

Secret Ingredient (The Witcher)

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Yennefer's brewing a special potion, and she needs a very special ingredient - and so she enlists her romantic rival, Triss Merigold, to help with the search.

Featuring two hot sorceresses sucking on magnum peasant dong.

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0 - An Exciting Find.

Yennefer settled back in the scented water and sighed. Petals were scattered on the surface of her bath, and steam filled the small, stone chamber, which rapidly heated up as she let the tension soak out of her limbs. At last, she gestured to her megascope. The magical device dominated one wall of the chamber: she'd spent a great deal of time and effort calibrating the crystals to ensure a perfect, one-way connection to just about anywhere in the world. Now the crystals lit up: she poured magic into them, felt them hum and resonate. Soon, the whole device buzzed with power: all it needed was a destination. Yen closed her eyes and pressed her lips in a thin, straight line, reaching out across stark miles in search of a connection...

There! Many miles from here, someone else's magic searched for her own. The instant they made contact, the megascope shone – projecting an unfocused image into the chamber. It took some fiddling, but at last Yen managed to focus the image. Standing before her bath was Triss Merigold, looking exhausted and...exposed. She wore nothing but lingerie, and her tits and face were coated with spunk.

“Having fun without me?” Yen asked, stretching a leg over the edge of the tub. “You're been hard at work.”

Triss's mouth moved, but no sound came through. The redhead scowled and made a gesture, adjusting some fault on her end. Then she cleared her throat and tried again: “All for your supposed recipe. How much do you intend on paying me?”

“That depends on the quality of the ingredient.”

Triss seemed flustered. She looked away, arms crossed under her breasts, and said, “He's everything you asked for. A well hung, high-virility virgin.” She wiped a line of cum from her chin and licked her fingers. “You should be careful with this one. He might be too much for even you to handle.”

“Too much for you to handle, maybe.” Yen sat straighter in the tub, lifting her big, perky tits out of the water. They glistened gorgeously. Triss seemed distracted by the sight – and Yennefer smirked at her as she emerged from the tub, her tight tummy, wide hips, and shapely legs all on display, easily outmatching the redhead's own body. Yen grabbed a pink towel and started to dry herself. “I'm coming over. Do make sure he's still a virgin when I get there, won't you?”

Triss rolled her eyes. “Sure, if you hurry. Oh – I think he's ready to go again...” With a wink, Triss turned and walked out of the megascope's view.

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Yennefer spent an hour doing her hair and applying perfume. After a visit to Toussaint, she owned quite the selection – scents to drive a young man wild with lust. At last, she made her way to the palace stables and took Friar's reigns. She never had her stallions gelded: where others liked their horses meek and easy, she preferred them monstrous, like thunderbolts between her thighs. Friar whickered

and tossed his mane as she swung up into the saddle, stomping the damp stone of the courtyard. He'd been cooped up here for days, and now, more than anything, he wanted to run free. He cantered recklessly around the courtyard while the guards opened the gate. At soon as the way was clear, he wheeled about, kicked the stone, and became thunder. Yen held on for dear life, grinning madly as Friar stormed down the ramparts and out the portcullis, nine-hundred kilograms of demonic speed made flesh. The wind lashed Yennefer's dark hair out like a shroud. She squeezed with her legs and pressed herself almost flat to Friar's mane. There was no commanding Friar, no more than one could command the ocean waves. All she could do was hold on and – with a little magic – suggest where he might like to run. She passed through villages in a flash, caused merchants to scramble out of the road when they saw the dust-cloud approaching. It was good to get out of the palace. Nilfgaardian politics had never been Yen's rhythm. Under the fancy outfits, they were just a bunch of boring old men and greedy upstarts who would soon be boring old men. Yennefer yearned to be in the centre, the rush of things. For that reason, she'd taken up a personal project: brewing a potion to amplify magic, increasing the rate she could channel Chaos. The theory was sound, and prototypes had shown favourable, if incredibly temporary, results. There was only one ingredient left to gather...

Soon, a village reared up in the distance. Yennefer touched Friar's head and injected a shot of soothing magic directly into his central cortex. She made him feel the strain in his muscles, the sagging exhaustion of his run. He began to slow down...and was moving at a sluggish canter by the time he reached the village square. Yennefer dismounted and led him to the hitching post beside the tavern. Her thighs and tailbone stung something awful, but it would all be worth it. She turned to the tavern porter and said, "Bring my horse water and a feedbag. I'm staying the night."

Triss awaited her inside. Dress up neat and tidy, she sat by a window and nursed a mug of ale. When Yennefer stepped through the door, Triss's wasn't the only head that turned. She tended to attract gazes wherever she went, and here was no exception. A violet-eyed goddess among peasants and scoundrels was bound to get some attention. She sat elegantly before Triss, who met her gaze with an ironic twinkle in her own, green eyes. The barkeep approached, and Triss raised a red eyebrow at Yen, who shook her head. The barkeep went away again.

"Eager to get started, are you?" Triss asked, leaning forward and resting her chin on her palm, her elbow on the table. "How was your ride over?"

"Bumpy," said Yen. "Of course, I could have used a portal, but I wanted to give you time to clean up...and our young man time to recover."

"Unnecessary," Triss said with a grin. "You don't need to worry about him. He recovers within minutes of 'firing'."

"Oh? I shall have to meet him." Yen turned in her seat and squinted around the tavern. "Who is he? All I see are crusty old drunks – no offense to crusty old drunks, of course, but they don't make for the most virile partners, even in the best of circumstances."

"He's upstairs." Triss rose from her seat and adjusted her pants. "Let's go, shall we?"

