

Finding Home

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Finding Home

by [LunaEclipse](#)

Summary

Vesemir never expected to actually have to take care of a child when he signed himself up to be a foster parent. He was a single man living alone in a tiny apartment above a garage. The chances of him getting that call were slim to none.

But then he got the call. And again. And again. And maybe, just maybe, he started to fall in love with the three boys he had been tasked with taking care of. Just don't tell anyone that, he had a reputation to uphold, dammit.

a.k.a Grumpy Papa Vesemir and his three foster boys.

Eskel

Chapter Notes

This is a multichapter work about Vesemir raising Eskel, Geralt, and Lambert, and is pretty much just a bunch of fluff, family bonding, and just a little bit (or more) of angst!

Probably really ooc but given that it's a modern au, does it even really matter?

Enjoy!

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

If asked, Vesemir wouldn't be able to tell you why he'd done it. He wasn't getting any younger, really. With no wife or any kids of his own it seemed like the right thing to do. Maybe it had something to do with his own piss-poor upbringing, with a father who liked the bottle a little too much and a mother who was all too happy to ignore when her husband's corporal punishment turned a little rougher than was acceptable in the eyes of the law. It didn't really matter why he had done it, because in the end it all boiled down to the fact that it had just felt right.

He had never expected anything to come of it anyways. Vesemir had never wanted kids of his own. Sure, he liked them just fine, but he had never been around kids enough to know what to do with them. Besides, he lived in a small enough town that any kids would pretty much immediately be scooped up by some couple to be spoiled and doted on. Plus, he wasn't stupid. He was a single man who lived alone above a garage. He wasn't anyone's first, second, or even third choice. He knew how the system worked, and that they much preferred couples, or even single women, to single men. His name was probably so far down the list that it wasn't even on the list.

Which was why the call surprised him all the more.

Vesemir remembered it vividly. It was a Tuesday morning, maybe around nine or so, when the call came. He was in the garage, elbows deep in an old Cadillac that came around for a tune up every two months. The thing really was a hunk of junk, but the owner was a sentimental old fool who would have paid double if it meant Vesemir would keep the damned thing running. He had just finished changing the oil when the shop's landline had started to ring. He tried to wipe most of the oil on his hands off on an old rag before deciding that it was a waste of time and effort. Gods knew the tips of his fingers were permanently tinted black.

There was a small gap in his memory, then, from the time he answered the phone to the time he was in the car, but he knew that he had tried to scrub most of the oil from his arms and

hands in the kitchen sink, and that he'd taken the time to put on a shirt that was less greasy and covered in holes than the one he wore to work at the shop.

He arrived at the building at exactly 10:43, and spent the next three minutes trying to figure out if he was actually going to go through with this, decided that it was too late to ask that question, and spent an additional four minutes trying not to freak the hell out before he finally got his ass out of the car.

Upon entering the nondescript building, he was escorted to a small side room where he laid eyes on the child who's wellbeing was now solely Vesemir's responsibility.

He was thin. That was what Vesemir noticed first. Hollow, sunken-in cheeks, and ribs easily countable even under the ratty red jacket the child wore. The second thing he noticed was how dirty the boy was. Dirt smudged on his hands and face, and mud caked on his shoes and pants.

He was named Eskel, the social worker told him. He was eight years old and his birthday was October fifth. His mother had been a prostitute and had fatally overdosed. Instead of contacting the police or trusted adult, Eskel had run and spent the last two weeks on the streets

After going through the last minute steps that were required for every foster parent to do, Vesemir was finally allowed to take the boy, no- Eskel, home..

The drive home was quiet, if a little tense. Eskel seemed happy enough to stay silent, preferring to stare out the window of Vesemir's old truck, and Vesemir had no idea what he was supposed to say to fill the silence. *' Sorry your mom died, but hey, now you get to live with a grumpy middle-aged man in a small two bedroom house above a garage'* On second thought, maybe it was better to stay silent, and hey, at least the kid wasn't crying.

After what felt like an eternity, but really was only around forty-five minutes later, Vesemir pulled into his designated spot behind the garage. He brought Eskel through the garage and up the stairs to where Vesemir lived. The boy stood awkwardly in the living room, shuffling his feet back and forth as Vesemir decided what to do with him.

"Right..." Vesemir said, breaking the silence which had loomed over both of them since they had been introduced, "First things first, you need a bath, kid. And food." Vesemir glanced over the filthy clothes that Eskel currently had on, "Do you have any other clothes?"

Eskel nodded shyly, hugging the small backpack that contained his things closer to his body, as if Vesemir would try and take it away.

"Good. Bathroom's at the end of the hall, why don't you go get cleaned up, and then meet me back here for lunch."

Luckily, Eskel nodded and left without too much hesitation, and Vesemir waited until he heard the bathroom door give a small *click* as it locked, followed by the shower turning on.

He sighed, turning towards the kitchen to tackle the second problem of the day. Namely, what the hell was he supposed to make for lunch? He hadn't had a chance to go grocery shopping, and as ashamed as he was to admit, he had been living off take out for the better part of the week. However, after a thorough search of his kitchen, he managed to scrounge up enough ingredients to make some grilled cheese with tomato soup. Vesemir did make a mental note to get groceries, Eskel was already thinner than a stick, and he would need plenty of healthy foods to help him regain his lost weight.

Eskel emerged from the bathroom right as Vesemir had finished the last grilled cheese, thankfully looking much cleaner, and with his old muddy clothes held out in front of him.

"Ah shit, kid. Let me take those." Vesemir took the bundle of dirty clothes and quickly stuffed them in the washer with the rest of Vesemir's dirty laundry, turning the wash cycle on and filling the house with a whirring mechanical noise, "Sorry about that." Vesemir said as he returned to the kitchen, "I'll get them all cleaned up for you, they'll be done by dinner." He ushered Eskel over to the kitchen table, "I made lunch, hope you like grilled cheese."

Eskel ate what was placed in front of him like a man starved, which wasn't too far off from the truth, "...S good." He mumbled shyly after he had finished eating, the first words he had spoken since he had been with Vesemir, and Vesemir's heart melted just a little at the soft tone, "Eat as much as you want, kid. There's plenty." He said and was graced with the smallest of smiles from Eskel as the boy reached for another sandwich.

Yeah, Vesemir thought to himself as he watched the boy devour another grilled cheese, he could do this.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! I find Vesemir hard to write because of your limited amount of interactions with his character so it's probably super OOC...

I'm looking for a beta reader so if your interested, or just wanna chat about the Witcher or whatever else, contact me on Discord at Dandelion#3255

Comments and kudos are appreciated, and will make me inspired to upload faster!

Geralt

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning for panic attack if this upsets you feel free to skip starting at 'His eyes, the color of crystalized amber' and it'll be safe to resume reading at 'Now that the boy was no longer at risk of passing out due to lack of oxygen'

Please note that themes of Abuse and Neglect will be present throughout the story, so if that is something you're sensitive to, please read with caution.

This chapter contains a fair amount of angst but also lots of Papa Vesemir and Brother Eskel being protective and does have a happy ending with lots of fluff

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

The next call came a few months after the first, just two weeks before Christmas. Though Vesemir had never found a reason to celebrate the holidays before, this year he was going all out with the decorations. To Eskel's never-ending delight, going as far as to hang lights from the roof of the garage and even helping him build a snowman in front of the shop. Vesemir's regulars at the garage liked to tell him he was going soft, and as much as he'd deny it, he didn't really mind it all that much.

It was nice to have someone else around, pushing back the endless loneliness that came with living by himself. Eskel was bright and curious, asking endless questions about everything that came to mind, and he excelled in school. Most importantly, however, had put on some much needed weight. It was safe to say that both Eskel and Vesemir had settled into a comfortable routine in their day-to-day life.

Vesemir was in the middle of attempting to make a dinner of chicken and roast potatoes when he got the call. Upon hanging up he immediately abandoned his task, which was just as well, he was passable as a cook, but the extent of his knowledge came from his time in college. He hadn't even known what broiling was until one of the recipes he had picked up on his go-to Mom Blog had mentioned it. It was safe to say that a fair bit of his attempts ended up in takeout. At least Eskel wasn't a picky eater.

After hanging up the phone, Vesemir had immediately turned off the oven, abandoning the meal and accepting his fate of another night eating pizza delivery, "Eskel!" He called, making sure everything was properly put away. He hadn't started cooking the chicken yet, so he wrapped it in some tin foil and set it in the refrigerator for the next day.

