

Death is just good enough (for outcasts)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30134910) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30134910>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Wiedźmin The Witcher - All Media Types , The Witcher (TV) , Wiedźmin The Witcher Series - Andrzej Sapkowski
Relationship:	Geralt z Rivii Geralt of Rivia/Jaskier Dandelion
Characters:	Geralt z Rivii Geralt of Rivia , Jaskier Dandelion , Original Witcher Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Non-Human Jaskier Dandelion , Siren Jaskier Dandelion , Falling In Love , Blood and Gore , Hurt Jaskier Dandelion , Creature Jaskier Dandelion , Hurt/Comfort , Getting to Know Each Other , Getting Together , Flirting , Dirty Talk , Dirty Thoughts , Dirty Jokes , No fewer than 5 thinly veiled sexual innuendos in 100 words , Jaskier Dandelion Sings , Protective Geralt z Rivii Geralt of Rivia , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Angst , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , no happy ending , part of a series , the series does have a happy ending , Implied/Referenced Character Death , Sassy Jaskier Dandelion
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Siren!Jaskier heartache
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-19 Completed: 2021-10-15 Words: 9,171 Chapters: 12/12

Death is just good enough (for outcasts)

by [Nathaniel_Dream](#)

Summary

[Currently being edited]

It should have been an easy job in Rivia that Geralt took right before leaving for Kaer Morhen to spend the winter there. But hours turned into days. Days turned into weeks. Autumn turned into early winter. And Geralt's resolve and meticulously crafted facade turned to rubble.

Jaskier on the other hand desperately wanted to live his life, far away from the horrors of his past. And it really wasn't his fault that two can keep a secret only if one of them is dead. Why did witchers have to be so alluringly handsome anyway?

Prologue - Siren in the lake?

“Sirens only live in Skellige,” Geralt told the townsman.

“But if I tell ya, there is one killing our fishermen!” The man's voice was raised in irritation. He was wildly gesticulating with his hands while trying to convince Geralt of his layman opinion.

Geralt grunted in annoyance. “So, a siren came here, to Rivia, all the way from Skellige just to kill a few fishermen?” Saying it out loud made it sound even more stupid. Did these people know anything? Sirens usually didn't stray far from the ocean. Especially not alone. Sirens worked together, wiping out entire shiploads of men in one go when they got the chance.

The man nodded vehemently. “That's what I'm telling ya.” The man leaned in. “It's a wicked thing. It's all the odd ones that are taken. There's magic at play, I say!”

“Odd?” Geralt was still sceptical, even if a siren had wanted to make its way to Loch Eskalott all on its own, it would have surely not settled for killing a few fishermen. And it wouldn't have picked *odd* ones. It would have likely picked handsome men who thought any pretty girl belonged to them.

“Yes, odd. I tell ya, the last was Heffer's son. Barely nineteen refused all girls who approached him. Odd fella, I tell ya. And then he gets killed by a siren.” The man rubbed his chin in contemplation seemingly having been lost in his train of thought while rambling to Geralt.

The witcher huffed a low laugh. Sounded more like a longing gal reaching for drastic measures to him. Sirens had the head and upper body of gorgeous women and a fishtail with wings on the bottom. Why would that lure someone in who had never wanted a girl? Some sirens looked entirely non-human even in their face and chest, so they didn't try to lure men, rather ambushing them.

“Look, witcher,” the man said desperately, “I'll give ya—” He hesitated for a moment. “Fifty Gulden, and whatever ya' stay in the inn costs ya.”

That immediately gave Geralt a new point of view on the whole ordeal. “Fifty and a room? Fine, I'm in. Although I can't promise that there is a real siren.” It was stupid. Geralt would wade out into the lake, get his armour and swords dripping wet, find nothing, and ultimately come back to get his coin before the man weaselled his way out of paying.

“Whatever it takes, witcher. We just want our fishers safe.” The man turned to the innkeeper. “The witcher's room is on me. He's hunting the siren for us.” The innkeeper looked relieved and nodded. Apparently, the whole city had bought into the idiotic idea that whatever was in the lake was a siren.

Siren in the lake! (Rude!)

Chapter Summary

Here it truly begins now. Geralt sets out on his new contract.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

That was how Geralt ended up on an autumn morning, shoving potions into Roach's saddlebag and tightening the clasps of his armour. Even if there wasn't a siren in the lake, it was still a terrible idea to go there without any protection, he was a witcher after all.

The ride up the stream was reasonably short. Still too long for nothing to be there for Geralt's taste. The air was starting to get cold, the winds carrying the first promises of winter. After this contract, Geralt would start his journey north to spend the winter in Kaer Morhen with the other witchers.

He could hear the flow of the water getting louder where the quell splashed into the lake in a waterfall. Then, they entered a clearing and he could see the lake in all its glory. There was nothing indicating that he wasn't alone. That was either a very good or a very bad sign.

He slid off of Roach's saddle and walked her over to a nearby tree. He tied her bridle to a low hanging branch and patted her nose. "You'll wait for me, right, Roach? Good girl." Geralt gave her a last pat on the side and then grabbed his swords and a fishing net.

This would be a quick in and out. He would find the siren or rather the lack thereof, go back and the fishers would be hard at work on the lake before noon, Geralt was sure. He could replenish his supplies with the pay and be on his way north before sunset. He had all the time in the world to get ready, Gods, he could even spend another night in the inn on the townsman's coin before he left Rivia.

With his spirits significantly lifted, Geralt waded out into the shallow waters, the fishing net prone. He threw it out, slowly pulling the rope in, dragging the net through the water. Nothing. He threw the net out again, a bit to the right. He let it drift through the water again. Nothing. What a fucking surprise.

Geralt waded out a bit further into the lake, the water now lightly skirting his hips. The net splashed slightly as it hit the water. The shock waves that slowly drew rings in the water barely grazed Geralt's legs as he stood completely still. The witcher pulled the rope in again. Just as he wanted to lift the net out of the water and throw it again, something grazed his calf. He looked down, but nothing unusual was in the water around his legs. Maybe just a fish investigating the strange presence in the lake.

Geralt grabbed the net and threw it again. “Even the best fisher can’t catch fish that aren’t there,” he mumbled to himself, beginning to feel irritated.