"We shall." And so Yen followed Triss to the stairs, and the combined hip-swaying of two attractive sorceresses drew a fresh bout of hungry stares. The ceiling was lower upstairs, the floor rickety. Yen

detected the flowery scent of a bath and knew this place must offer 'special services' to the discerning gentleman. "Really, Merigold, you chose this place? The people downstairs must think we're whores."

"How else would you describe what we're doing here?"

"Alchemy."

Triss snorted. "Sure. Alchemy."

"I get the distinct impression that you're making fun of me."

"Never! Me?"

Yennefer rolled her eyes. At last, they came to a store-room door. Triss knocked sharply. A moment later, there was the sound of the latch-string shifting, and the door opened to reveal a nervous-looking young man. When he saw the two sorceresses, his lips parted in a shocked 'o' – a usual response to seeing two cleanly, curvy, utterly gorgeous women after a lifetime of looking at filthy peasants. Triss glanced at Yen before sliding into the room, brushing the swells of her breasts on the young man's arm. Yen followed, but instead of moving around him, she walked straight forwards. He backed away from the taller woman, his eyes flickering up and down between her face and her chest – until his back touched the wall and nearly knocked a sack of oats from the shelf. Yen heard Triss lock the door behind them.

"Now, then," said Yennefer, placing her hands on the wall beside the young man's head. Her breasts brushed over his chest. "I've heard good things about you. I hope you won't disappoint..."

The young man looked panicked. He glanced at Triss over Yen's shoulder, and the redhead smirked. "Don't worry; she doesn't bite. Show her." Then his expression changed: he chewed his lip and reached down to the string that tied his britches. Yen leaned back just a little, giving him space to manoeuvre as he undid his britches and tugged them slowly down. What he unveiled shocked Yen, though she controlled her expression well.

"My, my," she said, squatting down agilely – bringing her almost level with the boy's exposed cock. It hung down his thigh like a slab of tough meat, heavy and veiny, almost grotesque in its dark, bulbous form. Not the kind of thing she'd expected to see attached to a human – more like a troll or ogre. She cupped a slim hand beneath his dick and lifted it, felt the weight on her arm. She let it sprawl down her forearm and was shocked to see how, even half-erect, it almost reached her elbow. And the smell... She was dizzy just breathing his musk. Yes...something had to be done about this. She glanced up and met the boy's eyes with a ferocious, catlike glare. "Are you a virgin?"

"I...I...the red-haired miss put her mouth on it—"

"Doesn't count." Yen smiled. "Well, what am I to do with this disgusting thing? Well...first, it needs a good...cleaning..." She lowered her mouth to his shaft and started to polish it with her lips, dragging her plush velvet mouth up and down his bumpy rod from head to root. He gasped and squirmed, unable to comprehend the elegant skill of Yen's sucking. She rolled her tongue out to complement her lips, wriggling her slick pink muscle under his shaft, along his pumping cumvein – and making thick globs of pre drool from his tip. She gathered his goop in a palm – and finally, drawing away from his cock, she

cupped her hand to her lips and slurped his thick, smelly, near-yellow semen. She wrinkled her nostrils and groaned as she swallowed, eyes going out of focus. Tears trickled down her cheeks just from the taste. "That is – vile!" she hissed, but only after she'd licked her hands clean. "Was your mother cursed? Or maybe you're part demon..." She rolled her nails down his dick and grasped a heavy, palm-filling testicle, squeezing in a slow massage. The pressure seemed to force more sewage-gunk up his cock: he yelped as he spurted – spurted – a rope of precum larger than most men's entire orgasms. Yen's eyes went wide, her chest coated in spunk. Very slowly, as Triss giggled behind her, Yen started to stand. She had to undress before she dealt with this boy any further: he was too dangerous.

Before she could stand, she felt Triss's hand on her shoulder, forcing her back down to her knees. She glanced up at the redhead with a fearsome frown, but Triss only smiled and winked. "You can't hesitate now," she said. "Not after you came all this way..." She pressed Yen forwards, and Yen found herself rubbing her face along the boy's cock, groaning under a barrage of musk and heat. He was growing bigger by the second.

"Fine," she said, shrugging off Triss's hand and grasping the boy's cock tightly. "When you put it that way, I suppose I can't." She smushed her nose almost flat against the boy's obscene fuckmeat and snorted deeply, shooting her lungs full of intense musk. Immediately, the world seemed to wobble and spin around her. She horked a deep breath of air, only to be hit by another shock of musk. Unable to think straight, she grasped his root in a two-handed squeeze – barely able to fit her fingers all the way around – and pulled her lips back to his very tip, which she kissed hungrily. "Nngh..." As the boy whined and bucked like a wild beast, Yen spread her lips around his tip and suckled angrily, bobbing her head, stuffing her cheeks so they bulged around his girth. Meanwhile, her hands raced up and down his pole at speed, jerking thick splutters of disgusting jizz down her flexing throat. His grimy cockhead smushed against her tonsils, altogether too large to force its way inside. She was almost glad about that...

"Hey," said Triss, her voice distant to Yen. "Did you remember to bring a container? If not, you'll have to collect the 'sample' in your stomach..."

Yen had barely processed Triss's words before the redhead grabbed a fistful of her sable-black hair and CRAMMED her forwards, driving her head and mouth and throat forth on that brutish monstercock. Her gullet stretched, and Yen gargled in horror as the young man's hips grew nearer and nearer – until her chin smacked his balls, and his cockhead lodged somewhere deep inside her. She croaked on his base, every inch of vile, bulbous, musky meat wedged in her mouth and throat. It felt like he was as deep as her stomach, a pressure on her lungs and heart, spurting dense, guttering tides of pre directly into her gut. The boy yelped and bucked, slamming his hips into her face and making her spurt drool through her nostrils. Her violet eyes rolled back, and she grabbed his thighs in a vice-grip as he hammered her throat on instinct. His musk penetrated her brain, made her shiver and arch in orgasmic shudders of revulsion.