Eskel appeared in the doorway of the kitchen, "Yeah?" He asked, watching Vesemir clean up, "Did you burn it again?"

“What? No, you brat! I got an important phone call so dinner's gonna be put on hold. Go put your shoes and coat on.” Vesemir grumbled half-heartedly, finishing his clean up before putting his own coat on and grabbing the keys to his truck.

“Where are we going?” Eskel asked as they left the garage

“Remember where I picked you up?” Vesemir asked and waited until Eskel had nodded in confirmation before continuing, “We’re going there, they have another boy and they’re going to place him with me. He’s going to sleep in your room, so be nice to him, you hear me?”

“I will.” Eskel nodded seriously, buckling up as Vesemir started the engine of the truck.

After a short ride that was spent in comfortable silence, Vesemir parked across the street from the same building where he had first met Eskel. It felt like an eternity since then, but the building was no less intimidating as it had been the first time around. Unlike the first time, however, Vesemir didn’t hesitate to enter the building, taking Eskel’s hand in his as they crossed the street.

“You stay here.” He told Eskel once they had entered, directing him to a small seating area, “I’ll be back in a few minutes. Be good.” He ruffled the boy’s floppy brown hair, causing Eskel to flash him a smile, “I will.” Eskel promised, taking a seat and flipping through a magazine that was sitting on a small side table.

Vesemir took a deep breath before entering the side room where the children were held while waiting for their new foster parents to come pick them up. The first thing he was greeted by was the sound of an absolutely hysterical child. The source of the sound in question was a small boy with fiery red curls. His eyes, the color of crystalized amber, were barely visible through the constant river of tears that were currently being unleashed from them. The boy’s small chest heaved with the force of his sobs as he struggled to find enough air to continue crying. He was steadily working himself into a panic attack, something Vesemir was only too familiar with from the days of his youth, and the caretakers seemed more exasperated by the noise than they seemed to care for the boy, and made no attempt to calm him down.

Without any hesitation, Vesemir knelt in front of the boy, “Hey, *shh...shh* , it’s okay. What’s the matter, kid?”

Despite Vesemir’s attempts at comforting him, the boy only cried harder, “She’s c-coming b-b-back!” The boy gasped out in distress, his breathing becoming more labored.

Vesemir knew that any more attempts to figure out what was wrong with the child would only result in the same effect. With no other option, Vesemir scooped the boy up and sat down with the boy in his lap. He knew it was risky, touching a possibly traumatized kid without explicit permission, but he couldn’t just leave the boy in such obvious distress. Vesemir gently arranged the boy until he was cradling him, and pressed one of the boy’s hands over his own heart, so the boy could feel it beating, “You gotta calm down, kid.” Vesemir said softly, “Focus on my heartbeat, okay? Try to match my breathing.” He took deep exaggerated breaths through his mouth, and the boy tried to match it with his own gasping breaths, wheezing as his body struggled to take in the amount of air it required.

It took about fifteen minutes all together for the boy's breathing to turn from pained gasps to shaky but consistent breaths. His chest would hitch every once in a while, but he was no longer panicking. Instead, he lay limply in Vesemir's arms, his face pressed into the crook of Vesemir's neck, one hand weakly fisting Vesemir's shirt.

Now that the boy was no longer at risk of passing out due to lack of oxygen, Vesemir realized that his body was ice cold. His fingers were faintly blue, and every now and then a shiver would rock through his frame. Vesemir had initially dismissed the shivers as part of the attack, but now it seems as though they were because of how cold the boy was. A quick glance around the room revealed a small blanket that had fallen to a heap on the floor. One of the caretakers must have given it to the boy, before it fell during his panic. Vesemir grabbed it and draped it around the boy's shoulders. Between the blanket and Vesemir's own body heat, he would be warmed up in no time.

With that situation taken care of, Vesemir turned to the caretakers to try and figure out what the hell was going on here.

He was promptly informed by an exhausted social worker that the boy's name was Geralt, he was just a few months younger than Eskel, and he had been abandoned late the previous night by his mother. At a playground. In the snow.

From what Geralt told them, which was admittedly little, he had been woken up sometime in the dead of night by his mother, and told that they were going to the park, not even giving him time to change out of his pajamas. Upon arriving at said park, Geralt's mother had told him to go and play. Once Geralt had gotten to the playground, he turned around to find both the car, and his mother, gone. Geralt had, as any child would, fully trusted that his mother would come back for him, and had stayed where he was.

He hadn't been found until a few hours later, when someone passing by had seen the lone child sitting in the snow. They had stopped and let Geralt warm up in their car while they waited for help to arrive.

Vesemir was told that police were investigating the situation, trying to locate Geralt's mother, but it was unlikely that she would be found as the snow covered any tracks and Geralt was unable to give them any information about her other than her first name.

Personally, Vesemir hoped she was dead in a ditch somewhere for having the gall to just abandon a kid in the snow, where she knew he would most likely die.

Finally, after what felt like hours, he was allowed to take Geralt home. Of course, Geralt didn't have more than the thin pajamas he was dressed in, but that didn't matter. He looked to be similar in size to Eskel, so they could just share until Vesemir could get him things of his own, and the caretakers said that they could take the blanket, so at least Geralt would be warm until they could get him into some better clothes.

Geralt wouldn't let go of him in order to be put down, and didn't seem very inclined to walk on his own, so Vesemir stood with Geralt in his arms, and adjusted the blanket until it was more securely wrapped around him.

Eskel, who had previously been slumped in his chair out of boredom, straightened when Vesemir stepped into the front room, his eyes locked on Geralt.

“Sorry it took so long.” Vesemir said quietly, holding his hand out for Eskel

Eskel took it, “It’s okay. Who’s that?” He asked, peering up at Geralt

“This is Geralt.” Vesemir informed him, using his shoulder to push open the front door, as both his hands were full, and leading Eskel across the street to where the truck was parked, “He’s sad right now, so you can introduce yourself later, he’s had a long day.” Vesemir said, letting go of Eskel’s hand so he could dig his keys out of his pocket and unlock the truck

Eskel nodded, grasping the severity of the situation, and climbed into the backseat and buckled himself up without complaint. Vesemir had to help Geralt buckle up, as he wasn’t very responsive at the moment, but with the day he had...Vesemir didn’t blame him.

Once both boys were safely secured in the backseat, Vesemir took his seat behind the wheel, turning the heater way higher than he would normally set it. The caretakers had assured him that Geralt had been looked over and didn’t have frostbite, but Vesemir would rather be safe than sorry, and Geralt was still looking a little blue. The blasting heat was uncomfortable in such an enclosed space, but Eskel didn’t say anything and only unzipped and shimmied out of his heavy winter coat.

Vesemir pulled onto the street, frowning at the numbers displayed at the digital clock on the radio. He hadn’t expected to spend so much time inside the care center, and it was much later than he thought, the sun already dipping down below the horizon. It would take too long to drive all the way home and then order something to be delivered as he had originally planned. They were already out anyway, and Vesemir was starving so he knew both Eskel and Geralt had to be hungry as well.

“Hey, Eskel,” Vesemir said, glancing into the rear view mirror in order to make eye contact with Eskel, “I’m gonna head to the drive through so we can get something to eat. Where do you want to eat for dinner?” His question was met by a cheer of “McDonalds!” which was the standard answer whenever he asked that particular question. Vesemir chuckled, “Of course..” but dutifully merged into the left lane so he could access the turn that would lead them to McDonalds.

A few minutes later, he pulled into the drive through of the nearest McDonalds. The line was long enough to give them ample time to decide what they wanted to eat, but not so long that they would be waiting forever, “What do you want to eat?” Vesemir asked Eskel, before quickly adding, “Not a kids meal. There isn’t enough food in there and the toys are cheap.” Vesemir chuckled at the look Eskel shot at him, “Stop pouting, you never play with the toys and always complain that you’re still hungry whenever I let you get one. Besides, you’ll get plenty of toys on Christmas.”

Eskel huffed and reluctantly changed his order, “Nuggets and fries. And can I have an Oreo McFlurry?”

Vesemir raised an eyebrow, “You want ice cream in December?” He asked before rolling his eyes at Eskel’s sheepish “Please?”

Vesemir thought it over for a moment before agreeing, “On one condition. You’re getting apple slices, too. And you have to eat them all or you don’t get to eat the ice cream. Deal?” He negotiated, and was met with an enthusiastic “Deal!”