“What you lack in talent, you sure make up for in confidence.”

Geralt whipped around to the teasing voice. There, in the shallow water, sat a young man, his upper body fetchingly draped across a rock, hiding his lower half. Geralt’s medallion started humming against his chest, marking the man as non-human. The witcher could see the sparkling yellow scales on his shoulders and the shivering gills on his neck and chest. Geralt pulled his silver sword and aimed it at the man. “Who are you?”

The man chuckled, baring pearly white, sharp teeth. “You may call me Jaskier. And you,” he paused and made a show of eying Geralt up and down, “white hair, yellow eyes, built broader than Vyzima’s city walls, two *very* scary looking swords? You are a witcher.”

Geralt huffed a soundless laugh. “You have been killing fishermen,” he accused, taking a splashing step towards the young man. He chose not to wonder too much about how this man was, well, a man *and* a siren.

“Rude,” the siren — *Jaskier* — told him, “you haven’t even introduced yourself yet.”

With a quick movement, he was right in front of the other man, the blade of his sword pressed to his throat. “Geralt of Rivia,” he growled. He hated the bubbly attitude of the siren. He was way too energetic for someone who was being threatened by a witcher.

Jaskier didn’t seem to mind the deadly weapon against his skin. “So you are from around here?” he asked nonchalantly.

Geralt bared his teeth slightly. “Not anymore. But neither are you. Why are you here?”

“Where else,” the siren started asking in a sultry voice, “do you find men as handsome as yourself?”

A joyless laugh fell from Geralt’s lips. “Your *charm* doesn’t work on me, siren.”

Jaskier pouted. “Rude. I told you my *name* is Jaskier, *witcher*.” He said the last word with an air of defiance that bordered on smug, like him not using the witcher’s name was notable revenge. “Are you *sure* you aren’t charmed?” Jaskier leaned back slightly in a suggestive pose.

“Absolutely fucking positive,” Geralt growled. “Any last words?” It was a small solace he granted sentient monsters before he killed them. Although he would rather not hear another word from the brunet.

The siren seemed to think for a second before answering with a beaming grin, “No, not really. You?”

That threw Geralt off his course for a moment. What did this siren think he was doing? “You are a monster and a foolish one at that.”

Chapter End Notes

Look, I know it is not even close to the week I said the posting would take and I still firmly hold my upload schedule for the following stuff (because I actually need time to write it)

But let's be real, I crave the attention and validation.

Love y'all darling humans who comment and give me new ways to hurt my babies :)

My old friend, death

Chapter Summary

We are having a little, angsty, gory backstory exposition.

Suddenly a scaly tail was pressed to Geralt's throat. "Oh really?" Jaskier bared his teeth again, shiny, sharp, and threatening. "You call me a monster and foolish. Yet you waded out here to kill a being just for the sake of killing it without even knowing who you were looking for."

Geralt tried to pry the scaly body from his throat, to no avail. "Witchers don't try to play the white knight," he proclaimed, rattling in a breath under the squeezing muscles of the siren's tail. Geralt tried to get leverage behind his sword to swing at the siren, but he couldn't move from where he was held.

"Stop struggling," Jaskier demanded, breathing hard. In the sun of early noon, the gills on his neck and chest seemed almost transparent, flaring helplessly while he used his lungs.

"I won't go down without a fight," Geralt rasped, feeling himself go lightheaded. "That's what you did to the fishermen? Heartless beast." He spat the words as if shooting arrows from a bowstring.

Jaskier visibly recoiled. "Heartless," he hissed, "no, Geralt, I have just learned to use my heart less."

Finally, Geralt had gotten a hand between his neck and the body of the siren and heaved large gulps of air into his burning lungs. "You use pretty words, *Jaskier*." His teeth were bared in a dismissive snarl. "But pretty words don't kill fishermen."

Jaskier stared at him, his brows drawing together. "No, they don't," he agreed. "But they kill the siren."

That confused Geralt. He took a moment to try and suss out what the siren meant.

"Have you any idea," Jaskier asked, full of poorly concealed rage, "how many times I had to flee somewhere because *one of them* couldn't keep their damned mouth shut? Name a lake, a bay, Gods, the vaguest excuse for a body of water, I've probably been there." A lone tear ran down Jaskier's cheek, mixing with droplets of lakewater as it travelled down. "I've been in Vyzima the longest," he admitted. "I loved swimming out to the estuary by Oxenfurt. The students in the academy loved my singing. One of the professors even took his lectures outside to teach the class by the example of my voice." He looked so wistful as if he would give anything to go back. "I didn't want to harm anyone. Once I fed on someone I let them go

with the promise to keep it secret. It worked out amazingly. I never had to hurt a soul. And then this one boy snitched on me."

Geralt had stopped struggling, waiting for the story. Maybe the siren's charm worked after all, if only a bit, because he found himself captivated by the tale. Maybe it was also the feeling of shared fate, maybe he just felt less miserable knowing that both of them were outcasts.

"He was a pretty, young baker's son from Vyzima. I was the first man he ever had. At least that's what he told me. And that idiot had to go and tell his friends about it. It was the eighth summer I'd spent there and suddenly half the city was shaking pitchforks and torches at me. I fled. Out of my lovely Lake Vizima and outwards. I wanted to stay at grassy Knoll Island, by Novigrad and Oxenfurt. But—" Jaskier broke off, screwing his eyes shut and taking a shaking breath in.

Geralt waited for him to continue but when the silence stretched for a long moment he whispered, "But what? What happened?"

Jaskier's blue eyes lacked a spark, seeming almost milky as he looked back at Geralt. His expression was a blank mask. "One of *your kind* was waiting for me at the pass between Acorn bay and Oxenfurt."

A shiver ran down Geralt's spine at the cold pain behind the words.

"The ambush took me by surprise. I thought I had gotten away from the angry men who wanted my head. The witcher got me."

Geralt stared at Jaskier intently. "If he had you, how did you—" he broke himself off, not knowing how to end the sentence.

