THE WITCHER
CIRI'S CHAPTER
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GERALT'S GONE TO FIND TRISS AND I'M LEFT TO LUG THIS STINKING SACK OF MEAT BACK TO TOWN ALONE. AT LEAST IT'S A VALUABLE...STINKING SACK OF MEAT.

I BET TRISS CAN'T TOP THIS. THE SEWERS ARE FULL OF LIVING TRASH.

RUSTLE

RUSTLE

???

GRRRRRRRRRR

WHAT THE-

RRRAAAHAH!!

AAUGH!

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DO I LOOK LIKE LUNCH TO YOU?
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BEAT ME IN A FIGHT IF YOU WANT A PIECE OF THIS.
SKREEEEEE!!
SLASH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?!
AAARGH!!
CHOMP
GUMROAD.COM/NYTE

OOF!
COME ON...!
RIIIIIIIP
GAH! STOP, STOP!
GET THE FUCK OFF ME! GET-
GLIK
WAIT, NO!
LET GO OF ME YOU MANGY PIECE OF SHIT!

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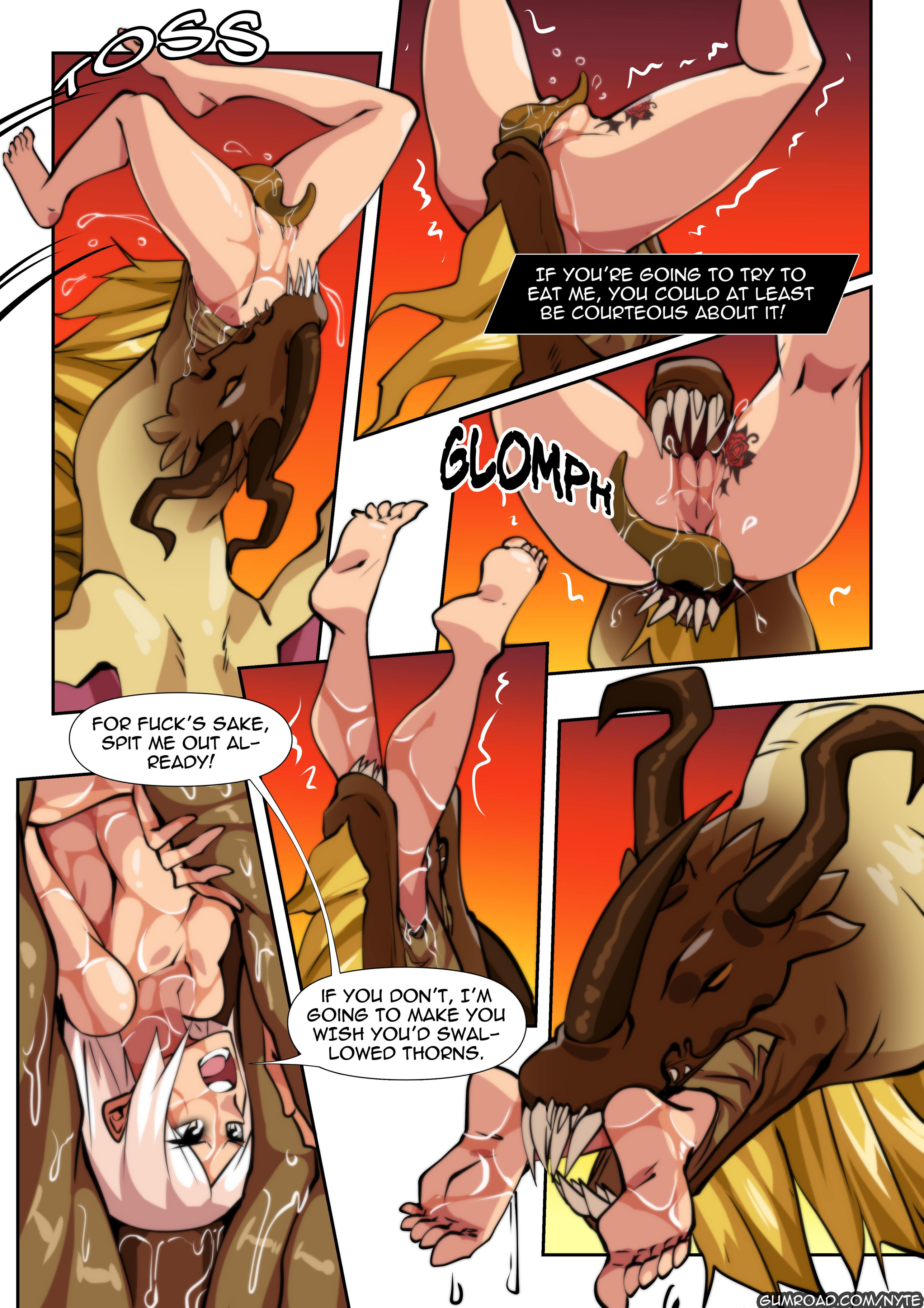
TOSS
IF YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO EAT ME, YOU COULD AT LEAST BE COURTEOUS ABOUT IT!
GLOMPH
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, SPIT ME OUT AL-READY!
IF YOU DON'T, I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU WISH YOU'D SWAL-LOWED THORNS.
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HEY!
COUGH ME UP, YOU DUMB SHIT! WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR GIANT HEAD AS A TROPHY AND ROAST YOUR CARCASS OVER A-
-OW!
WHAT THE HELL IS BURNING-
OH, FUCK. FUCK! IT'S ACID!
TSSSSSSS...
GERALT! YENEFFER!
SOMEBODY GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!
GROOOAN
GUUURGLE
FIN.
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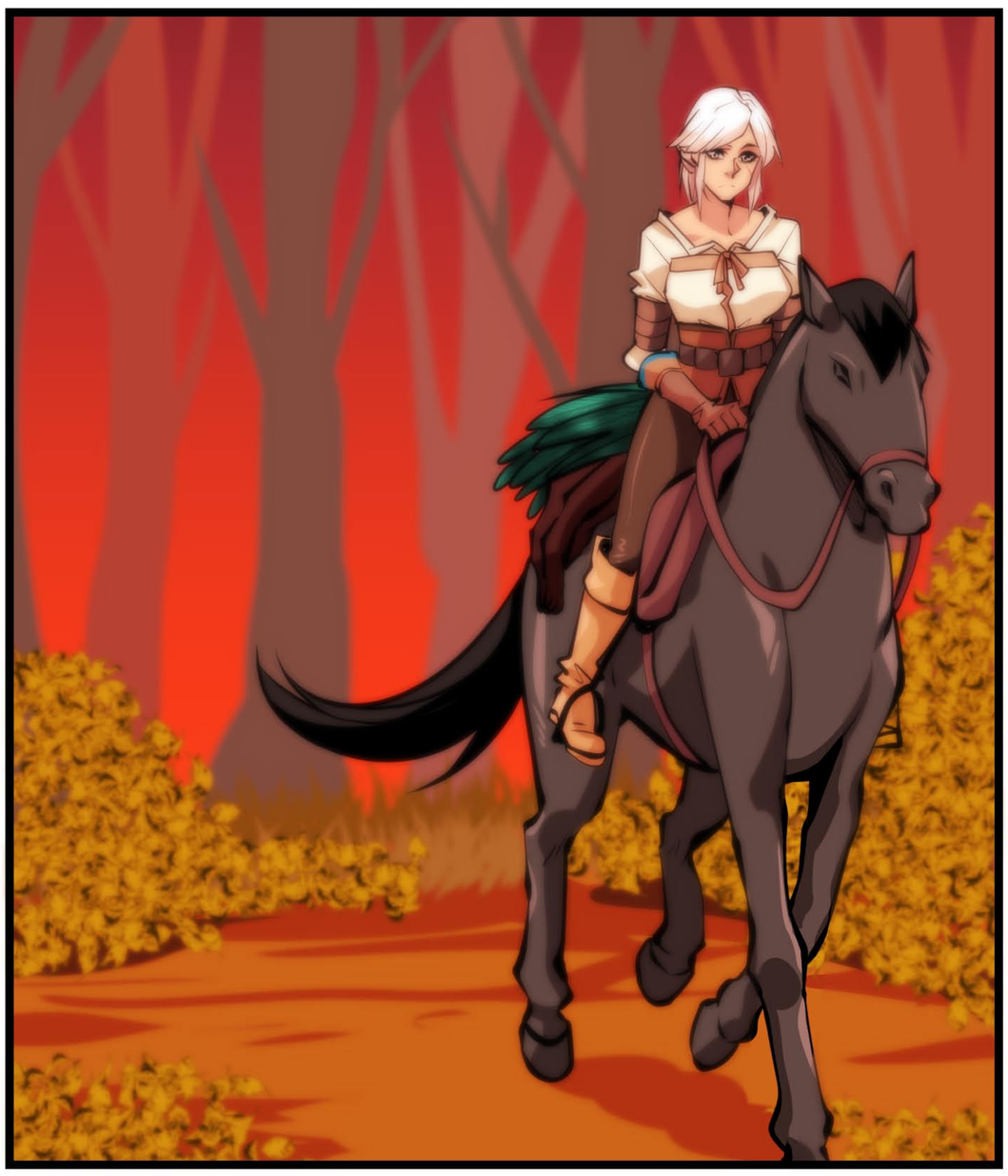