Eskel taken care of, Vesemir turned his attention to the other child in the backseat, “What about you, Geralt? What do you want to eat?” He asked only to be greeted by silence, and he glanced behind him worriedly. Geralt gazed listlessly out the window, his head resting on the glass. Vesemir frowned, but didn’t press. Hopefully, Geralt would be a little more responsive after he had eaten. Vesemir silently vowed to only start seriously worrying if Geralt wasn’t responsive by the end of the night, or if he refused to eat.

Soon, it was their turn to order and Vesemir rolled down his window, the cold air from outside hitting him in the face was a sharp contrast to the stifling heat inside the truck. He quickly ordered for all of them, getting Geralt virtually the same order as Eskel, only replacing the McFlurry with a hot chocolate.

A few short minutes later, they had their food, and Vesemir found a spot to park so that they could eat. He passed back Eskel’s food, keeping the ice cream in the front seat with him until he could be sure that all of the apples had been eaten. Luckily, despite his earlier fears of Geralt refusing to eat, when he held out a container of nuggets for Geralt to take, Geralt tore his eyes away from the window and reached out to take the box.

They ate in relative silence, Vesemir keeping a watchful eye on Geralt to make sure he was actually eating. Geralt seemed to be eating on autopilot, taking small bites as he continued to stare into space, but at least he was eating.

“Done!” Eskel broke the silence, holding up his empty package of apples for Vesemir to inspect, and Vesemir passed back the McFlurry with a quiet “Good job.”

After everyone had eaten and the trash had been disposed of, Vesemir got them back on the road. He was happy to note that Geralt had eaten all of his food, minus the hot chocolate, which he was still sipping on. He had regained some color, as well, though he seemed to be naturally pale.

Finally, after spending way more time away from the garage than Vesemir wanted, they were home. Eskel seemed just as happy to be home as he was, charging into the house as soon as the door was unlocked. Geralt followed, walking by himself this time, and stood by the front door hesitantly.

“Eskel, why don’t you take Geralt to your room and let him pick out a pair of your pajamas to wear to bed.” Vesemir suggested and Eskel nodded, taking Geralt by the hand and tugging him towards Eskel’s bedroom. While they were both getting dressed for bed, Vesemir went downstairs to the garage. There was a small janitor’s closet that he used as storage. Luckily, the bed Eskel slept in was a bunk bed, but the top bunk didn’t have a mattress. Vesemir grabbed the mattress that was *supposed* to be on the top bunk, but that Vesemir had never

gotten around to putting on when he had assembled the bed. He also grabbed some sheets and blankets and an extra pillow, before lugging all of it up a flight of stairs.

He was slightly winded by the time he made it to Eskel's, and now Geralt's, bedroom. Both boys had changed into a warm pair of pajamas and Eskel was in the process of showing Geralt the collection of books that he had amassed in the few months that he had been under Vesemir's care.

Vesemir gave a small smile, glad that they were getting along thus far, and set the mattress on the floor. He had enough foresight to put the fitted sheet on the mattress *before* lifting it up and setting it in the frame of the top bunk. He quickly finished laying the rest of the blankets, and pillow, atop the mattress before turning to Geralt and Eskel, "We've all had a very long day, I think. So let's all brush our teeth and then we can go to bed."

Neither boy gave any complaint, obviously just as exhausted as Vesemir felt. Eskel guided Geralt to the bathroom, hand-in-hand. Vesemir dug around in the medicine cabinet and procured another toothbrush for Geralt to use.

Once everyone's teeth had been brushed, they returned to Geralt and Eskel's bedroom, where Geralt was hesitating at the foot of the bunk bed next to the ladder, "What's the matter?" Vesemir asked, but before he could get a response, Eskel interjected, "I'll take top bunk." He said, noticing Geralt's discomfort. He gathered the blankets off of his bed and moved them to the top, passing the blankets on the top bunk down to Geralt, who took them and started arranging them on the bottom mattress.

Vesemir felt a small smile appear on his face, glad not only that Eskel and Geralt were getting along, but that Eskel had fully, and without hesitation, stepped into the big brother role and was looking out for Geralt. Vesemir tucked them both into bed, and then gave into Eskel's demand for a story. By the time he had finished reading, both boys were fast asleep. He slipped out of the room, turning off the light and closing the door quietly. He made his way down the hall to his own bedroom, determined to get some shut eye of his own.

He was woken up by screaming three hours later.

He was out of bed and down the hall before his brain was even awake, throwing open the door to the boys bedroom. As his brain caught up with his body the first thing he thought of was that it was a damn good thing that Eskel had taken the top bunk. Geralt had thrown himself off of the bed, and he was now tangled with the blankets on the floor. Uninjured, thankfully, since the drop had been less than a foot from the ground, and Vesemir relaxed somewhat at the sight of no one injured or dying.

"It's just a nightmare." He told Eskel, who was alarmed and slightly frightened, before kneeling next to Geralt. He bundled Geralt up and sat him in his lap. Vesemir rocked him back and forth slightly, humming tunelessly. He wrapped an arm around Eskel when he scampered down the ladder and took a seat next to Vesemir on the floor.

Geralt calmed down pretty quickly, shaking his head when Vesemir asked if he wanted to talk about it. He was silent for a few more minutes before speaking, "...My mom...she's not coming back, is she?" He asked quietly, almost inaudibly.

Vesemir was silent for a moment before deciding that the truth was best in this case, “No, Geralt...I don’t think so. I’m sorry.”

Geralt nodded, resigned, as if he’d been expecting that answer. He pulled away from Vesemir, retreating to his bed and laying down facing the wall. Eskel quickly climbed onto the bottom bunk as well, cuddling up to Geralt and pulling the blankets over them both.

Vesemir found himself smiling yet again, knowing that Geralt would be okay with Eskel watching over him. He straightened the blankets around them, running a hand over Eskel’s head and smoothing out his hair. He did the same to Geralt, feeling him relax under the touch.

He retreated from the room after making sure that they’d be okay, heading down the hall back to his own room. He paused in the doorway to the bathroom, looking at the toothbrush holder that had once held only two toothbrushes but now held three. The sight made him feel warmer than it had any right to, but it also served to settle his mind. Geralt wasn’t okay now, that much was clear, but he would be. Eskel and himself would make sure of that. They would give him all the love that his mother never gave him, and reform his broken heart piece by piece.

...Maybe his regulars were right. He really was going soft.

Vesemir closed the bathroom door, heading the rest of the way to his bedroom and dismissing the thought from his mind. It didn’t matter if they were right or not. He may be going soft, but he was also the happiest he had ever been, and he was going to make damn sure that Eskel and Geralt grew up happy, too.

Chapter End Notes

I was very inspired to write this due to all of the nice comments, kudos, and one exceptionally special discord message (you know who you are) but don't expect chapters this frequent or this long all the time. Although I will try to keep a semi-consistent schedule so I don't keep you hanging for too long.

Just to be clear, this isn't Eskel/Geralt. They're both children at this time and nothing between them will ever be more than brotherly love.

Stay tuned, next chapter will be a slight interlude so we can experience Christmas with Vesemir, Geralt, and Eksel, but the chapter after that will introduce Lambert and then our little family will be complete and we can jump in to the Boy's adventures growing up. No clear chapter count yet, but the estimate right now is over 10, so we will see if we hit that goal.

If you enjoyed, please drop a comment! If you want to talk about the fic, the Witcher, or something else, add me on discord Dandelion#3255 (I'm also still looking for a beta for this fic so if you're interested drop a DM there)

Interlude: Christmas (Family)

Chapter Notes

Thanks to my beta april_lyanna for the great work and amazing suggestions!

Just a shorter interlude here for some family fluff, Lambert will appear in the next chapter. Just a heads up, I'm basing this off the show, books, and game, but most of Lambert's personality and backstory are coming from the game since you have the most interaction with him there and he gives good insight on how his family life was before the trials.

So uh- strap in for some angst next chapter. There's gonna be a lot.

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

It was Christmas day when Vesemir realized that his feelings for the two young boys under his care went beyond those that a guardian felt towards their wards.

He had gone into the kitchen extra early to prepare a special treat of pancakes with chocolate chips and whipped cream for breakfast. He usually tried to feed both of the boys a balanced diet, but Christmas was a special occasion. He hoped the overabundance of sugar for breakfast would be offset by the healthier-than-usual dinner he was making. Vesemir didn't have anyone else to invite over for Christmas dinner, so he had skipped the turkey and opted for a smaller meal of herb roasted chicken and vegetables instead.