"That's one way to clean a cock," said Triss, still tugging on Yen's hair. She crouched and slipped an arm around Yen's waist, pressing on her upper belly and crooning when she felt the bump of the cock inside her. The touch must have set the young man off: he tensed up and wailed as he came. Yen silently cursed Triss when she felt the first shot smack her stomach. Blast after blast of near-solid splooge flooded her gut, a vile tide of semen filling her to the brim and beyond. Seed rose back up her throat and sprayed from her nostrils, waterfaling down her chin and splattering on her clothed breasts. All the while, Triss panted beside her ear, getting way too horny from the display. Yen actually thought

she heard Triss masturbating, a hand in her britches working furiously.

At last, the young man spent his load. He leaned against the wall, wheezing for air as Yen practically slid off his dick, inch after inch of throat-slimed meat schloorking free from her lips. At last, his cockhead plopped out of her mouth and she fell sideways, gasping, clutching her neck in horror. She felt a sudden rise, and turned onto all fours as she puked jizz on the store-room floor. Touching her belly, she realised it was bloated, straining the fabric of her expensive, now-ruined shirt. She'd never been so full.

"I'm sorry," the young man panted, barely able to stand. "I couldn't...stop it..."

"Now you've been properly introduced," said Triss, looking down on Yen with an undeniable smirk, "why don't you get serious? Oh...looks like there was a cup after all." She reached past the young man and plucked a beaker from the shelf, turning it over in her hands curiously. "Sorry, Yennefer; I think you'll need to collect another sample..."

Yen got up on her knees, still breathing heavily. She wiped her jizz-dangling lips and flicked a lock of hair back over her shoulder – then unbuttoned her shirt in a hurry. Triss lifted a red eyebrow as the raven-haired beauty shrugged the fabric off her shoulders, exposing her impressive, perky breasts and womanly figure from her neck to her navel. At last, she rose to her feet – regaining her composure after the intense throatfuck. She spat cum to the side. "Well, then," she said primly. "I suppose I shall, Merigold. It's a pain, but a necessary one." Her violet eyes fell on that twitching monstrosity once again – fully erect for her, spitting ropes of precum to the floor as the young man squirmed and gasped in tender passion. Yen swirled her finger around his tip. "You found something truly depraved. Did you simply follow the smell, or..?"

"I heard rumours." Triss stepped up beside Yennefer, neither of them looking at the young man's face – discussing his cock as though it wasn't attached to a person. "In a village where most people bathe in the river...word gets around. Once I got here, it wasn't hard to find the source of all the fuss. I was shocked when I finally got his britches off, though..."

"I'd wager you were. How much did you manage to get down, anyway? I can't imagine a skinny thing like you taking a slab of pork like this."

Triss shot her a dangerous glare. "I took plenty, thank you very much. You're lucky I softened him up before you got here. You wouldn't want to face him at full strength..."

"Full strength, you say? And I suppose his current state is 'weak'..? In that case, why don't you get down on all fours and take it up your arse, if he's so puny?"

"I...wouldn't say 'puny'..."

"Aha! Giving up so easily?" Yen curled her lips in a sultry, predatory smile. "Then I'll take responsibility. This stud needs an education, and I'm the only one suited to give it to him." She stepped closer, wrapping her silky hand around the young man's cock and pumping it roughly, making him yelp and groan in ecstasy as her fingers wrung up and down his shaft, milking thick squirts of pre against her stomach and the undersides of her breasts. At last, his cock was pressed between their torsos, squeezed up against her athletic navel and his own slim stomach – her breasts engulfing his face in

perfumed heat. She rocked back and forth as he moaned into her titties, working his cock with subtle flexes of her midriff, crooning over his shock of dark hair, trickling her nails down his arms... It looked like she was claiming his body with her own while Triss looked on in sizzling jealousy, fidgeting with her clothes as Yen took all the liberties she liked. Yen stroked a hand between their bellies to gather his dense, disgusting jizz in her palm – and lathered it into her skin like a lotion, confident he wouldn't run out anytime soon. At last, Triss touched Yen's arm. The raven-haired sorceress looked back with a, "Hmm?"

"Anyone could grind against that thing. You're a sorceress – the boy must be disappointed he's getting something so dull."

Yen looked down at the young man. "Is that true?" she purred, stepping back so her breasts parted from his face. His cheeks were bright red, eyes wide and wavering. "Are you disappointed?"

"N-No, ma'am!" he breathed. "P-Please...don't stop!"

"Did you hear that? He wants me to keep going." Yen finally grasped her beaker tight and squatted down, slotting the glass container between her breasts. "Okay, boy," she said, fondling his balls – and letting him feel her fingernails biting his sack. "I hope there's plenty more in these things. You need to fill this beaker to the brim, understand?"

"I-I don't know if–"

"I said, understand?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Don't be so hard on him," Triss said, crouching beside Yen.

"What do you think you're doing?"

The redhead flashed a sly smile. "You talk a big game, but I saw you gasping on the floor. There's no way you can handle this cutie by yourself. So I'm helping out."