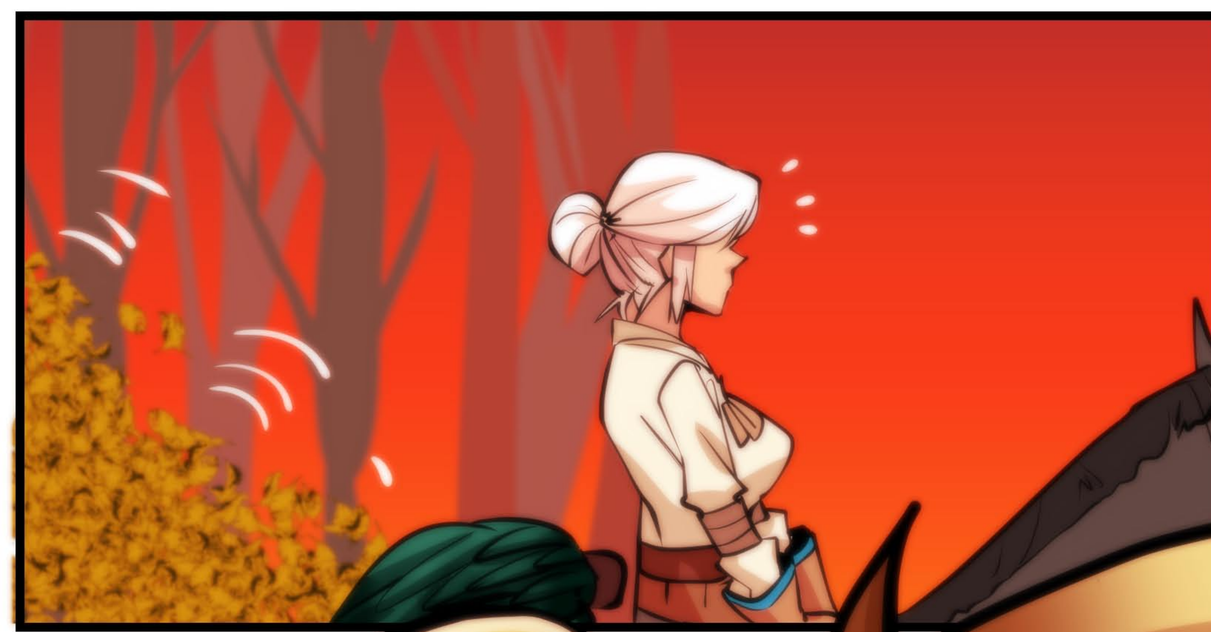