"How did I not end up butchered, strung up in the town square, and gutted for everyone to see?" Jaskier turned his body, opening the view onto his right wing. A large scar ripped through the delicate skin and one of the bones was crooked. "He stepped on my wing, breaking my bone. It was like lightning under my skin, the pain nearly took my eyesight. I had barely caught my breath to scream as he rammed his sword into my skin."

Geralt could practically see it in front of his mind's eye, a faceless man built like himself, piercing the wing with his silver blade and a cruel laugh. Even the cracking of bone and the scream of pain from the siren seemed to echo in his head. The witcher must have been so sure that the siren wasn't getting away, taunting him in front of all the people in town. Geralt could basically feel the surge of adrenaline and potions that must have been soaring through the witcher.

"He was *laughing* as he did it. He was so sure that I couldn't get away. He was taunting me, playing the hero for all the townsfolk to see. It was my wing or my life." Jaskier was shaking, the grip his tail had on the witcher's body slowly diminishing as he curled into himself. "I ripped my own wing." The words were hardly more than a breath, toneless, and full of grief. Tears welled up in Jaskier's eyes and he tugged his wing as tight as he could against his hip.

Despite being free from the scaly flesh, Geralt didn't move, making no attempt to kill the siren. "And did you—" Geralt wondered briefly if it was insensitive to ask. "Did you kill him?"

Jaskier looked up at him, tears glittering in his eyes, making them look like lakes on a summer's morning. "There was so much blood." His voice was shaking. "He was the first one I killed like that. I ... I tried to get away. But he tried to stop me. He- I ripped the flesh from his leg," his words were getting faster, more erratic, ripped through by sobs, "I just wanted to get away. But he swung at me. I- My tail hit his head as I dodged his swing. His skull hit a rock and- I hadn't planned to do it. But after him, a-after I lost my wing, and when I ... I nearly died. I just realized that letting them live wasn't worth it."

Geralt watched as Jaskier took a deep breath to stop himself from sobbing.

"I learned that no matter how generous, how peaceful, how *easy* I am, they will always come for my head. I had to run too often because someone betrayed me. When they actually got me- It was too much for me, Geralt." Jaskier came closer, running a finger over Geralt's jaw and smiling sadly. "Either I kill them or they kill me. We are not so different in that regard, are we? You have made your decision, why can't I do the same?"

That was making Geralt slightly uncomfortable. Why *weren't* they different? Who had decided that *witchers* had a free pass to slaughter monsters? Fucking— No. Geralt would not let his thoughts wander off into this doubt, he would not let a siren instil guilt and other pesky emotions into his witcher heart.

Swallow you whole

Jaskier slowly backed away, sitting in the shallow water of the lake, his tail glistening where it peaked from the water. “So?”

Geralt was shaken from his thoughts and looked up at the siren quizzically. “Hmm?”

Jaskier chuckled under his breath. “Fuck me if I’m wrong,” he made a suggestive pause and licked his lips while eying Geralt quite obviously, “but I take from the fact that you have just sat through my whole damn life story and are currently looking at me with a—how shall I say?—a slightly *concussed* look, that you aren’t planning to take my head back to the village?”

With a deep, half-angry, breath the witcher shook his head.

Jaskier looked relieved despite the facade of certainty he had portrayed. “Now, my dear witcher, since you took this *long* , and *hard* path onto you just to find me...” It was clear from the honey dripping from the siren’s voice what he wanted. Jaskier had fallen into a suggestive and inviting pose and watched with intent as Geralt’s eyes followed the line of his body.

This was not happening. Horrendous enough that he was letting a siren go because he told his little tear-jerker pity tale. Even worse that he had let this man put thoughts of doubt and guilt into his head after he spent a fuck load of years on the road following his occupation. He was *not* , under no fucking circumstances, being seduced by the subject of a contract.

"I told you, Jaskier, your charm is useless."

Jaskier *pouted* . He stuck his bottom lip out and gave Geralt a begging look from under his lashes. “Okay, so my magic doesn’t work on witchers. But my elegant physique surely does?”

Geralt almost laughed at the desperate look on Jaskier’s face, the way he leaned back to seem more alluring, and, most of all, the way he fluttered his eyelashes as if he got paid for it. Scratch the ‘almost’, Geralt *did* huff a laugh at the siren’s antics.

Jaskier grasped his chest and drew in an offended breath. “You,” he said accusingly to Geralt, “are *impossible* !” He played up the theatrics quite a bit as he sunk his head and pretended to drown in the sorrow Geralt caused. “How *dare* you refuse my wonderful gift?”

Geralt chuckled again. “Do you say that to all men who come to the lake?” His words were lacking heat, only laced with a faint sense of humour.

Jaskier looked up at that. Just like Geralt had expected, not a single tear or wrinkle of true hurt marked the siren’s face. “Just the handsome ones,” he lilted with a wicked smirk.

Geralt shook his head. “You can’t stay here and kill fishermen. I took a contract and I’m not getting my reputation ruined because of you.”

Jaskier looked more serious now. “I don’t have anywhere else to go,” he admitted quietly.

Geralt hummed, considering. “I can’t leave you to kill them.” The witcher considered for a moment. “How about I bring you something to eat as long as I’m here?”

That lit a huge smirk on Jaskiers face. He slowly dragged himself forward until he could feel the heat Geralt was radiating in the air. “Oh, you poor witcher,” the siren drawled, licking his lips and baring his teeth only slightly too much to be comforting, “you have no idea what you have just gotten yourself into. You want to feed me?” Jaskier draped himself over Geralt’s chest, feeling the vibrations of the witcher’s medallion against his own skin. “Do you want to hazard a guess what I feed upon when I don’t drown fishermen?”

Things historians will pretend aren't gay

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Geralt swallowed and pried the siren's hands from his body. "Careful," he growled, "I still have my sword."

At that Jaskier looked slightly put out. "You are a terrible person, Geralt. Are you gonna let me starve?" Jaskier prowled closer again, running a finger down Geralt's jaw and neck. "I could survive the whole winter if you just allowed me a *taste*. Granted, I would be addicted, but, Gods, think of how many fishermen I *wouldn't* have to kill if you just let me—"

"Absolutely not." Geralt scowled at Jaskier. He pointedly ignored the return of the pout at the fact that he had interrupted Jaskier. "I am *not* letting a siren leech off of me."