Yennefer rolled her eyes. "So that's how it's going to go? You're trying to upstage me? You should know better, Merigold; I can't be upstaged." Yen proceeded to plaster her lips over and around the young man's cockhead, slurping his vile cream with a spiralling swirl of her tongue. She broke away only to swallow – at which point Triss leaned in and took her place, stuffing her cheeks full to the brim with his obscene dickmeat. She showed none of the fearful restraint that still lingered in Yen after her debauched cum-pumping, and stretched her lips happily around his girth, groaning and humming with lust and hunger. Yen, not wanting to lose ground, ducked her head and suckled the underside of the boy's cock, running her lips up and down his pulsing shaft and lashing it with her tongue, gurgling in pure delight. She massaged the boy's balls, filling her palms with his cumtanks and urging them to produce more gooey mess for them to swallow. And Triss did swallow: Yen heard her gargling and gulping, saw her green eyes roll back and water from the intense taste. "Stop hogging his spunk," Yen murmured – and cupped Triss's chin, pushing her back just enough to lock lips with her over the young man's cockhead. Triss seemed shocked at first – but then she groped Yen's boobs and kissed her

back, spilling off-white slop into the beaker tucked between Yennefer's perky tits. The dual assault of their lips was too much for the young man: he arched and wailed, unable to contain his lust for the two beauties. Yen broke the kiss only to pant and glare into Triss's eyes, ropes of cum dangling between their sucking, blowing mouths. "Ah...ah...I think he likes the view."

Triss gulped and said, "I never thought I'd wind up kissing a dog of Nilfgaard, nor my romantic rival."

"Come now, Merigold. Even my greatest enemies never forget my kiss."

Triss rolled her eyes. Idly, as they spoke, each woman wrapped a hand around the boy's cock to jack it in slow, loving strokes. Now they returned to sucking, not focusing on his tip but his shaft, mouthing and mawing all over his vile dick. Occasionally their tongues swept together in their passion, oozing drool down to his clenching balls. Soon, their chins, tits, and hands were soaked with precum, and his cock twitched and bounced in muscular spasms, shooting full load-sized shots but holding back from the brink of orgasm, as though wanting to savour this for as long as possible. By now, the boy's eyes were glazed over, his mouth parted and his hands twitching, lightly holding the sorceresses by the hair. When they plopped their lips off his cock and peered up expectantly, he blew a long, slow breath and met their gaze.

"We're waiting," said Yen softly. "Could it be I milked you too much?" She pressed a kiss on his very tip, just to tease him. She couldn't possibly have anticipated the effect it would have. The boy cried out and squeezed Yen's hair, driving her down hard. Drool sprayed from her lips and nose as she found her throat stuffed with cock once again. His hips smacked her face – but this time, he didn't hold her down. The force of his orgasm hit her stuffed stomach and propelled her backwards: she burst off his cock puking semen, gargling on the near-solid cum hosing over her face and tits. In a primal rage, the boy jerked his cock two-handed, spraying the sorceress sluts with blast after blast of his stinking ballbatter. Yen and Triss were drenched, swallowing and choking on more cum than they'd ever seen in their lives, rubbing it into their tits, their arms – unable to believe the sheer volume he was producing. It went on for a long time, caking their slutty faces in layer upon layer of spunk – until the tide died down, and they panted for air, cum drizzling down their fronts in a raw cascade of ballgunk.

With trembling hands, Yen took the beaker from between her tits and peered at the contents. Full to brimming with yellow seed. Triss was watching her closely, equally dazed. Yen set the beaker aside and said, in a thin voice, "Th-there, I should really...get going now..." She looked up at the young man, who had just cummed himself crazy over two obscenely hot sorceresses. Slowly, he slid down the wall and sat back heavily, staring at nothing.

Triss wiped her mouth and said, "We should...make sure he's okay. Maybe book a room."

Yen kept staring for a long time. Eventually she cleared her throat, trying to look as refined as possible with several litres of jizz clinging to her face and boobs. "I think that's a good idea."

1 - Changing Priorities.

Yennefer licked her fingers and hummed, looking down at the hung young man. A few minutes after his obscene load, he'd passed out – slumping against the wall, limp in more ways than one. It had taken multiple orgasms and two skillful sorceresses, but for now, he was spent.

“Not bad for a few hours of work,” said Triss Merigold, leaning on the wall with her arms crossed under her breasts. Her hair, clothes, and face were caked with so much cum that she would have looked less obscene if she was naked. “When do I get paid?”

“Be patient,” said Yen. “You’ll be duly compensated...after the potion is brewed. You see, it needs to be concocted while the semen is still fresh.” She turned toward the store-room door and waved a hand. With a flash of purple light, a portal swirled into existence – leading to her lab back at the Palace.

As the portal’s wind whipped in their hair, Triss glanced at the panting boy. “What will you do with him?”

“Mm? Oh...” Yen’s violet eyes narrowed in amusement, and she approached Triss – pushing on her chest, guiding her back against the wall with just her fingertips. Triss swallowed and glared, but Yen was merciless, her grin knowing. “You want him all for yourself? Greedy girl. Alas, I still need him. I’ll be taking him back with me.”

Triss tried to keep her gaze steady, but her annoyance sparked through. “Now who’s being greedy? You have plenty of fresh semen–” she touched Yen’s naked stomach – “in here, don’t you?” She flinched when Yennefer’s cum-pumped belly gurgled under her hand.

“Why, yes,” said Yennefer. “Perhaps I should puke in a cup? No...things will go much smoother if I have the source with me. I can take as much as I need – straight from the tap.”

“Then..!” Triss exhaled. “Then...in that case...I’ll be going with you.” She pushed away from the wall, even though it meant crushing her tits up against Yen’s big, naked boobs – pancaking their chests. Their lips were just centimetres apart, their glaring eyes. The tips of their noses touched. “To make sure you don’t skimp out on the bargain.”

