Feline adoration
Catskier's adventures

Von dat_carovieh

Geralt and Jaskier had just stabled their horses as a cat jumped up to a hey bale and purred at Jaskier. With a smile he lifted his hand and scratched her chin.

"Hello you, how beautiful you are," Jaskier crooned. The cat closed her eyes and purred louder. Cats loved him, which probably had to do with his own ability to turn into a feline himself.

"Geralt look at her, she's beautiful," Jaskier called out. Geralt had stopped a couple steps away and watched them. "Come here, she's really tame, look how she let's me pet her." Geralt seemed unsure but then came closer. The posture of the cat immediately changed, she got more hostile. When Geralt extended his hand to her she hissed at him, jumped down and vanished.

"Oh," Jaskier said surprised.

"Cats don't like Witchers," Geralt explained. "But it's fine, I don't really like cats." Jaskier cocked his head as he took in Geralt's expression. He was pretty sure the Witcher was lying but he didn't say anything.

Jaskier had gone to the market alone while Geralt had stayed at the inn. They had planned to meet up for dinner in the tavern. After Jaskier had found out, cats disliked Geralt he had formed a plan. The Witcher had probably never petted a cat before and Jaskier wanted to change this. Everyone should have this experience. In an empty ally he changed appearance, turning into the grey housecat that was his cat form and then hung out next to the tavern door so he could sneak in with the next person opening the door. He didn't have to wait long and slipped inside. The lower perspective made it a little harder to localize Geralt in the crowded room. He walked around under the tables, hoping no one would see him, animals generally weren't welcome in taverns.

He recognised Geralt's boots under one table, he was also easily recognisable as the

only one sitting there alone. He stepped out from under the table and jumped up into Geralt's lap. The Witcher winced for a moment and then looked at him with wonder in his eyes.

"What are you doing here?" Geralt asked. "Not scared of me?" He seemed to be scared to move, not wanting to spook the cat that had boldly jumped into his lap. Jaskier stretched his body and rubbed his head under Geralt's chin for a second. That seemed to give Geralt the courage. He lifted his hand and carefully petted Jaskier's head. He closed his eyes and leaned into the touch.

"You're an unusual cat," Geralt said. Jaskier was fascinated about how gentle the big hands were on his small body. He lied down and rolled into a ball in Geralt's lap. The Witcher didn't stop running his hand through Jaskier's fur and he couldn't help but to purr.

He stayed until Geralt started to wonder where his travel companion was. That was when he jumped down from Geralt's lap, left and turned back into human form to re-enter the tavern. Geralt didn't mention the encounter at all.

Next time, they were camping out in the forest, Jaskier had wandered off a little to take a bath and Geralt was sitting next to the fire and polished his sword as the cat jumped into his lap. At first, he was startled at something landing on him until he saw it was a cat. He was confused what a cat was doing here. He looked at it carefully and recognised the unusually blue eyes again. It was the same cat he had met a couple of days ago in the tavern.

"Huh? Are you following me?" he asked gently, this time he lifted his hand to pet the cat without being prompted to do it. The cat leaned into the touch again. Geralt had no idea why this cat seemed to like him while all the other cats were scared of him but he wouldn't complain. He had never touched a cat before and it made him incredibly happy to hear and feel the purring, feel the small weight in his lap as the cat rolled in again, snuggling up against his thighs. It was so comforting and relaxing to have a cat snuggled up to him. Sadly, the cat didn't stay long and before Jaskier returned it left again. Maybe it was good. He had told the bard he didn't like cats and he didn't want to admit he did.

They had gone to Kaer Morhen for the winter together. Geralt was taking care of the horses and cleaning the stables as he heard a small meow. He turned around and recognised the grey cat with piercing blue eyes.

"How did you even get here?" he asked confused as he walked up to the cat and scratched his head.

"Maybe I should give you a name," Geralt wondered as he ran his hand through the fur. "You know, you remind me of Jaskier, unafraid of a Witcher while most of your species are, acting like a damn limpet towards me, can't seem to get rid of you. Also making me feel more human then ever before and your eyes are nearly as beautiful as his," Geralt mulled over. The cat seemed to suddenly freeze under his hand and Geralt pulled back, usure if he'd done anything the cat didn't like. He had heard before that cats were pretty particular about how they liked to be petted but this one had never minded any of his touches.