Jaskier breathed a huge, suffering sigh at that. "Firstly, I have said it before and I will say it again, you are a rude, *rude* man! Secondly, what do you plan to bring me? I don't assume you will go around and kill fishermen yourself. Although I must admit, it would be heaven to lick their blood of your—"

"Will you *shut up* already?" Geralt rubbed the bridge of his nose like he had seen Vesemir do when one of the younger witchers was being insufferable. Maybe he had not been appreciative enough of his mentor. It surely was wearing his nerves thin with just *one* insolent brat at his hands. "I am *not* bringing you human flesh. And you are not licking *anything* while I'm here."

Jaskier sighed again. "Unfortunate. Then what do you intend to give me? Come on, don't make me guess."

He had half a mind to slash Jaskier's throat anyway, just to make him *stop talking*. But that wasn't *really* an option. Geralt refused to think the words, but he was not hating this as much as he ought. "I can bring you some venison since I don't assume you want to eat fish?"

Immediately Jaskier scrunched up his nose in disgust. "Would you eat human meat? Or, or, or your horse's meat? No, of course, I *don't* eat fish. I'm a siren, not a savage!"

Geralt lifted his hands in surrender. "Fine, fine, venison it is." Geralt looked up at the glinting gold of the sun slowly tinting the sky behind the nearby forest into the colours of the early evening. "Jaskier, I should head back. Else I won't reach Rivia before nightfall. And I am not too keen to be on the move during the night."

The siren looked disappointed. "I thought, maybe, you want to stay?" He peaked up, slightly hopeful with the lilt of the question, looking at Geralt from under his lashes and nervously mussing up his dried hair.

Geralt sighed. "I'm not staying here. You are still a siren. And frankly, I wouldn't be able to sleep with my medallion constantly vibrating anyway." Geralt dragged himself out of the

water to wade back to shore. “I have to get my swords and armour dry and I’m gonna come back tomorrow with meat for you, deal?”

With a hesitant smile, Jaskier nodded. “Why are you so nice? I thought witchers don’t do anything for free?”

Geralt huffed a laugh. “You’re right,” he simply told Jaskier, “but I am being paid well to keep the fishermen safe.” He was glad Jaskier couldn’t see the self-satisfied smirk on his face.

Once Geralt’s boots hit the pebbles on the shore of the lake, he could feel just how disgusting it would be to ride back with wet trousers on his body. Fan-fucking-tastic. He turned around and looked at Jaskier. “Night,” he offered curtly and wanted to go back to Roach already.

“Wait a moment!” Jaskier had moved closer to the shore, the more shallow the water got the less agile and elegant his movements became, but he still dragged through. “Come here,” he ordered warmly as his hands stemmed his upper body onto the pebbles.

Carefully Geralt stepped closer, wary of the mischief the siren might be up to. He was completely taken aback however when the siren hugged him at around stomach height. The siren's arms were tight around his waist and he felt that Jaskier was only kept upright by the embrace.

“Have a good night, Geralt,” Jaskier mumbled into his shirt and slowly released him, sitting back with his tail lightly curling against the lake floor.

Geralt *didn't* smile, not wanting to let on how much the siren was growing on him. “Good night, *siren*,” he said with a good-natured jest.

Jaskier stuck his tongue out at Geralt and dunked back under the water surface to swim further out again.

Geralt sighed and turned around to go back to Roach. He didn’t hear Jaskier emerging from the water to sit upon a rock again, watching the witcher’s swords gleam in the early evening sun.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooooo that was act one

I'm currently very reliably procrastinating working on this more. But I still have some chapters lined up. Any and all suggestions would be super welcome because I'm struggling a tiny bit.

Love all of you who patiently wait for me to update and then sit through the whole chapter, you are my heroes :3

Emotions? How about No

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was maddening. Geralt sat in the armchair of his room, his sword in his lap. It had been clean about two hours ago but Geralt couldn't bring himself to settle down for the night. Not only had he allowed a siren to live, he also wanted to actively help it survive. What kind of witcher was he?

He hadn't even claimed his reward last night. He hadn't stopped by the tavern to get food and drink into himself. All he had done was sit down in the chair, and he hadn't gotten up since.

Geralt didn't dare put words to his thoughts, but he wondered if Jaskier was restlessly waiting for him. He had never seen a siren this close without being locked in battle, he had also never heard a siren talk about themselves, he had never seen a *male* siren, and most importantly he had never seen a siren who was so *fascinating* to him.

"Get a fucking grip," he murmured to himself in distaste. He was only paid to keep the fishermen safe, he reasoned, bringing the siren meat did the job.

When Geralt finally decided that he should at least try to meditate, the moon was already well over its zenith. He settled into position on the floor. His back was straight, his legs crossed, his hands lightly resting on his knees, his mind blank. And then there was the thought again. Was Jaskier just as restless? Was he the only one staring out of the window in wonder? Maybe the siren's charm had worked despite everything Geralt had been taught?

It took a lot of will power but finally, Geralt managed to fall into an uneasy trance. His mind still whirled with pictures of the siren on that stone, his eyes, his dangerously sharp teeth, the way he hugged Geralt goodbye as if he *cared*.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry I forgot to upload the last time I was supposed to.
I have nothing to say in my defence

Anyway, things are about to happen and I'm fiercely procrastinating. I will upload the chapters I have still lined up but after that there will be a bit of a hiatus in this story due to personal- and mental health reasons.

I hope you aren't too mad at me

I do be living for comments tho

Why Storms are Named after People

Geralt hadn't been this on edge in months when he eased out of his position on the floor by the first rays of the morning sun. His joints cracked when he moved his limbs around. He wanted to tell himself that he would just take his time. He wasn't *desperate* to get back. He would have a slow morning and then *maybe* go back to the lake.

Barely half an hour later he was on the track. Roach had fallen into a soft trot, the carcass of a deer tied to her back. "Okay, Roach," Geralt told her when they reached the clearing from the day before. "Time to go. This is a stupid idea, even more terrible than when Lambert thought he should go out in nothing but his smallclothes on the morning of the winter solstice and I had to go out and get him."

With a heavy sigh, Geralt accepted that there was no point stalling for more time with old stories. He had *promised* Jaskier to come, after all.