“You don’t trust me at all, do you?” Yen asked. She raised a hand to stroke Triss’s red hair. “Oh...I suppose you could watch me at work. If you don’t mind doing just that – watching.” Really, Yennefer was thrilled. Once she was in her lab, she could do whatever she wanted to the young man. His cock was hers. She wasn’t about to let Triss ruin that. “Is that acceptable to you?” She knew it wasn’t, but Triss didn’t have much choice. The redhead balled up her fists and glowered at Yen, but eventually she nodded. “Good!” Yen said, and grasped Triss’s wrists hard. “We’re going to have a fine evening – all of us together.” With that, she shoved Triss. Triss’s green eyes widened in shock as she staggered, and she reached out to cast a spell, but before it could launch she hit the portal and fell through it with a metallic noise. Yen hummed satisfaction and collected her clothes, tossing them through the portal one by one. Then, with an air of someone picking up a bag of groceries, she grasped the young man by the

shoulders and dragged him toward the portal. She lifted him all the way to his feet, her breasts and belly against his back, squeezing him tight against her so they wouldn't be separated in the teleport – and with a cry, she hurled herself through. At the universe went dark, Yen remembered she'd left her horse outside the tavern. Oh, well – she'd return for him later. Eventually. Once she'd had her fill.

The portal spat them out in Yennefer's lab at the Royal Palace. Triss emerged wobbling, losing her balance after the surprise teleport, while Yen stepped out with the young man squeezed against her side.

"What's wrong?" she asked the dizzy redhead. "You, of all people, should be used to portals by now."

Triss grabbed the edge of a table and groaned, breathing deep. "That," she said, "was a dirty move."

"Well, you can hardly blame me for being dirty today," Yen replied. She patted the young man's ass, and he whined as he stumbled into the centre of the room, looking around in confusion.

"What's..? Where am I..?"

"The evil witches have decided to take you back to their den," Yennefer purred.

"Don't scare him," said Triss. "In fact...you probably shouldn't provoke him at all."

"Merigold, whatever could you mean?"

Triss grinned sharply. "You're not the only one with potions. Before you arrived, I gave him something to increase his semen production." She straightened and walked toward the boy, resting a slim hand on his shoulder. "There's no way you can handle him all by yourself."

"Aren't you full of tricks?" Yen asked, touching his other shoulder possessively. He murmured and blushed and stared at their bodies as they clamoured close to him, each woman eager to make her mark. At once, their free hands grasped his naked cock and stroked it hard. Even two hands pumping at once weren't enough to cover the whole surface area of his cock – four hands might have come close. Off-yellow seed drizzled to the floor, pumping out with noisy splashes on the stone. "One might almost think you'd planned this."

"You give me too much credit," said Triss, glaring into Yen's eyes. The young man was at the heart of a dispute between sorceresses, one of the most dangerous places to be. Their grip on his cock tightened, making him gasp and arch as his filthy fuckpole swelled. Triss leaned close – so her breasts enfolded his shoulder – and Yen did the same, bringing her eyes that much closer to Triss's. They jerked him harder, tighter by the moment – and when the young man felt the tingle of magic coursing through his dick, he tossed his head back and wailed! Jolts of magic bliss shot from their fingertips down into his root, making him buck, whine, and gurgle as the pressure built more, more, more—!

He exploded, yelping as he shot metres-long ropes of jizz across the room! One after another, his massive dick bucked out obscene amounts of yellowy, chewable cum while the sorceresses watched with interest. He fired for almost half a minute before sagging, supported only by the gorgeous women pressure around him, holding him up.

“...That potion may have been a little too strong,” said Triss, staring at the trails of spunk.

“You think so?” asked Yennefer. “That’s weakling talk. I think it’s perfect.” She curled an arm around the boy and guided him slowly toward her bed. She rarely retired to her actual bedroom higher in the Palace, preferring to sleep among her experiments so she could continue as soon as she awoke. Now she laid the boy on the bed and patted his chest. Triss sat beside him, curious as Yennefer went to her alchemy bench and started mixing ingredients. She cut plants with a silver knife, a variety of rare fruits and pulses, and ground them with her mortar and pestle before scraping the result into a beaker. She ignited a small fire with a flick of a wrist and set the beaker on the stand above it, leaving it to boil as she prepared another vial for collection. A potion to increase her magical power – she didn’t particularly care for ‘ultimate power’, as so many mages past had sought to attain; she was confident enough in her abilities. That said, a boost wouldn’t hurt. Theoretically, the potion would be long-lasting but not permanent. On a purely scientific level, Yennefer was concerned about her sourcing methods. She had to find an alternative to virgin jizz – after all, virginity was not a sustainable economy. At last, she turned to the bed–

Triss was naked, straddling the boy’s face with her thighs and busily slurping at his cock. Her green eyes fixed on Yennefer’s, gleaming with triumph as she pumped her head up and down, pushing her hair back with a two fingers. Her pillowy lips dragged on his shaft, vacuum-sealed so they blew in and out sharply with every slurp, trailing shiny drool all over his meat. Her breasts made ‘plapp’ing noises as they slapped the young man’s stomach on the down-swing, and whenever his slimy cockmeat kissed her throat, she gurgled and winced. Triss only managed half his cock in one swoop. It was almost adorable. Yen smirked at her desperate, red-faced attempts to swallow that monstrous thing – and strode closer, resting a hand on Triss’s bobbing head. “Oh... I think you need practice, darling. Let me help.” She shoved Triss’s head down with all her might. Triss’s green eyes widened – only to be engulfed by the young man’s balls smushing against her face as his entire cock vanished past her lips! She horked and choked noisily, hilted on his dick, forced to swallow his entire, smegma-slimed shaft! Before she could pull back, Yen took her red locks and tied them in a knot under the young man’s balls, locking to the base of his cock! “There we go! This is a much better look for you,” Yennefer said, stepping back to admire her handiwork. Triss, 69-ing the boy with her face buried in steaming mega-balls, spitting as her throat flexed and squelched. Yen dug her fingers into the boy’s pumping cumsacks, prying them down just enough to see Triss’s emerald eyes rolled back in throatfucked ecstasy, blowing drool through her nostrils. All the slop pouring from her stretched mouth and gasping nose drizzled down between the boy’s legs, pooling on the floor as she glugged and chugged his rancid precum. Tears poured down er face. For a moment, she made eye-contact with Yen, who simply winked and pressed those heaving nut-tanks back over her face. Yen sat beside the choking slut and caressed her hair, feeling her wriggle and arch from the strain...before, with a jolt of magic, snapping the knot of tied hair. Freed, Triss reared up and back like a horse, expelling the cock from her throat with a wonderfully depraved schlorry! She gave the start of a mewl before all the gunk backlogged in her belly surged up and sprayed from her open mouth. She flopped flat over the young man, his erect fuckpillar grinding along her cheek as she buried her mouth in his balls and puked a tide of cum over them. Once she’d finished, though, she didn’t pull back. She had a faceful of nutsack and she wasn’t about to waste it. Cupping the sides of his cumtanks, she licked and kissed lovingly, dragging her lips in lazy circles through the cum coating his balls. Yen watched her shoulderblades arch in a catlike reflex of love as she gorged herself on slime and sweat and snorted his musk like a drug.