Christmas had been more stressful than Vesemir remembered it ever being before. Usually he just closed down the shop for the day and lounged around in his pajamas watching whatever was on TV, which was usually shitty B list Christmas movies. This year had been different though, he dug out his old Christmas decorations that he'd bought on a whim, trying to make the holiday memorable since it would be Eskel's first Christmas spent with Vesemir. He had even gotten all of Eskel's presents weeks in advance so he wouldn't have to face the last minute shoppers.

Which proved a worthless strategy, since merely two weeks before Christmas he gained custody of another child.

Out of the two, Geralt proved much harder to shop for. With Eskel, Vesemir had time to get to know him and figure out his likes and dislikes in order to get him gifts tailored to his personality. With Geralt, however, Vesemir hadn't had enough time to get to know him well enough to understand his personality to know what Geralt would like in terms of gifts. Any of Vesemir's attempts to ask about Geralt's likes or his hobbies had thus far been met with subpar replies such as 'I dunno' or 'I usually just sit quietly while Mom works'

It painted a grim picture of Geralt's home life before being abandoned in the snow. Clearly neglected by his mother and with his father not present in his life, he was forced to care for himself most of the time. The first time that Vesemir had found Geralt in the kitchen, standing unsteadily on a chair and trying to cook macaroni on the stove, he nearly had a heart attack. After making sure that Geralt was unharmed and turning off the stove, they had a long conversation consisting of reassuring Geralt that no, Vesemir wasn't mad, and explaining why using the stove was dangerous. Since then, Vesemir had taken to keeping a stock of granola bars and other snacks in a place that Geralt could reach if he got hungry. Eskel had informed Vesemir that Geralt had taken to hiding some snacks under his bed, but Vesemir hadn't worried about it. It wasn't hurting anyone, and if it made Geralt feel better to hoard some food where Vesemir couldn't take it away, then that was fine.

The whole situation had made it twice as hard to find suitable Christmas gifts for Geralt, as Vesemir wasn't even sure if Geralt himself knew what he liked. Vesemir wasn't about to take the easy route out and just gift Geralt clothes for Christmas, though he had gotten Geralt some clothes completely unrelated to the holiday, simply because he needed them.

Slowly, over the next week, Vesemir had gathered a fair amount of gifts he thought Geralt would like. He noticed that, even though Eskel and Geralt spent a lot of time together outside of school, Geralt seemed to favor reading over most of the other activities and games the boys did together. With that in mind, Vesemir had tried to pick up a few books he thought Geralt might like. Geralt also seemed particularly curious about Vesemir's work in the garage, spending hours silently watching Vesemir perform oil change after oil change. While it was good that Geralt was expressing interest in valuable life skills, that particular thing didn't help Vesemir any in terms of gifts, though he did pick out a pair of remote control cars that he was sure that both Eskel and Geralt would get endless enjoyment out of racing with.

Finally, just a few days prior, he had finally finished acquiring gifts for both boys. All the gifts he had bought were currently wrapped and placed under the tree. None of the gifts were from Santa, as he had been clear with both boys that Santa was not real and he wasn't about to entertain the fantasy by lying to either of them. Neither of them had seemed upset over it, Eskel likely suspecting as much already and Geralt had never celebrated Christmas and thus had never been visited by Santa.

Vesemir was broken out of his thoughts by the sound of two sets of feet pattering towards him from the hallway. He let a soft smile overtake his face as Eskel poked his head into the kitchen first, followed by Geralt, "Come on in. I made pancakes." He encouraged them both, plating the pancakes on three plates and setting them in their respective places at the small table that had been shoved into a corner of the kitchen, "Don't get used to this, you hear me. This is a special treat for Christmas only."

Both of their eyes widened at the sight of the pancakes laden with chocolate and whipped cream, and they both dug in with gusto, barely sparing time long enough to thank Vesemir. He watched them both fondly, finishing his own plain pancakes, "Slow down before you both choke." He warned sternly, "Finish up and put your plates in the sink and then we'll open presents."

Heeding his warning, both children slowed down, finishing their food in a more civilized manner and putting their dishes in the sink as Vesemir requested. Vesemir herded them out to the living room and had them sit down in front of the tree. Eskel immediately got on his hands and knees, sorting through the gifts until he found one of his, tearing the wrapping paper and revealing the *Lord of the Rings* box set that he had been begging Vesemir for. Vesemir had to stop Eskel from tearing the saran wrap off of the package and starting the series then and there, “Finish opening presents, and then you can do whatever you like until dinner.” He told them both, “Geralt, it’s your turn to open a present.”

Geralt looked shocked, he hadn’t expected to actually get any presents, “There are some for me too?”

“Course there is, no one gets left out on Christmas.” Vesemir said kindly, passing him one of the gifts with Geralt’s name on it

Geralt took the parcel, but made no move to open it, “But you already bought me clothes.” He said, as if it were some sort of test and he was waiting for the gift to be cruelly ripped away from him

“Couldn’t share with Eskel forever.” Vesemir explained, “I got those for you because they were something you needed, and I got you these gifts because I wanted to. So go ahead and open it.”

Geralt carefully unwrapped the gift, instead of ripping it like Eskel had, making sure not to tear any part of the paper. He looked ready to cry once the object inside had been revealed, it was a Build Your Own Robot kit. It was the very first gift he had ever been given, and it was like Vesemir had just given him the cure for world hunger. Geralt set the box aside gently, and threw himself at Vesemir, wrapping his arms around Vesemir’s neck, “Thank you.” Geralt said, but Vesemir knew that Geralt wasn’t just thanking him for the toy.

“You’re welcome, kid.” Vesemir said, drawing Eskel into a hug as well. They stayed like that for a few moments before Vesemir let them go, “Go open the rest of your gifts, I didn’t spend money just for the stuff I bought to sit around in boxes.”

No more encouragement needed, both boys eagerly dove into their task of unwrapping gifts. They took turns, unwrapping one gift at a time and sharing equal excitement over both the gifts that they themselves received and the gifts the other received. There was no trace of jealousy that was usually present with siblings, and for that Vesemir was grateful.

After all the gifts were opened and the wrapping paper was cleaned, the boys sat in front of the tree and admired their new haul. Eskel had gotten several books, a chemistry set, one of the RC cars, a Lego rocket, and a 1000 piece puzzle. Geralt had gotten the robot, the second RC car, a gardening kit made for kids, a selection of books in different genres, and finally a small plastic crossbow and target set. They had also gotten some board games that were meant for them both.

Eskel immediately went for the *Lord of the Rings* books, taking the first novel from the box and settling on the couch to read aloud, occasionally asking Vesemir to give him the definition of a word he was unfamiliar with. Geralt sat on the floor assembling the robot,

which he had named Ollie, occasionally pausing to listen more intently to Eskel when the book became particularly exciting.

Vesemir watched them both with a warm feeling in his chest. It had been rewarding, seeing both his boys so happy.

His boys.

The thought hit him like a ton of bricks, and he froze in his seat. When had he started thinking of Eskel and Geralt as *his* ?

His thoughts were interrupted by a loud cheer from Eskel, as Geralt had gotten the first part of the robot to work as intended and had now moved onto the second step.

Vesemir relaxed somewhat at the sight of both of *his* boys, because apparently that was a thing now, so happy.

He watched them both interact with each other. Eskel so far from being the skinny kid that he had been when he came into Vesemir's life, and Geralt was already showing positive changes after just two short weeks of coming to live with them. Vesemir, as much as he would try to convince himself otherwise, couldn't deny that he had been good for both of them. They were both happy here, with him.

Eskel abandoned his book to go help Geralt with a tricky bit of wiring that he was getting frustrated over, showing Geralt how to do it in a way that made sure the wires didn't get tangled up. He had blossomed into quite the big brother these last few weeks, looking out for Geralt became almost his second nature at this point. Because that's what they were. Brothers. Maybe not in blood, but in every other way that counted. They were brothers and Vesemir was- well maybe not their father, not yet anyway, but at least their father figure.

They had formed a little family entirely by accident. Or maybe on purpose? Vesemir didn't know.

Geralt and Eskel both climbed up onto the couch, settling next to Vesemir, having grown tired of playing for the moment. They were content enough to snuggle up to Vesemir and turn the TV to whichever channel was playing cartoons, happy to just relax for the moment.

The simple act of trust shown to him by both boys was enough to make the warm feeling in Vesemir's chest spread to the rest of his body. All of the doubts that he had about not being able to be the parent these boys deserved washed away.

They had chosen him.

They were a family.

Chapter End Notes

Me: Don't get used to this posting schedule.