Pebbles crunched under his boots as he made his way to the shore of the lake with the meat for the siren. Geralt heard him before he saw Jaskier. A voice, light as spring rain, drafted over the calm water. Geralt couldn't make out any coherent words, it was just a melody sweet and light, just like Jaskier's smile—okay no. Geralt's brow furrowed as he desperately tried to figure out where that specific thought had come from.

The music had stopped while Geralt was pondering the depths of his own stupid mind. The witcher nearly drew his sword when a swift movement right next to him caught his eye.

"There you are! I was already beginning to worry you had forgotten about me." Jaskier smiled broadly at Geralt from where he sat in the shallow water.

With letting out his bated breath, Geralt's muscles relaxed as well. "Jaskier. You are awake." For a second he wondered in which realm of existence his mind had come up with this *truly riveting* observation.

"Indeed I am," Jaskier informed with a smirk before his eyes wandered to the carcass over Geralt's shoulder. "And you brought meat," he observed greedily, his expression taking on something animalistic and predatory.

Geralt nodded cautiously. He had seen hungry sirens before and it usually didn't end prettily. "I promised."

Jaskier licked his lips, his fangs on display and he prowled slightly closer. His blue eyes were almost entirely eclipsed by the pupils, focused on the meat. Had he had a tiny bit less sense of dignity he would have been drooling and panting while faced with a meal. It had been a few very long weeks without any prey, the fishermen having become more careful. The arguably best thing for Jaskier was seeing Geralt's fingers press slightly into the dead meat of the deer. "Give it to me," he rasped, focusing his eyes on Geralt—and oh wow, that was a gorgeous sight—his hunger grew even stronger as he looked at the witcher.

Every muscle in the witcher's body was tense and Geralt had the urge to grab for his sword. He didn't feel safe at all, being face to face with a starving siren. He swallowed and let the carcass glide from his shoulder. With a cautious look at the siren, he threw the deer into the shallow water and watched as a faint line of the deer's blood dissolved in the lake.

Jaskier didn't wait a second more and pounced on the dead body. His grip was so strong and desperate that he tore into the skin. "Turn around," he gasped with his fangs mere inches away from the flesh in front of him. "Don't want you to—" his voice caught and a deep hum vibrated through his chest, a soft, melodious trill. "Don't want you seeing me like this," Jaskier desperately rushed out before the melody started to rumble in his chest again.

It certainly didn't sit right with Geralt to turn his back to a murderous siren in a blood frenzy. But this was Jaskier, he tried to reason with himself. Surely Jaskier wouldn't try to kill Geralt—if for his obvious attraction or for his sense of self-preservation, Geralt couldn't say with certainty. Despite his unease, he took a few steps back and turned towards the forest.

The second Geralt wasn't looking at him anymore, Jaskier tore into the deer. His sharp teeth were piercing the flesh without problem and he ripped chunks of meat off of the carcass like it would be snatched from him any second. The animal had a dirty aftertaste, like having sand in one's mouth. But it was better than starvation.

Geralt had never hated his outstanding senses more than at this moment. On one hand, his hearing was currently his life insurance, guaranteeing that the siren couldn't sneak up on him and make him his second course. But on the other hand, he could hear the sickening rip of tissue, the blood dripping from Jaskier's mouth into the lake, the gruesome cracking of bones breaking as the siren, without a doubt, was sucking the marrow from them, and the never-ending *purr*.

Jaskier was devouring the deer in record time, not savouring the moment as he might with a human. It was animalistic and unapologetic. His feeding was only interrupted by sparse glances to check Geralt was still looking the other way. Gods, how alluring his back looked, the strong lines of muscles, the long hair just barely revealing the base of his neck. For a nauseating moment, Jaskier felt the urge to tear into the witcher, see his blood fill the lake, the amber eyes turn milky, the man going limp.

Of course, Geralt had heard from the sounds siren's made while feeding. It was believed that the melodious hum was meant to make other victims placid so they wouldn't fight. Some hypothesized that the noise was meant to attract other sirens to share the meal. That was stupid. Geralt had seen sirens rip each other apart over their prey.

When the deer was disfigured beyond recognition and Jaskier was mostly satisfied for the moment, he let the carcass float out on the lake, letting nature deal with his left-overs. He was still catching his breath when he said in a raspy voice, "You can turn back around, Geralt."

A Guide to Royally Fucking Up

The witcher obeyed and took a deep breath before turning back. He could see the faint trace of blood that had been diluted in water and haphazardly been wiped from Jaskier's mouth on his porcelain skin.

For a long moment, they just stared at each other, their eyes locking and seemingly trying to convey what just happened.

"Please say something, Geralt," Jaskier pleaded quietly. He looked concerned, nothing like his bright, sultry self from the evening before.

Geralt felt nothing but compassion for him. "I don't know what, Jaskier." He hoped the other would appreciate his name being used and the absence of a sharp little jest. There was still the heavy unease in the air at the animalistic, murderous side of the siren he had just witnessed.

"Anything," Jaskier begged. It seemed like his whole body tried to hide from Geralt, his wings drawn tight against his sides, his arms clenched in front of him, and his tail curling around himself. "Are you," cold dread sounded in his voice, "going to... kill me? Now that you have seen me... feed?"

Geralt could see that Jaskier was bracing for the answer, his wings twitching to aid in flight or attack, his fingers flexing and baring sharp talons, all muscles tensed and ready to pounce. He shook his head and sighed in resignation. "No, Jaskier." His heart was pounding slow but heavy in his chest and he felt the adrenaline in him rising at the situation. He wanted to reassure Jaskier, but his words were stuck in his throat and his hand moved at its own accord in an aborted motion to his sword.

Jaskier's voice was ice cold when he said, "You should go. Take your little monster-butcher sword and *go*." Tears welled up in his eyes. "I don't know what I was even thinking. We are said to be dangerous monsters. But no one ever talks about the bloodshed of our kind at your hands."

"Jaskier! Wait I—" Geralt was cut off by Jaskier angrily turning and diving back underwater, swimming out into the lake and away from Geralt's eyes. In frustration, he kicked the pebbles on the shore and swore under his breath. The urge to pull his sword, walk into the forest, and kill anything that moved within twenty miles of him was strong. But he restrained himself. Geralt sunk down on the pebbles by the shallow water and hid his face angrily in his hands.