“A-Ahh...” the boy groaned, resting his hands on Triss’s bare asscheeks. “Why’d...she stop swallowing it? I was gonna finish...down her throat...”

“Don’t be so impatient,” Yen said. “You’ll get your chance.” Yen was feasting on his balls, gargling as she lapped and sucked and nibbled, driving them to produce more and more – as much semen as his potion-enhanced nuts could manage! She turned her head and smooched the base of his cock, hugging it over her face and head, burying herself in his meat. His dick had become softer since she hadn’t been paying attention to it, but now it stood up rigid again, back to full mast in a matter of seconds. The tongue-bath she was giving his balls was absolutely slick and sloppy, leaving a coat of shiny drool behind. Once she’d tasted his shaft enough, Triss hummed and squinted at his balls as though in thought. Yen raised a dark eyebrow and asked, “What’s the filthy slut thinking now?” Triss cast a glare up at her – and then, grasping one of the young man’s nuts in both hands, she crammed it against her mouth. Yen looked on, surprised, as Triss stuffed the fist-sized testicle into her maw bit by bit, gagging and blowing drool through her nostrils as her green eyes rolled back in bliss. Quite unsure how to react, Yen slapped Triss’s rump. It wobbled delightfully under her palm. Triss was not discouraged: she gaaaargled around the boy’s cumtank until it was stuffed inside her mouth all the way, bulging out her cheeks. Her eyes half-lidded happily, staring into the distance while she sucked on his giant testicle like candy. Yen would never admit how excited she got from the view, but...she sneaked a hand between her legs and curled two fingers into her exposed pussy, murmuring sweetly as she masturbated, “You really are a hopeless whore. Whatever shall I do with a sorceress who sucks on peasant balls like an addict? I should report you to the Lodge...” She looked down again, to see if Triss was paying attention, but the redhead just gurgled and sucked – and finally, she expelled his testicle with a saliva-spraying ‘plop!’. She licked all around her mouth before glancing up at Yen.

“You’re just jealous.”

“Jealous!?” Yen cried rising from the bed. “Why should I be jealous of a two-bit prostitute who is less woman and less sorceress than me?”

“You think you’re ‘more woman’, huh? Why don’t you get down here and clean this filthy cock? You know, like a real woman.”

Yennefer glowered...and then sank to her knees before the boy. Under Triss’s watchful gaze, she grasped his dick two-handed – his thick, veiny, drool- and cum-slimed monstercock – and pressed her lips to its head. The taste was so sharp and dizzying that her eyes wavered...but she pushed forward, dragging her teeth against his cockhead in order to gather up all the clinging smegma. She gargled a mess of slime and dickcheese, eyes watering, and swallowed with a distinctive ullg! “D-Delicious,” she lied. Triss saw right through her; the redhead grinned.

“Oh really?” She climbed off of the boy and knelt beside Yen, practically shoving her out of the way. She got to work on the other testicle, dragging her mouth all over it, licking and sucking. As she slurped, she pumped his cock harder, sliding her hands up and down his slimy shaft in a vice grip. The young man gave a yelp, and his cock bucked so hard that it slipped out of her hand – before slamming down on her face with a wet, slime-flinging slap! The boy moaned at the sensation. Triss, enamoured with the weight of his dick, took a moment to process the sound of his pleasure. “Oh,” she said, lifting his hefty meat and peering at him. “You liked that, huh?” She squeezed his base and jerked his cock to the side, smacking herself across the face with his enormous rod, splattering gunk across her gorgeous features.

“Are you trying to dye your hair yellow?” Yen asked, folding her arms as she watched Triss at work. Her tits rose and fell in sharp, jealous breaths.

Triss just kept smacking herself with his dick, casting a sly glance sideways at Yen. Then she noticed the boy reaching for his own cock, grasping his base and stroking it firmly. At last, he was willing to take some initiative. Triss released his shaft and leaned back a little, shoulder to shoulder with Yen. The raven-haired sorceress glanced at her, arching a questioning eyebrow – and Triss chuckled.