With a meow the cat got up and ran away. Geralt hoped he hadn't scared him off.

Jaskier quickly ran out of the stables and into one of the empty rooms that could be accessed from the yard, to hide. He had been startled by Geralt talking like that about him. He had called his eyes beautiful and he had talked about him so fondly. He had never done this when he had been around in human form. He had always believed his feelings were unrequited but apparently, they were not. He rolled up into a small ball of fur, not knowing what to do with this information and scared he couldn't look at Geralt anymore when they met the next time.

Maybe he had misinterpreted also who knew how Geralt would react if he found out Jaskier was a shapeshifter. He might not kill creatures that don't hurt humans but he could feel betrayed and send him off, never wanting to see him again. Jaskier didn't want to risk this. He should avoid seeing him as a cat again because Geralt might figure it out.

A couple of days later, Jaskier was missing Geralt's touch so much and he couldn't stop himself. He turned into his cat form and sneaked through the halls to Geralt's door where he started to scratch the wood. Only after a couple of seconds he heard steps inside and the door opened. Quickly Jaskier scurried inside and jumped onto the bed.

"Well hello," Geralt said softly and turned aroudn. "I thought I'd scared you off," he admitted as he walked over to the bed and sat down. Jaskier purred in response and headbutted Geralt's leg. Geralt wrapped his big hands around his body and lifted him into his lap again. Jaskier immediately snuggled into the warm space again.

"I missed you the past couple of days," Geralt admitted. "Jaskier had been acting

strange, I don't know what it is, he's been really distant, much different from how he usually is." Jaskier's ears perked up. So Geralt had noticed that he'd been a bit more held back.

"I somehow hoped, something would happen while we're here, I just don't know how. Didn't plan ahead. Just invited him for the winter and hoped he would magically confess his feelings or something. He probably doesn't even have feelings for me. At least not these kinds of feelings. Why would he, he could have everyone. I just... I really love him."

Jaskier started to shake, he didn't know what to do and helplessly pawed at Geralt's chest, his claws retracted. Two big hands stroked through his fur, covering a huge part of his body. Geralt loved him and he loved Geralt too. It would probably be fine if he showed him who he was but the anxiety was gnawing at him. They locked eyes and Geralt cocked his head as he looked at him.

"Your eyes are really exactly like his. Are you... damn that sounds stupid, but if you're not I assume you can't understand me. Are you Jaskier?" Jaskier sat back and continued to stare at him. He nodded slowly.

"A nodding cat looks weird," Geralt commented. "Can you turn back?" Jaskier looked down and closed his eyes before he turned into his human form again. Suddenly it felt weird to sit that close. He was nearly sitting in Geralt's lap.

"You heard everything I said," Geralt realized. "Shit."

"Are you mad?" Jaskier asked quietly.

"No why should I?" Geralt wondered.

"Because I didn't tell you, you know about being a shifter," Jaskier said. Geralt shook his head.

"I'm not mad," he said.

"So uhmmm..." Jaskier kneaded his hands. "You said you loved me?" Jaskier asked. Geralt chewed on his bottom lip and looked down.

"Yeah I did," he admitted.

"Did you mean it?" Jaskier asked carefully.

"Why should I lie to a cat?" Geralt asked.

"Well then, you said I could have anyone but I really only want you, I love you too, Geralt," Jaskier said and took Geralt's hand. The Witcher started to smile as he pulled Jaskier into his arms.

"Hmmm it's nice to be held by you in human form as well," Jaskier said and wrapped

his arms around Geralt. He pushed back a little again and brought his hands up to Geralt's cheeks.

"Can I kiss you?" he whispered. Geralt's smile grew even wider.

"Please," he whispered back and Jaskier leaned in to catch the Witcher's lips with his own. He felt so full of happiness, having no longer to rely on his cat form to get touched by Geralt. The Witcher's hands moved into his hair, scratching his head like he'd done when Jaskier had been a cat.

"Why'd you do it? Why'd you start coming to me as a cat?" Geralt asked after they had pulled back and he was just holding Jaskier.

"You seemed sad when the cat ran away from you. You said you didn't like cats but then you looked sad ad when I came to you the first time you seemed really happy and relaxed, I wanted to give you more of that," Jaskier explained. Geralt felt warmth flooding his body. Jaskier had realized he had been sad and had done something against it. He pressed Jaskier closer to himself and buried his noes in the bard's hair with a happy smile.