After half an hour Geralt started talking. First, the words were quietly mumbled into his arms, but they grew louder and clearer with time. "I'm sorry, Jaskier. I promise I won't hurt you." He sat at the shore and talked to the water until the sun was well across the sky and the tips of the trees started throwing looming shadows over the clearing.

"I didn't mean to scare you, you know that, right?" Geralt sighed and leaned back. "I'm sorry. I have just never seen a m— a *siren* who wasn't an immediate danger to me." He was almost

ready to call it a night and leave Jaskier be. The guilt was evident in his voice when he said, "I gave you a chance, please give me one too."

Successfully Evading Consequences

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You should be ashamed of yourself, Geralt.” Jaskier looked at him sternly from where he had risen from the water. “You had me fear for my life, you brute.”

With a start Geralt’s head snapped up, his eyes fixing on the siren. “Jaskier,” he jumped up and stepped into the water. “I’m sorry, I didn’t—”

Jaskier jumped at Geralt, throwing him off his balance and both fell back into the water. “Don’t *ever* treat me like a monster again, Geralt.” He stroked white strands of hair from the handsome face in front of him and smiled. “Men have died for less.”

Geralt nodded, his jaw clenching against any stupid things that might fuck this moment up. “You are no more a monster than I am, Jaskier.”

With a sarcastic half-smile Jaskier mumbled, “Oh, how truly reassuring.”

Before Geralt even knew what was happening Jaskier bowed his head down and cold lips hit his. Jaskier gingerly moved his lips, running his hands through Geralt’s hair and over his neck and jaw. Geralt was somewhere between violent shock and blissful contentment.

When Jaskier pulled away and looked down at Geralt, the siren’s cheeks were flushed, his lips slightly parted, and his pupils were narrowed dangerously. “You aren’t too experienced in the delicate art of kissing, are you?” Jaskier asked breathily.

Geralt stared at the siren, completely taken aback by the reckless action.

“Not that it was unpleasant,” Jaskier quickly added when he saw the befuddled expression on Geralt’s face, “It is just that I might be able to teach you some fineries and very enjoyable talents.”

Geralt could see something in the slitted eyes. It was close to the look of utter desperation Jaskier had had when Geralt showed him the deer carcass. But still, this was different. There was, despite the obvious hunger, an undercurrent of utter satisfaction. As if the kiss had scratched an itch that didn’t seem scratchable. Geralt had seen this kind of look before. It was the look of a man who had spent weeks on the track and just now had gotten the first real meal since then into himself. He wasn’t quite filled, the starvation from the journey still deep in his bones, but it was better, he didn’t feel like dying anymore.

“Geralt?” Jaskier looked at him, his eyebrows drawing together. “Are you alright?” The siren’s grip on his body had softened. His eyes were softer, worry clouding them. Jaskier was worried. About *him* .

His voice sounded more gravely than he would have liked when he said, "It is late." Geralt's breath was shallow, terse, and strained. "I should go," he grunted, pushing himself up and effectively forcing Jaskier to slide from his chest. "Night." With that he took long steps out of the water and walked swiftly to the forest.

From the lake Jaskier's screams and yells echoed. "Geralt! Wait, I didn't mean to-" Some splashing. "Would you just listen to me? I'm sorry but-" More splashing. "Geralt!" A soft trill started in the siren's throat. "Geralt," he yelled again, his voice like crashing waves on stone shores.

Chapter End Notes

I'm in a constablock for this story.

So if you have any ideas where you want this to go, I'm more than happy to take your suggestions.

Thanks to everyone who has commented so far. Y'all are what keeps me going tbh

And Then They Didn't

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Back in the inn, Geralt sunk down on the side of the bed and stared blankly at the wall. What in the world had come over him? He had allowed a siren to *kiss* him. To hell with “allowed it”, he had *enjoyed* it.

"Fuck," Geralt mumbled to himself. This was severely not good. This was a disaster. And the worst thing, he didn't know how to feel about it. He just couldn't see himself just going. Not now. He *needed* to talk to Jaskier about what had happened. But shit, that was a terrible idea. But thinking about his lips, that was a genius idea.

He had maybe a week left before he'd need to pack his things and get moving north. If the pass snowed in before he got up to Kaer Morhen, he'd have to spend the winter in shabby inns and far away from his brothers.

He'd go and talk to Jaskier. Tomorrow. He'd ask him what that meant. He'd explain he had to go. He'd watch those beautiful blue eyes shimmer and pull him ever deeper into endless depths. He'd let Jaskier hold him. He'd delicately trace his fingers over dandelion yellow scales. And oh shit, that thought was escaping him.

Tomorrow. He'd deal with all of this tomorrow.

-/-

To Geralt's immeasurable grief, tomorrow came. For a brief moment, he contemplated running himself through with his own sword if only it meant he didn't have to face Jaskier. And even worse, face Vesemir at Kaer Morhen and admit to him that he was neck-deep and drowning in these new feelings for the siren.

Geralt decided against an unheroic death in the sheets of a cheap inn and rolled out of bed. He took as much time as possible to get ready.

Unfortunately for him, his decades of routine meant he finished dressing and arming himself before noon came.

He took Roach out of the stable, as every morning since he met that blasted siren.

He swung onto her and they made the familiar way to the clearing in the forest. He tied her to a branch and told her, "Wish me luck." After a moment he added, "If I spontaneously combust, I want you to have my food, and for you to kick Lambert if he tries to snatch my swords." With a last, firm nod, he left her and trotted over to the lake.

The water was smooth as a mirror. No dirt was whirring in the depths and not a single breeze was rippling the surface. "Jaskier?" Geralt yelled over the lake. "I came to talk." Great. Way

to go, to make this anxiety-inducing.

The familiar splashing as Jaskier rose from the water and draped himself across a nearby rock called Geralt's attention.

"I'm slowly getting the feeling," Jaskier said with a considerable amount of sass in his voice, "that you like to run from your problems, Geralt." He bared his fangs for a moment and let his eyes flash dangerously. "And I honestly don't know why I even bother coming anymore. Because I distinctly remember screaming my throat hoarse yesterday, but you didn't care, did you?" His tail flapped once and splashed water onto both of them, making Jaskier look like even more of an ethereal Sea God.