WHAP-WHAP! The boy swung his cock in a violent arch, smacking both their faces in a single shot, splurting cum and spittle all over their beautiful features. Yen gasped for air, touching her stinging cheek while Triss moaned for more. His cock swung in the opposite direction, whacking them both again. Within five slaps, both their faces were caked in tar-thick dicksweat and off-white sludge – on top of the layer of dried cum that had already been there. They couldn’t even open their eyes, but their tongues worked overtime, swirling and scooping in bubbly circles, dragging slime into their mouths to chew and swallow like the depraved, smegma-loving sluts they were. As Yen wheezed beside her, Triss smiled at the boy, tipped her head back, and touched her neck as she swallowed his rancid gunk. “Nnh... Delicious,” she said – and gasped when he pointed his cock at her. “Hm? You want my throat again? Well, if you insist...” But as she leaned in, he tilted his dick upwards – pressing his tip against her nostrils. For a moment, she pursed her lips in confusion, but then she grinned and said, “Ohh, I get it.” Grasping his heavy dick in both hands, Triss squared her shoulders, chuckled, and then snorted his precum directly from the tap! A shot of filthy musk and yellow cum directly to her lungs. She went cross-eyed immediately, losing all sense of balance and direction. The world span around her and, with a squeaking, snorting cry, she came hard – squirting on the floor. The boy half-sat and grasped her hair, holding her firmly against his pre-sputtering urethra, making her snort and gag for several minutes while Yen looked on, clutching her hands over her crotch in pent-up lust and envy. At last, the boy guided his dick to Triss’s mouth. Her eyes narrowed...and she opened wide. “Aaah...”

Yen twitched as the boy CRAMMED Triss down his cock, spreading her needy throat around his insane girth. Driven mad with lust, he pumped Triss up and down like a sex toy while she lathered his shaft in slime with her tongue and graceful lips. Down, down, taking more inside with every bob, Triss determinedly made her way toward his balls. He couldn’t hold it anymore; with a cry, he planted both hands on her scalp and mashed her down with all his strength! The rest of his cock sped into her like a train entering a tunnel, and when his balls hit her jaw and neck, drool sprayed in every direction. Her arms dangled limply, unable to do anything but glurk and splucch as the young man fucked her face freely. Beside her, Yen masturbated. Four fingers stuffed into her pussy, railing against her aching clit, she bit her lip and tried not to cry out as she enjoyed the show. Unleashed, the boy was a force of nature. Triss’s slim, flat belly fluttered each time his cockhead beat the inside of her stomach. Triss was barely even conscious, just riding the waves of his intense throatfuck while her titties bounced and clapped in time with his thrusts.

Eventually, though, Triss returned to focus. She pinched the boy’s balls, making him slow just enough for her to wriggle off his dick. She was loathe to part from that filth-ridden fuckpole, but she had to breathe. When her lips popped off his glans, and sweet air rushed into her lungs, the relief was so great that she shuddered and groaned in yet another orgasm. Though she didn’t notice it, Yen hit her climax at the same time, squeezing her thick, silky thighs together and blowing out her plump pink lips in a cross-eyed ‘O’ of ecstasy. Triss coughed and retched, coated in disgusting spunk inside and out, her

head swimming with the fire of depravity.

“I think,” Yen said, out of breath. “I think it’s my turn. But first, let’s get this silly potion out of the way...” She collected a fat glob of spunk dangling from the boy’s cockhead – no beaker needed, just using her hands to carry the cream over to her vials. She dropped the cum into the boiling brew, applied a little shock of magic, and set the potion aside. All done, at last. Now she didn’t need the boy to be a virgin anymore...

“What are you doing?” Triss asked as Yen sauntered toward the boy. He sat up properly, gazing upon the raven-haired goddess as though he sensed what her intent was. She stopped before him and took his hands, guiding him to stand. His cock rode up between their bellies, smearing cum on hers. Yen glanced down and realized, with a touch of panic, just how deep that thing would reach inside her. In the midst of her panic, she realized: she needed this. To be the first pussy this monster enjoyed. She tapped the boy’s waist and he drew back slowly – enough to nuzzle his cockhead against her bare pussy. He panted for air, overwhelmed by the sheer pleasure he’d experienced in the past few hours – but still ready to go. Yen touched his cheeks and kissed his lips, looking at Triss over the top of his head. The redhead squirmed where she sat, angry at Yen for claiming the boy in such a blatant manner. Yen stroked his cock slowly and firmly, wringing her fingers deep, making his yelp and moan in delicious need.

“I’d like to make you an offer,” said Yennefer. “You could go back to your peasant life...or you could stay here, with me, until we’re both all fucked out. Mind you, that could take years. You’d be my pleasure captive. Does that appeal?”

The boy groaned and smushed his face between her tits, motorboating their warm valley desperately. “Yes..!”

Yen swirled a fingertip between his shoulderblades, chuckling deeply. “Then it’s sealed. What do you think of that, Merigold?”

“I think you’re a desperate slut,” said the redhead, her voice hoarse from the intense throatfucking.

“Now now, no need for rudeness – just because I beat you. Now...” She reached up to remove the last article of clothing on her: a black choker. With an air of someone collaring her new pet dog, she tied the choker around the base of the boy’s raging cock. His veins stood up fatter, his dick twitching and bucking at the sudden pressure. She murmured something under her breath, and he made a confused noise as the collar bonded to the root of his fuckpillar. “For now, your cock belongs to me,” she told him. “I can bring you immense pleasure, or immense pain, with a thought. But I won’t need to hurt you, now, will I?” She raised a dark eyebrow and the boy shook his head. “Perfect. Follow me.”

“Bitch,” Triss rasped.

“Thank you for your kind compliment,” Yen purred as she led the boy into her personal bathroom, thinking how lucky she was to have such a prodigious boytoy. She patted his butt, a silent command to climb into the bath she’d prepared earlier – heating it with a gesture. Amidst the steamy, scented water, the boy groaned and started to relax. It was just the invigorating rest his body needed to get back in action: even as he settled, his cock rose and bloated – huger than ever thanks to the collar. Yen ran her

fingertips up its underside, just to watch it bounce and throb with hunger. “You know what this thing needs?” she asked. “A hole to pound.”

