

# Selfish Indulgement

Every night in Novigrad, Yennefer of Vengerberg found herself on her knees in the bathhouse. With Geralt away, she needed to find a rightly sized cock to sate her appetite. It just so happened that on this night she brought company, in the form of Triss Merigold, a faint purple glint in her eyes and wearing a rather absent minded expression uncharacteristic on her face. The two explored the seedy establishment, Dijkstra kept interesting company, dwarves and rich old men, and what she yearned for, a large strong and well hung young man minding his own business. A smirk found its place on her lips as she sauntered over, swaying her hips and sinking to her knees in front of the man, taking his at the moment soft member into her mouth, her skills in oral unrivaled as she felt the rod grow to a respectable size. In the same motion she raised her hand and a purple glow enveloped it, Triss observed closely, moaning and groaning like a bitch in heat.

Elsewhere in the world, Geralt was sweeping the stage, besting person after person and building a vertibly unbeatable gwent deck, he did not know why he took so much interest in the sport, only that it did and because of that, he found himself involved in a high stakes gwent tourney that would soon turn to conspiracy and robbery, like most recreational activities of Geralt's. Nonetheless, for the moment, in the crazed normalcy that is the competition, he was enjoying himself.

As was Yennefer, who as the night wore on, had transitioned to riding the thick rod of the man before her, chastising Triss for trying to steal Geralt from her.

She tightened her "grip" causing Triss to burst downstairs, her pussy becoming a sopping wet mess of heat and arousal, accompanied by the pained, but pleased moans of the red headed sorceress, her freckles almost glowing under firelight as her mind melted from the sensations running through her.

Yennefer took great pleasure in showing Triss her place, commanding her to rub herself raw before them, her moans filling the room as she came over and over to the

raven-haired woman bouncing and moaning herself atop this fat cocked stranger. Her smirk he turned to an open smile as tears welled in the corners of her eyes... A deep moan escaping as she came. Which only seemed to intensify Triss's orgasm, the woman convulsing for a moment, unable to stop herself or calm herself. The glow in her eyes intensifying.

"Come to me, my fire haired slave." Commanded Yennefer, the freckled beauty following without hesitation, kneeling in the warm water, face in front of Yen's sex. "Eat up whore and I may let you go." And so she did, burying her tongue deep inside, pressed up against the fat cock inside Yennefer as her lips found their place on Yen's clit, Triss desperately trying to please her friend, her domme, hoping for some freedom.

All the while the raven-haired lass didn't hold back, she rode the man hard, his balls tightening as he came over and over to her, a purple glow around his balls preventing him from going soft as the sorceress cries of satisfaction echoed through the bathhouse. Still on her knees, Triss felt herself becoming addicted to this, to pleasing Yen, almost like it felt right, her tongue found a sense of belonging within her, her own pussy dripped profusely for her, Hell every orgasm that rocked her was brought on by Yen. She knew not what the future had in store for her, nor what lied in store for Geralt or Yennefer, but she knew that she would be Yen's servant for a while, her mind was too entranced by her. Which of course worried her, or would have, if she could think on anything other than being buried chin deep inside Yen's snatch.

Meanwhile Geralt, still enthralled by Gwent, was near to winning the tournament, clearing tables and fistfighting bigots as things neared their end. And in the times where he was an observer he gave some thought to what sent him on this quest a while ago. He remembers meeting that strange man in White Orchard who introduced him to the game, then he mentioned it to Yen who perked up and did one of her sly smiles. Then, next thing he knows he hears tell of all these gwent champions throughout the continent. He chuckled.

"Of course she sent me on this goose chase. Just like Yen to do that."

Back at the bathhouse, Yennefer had drawn some extra company, now knelt between several well hung men, she couldn't help but choke them all down. Happy she sent Geralt off to seek Gwent cards now. While she loved the man and sex with him was second to almost none, she felt like getting a bit wild at times, being a promiscuous sort, it's not the first time and probably won't be the last, but it's not like Geralt didn't do the same thing. Yennefer knew about the trist with Keira Metz, and his whole relationship with Triss.

To Yen this felt not only completely normal, but almost deserved for all his sleeping around. Not that she was offended, she took a hint of pride in the fact that her lover was so accomplished. Besides, what's a bit of fun with some bathhouse boys gonna hurt?

Yen didn't think it'd hurt much... once she got used to the feeling of multiple men at once.

All the while Triss watched, fluffing some of the men for Yen, rubbing herself until she screamed. Every orgasm making her more and more a servant to the raven-haired beauty. All while Geralt was busy at a gwent tourney. All which put a smile on Yen's reddened, sweaty, sex beaten face.

The nights in Novigrad were always interesting, and eventful.