Geralt coughed once. "I want to talk about yesterday." He would have scoffed at himself but this was eating away at his nerves.

"Sure," Jaskier quipped, "let's talk. Let's talk about why you left. Let's talk about why you didn't even turn around when I nearly ripped my vocal cords calling for you. Let's talk about how you bolted from a simple kiss like a virginal maiden. Let's talk about why the fuck you even came back, because, honestly, Geralt, you do this *every single time* ." His eyebrows drew together and his teeth were gleaming viciously.

In an attempt to rectify the situation, Geralt raised his hands. "You are a lot, Jaskier." It was the best word to describe the man. A lot. A lot annoying. A lot brutal. A lot handsome. A lot a problem. Just a lot. Geralt sat on the shore. "Why did you kiss me?" It was a scary question. He didn't know what he wanted to hear.

However "because I wanted to" was not top of that list. Jaskier had calmed a little bit and looked way more nonchalant than malevolent now. His eyes were slithering right into Geralt's mind and it was scary. "I'm a siren, Geralt," he said quieter, "it's what we do. We like to kill as much as we like to kiss."

Geralt thought he might pass out. He brought himself to press out, "So you had a lot of practice?"

A low chuckle left Jaskier. "Is this what this is?" he asked teasingly, "Are you scared I am only toying with you, Geralt?" Jaskier's teeth gleamed in the light and his eyes closed with glee when he laughed, his chest shivering and heaving. "Poor witcher," the siren cooed, "of course not. I truly like you." He leaned forward and whispered conspiratorially, "You wouldn't be alive anymore if I didn't."

A soft shiver ran down Geralt's back. "Stop saying stuff like that, Jaskier, I might feel inclined to run you through with my sword."

Of course, Jaskier was able to turn even death threats into an innuendo, so he chuckled, "I'd love to have your witcher sword in me." He even winked as if his intention wasn't already obvious enough.

Geralt sighed deeply. "You are insufferable, siren."

The cheek was immeasurable when Jaskier grinned, “All in a day’s work, my dear witcher.”

There was a brief pause where they just sat there and breathed, looking at each other somewhere between careful and smouldering. Then, Jaskier spoke again: “*So*,” he drew the syllable out, “do you want to kiss me again?”

He should laugh. He should tell him *absolutely not*. He should just not. But when had Geralt ever followed common sense when to back down? He hunted monsters for a living, in fuck’s name, that was also something he should just not, probably. So why should he deny himself this?

“Just get over here, Jaskier.”

-/-

They shared wet kisses. Wet not only because Jaskier had toppled him into the water again but also because the siren was licking into his mouth and over his lips like he was the most delicate meal. And thinking about it, he probably was. The thought hit him like a carriage at full speed. Jaskier had said that there was another way for sirens to feast besides killing people and eating them. This was it. Siren feasted on pleasure, they feasted on sex.

Geralt moaned into Jaskier’s mouth and the brunette immediately doubled down. His lungs burned and he gasped for air. Sharp teeth found Geralt’s neck and for a moment he was sure that he had let his guard down too long, that this was his end. But instead of tearing into his skin and ripping his throat out, Jaskier carefully nibbled at his sensitive skin and traced kisses and licks all over him.

He should tell him. The thought caught Geralt off guard. He needed to tell Jaskier that he was leaving for Kaer Morhen soon. He needed to tell Jaskier that this couldn’t continue.

“Jaskier,” he rasped, getting the siren’s attention.

With a non-committal hum, Jaskier looked up at him and allowed him to speak for a moment.

“Come here,” Geralt said, pulling him back up and kissing him deeply. Instead of all the things he should have said, of all the things he would have to say eventually, he said the one thing that would just make this harder for both of them.

Speaking of harder—Geralt nearly groaned at his own terrible mind, Jaskier must have infested him with those annoying innuendos—Geralt was thrusting his hips in slow cycles against Jaskier’s tail. The kissing felt good. And the close contact with Jaskier also felt good.

Tomorrow. He’d break the news to Jaskier tomorrow. Right now he was busy losing himself in the first lover he didn’t need to pay for in a long fucking time. Jaskier was pulling on his hair and the sting just made it sweeter. Jaskier could kill him. Geralt was completely helpless, stripped of his defences, if Jaskier wanted to see him dead, he could make him suffer. But instead, the siren was giving him pleasure, he was indulging in this.

Geralt briefly wondered if it would be inappropriate to undress right about now.

Chapter End Notes

Will y'all let me come back?

I have crawled out of my hole and finally continued this. I honestly have nothing to say in my defence for having this on hiatus for pretty much exactly two months. Sorry. This has been a long-ass time in the making and it's low-key weird because my style has evolved so much.

And yet I am here to bring you the ending of this story before 2022 and if it is the last thing I do.

I hope you are still interested and still like this story. Kudos and comments, as always, are the joy of my day.

404: Fucks to give not found

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The trees threw the first shadows of the new day into the pebbles of the shore. The waves of the lake were gently licking over the rocks. The birds sang their first song.

And Geralt was wet. Honest to the Gods *soaking*. He felt disgusting in his wet clothes. Why had he even thought it was a good idea to go to sleep in the water?

Jaskier made a low sound and snuggled up more tightly to Geralt's chest.

Oh. Right. That's why.

For a moment, Geralt wondered if he should wake Jaskier and tell him that he had to pack his things and move north. He was seconds away from actually calling the siren's name.

However, Jaskier beat him to it. "Morning," he mumbled somewhere next to Geralt's collar bone. "You're still here."

A chuckle shook Geralt's chest. "It seems so."

The sound that followed was so melodic that it nearly hurt his heart. "I wish you'd always be here with me."

Tell him now, Geralt thought. "Jaskier," he began.

He made an acknowledging sound.

Now! Winter is coming, Geralt's thoughts screamed at him. "You're not so bad," for good measure he tagged on, "for a runaway siren."

Jaskier answered with his own chuckle. "You aren't so bad either," with a smile he mumbled, "for a witcher."

