm deep within his body. Jaskier moaned as his hips slowed and he rocked his way through his orgasm as Geralt still stroked his stiff little cock. Geralt moaned too at being slightly over sensitive and worked now. Once Jaskier was finished, he pulled off and plopped upon the bed. Geralt groaned and rolled over to pull Jaskier to his chest,

"We need another bath..." Jaskier murmured and laughed softly,

"I..I'm sorry for uh getting all over you." Geralt said gently a little shy now, "that has never happened before..."

"Geralt, you didn't pee if that is what you think. You literally ejaculated. I have only experienced that once before with a very willing milk maid. I won't go into details but people with ah... vaginas can have ejaculations just like men." He said softly, "and I quite enjoyed feeling you spend over me. It was quite sexy. I hope to make you do it again. If, I have proven myself a worthy bed partner?" Geralt snorted softly as he pressed his nose deep within his hair.

"Mm, you have proven yourself far more..." Jaskier just smiled as he let his eyes slide closed. Maybe a short nap before another bath?

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