

The Monster Hunter (totally not a Witcher)

Elsbeth realized she'd stopped orgasming. She blinked, feeling sweat running down her face. It was suddenly starting to get cold.

And it was oddly-quiet.

She blinked her eyes a few times and looked around, then gasped. She heard Aya echo with the same sound.

There were bodies of the cultists strewn about the chamber. Elsbeth couldn't be certain, but she thought the mage lay among them.

Standing, just in the light, was a man. He was tall and muscular. His face bore scars of someone who lived a life of battle. He wore a short, jet-black beard and long, jet-black hair that he tied in a functional tail. A pair of sword scabbards crossed his back. One held a still-sheathed sword. The other sword was in the man's hand. That blade still dripped with blood. He held an axe in his other hand, also bloody from the carnage.

He wore a brigantine jerkin of dark leather over a mail shirt. His trousers were leather with rough, dirty boots. He had a medallion or amulet of some sort on his chest.

She squinted.

"Monster hunter," Aya murmured.

The man wiped his blade clean on one of the corpses and sheathed it across his back. He strode to the two bound girls but paid them little heed. His eyes focused on the dais behind them. It was littered with shards of the crystal that once lay upon it.

"Damnit!" he growled. "It got away! There goes my bounty."

“Uh...” Elspeth cleared her throat, then offered him her sunniest, brightest smile. “Sorry to hear about your bounty. Still, thanks for killing off all the creepy cultists and all that.”

His eyes suddenly met hers. Elspeth was startled by the intensity of his gaze. Next to her, Aya shook her chains.

“If you wouldn’t mind letting us down,” the swordswoman said. “Or at the very least, getting these things out of us. We would be most grateful.”

The monster hunter’s intense gaze shifted over to Aya. Elspeth could see her friend flush. Without a word, the monster hunter turned and stalked off into the shadows of the chamber. For a moment, Elspeth worried that he had abandoned the two girls. Suddenly, there was a grinding noise and she felt the invading phallus pull back down into the base of the stand they were bound upon.

There was then another grinding noise and the hook holding Aya’s and Elspeth’s manacled wrists to the posts behind them suddenly loosened. The monster hunter then stalked back. His grizzled face held a wry smile.

“You mentioned gratitude?”

Elspeth exchanged glances with Aya. They were still in spreader cuffs and their wrists were manacled in front of them. They turned to face the monster hunter, each quirking an eyebrow. His smile broadened to a grin.

“I have to say, I do like beautiful women tied up,” he admitted without a hint of shame. “I’m not one to take a woman without her leave, though. We can...”

“Shh!” Elspeth raised a finger to her lips. “We get it.”

“Indeed,” Aya said. “It’s a bit awkward with the ankle cuffs, but...”

The monster hunter frowned, then nodded. He rummaged through a body and produced a ring of keys. In a thrice, the girls ankles were loosed. Without hesitating, Elspeth and Aya both dropped to their knees and set to work on unlacing the man’s breeches. After that, they set to work on his already-erect member with their oral skills.

Elsbeth then set to work on finishing the job. The monster hunter sighed and released into the archer's mouth. Once done, he redid his breeches and stepped back to regard the still-kneeling young women.

"That was an impressive thanks," he admitted.

"Oh we've just started," Elspeth winked.

"Yes," Aya nodded. "I am a warrior of Ienotochi. You have saved my life. I must repay my life-debt properly."

"And I enjoy repaying debts," Elspeth added with a grin. "What's your name, warrior?"

The monster hunter regarded the two for a moment. "I am known as Roald."

"I am Aya of the Kitsunekuroi Clan," Aya said solemnly. "And this is Elspeth Witchbow of Varala."

"If you would help us find our belongings," Elspeth ventured. "And maybe let us out of these manacles, we have rooms at an inn and can further discuss repayment..."

Roald sighed. "I am sorry, ladies."

"Sorry...?"

"Yes. You see, I am still under contract to hunt the creature that was in that crystal. And I need bait..."