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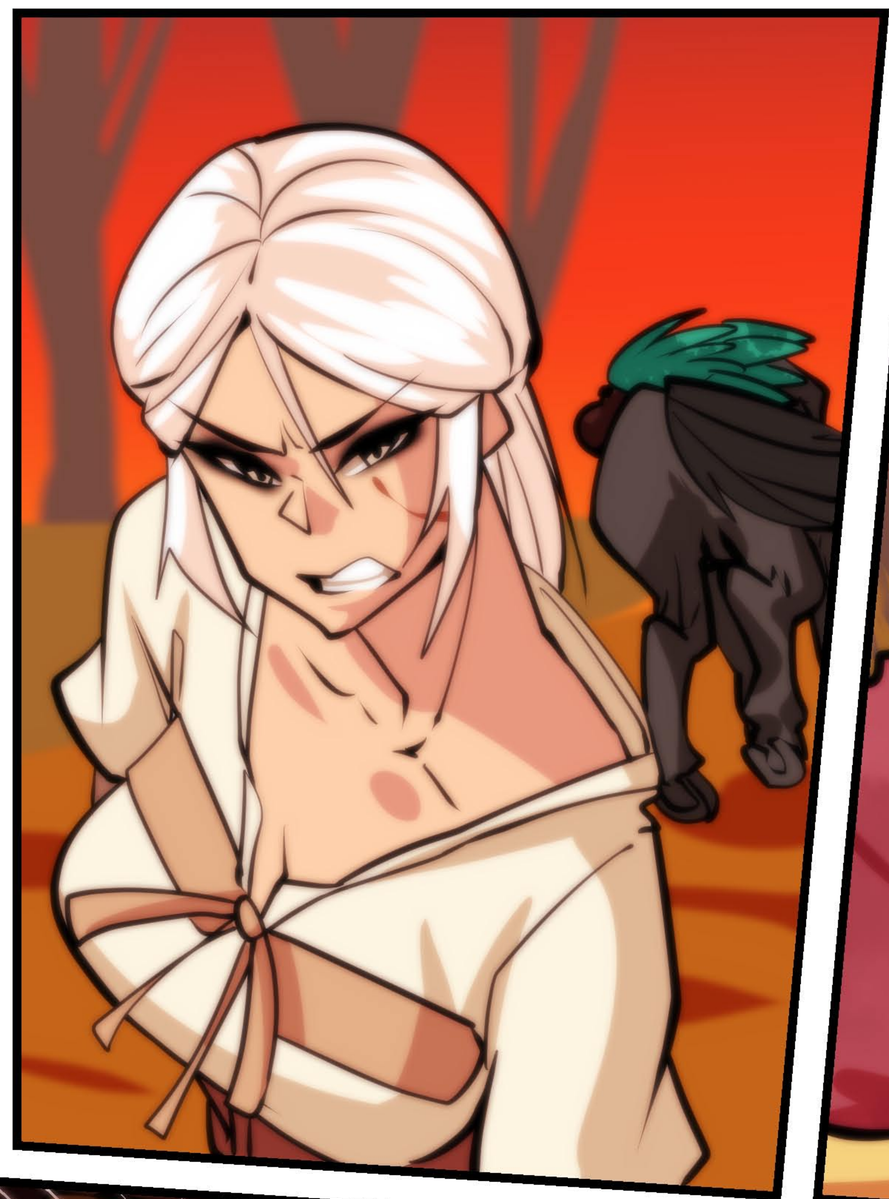