Also me: *posts every day/every other day*

If you want to chat about the Witcher hit me up on discord-Dandelion#3255 or follow me on tumblr-lunaeclipse-solstice

Lambert

Chapter Notes

TW for mentions of murder and homophobic language. Also the standard warnings for abuse and neglect.

Slightly angsty chapter with a happy ending.

Thanks to my amazing beta april_lyanna!

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

The third and final member of their family came to them a year and a half later. Both Eskel and Geralt had turned ten, Eskel in the fall and Geralt in the spring. During the start of the year, Vesemir had moved into a one story house near the garage. Living above the garage was no longer an option with two growing boys, so Vesemir had opted for a house with a yard. He had bought one with three bed rooms, but Eskel and Geralt still insisted on sharing a room.

It was a hot summer day, and both boys were in the backyard playing with water balloons and the sprinkler, while Vesemir was working on installing a swing on the thick branches of the old oak tree in their yard. Inside the house, the phone rings and Eskel stops what he's doing, "I've got it!" He calls, darting inside the house. Eskel returns a few moments later, much more subdued, and hands the phone to Vesemir before grabbing Geralt by the hand and tugging him inside.

Vesemir's confusion was alleviated a short phone call later, and he was gathering up his tools and following Eskel and Geralt inside, "You two stay here." He instructed them both, "Don't answer the phone or open the door for anyone. I'll only be gone for a little bit, and I'll be back in time for dinner. You know where the snacks are if you get hungry." He took a breath, "Don't touch the stove, Geralt. And you both stay inside. Eskel, you're in charge." He paused a moment to ruffle both boy's hair, before grabbing his keys, "Lock the door behind me." He instructed before leaving.

Satisfied that the door did, in fact, lock behind him, Vesemir headed down the driveway to where his truck was parked. He got in, started the engine, and pulled into the street, his mind already reeling from trying to figure out what to expect.

By the time he arrived at the care center, feeling an overwhelming sense of déjà vu, he was ready for pretty much anything. He entered the same side room for the third time, and almost immediately stumbled back as a small body barreled into him, trying to escape out of the open door.

Vesemir grabbed the child by the back of the shirt and whirled them both around, closing the door as he went to hopefully discourage any more escape attempts, before setting the boy

down.

The boy, small and with black hair that was cropped short, glared at Vesemir for having the audacity to foil his cunning escape plan, and then promptly kicked him in the shin.

Vesemir grunted in pain as two caretakers grabbed the boy and forced him to sit back down. The boy did so reluctantly, still glaring at Vesemir all the while.

One of the caretakers took Vesemir aside and apologized for the boy's behavior. They explained that the boy, named Lambert, was still grieving. His father, a drunk who had spent most of Lambert's nine years of life abusing him and his mother, had gone too far one night and had strangled the boy's mother when she had gotten in between him and Lambert.

Lambert, at the sound of his name, looked up sharply, "I can hear you, you know. Don't talk about me like I'm not fucking here. And don't you ever talk about my mom, either." He spit, his eyes shining with tears, but his face set in rage

The caretaker gave Vesemir a sympathetic look before retreating from the room to fetch any paper that Vesemir would need to finalize, leaving Vesemir and Lambert alone.

"They tell you what's going on here?" Vesemir asked Lambert gently

He huffed, "They told me that I was gonna go live with you." He hissed, "Don't think that I'm gonna call you dad or anything. I already have a dad, the fucking bastard. I hope he dies in prison."

"Mind your language." Vesemir scolded, but privately hoped the same thing, "I don't expect you to call me dad, or even consider me you dad if you don't want to. But I do expect you to respect me, and I'll respect you."

Lambert's never-ending glare intensified, "I'll respect you when you give me a reason to, old man."

Vesemir sighed, this was going to be a long day, "..Fine, just- do you have anything to bring with you? Any clothes or things like that?"

Lambert looked away, crossing his arms, "..Yeah. You'll let me bring them?"

"Don't see why I wouldn't." Vesemir said gently, "Go and get them and we can get out of here. This place is always so depressing."

Lambert gave Vesemir a wide berth as he hopped off the chair and crossed to the other side of the room to retrieve a small wheeled suitcase that had seen better days, "We're leaving now?"

"Unless you want to stay here for the hell of it." Vesemir said dryly, opening the door and leading Lambert to where he had parked.

They had barely stepped onto the sidewalk before Lambert took off, running as fast as his small legs could carry him, dragging his suitcase behind. Vesemir stopped and waited, and

sure enough, Lambert only made it about twenty feet before the wheel of his suitcase got stuck on a rock, causing Lambert to fall in a heap on the concrete.

Vesemir quickly crossed over to where he had fallen, hearing the sound of sniffles as Lambert sat up on his knees, “Ah, shit kid...” Vesemir hummed as he caught sight of Lambert’s bloody nose and scraped hands and knees, “Come on, I have a first-aid kit in the truck..”

He offered Lambert his hand, causing the boy to jerk back, “Don’t touch me!” Lambert yelped, scooting backwards.

Vesemir frowned deeply but raised his hands in surrender, “Alright, kid. I won’t touch you if you don’t want to, but at least come to the truck with me. We can get some bandages for your hands and see about stopping the nose bleed.” He stood up and took a couple of steps away, waiting a moment for Lambert to consider the offer and follow him.

He guided Lambert to the truck, getting the first-aid kit from the glovebox and handing Lambert bandages for his hands and knees, letting Lambert apply them himself. He also grabbed a cold compress from the kit, snapping it in order to activate it, before passing that back as well, “Here, pinch your nose closed and lean forward, give it a few minutes and then press this to your face so your nose doesn’t swell.” He waited for Lambert to do so before putting the rest of the first-aid kit away.

Vesemir grabbed the small suitcase from where it sat on the sidewalk and slid it into the backseat. Lambert scowled at him, before climbing into the backseat as well. Vesemir closed the door and went around to the driver’s side, “Buckle up.” He told Lambert, before engaging the child locks on the doors just in case Lambert had any more brilliant escape plans.

They were halfway home before Vesemir figured he should give Lambert a heads up about the two other boys currently waiting at home, “Hey,” He began, waiting until Lambert reluctantly made eye contact with him before continuing, “I already have two fosters back home. Both boys, a little older than you. You don’t have to worry about them, they’ll leave you alone if you really want.”

A flurry of emotions crossed Lambert’s face before he donned a mask of indifference, “Will I have to share a room?” He asked

“They share a room.” Vesemir explained, “But you’re going to be in a different room, down the hall from them.”

Lambert shrugged, looking away, and Vesemir had to stifle another sigh.

All too soon, they were home. Vesemir carried Lambert’s suitcase and unlocked the front door, ushering him inside. Geralt and Eskel were waiting by the front door to greet him, “Boys, this is Lambert, he’s going to be staying with us. Lambert, these are my boys, Geralt and Eskel.” Vesemir introduced them

Eskel gave Lambert a smile, as Lambert looked them both over. Vesemir hated that he could tell that Lambert was noting the distinct lack of bruises on them both, “Whatever.” Lambert huffed, finishing his evaluation, “Where am I sleeping?”

Eskel offered to show him, leaving Geralt and Vesemir alone in the foyer, “What do you think?” Vesemir asked, and Geralt only shrugged, “Dunno. Can I go outside and water my plants?” Geralt asked, placing gardening over social interaction any day

Vesemir chuckled but nodded, “Okay, but don’t get too dirty and stay in the backyard at all times.” Geralt agreed, going outside and turning on the hose.

The gardening kit Vesemir had gotten him for Christmas had been a hit, and the first thing Geralt wanted to do when he saw the backyard for the first time was to start a real garden. Vesemir had agreed, clearing space for Geralt to use however he saw fit.

At the time, Vesemir hadn’t realized what an expensive hobby gardening would be, with Geralt only wanting to grow the ‘cool’ plants he saw in his gardening book, such as wolfsbane and moleyarrow.

Vesemir had to admit, though, the garden did look pretty cool. An array of flowers and roots brightened up the backyard, framed by flat stones, and Geralt diligently did his part to tend it, keeping the garden weeded and the plants healthy. It was his second favorite pastime, only beaten out by helping Vesemir in the garage. Geralt loved working on cars almost as much as he loved gardening, and Vesemir already had plans to teach him fully once he got a little older, maybe even training him to take over the shop.

He retreated to the kitchen to start on dinner, making sure to adjust how much he made to accommodate four people instead of three. He was focused on what he was doing, but kept one ear out for the sounds of the boys. He could hear Eskel leading Lambert out to the backyard to show him the swing Vesemir had finished earlier.