“Y-Yes!” the boy moaned, slinging an arm across his face. “I want to pound your holes, Miss...”

Yennefer grinned and climbed into the large, elegant bath. Holding eye contact with the boy, she lowered herself onto her hands and knees, licking her lips as she wrapped her breasts around his monstercock. In that position, she stroked her boobs up and down, kissing and nipping just beneath his cockhead. He was so tender, it didn't take long for his orgasm to build up. As soon as she felt him twitching and tensing, Yen half-rose on an elbow and grasped his cock with her free hand, pumping hard and fast. “Paint me,” she said. “Coat me in your nasty spunk, boy..!”

Spurred on by her words, the boy choked a cry. His eyes rolled back as he came, hosing Yen with hot, sticky spunk, rope after rope until jizz once again caked her face, hair, and tits! She panted for oxygen, wiping her face desperately to clear her airways...before whining, unable to believe her luck. She planted a kiss on his twitching cockhead – which caused it to spurt one more time, a thick rope landing in her hair. She giggled and ran her fingertip down his shaft all the way to his pulsing, clenching nuts.

“I'm pleased I have such an effect on you,” she purred, before turning to grab her soap. Before she could, she was shocked to feel the boy wrapping his arms around her from behind, seizing her boobs in his palms and bucking his cock along her slender back. She groaned at the sensation. Fuck, he was huge. Overtaken by primal instinct, Yen grasped the edge of the bath and glanced over a shoulder. “What do you think you're doing?”

“I...I can't take it anymore,” he said breathily. “I need...need...”

“Need..?” she purred, swaying her hips, stroking her perfect ass against his heaving dick. “What do you need, boy?”

“I need...to fuck you.”

There it was. Yen bit her lip and looked straight ahead, hiding her smoky expression from the boy. She tensed as he moved his hips back, sliding his shaft out from between her silky buttcheeks, and prodded her bare pussy with his tip. His hands slid down to her hips, and with a slow, precise push, he forced his immense girth inside. She tossed her head back and cried out...as the boy cried out in pain. The collar was sending magic shocks through his cock! Was the magic malfunctioning? But no matter how bad the pain got, he wasn't going to stop. He kept pushing, kept stretching her out, until his dick was lodged firmly inside her. Finally securing purchase, he growled, gathered his strength, and drove his hips forth so hard that his entire cock vanished inside and his balls slapped her ass hard! She cried out, a shrill high note, and pitched forward against the bath edge. Her tits squished against the ceramic as she arched and wailed, tears welling in her eyes. Completely surrendering to his cock. The collar sensed it, too, and stopped giving him pain. In fact, it spurred him on, stripping away any hesitation he might have had and amplifying his lust to impossible levels. Primal, growling, he started to hammer her hard and fast against the bath edge. She bit a finger and moaned in time with his thrusts, asscheeks rippling from the impacts. “Oh gods! Ahn! Fffhhuck! Too– you're too big..!”

“Struggling?” asked Triss Merigold, leaning in the doorway with her arms folded across her breasts.

She strode forward until she stood over Yen, looking down at her ruination. “Ooh, he looks pent up. I hope you’re ready for hours of this.” She crouched and grasped the top of Yen’s head, glaring deep into her eyes, angry and jealous and teasing. “You’ve earned it.”

The boy came. Yen gurgled as hot ballsludge shot into her womb, pumping her full in a few shots. His dick didn’t even go soft afterwards: he just kept thrusting, stirring up the disgusting jizz in her womb with his milk-churning pumps. He switched position, lifting her leg high into the air and fucking her as she squirmed on her side, straddling one leg while the other rested over his shoulder, toes curling in the air. With her belly exposed, so were the distinct bulges when the boy’s massive cock hit her insides, distorting her slender middle out in cock-slaved bumps! He came yet again, wailing and thrashing, and her belly pushed out even further – actually inflating around his repeated loads! Triss watched in wonderment. Yen’s cervix couldn’t resist the powerfucking: she felt his cockhead punch the back of her womb, and she arched in an agonizing scream. It hurt so goooood! Yen pushed her hands through her own hair as she came, clenching tight around the boy’s piledriving meat as her vision blurred and her mouth spilled open! He turned her onto her back and pressed her legs up, knees touching her shoulders, feet resting on the back edge. As she gargled and groaned, her eyes tilted back in their sockets, the boy mounted and flattened her in a mating press, plunging her cunt in womb-punishing thrusts, displacing cum so ropes of cream sprayed from the sides of her punished pussy, slowly turning the water in the bath into cum. Triss lowered herself down to kiss Yen, mashing her tits half in violence, half in love as their tongues smushed and slid over each-other. Yen’s stomach bulged thicker now, as though the boy’s cock had grown by almost double while he was hilted inside her. Bathed in drool and cum and sweat, Yen came again...at the same time as him. The rush of seed that hit her womb was unlike anything she’d ever experienced; rough, powerful jets inflating her babymaker, one after another, dense blasts driven by the boy’s utter, biological need to impregnate her by any means necessary. Her tummy grew and grew around his load, and by the time he had finished, Yennefer looked nine months pregnant. Triss, without breaking their kiss, looked at her huge, bloated belly in awe. Then she peeled back and licked her lips.

“You’re a good kisser,” Triss said. “Geralt’s gonna miss you.”

Visions of the White Wolf flashed in Yen’s head, but before she could fret, the boy leaned down and washed away all thoughts of other lovers with a needy, sucking kiss. She reciprocated, groaning and embracing him...as he started to thrust once again. As her mind fled from her, Yen wondered if the potion could be modified for additional effect – to get her fertility back...