For a moment they just sat in silence.

"It's getting colder," Geralt said, trying to gracefully breach the topic of him leaving soon.

A hum left Jaskier. "I know. But I will have you to bring me meat, right? It won't be so bad."

Shit. Shit shit shit. "Jaskier, I," Geralt tried to sound apologetic, swallowing thickly, "I won't be here for winter."

Jaskier looked up in shock. "What?!"

"I'm leaving for Kaer Morhen to spend winter with the other witchers."

The blue of Jaskier's eyes glittered with tears. "But what will I do?"

With a half-hearted shrug, Geralt asked, "What do you usually do in the winters?"

The hurt flipped over to anger. "Usually I make sure I have reserves for the winter. I hunt a lot and I eat a lot in the weeks before it gets too cold. But *someone*," Jaskier hissed flippantly, "decided to keep his pants firmly tied last night!"

Now it was Geralt's turn to get angry. "No means fucking No, Jaskier. I don't want to fuck a siren."

He only realized what he had said after it was already too late. "So we're back at this again," Jaskier observed, fuming with anger. "I'm nothing more than a dirty, murderous siren to you. After all we did." He scowled at Gerald, baring his teeth.

Blessedly, Geralt reacted quickly enough and scrambled out of the water. Just in time too, Jaskier had slashed at him with his wing.

"So this is what you think? You don't fucking care about me, Geralt!" Jaskier was crying and his voice was breaking. "You won't let me feed. What do you fucking think?" He sobbed once. "That Death is just good enough for outcasts?"

Chapter End Notes

So, finally, the title makes sense.

And we are on the home stretch for this story.

I hope I didn't fuck with your hearts too much by making the ending not good.

Jaskier is doing what he does best: Be a drama queen who is also in love with Geralt and doesn't allow himself to be abused like this.

As always, comments and kudos are super appreciated, especially in regards to the fact that this is supposed to become a series. So pull up a chair and suffer with me :)

What Came First? The Regret or Certain Death?

Chapter Summary

TW implied character death
(don't worry, it's not real tho, I promise)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

For a long second they just stared at each other, both caught in rage at the other and the first skirtings of guilt at what they had said. Then, they both turned like a switch had been flipped. Jaskier dove into the lake and was gone in a heartbeat. On the other hand, Geralt stormed off over the shore and to the edge of the forest, where he had left Roach.

This was it. This was *fucking* it. If Jaskier was so dead set on pretending he was some poor victim, fine. Geralt wouldn't bother. He was going to Kaer Morhen. Fuck the siren. He knew what it was like to be an outcast. So yeah, if he managed to pull himself up by the bootstraps, Jaskier could stop whining and do the fucking same.

The second he entered the inn, he started shoving his belongings into the saddlebags he had taken with him. He didn't make it pretty. He unceremoniously threw potions and shirts into the bags and was holding back tears of rage and pain for the first time since he was a little boy.

All of this was shit, Geralt decided. He wanted nothing more than to run back to Kaer Morhen and cry. Maybe Vesemir would stand on the fortification walls and fix the roofs of various buildings with him while Geralt told him about his whole miserable life story. Maybe Lambert would get out the whip they kept in the supply closet in the east ground corridor, lash him until his back was hanging in bloody rips from his bones and he forgot all about Jaskier.

So Geralt got on the track without looking back at the lake by his once-hometown. Exactly what Vesemir had taught him when he was a young witchling.

But something was different. The trail stretched on for eternity. It took longer than it ever had. Geralt reached Vengerberg relatively quickly. He felt tired but he was on time.

Roach was tired too, so he walked the better part of the way to the river city Vergen. It was totally normal to be a bit behind schedule when walking, right? No need to worry.

When he reached Ard Carraigh, he noticed that he was doomed. He decided to stay in the inn for a night. The next morning, however, when he woke up, he nearly fell out of the bed. “*Jaskier*,” supplied his sleep-addled mind. When his brain caught up, however, he realized that

it wasn't Jaskier's beautiful sea-blue eyes he was seeing, it was the blue shimmer of frozen windows being illuminated by the cold winter-morning sun.

Shit.

He couldn't turn around now. He had managed three-quarters of the way already, he had to make it to Kaer Morhen before the pass snowed shut. He'd make it.

-/-

He didn't make it. Roach collapsed on the way up the pass. He put her out of her misery. It was terrible to outlive all of his lovely horses. But it was more terrible to be on the mountain pass in the snow.

Even his mutant body was slowly succumbing to the cold. His feet slipped on the ice and snow while he tried to climb the mountain.

Barely half a day's march from the gates of Kaer Morhen, Geralt finally lost the fight. He let himself fall to the ground. So this was it. This was how his life ended.

The sun setting over the mountain tops tinted the world around him in the gorgeous, enticing colour of Jaskier's scales. The thick snow blanket shimmered like the water drops running down Jaskier's body. The trunks of the last trees some way down the mountain hang were the same soft hue as Jaskier's hair. The icicles hanging from stones looked just like Jaskier's fangs as Geralt's eyes lost focus. The bluish tint his fingers started to take on shimmered just like Jaskier's eyes.

And the last thought Geralt was able to grasp in the lethal cold was Jaskier's voice in his ears. He could swear that he heard the siren sing. And when Jaskier started to scream in his mind, he whispered the last words with him. "Death is just good enough for outcasts."

He wished he could have said something else. A goodbye to the world. A goodbye to his brothers. A goodbye to Jaskier. But he didn't. His story ended here. Defeated by a monster like all witchers were. But other than the other witchers, his battle hadn't been of blood and claws, it had been of hearts and guilt. No less painful.

Geralt of Rivia was dying an unheroic death, with his last mind wishing Jaskier wouldn't survive the winter so he could make amends in the afterlife with him. His yellow eyes slipped shut and his breath froze his lips shut.

Chapter End Notes

Fuck me gently with a chainsaw. I always knew I was making this sad and heavy but holy fuck, I wasn't prepared for this.

So, this is the end of "Death is just good enough". But fret not. Our darlings will get their happy end. I promise by my life.

Leave your guesses down below how they make it out of this (or don't, yk). And keep up for the next part in the series. Love every single one of you who stayed with me through the century that it took to write this.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!