A short while later, Eskel retreated into the house and went to find Vesemir in the kitchen, “Everything alright?” Vesemir asked and Eskel nodded, “It’s boring. Geralt’s doing something in his garden and Lambert wanted to try out the swing.”

Vesemir had a second of panic where he worried that Lambert would find some way to escape the backyard, but it was over a split-second later. The yard was totally fenced in and had no gate, and he wouldn’t be able to climb over the wooden fence, and the oak tree was too tall to climb. The only way to get out would be to go through the house.

“Can I help?” Eskel asked, looking at what Vesemir was making for dinner

“I don’t see why not.” Vesemir said, showing Eskel what he was doing before setting him to work grating carrots, “Watch your fingers, when the carrot starts getting really small, just start a new one, you don’t have to grate the whole thing.

They worked together in a comfortable flow, Vesemir gently but firmly showing Eskel how to do a number of jobs in the kitchen, and before long all that was left to do was wait for the dish to cook, “Good job.” Vesemir smiled at Eskel, holding his hand out for a high five, which Eskel eagerly gave him

Eskel followed Vesemir out to the living room, pausing before speaking, “Thank you for teaching me. My mom-” He hesitated, “She didn’t really cook. We ate take out...when we

ate.”

Vesemir knelt down to be eye level with Eskel, “Cooking is a good life skill to have.” He said, “But a lot of people don’t know how to do it, or don’t have the time to. I’m glad you’re taking an interest. I’m sure your mom did the best she could to get food for you.”

Eskel looked away, “I don’t know. Maybe. I don’t know if she even really liked me all that much. She was nice...just distant. She never wanted kids, I was an accident. I don’t even know my dad.” He frowned, “But, I guess it doesn’t matter.. Because you’re kind of like my dad now, right? You take care of me and I know you’ll never let me be hungry..”

Vesemir’s heart swelled to twice its normal size as he smiled at Eskel, “Yeah, bud. I’ll take care of you always.”

Eskel flashed him a smile, “Vesemir, can I-”

Whatever Eskel was about to say was interrupted by the sudden sound of crying coming from outside. Vesemir stood up quickly, “Hold that thought.” He said to Eskel as he rushed outside to see what the problem was

Both Lambert and Geralt were standing by the garden, the source of the crying was Geralt, although he didn’t seem injured.

“Hey!” He demanded as he drew closer, “What the hell is going on here?”

“My plants..” Geralt sobbed mournfully, gesturing to Lambert, who had apparently crushed one of Geralt’s wolfsbane blossoms under his heel

Before Vesemir could say anything, Lambert snarled, “It’s stupid! Flowers aren’t for boys-”

Geralt cut him off, “They’re for my mom!” He said, “If she comes back, I want her to have some.”

Lambert scoffed, “She’s not gonna come back!” He argued, “Stop being dumb, your stupid flowers aren’t going to bring her back.”

Vesemir wasn’t sure what to address first, but decided to save Geralt’s abandonment issues for later and worry about Lambert first, “Lambert,” He scolded, “It’s not nice to call people names, and that was a very mean thing to say, apologize to Geralt.”

“Why?” He demanded, “I’m right! That stupid garden isn’t going to make his mom come back, he needs to stop acting like such a sissy!”

“Lambert!” Vesemir shouted, causing the boy to jump, “I never, *ever*, want to hear that word come out of your mouth ever again, do you hear me?!”

Lambert quickly nodded his head and Vesemir took a deep breath to calm himself down, “Geralt, go inside with Eskel.” He waited until he heard the backdoor close before turning his attention back to Lambert, “Where did you learn that word?” He asked

Lambert bit his bottom lip, looking away, "...My dad."

Vesemir nodded, he'd expected as much, "Listen to me, Lambert. Your dad was a mean, mean, man. I think you know that already, right?" Lambert nodded and Vesemir continued, "I don't ever want to hear you repeat anything he said, ever. He said those things because he was mean and ignorant, and you don't want people to think you're ignorant, do you?" Lambert shook his head again, "Good. I'm not going to punish you for saying that word because I don't think that you fully understand what that means, but if I ever hear you saying that or anything similar again you will be in so much trouble. Okay?" Lambert nodded, going a little pale

Vesemir sighed, "Listen to me, Lambert. It's very important that you understand this, so I want you to look at me," He waited for Lambert to make eye contact before speaking, "I will *never* hit you as a punishment. *Ever*. If you get in trouble I will send you to your room, maybe take something away from you for a while, but I will never lay my hands on you, and I always want you to understand why you're in trouble. If you don't feel like I'm being fair, you tell me, okay?" Lambert nodded once more

"Thank you. Do you understand why you're in trouble right now? Answer me verbally, please."

Lambert swallowed hard, "I do."

"Why are you in trouble?"

"B-because I crushed Geralt's plant...and called him mean names?" Lambert asked

"That's right. It wasn't okay for you to do either of those things. Geralt cares very deeply about his garden and you hurt his feelings." Vesemir explained, and Lambert looked away once again

"But flowers aren't for boys."

Vesemir sighed, "Is that something else your dad said?"

"...Yes."

"And what did I tell you about that?"

"Not to repeat anything he said...because he was wrong."

"That's right. Flowers aren't just for boys. Nothing is just for boys or just for girls. Girls can like things for boys, and boys can like things for girls. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Good." Vesemir stood up, "I want you to go inside and apologize to Geralt for destroying his flowers and hurting his feelings."

Lambert nodded, heading inside and going to stand in front of Geralt, “Hey. I’m-um- I’m sorry. For crushing your plant. And saying those things about you. That was mean.” He said awkwardly

Geralt nodded, “....’S okay. I forgive you.” He held out the controller of his remote control car as a peace offering, “Wanna race?”

Lambert froze, shocked, as if he hadn’t expected to be forgiven, and took the controller, “I-yeah. I’ll beat you though.”

Vesemir nodded, satisfied, and gave the boys some space to play.

After dinner, Vesemir pulled Geralt aside while Eskel and Lambert were getting ready for bed. Geralt looked anywhere but at Vesemir, “...Is this about earlier?”

Vesemir nodded, “It is. Are you really growing those plants for your mom?” He made sure his tone was gentle and non-judgemental

“No. I like them.” Geralt insisted, “It’s just... I don’t know. Maybe one day she’ll come back and see them and be proud of me. I know it probably won’t happen...”

Vesemir sighed, “Geralt, you don’t need her to be proud of you. I’m proud of you,” He stressed, “But the only one you need to impress is yourself.” He shook his head, “Keep gardening if it makes you happy, but do it for yourself. Okay?”

Geralt nodded, “Can I go?” He asked, and Vesemir sighed, but nodded. He hoped he had gotten through to him at least.

Later, as Vesemir prepared to head to bed, he quietly checked on his boys to make sure they were sleeping peacefully. He smiled at the sight of Lambert, Eskel, and Geralt all squished into Geralt’s bed, sleeping in one big pile. He was glad both Geralt and Eskel had accepted Lambert, despite their rocky start.

He pulled the blankets over all three of them before slipping out of the room, smiling to himself.

They’d be just fine.

Chapter End Notes

Traumatized boys: *exist*

Vesemir: I'll take your whole stock.

Hit me up on discord- Dandelion#3255 or follow me on tumblr- Lunaecclipse-solstice

Antoinette

Chapter Notes

Thanks to my beta april_lyanna!

Haven't updated in a few days, so have a short update as an apology.

I'm struggling to figure out where I want to take this story. If you have any ideas, drop a comment, follow me on tumblr: lunaecclipse-solstice, or hit me up on discord: Dandelion#3255

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

It had been a lovely couple months, Lambert settling right in with the rest of their family. A few weeks after Lambert joined the family, Vesemir had to admit to himself that he alone could not give the boys the full amount of help that they needed, and had hired a child therapist. It had been one of the best decisions of his life. Lambert was learning to recognise and handle his emotions, although he still had trouble managing his anger. Geralt was coming to terms with his abandonment, and had been diagnosed with severe anxiety. He had been put on a low dosage of anti-anxiety medication, and was doing much better, but he was still having trouble socializing. Eskel, too, had been benefiting from the sessions. He had stopped trying to be perfect, and had learned how to relax and let others help him when he needed it.

They weren't magically cured, that wasn't how therapy worked, after all. But it had clearly made a difference in all of his boys, and it was heartening to see.

Which is why Vesemir was very concerned when all three of his boys started acting strange.

