

The Monster Hunter (Not a Witcher) – Part Three

Elspeth and Aya stood nearby as Roald the Monster Hunter collected his bounty from the city's officials.

“Happy?” Elspeth asked of the monster hunter in a sour tone.

The two women were freed eventually after Roald slew the monster. At least they'd been able to find their garments and weapons back at the lair of the cultists.

“Happy enough,” Roald said, testing the weight of the purse given him. “May I buy you both a meal after this?”

“It is, I think, the least you could do,” Aya's tone was as irritable as Elspeth's.

“Then, perhaps, we can discuss my reward,” Roald said with a half-smile.

“Reward??” both women spluttered.

“You used us as bait for a monster!” Elspeth all but screeched.

“And it worked,” Roald replied smoothly. “And you do owe me for the original rescue, or do you deny that?”

The two women exchanged glances, then sighed. Roald may be of dubious ethics, but he wasn't wrong nor was he entirely unpleasant to look upon. Aya gave him

a thoughtful look, remembering his admission of kinkiness before.

“What did you have in mind?”

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The room was the finest the inn had to offer, with a bed that could comfortably hold a family of six. Elspeth and Aya knelt upon it, naked save for silken scarves that bound their wrists together.

Bound hands explored each other's bodies as the two friends kissed and teased one another in the way they knew best. Finally, Aya pushed her blonde friend back and forced her legs open. Elspeth let loose a satisfied sigh followed by familiar moans of pleasure.

Seated nearby, a glass of port in his hand, Roald the Monster Hunter watched with a smile, enjoying one of his favorite kinks. The others would come later, for they had a long evening ahead...