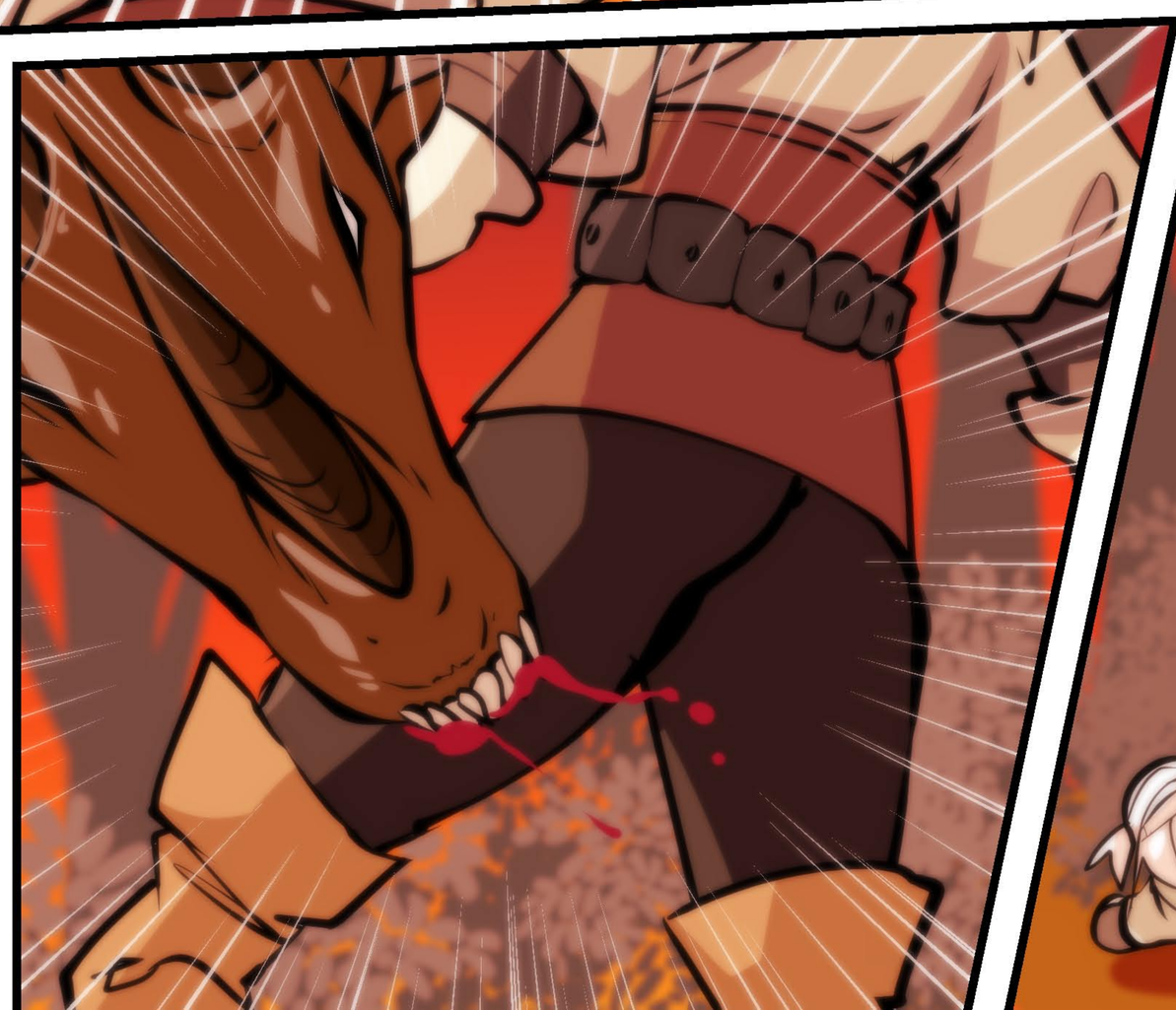