It had started the same as any other day, Vesemir waking up early in order to have breakfast ready before Geralt, Eskel, and Lambert headed to school. He had just finished plating a simple meal of bacon and eggs when Lambert and Eskel entered the kitchen, both acting very shifty.

He looked over both of them with narrowed eyes, "Where's Geralt?" He asked, and watched Lambert and Eskel share a look

"He's...still sleeping." Lambert said, clearly lying, and Vesemir's bad feeling intensified

"I'll go wake him up, then." Vesemir stood from the table, and Eskel shot out of his chair, "I'll do it!" He offered hurriedly, darting down the hallway and into his and Geralt's shared room

A short while later, Eskel returned to the kitchen, Geralt following behind with his hair carefully covered with a beanie, "What's with the hat?" Vesemir asked, keeping his tone

purposefully light

“I just wanted to wear it.” Geralt said quietly, taking his seat at the table, “I like it.”

Vesemir doubted that. He figured that Geralt must’ve had a mishap with the hair razor or a pair of scissors. He wouldn’t call Geralt out on it just yet, and give him time to come forward on his own, “Alright then. Eat your breakfast or you’re gonna be late for school.”

After they had finished eating, Vesemir ushered them all into his truck so he could drive them to school. Lambert won the game of rock paper scissors that the boys played to decide who got to sit shotgun. The school was only around a ten minute drive away, located right in between their house and Vesemir’s shop. He dropped the boys off, watching to make sure they all made it into the building, before pulling away from the drop-off lane and heading to his garage.

The day was like any other, numerous oil changes and tune ups, the only difference being that he had gotten commissioned to do a custom paint job and detailing on a camaro, which was a job that would take up the better part of a weekend. Vesemir had almost forgotten about the trouble that had happened that morning. He would have forgotten entirely had Geralt not still been wearing the beanie when he came to pick the boys up. Vesemir’s theory that Geralt had botched an attempt at cutting his own hair was seeming more likely by the second.

He waited until they were home before cornering them, “Alright. Out with it. Why are you hiding your hair?”

“I told you, because I like it.” Geralt said, sticking to his lie

“Bullshit.” Vesemir crossed his arms, “It’s like eighty degrees out, there is no way you’re comfortable wearing that.” It was nearing the later part of summer, when the hottest temperatures came out right before it would cool off for autumn.

Vesemir looked to both Eskel and Lambert, “Either of you want to tell me what’s going on? I know you’re involved in this as well.” No one said anything, and Vesemir nodded, “Fine. Then I’m taking away all of your TV time as well as your toys until one of you tells me what’s going on here.”

Geralt bit his lip and stepped forward, “Wait- don’t punish them..I asked them not to tell you.” And without further ado, pulled off the beanie

Vesemir had been wrong about the haircut, Geralt’s hair was still as long and curly as it was the previous day. The only difference was that now, instead of his hair being it’s normal fiery red color, it was stark white. Whiter than snow, even. Vesemir looked him over for a long while, stunned at the sight. Geralt fidgeted in place, biting at his lower lip, “Are you mad?” He asked

Vesemir shook his head to clear the shock, “Wha-what did you do? Did you bleach it?”

Geralt shook his head adamantly, “I didn’t do anything! I swear! I woke up and it was just like this. I promise. You can ask Eskel, he’ll tell you.” Geralt pointed behind him at Eskel,

who nodded his head frantically

Vesemir knelt in front of Geralt, gently cupping his face in his hands and turning his head this way and that, “Does it hurt?” Vesemir was genuinely floored, he had never heard of someone’s hair just...changing colors before.

“Nuh-uh.” Geralt hummed, “Feels the same. I wouldn’t have even noticed if Eskel hadn’t said something.”

“We should go to the doctors anyway. Just in case something is seriously wrong.” Vesemir picked Geralt up, even though Geralt was getting too big to be held, it was more for his own comfort than for Geralt’s. Admittedly, Geralt seemed to be handling the situation ten times better.

He bundled all three boys into the truck, driving slightly over the speed limit as he hightailed it to the hospital. Once there, they were made to wait in the waiting room for over an hour because Geralt didn’t seem to be in life-threatening danger.

When they were finally called back, they were made to wait longer as Geralt underwent a bunch of tests and bloodwork. By hour three, all of his boys were cranky, Geralt most of all. The doctors were puzzled but after many hours they said that since Geralt’s tests were all coming back normal, and there were no traces of chemicals in the hair, then nothing was really wrong. They gave him a diagnosis of Marie Antoinette Syndrome, which was a rare syndrome that caused the hair to turn entirely white very quickly. Little was known about what caused it or why it happened, but it was utterly harmless other than the change of hair color.

Finally, assured that something bigger wasn’t at play, and with three very grumpy boys in tow, Vesemir returned home.

Geralt immediately retreated to his room, tired and ready for bed, Eskel followed him, but Lambert remained with Vesemir, “Not tired?” Vesemir asked and Lambert shook his head, “No. Just bored. Wanna play a game?”

Vesemir stretched and nodded, “What do you want to play?” He asked and Lambert fetched a game of chess from the cabinet where they kept the board games, “Will you teach me to play this?”

Vesemir raised an eye and took the case, “You sure? This can be a hard game, and it’s very difficult to learn.” Lambert nodded, “I want to learn this one.” Vesemir nodded and set up the board and started to teach Lambert each of the pieces and how they could move. Lambert listened intently, asking questions when he was confused.

They started a game, Vesemir easily beating Lambert. Lambert demanded a rematch, and another, and another. After game number five, he started to get mad and Vesemir put a calming hand on his shoulder, “Deep breaths.” He instructed, “You’re doing better. Lasting longer. Don’t get angry about it.”

Lambert wiped some tears of frustration away and did as instructed, taking a few breaths, “....Take a break.” He whispered, unhappy to be defeated so easily, “Can we play again later?”

“Tomorrow.” Vesemir agreed, “It’s late now, time for bed for you.” He ushered Lambert upstairs and into his bedroom, tucking him in and wishing him a goodnight before retreating to his own room

As Vesemir laid awake in his bed, he contemplated the past few months with his boys. Things had gotten better for all of them, they had become a true family.

He was happy.

Chapter End Notes

Lambert when faced with affection: Fuck you.....love you too.

Not me, a former medical student, using extreme medical inaccuracies for the sake of fiction. Why I would never.

Also if you didn't know Marie Antoinette Syndrome is technically a real Syndrome but it's never been proved to happen and is mostly use in fiction so I've taken liberties with it.

Adoption

Chapter Notes

I told y'all I wasn't gonna abandon this.

It's been more months than I would like to go between updates but between my family issues and how frequently I was updating, I just got a bit burned out.

I wanted to thank you all so much for the lovely comments you left on my authors note (now deleted) My mental health issues are still very much present but more manageable now.

Hopefully it won't be another 3 months for an update this time, huh?

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

Three years after Lambert joined their family, and with no more surprise phone calls, Vesemir figured it was time to take the next step. Geralt and Eskel, both thirteen years old, would be starting high school soon. Lambert, at age twelve, wouldn't be too far behind. They were all happy living with Vesemir, so it was high time that he stopped procrastinating.

Vesemir kept them out of school on Friday and dressed them up nicely. Lambert's joy at getting to stay home was only slightly dampened when Vesemir made him put on something other than his usual t-shirt and ripped jeans.

He piled them all into his brand new SUV. He had to sell the truck, because as much as he loved the hunk of junk, it wasn't practical for one child, much less three. From the backseat, the boys tried to guess where they were going. So far Eskel had guessed the beach and the zoo, and Lambert had outlandishly guessed Disneyland, Florida, and Guatemala.

"Do you even know where that is?" Eskel asked, to which Lambert grinned and replied, "No, but it's fun to say."

So far, Geralt's one guess of 'Downtown somewhere' had been the closest.

Finally, they arrived at the mall, and Lambert bemoaned the fact that their destination had not, in fact, actually been Guatemala.

"Geralt was right." Eskel said, getting out of the car, "We're downtown."

"What do I win?" Geralt deadpanned, and Lambert glared at him, "A kick in the shin if you don't shut the hell up."

"Enough." Vesemir broke up the fight before it had a chance to start, "Come on, before we're late."

“How can you possibly be late? It’s a mall.” Lambert piped up and Eskel slapped him on the back of the head, “He probably has an appointment, smartass.”

Vesemir already felt a headache forming, “Language. And yes, I have an appointment. So let’s go before we’re late for said appointment.”

Vesemir led them inside the mall and down the rows of stores until he entered one that was decorated in shades of brown. He went up to the desk and started speaking with the receptionist, as the boys trailed behind him.