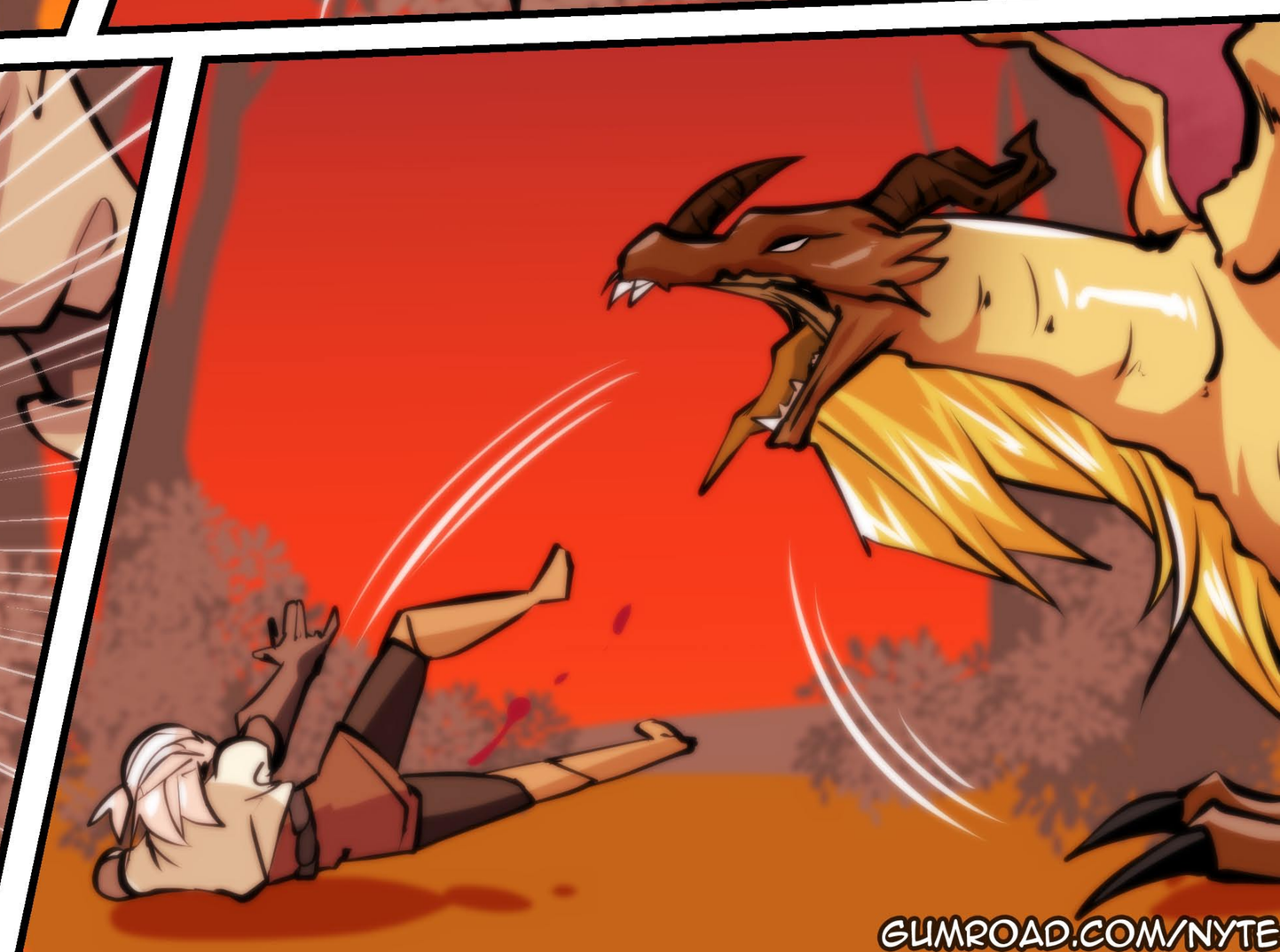
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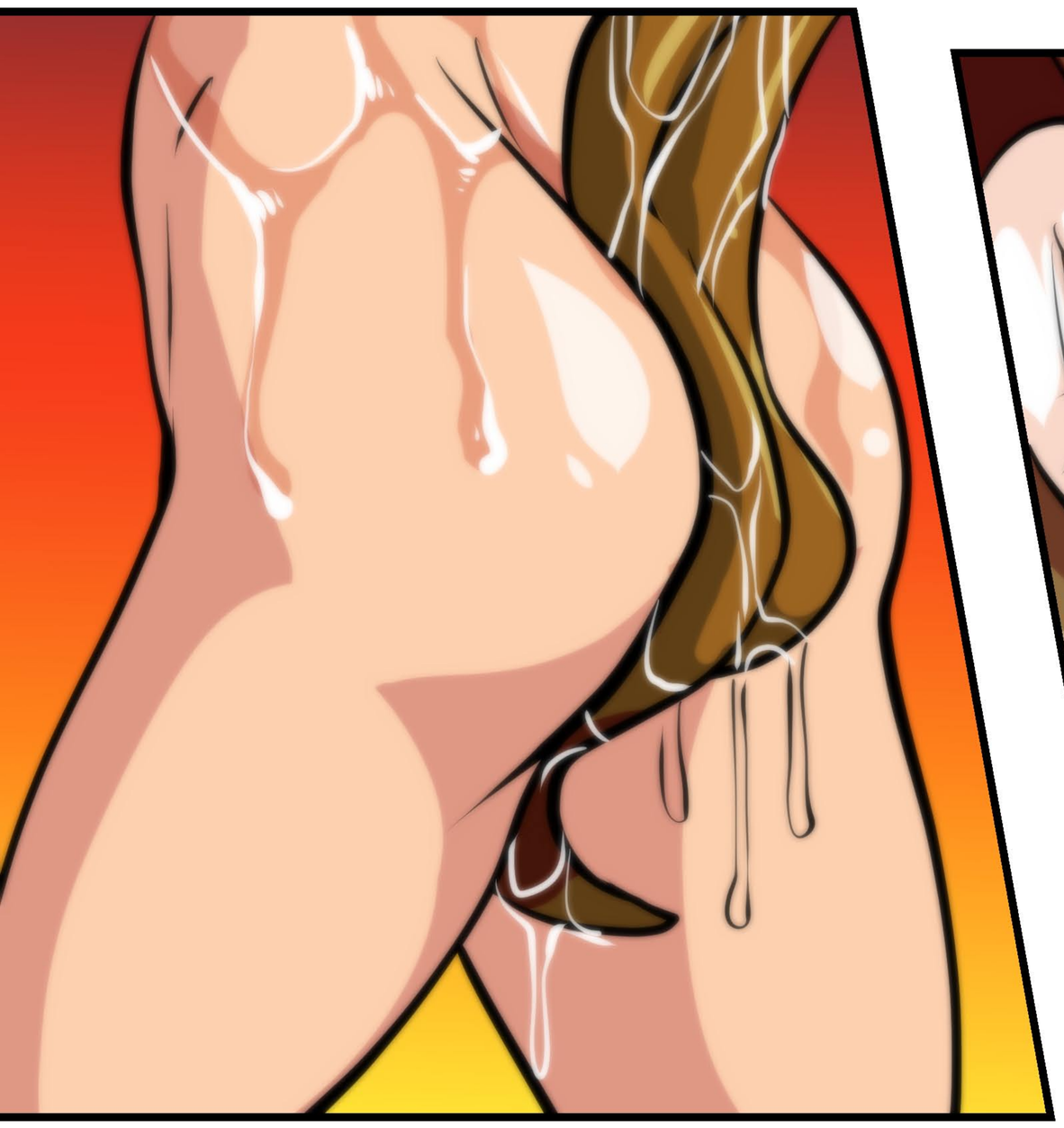

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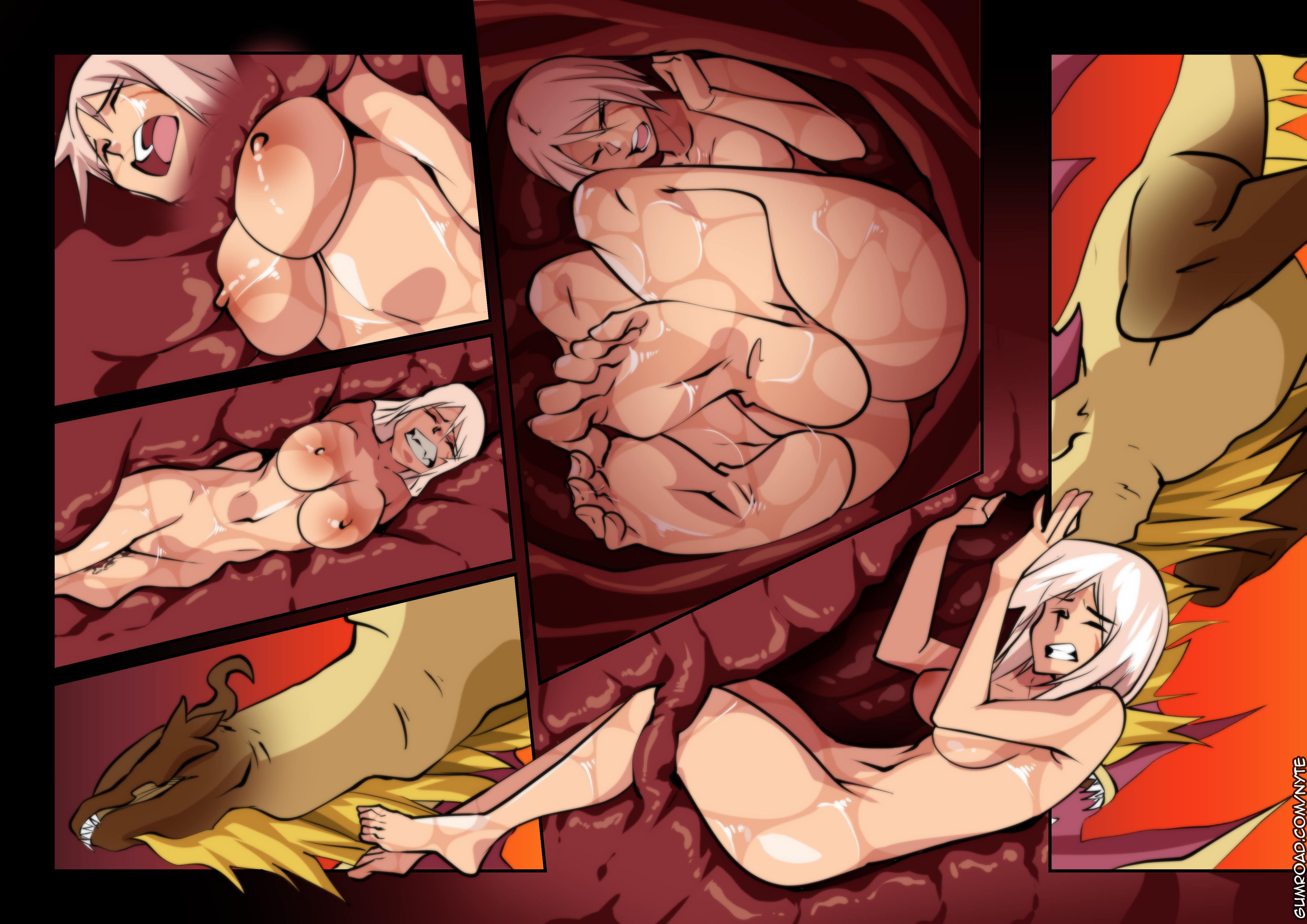
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