“What kind of place is this? I’ve never heard of a store in a mall taking appointments.” Lambert grumbled

“Lots of places in the mall take appointments. Like Eyeland.” Eskel responded

Lambert stuck his tongue out, “Does this look like an Eyeland to you?”

“It’s a picture shop.” Geralt said, and both Eskel and Lambert turned to him

“How do you know?”

“...The name of the shop is ‘Pierre’s Portraits’ so I assume...” Geralt trailed off, and Lambert flushed before punching him in the shoulder, “Shut the hell up.”

Vesemir turned to them and sighed at their actions, “Come on you three. Try to behave.”

He led them to a back room where a plain black backdrop was set up in front of a camera. He stood in front of the backdrop and had all of the boys stand in front of him as a man set up the camera, “We’re here to get our picture taken?” Eskel asked, and Vesemir nodded, “We are, so try and look nice, I’m gonna get a copy to hang at the shop. So think about that before you get any ideas.”

The person behind the camera started arranging them in different positions, camera clicking intermittently. Lambert was refusing to smile, but was scowling less than normal and was making a decent attempt to look pleased.

After what must’ve been at least a hundred pictures taken, the cameraman paused to switch out his lenses. Geralt and Lambert relaxing now that the camera was no longer on them, it took but a few seconds for all three of them to fall into their normal banter. The next flash startled them all, as they had been given no warning. They all turned to face the camera, but the worker had finished already, “I think that’s the one.” He grinned, waving Vesemir over to the computer the pictures were displayed on.

It really was the one, Vesemir thought as he looked at the final picture. None of them were looking at the camera. Geralt and Lambert were looking at each other, eyes sparkling and both grinning ear to ear as they shared an inside joke. Eskel was looking up at Vesemir, who had his hand in Eskel’s hair as he tried to smooth the floppy brown locks into some semblance of order. They were all relaxed and comfortable together. They looked like a proper family. The rest of the photos just seemed stiff in comparison.

“This one.” Vesemir breathed, and the worker smiled, “I thought so, sir. You’ve already picked your frame out online so we’ll get it printed and call you when it’s ready. We’ll send you a digital copy to your email as well.”

Vesemir nodded, thanking the man as he ushered his boys back to the car, his mind already set for phase two.

It took two weeks for the picture to be ready. Vesemir got two copies, one for his garage and one for the living room of his house. Both were framed in a simple silver frame, leaving the picture to be the center of attention.

While he was having the pictures framed, on an impulse, he purchased three more frames, one for each of the boys.

He returned home, hanging up their family picture, but wrapping the rest of the frames for the boys to open later.

With that finished, he set to work on the rest of his plan. Geralt, Eskel, and Lambert were at school, leaving him plenty of time to make sure everything was perfect.

Vesemir had never really felt nervousness before. Not when he opened the shop, not when he had to present his final thesis to his professors at college, not on his first day of school. He’d never had anything to really be nervous about, he supposed.

But he was nervous now.

As he dashed around the kitchen, preparing all of the boy’s favorite foods, he felt true nervousness.

Three presents sat wrapped on a high shelf where no wandering hands would uncover them by accident, ready and waiting to be unwrapped after dinner. Vesemir kept glancing at them out of the corner of his eye as he moved around the kitchen.

What if they didn’t like them?

That was the thought that prevailed the most. Vesemir had never really discussed this with the boys...what if they didn’t want-

He cut that thought off before he could doubt himself too much. It had been four years since Eskel and Geralt had come to stay with him, three years for Lambert. It was high time that Vesemir acknowledged that they were here to stay. Even so, as the clock ticked down the minutes until the boys arrived home from school, Vesemir could only hope that his boys felt the same way.

Finally, at exactly 3:47; the same time as always, Geralt, Lambert, and Eskel arrived home from school. They entered the house with a chaotic flurry of noise, Geralt and Eskel arguing over something arbitrary that had happened during the day, while Lambert mocked them both.

They had dropped their backpacks in a heap by the door and were in the process of kicking off their shoes when Vesemir greeted them with a plateful of cookies.

They were instantly suspicious.

For one, Vesemir never baked. He wasn't too shabby at it, but it was time consuming. Time that he almost never had, and when he did, he didn't spend it in the kitchen.

Secondly, he was admittedly a bit of a stickler for healthy eating, and sweets were usually reserved for special occasions such as birthdays or Lambert getting above a C+ on his report card.

Technically, it was a special occasion, but the boys didn't know that.

"What's going on, old man?" Lambert asked, hesitantly reaching for a cookie

"You never bake." Geralt added

"Is this like the time you accidentally killed Lambert's goldfish when you put sink water in their tank instead of fresh water, and tried to butter him up with cake before telling him?" Eskel asked, and Lambert rested a hand over his heart and murmured, "Rest in peace Tempura and Fiona."

"What? No! Why do you three always assume the worst of me?" Vesemir asked, indignantly, "Can't a guy just do something nice every once in a while?"

Was he buttering them up?

Probably just a little.

They glanced at each other before apparently coming to the conclusion that, while out of the ordinary, cookies after school wasn't necessarily a bad thing. They each snagged two cookies with a thanks, before retreating to the living room with their haul.

Vesemir sighed at the ridiculousness of his boys, and retreated back to the kitchen to triple check that everything was ready for dinner, "Do you boys have any homework?" He called, and was answered by the faint sound of shuffling and backpacks unzipping.

"Boys." Vesemir called, around half an hour later as he was putting the finishing touches on dinner, "Go on and set the table."

Lambert and Eskel wandered into the kitchen and started gathering plates and silverware, "Where's Geralt?" Vesemir asked

"Outside." Lambert said, trying to balance four glasses on his stack of plates, "He went to water his plants."

Vesemir nodded, setting the food down at the center of their dining table, making sure it was easy enough for everyone to reach. He wiped his hands on his apron and pulled it off, he hung it up before making his way to the back door.

“Geralt,” He called from the doorway, and Geralt straightened from where he was crouched by the rows of herbs, “Come inside and wash up. It’s time to eat.”

He ushered Geralt inside and closed the door behind him. Eskel and Lambert were already seated at the table, their plates loaded up with food.

“Help yourselves.” Vesemir groused good naturedly, serving both himself and Geralt

“Hey, you’re lucky we waited until you got back to start eating.” Lambert said, tearing apart a roll with his teeth, “You make way better food than that shit they serve us at school.”

“Language.” Vesemir scolded, though he knew it didn’t do any good, “And I’ll choose to take that as a compliment.”

Geralt returned from where he had finished washing up, although a smudge of dirt still remained on his cheek. Vesemir licked his thumb before scrubbing it off, and Geralt suffered in silence through the fussing, before nodding at Vesemir in thanks for the food.

“How was school?” Vesemir asked, and Eskel immediately set into an explanation of what he and Geralt had been arguing about on the way home, and Lambert interjected with sarcastic commentary. Dinner was hardly ever quiet in Vesemir’s house, after Eskel finished recounting their day at school, Lambert launched into another topic which resulted in a minor food fight that Vesemir had to break up. Geralt stayed mostly silent, as usual, but he’d make a dry joke every now and then that’d have the whole table laughing.

After dinner was finished, Vesemir gathered all the dirty dishes and set them in the sink, ready to be washed later.

He returned to the table with four mugs filled to the brim with whipped cream, marshmallows, and cinnamon, his infamous hot cocoa.

He set a mug down in front of each of the boys, and sat down only to look up and find them all staring warily at him, “....What?”

“What’s going on?” Eskel asked

“Why do you assume something’s going on?”

“You only make hot chocolate when someone’s upset.”

“Yeah!” Lambert nodded, “Like when Geralt has a nightmare, or when I fell out of the tree and chipped my tooth.”

“I don’t *only* make it then.” Did he? Aw, shit, he did.

“Are you dying?” Lambert asked, looking very upset

“I don’t want Vesemir to die.” Geralt said, suspiciously teary eyed

“I’m not dying!” Vesemir cut in before this situation could escalate any further

“Shit..” He knew this would go wrong somehow. He stood and gathered the three wrapped presents from their hiding spot, setting one in front of each boy.

“Presents..?” Lambert asked, “But it’s not Christmas.”

“Don’t need a special reason to give a gift.” Vesemir said, “Go on and open ‘em.”

There was utter silence, only broken by the sound of tearing paper. No one spoke, and Vesemir’s nervousness returned in full force.

Eskel finished unwrapping his gift first, his breath hitched as he looked over the contents held by a silver frame, “....Is this..”

“..Adoption certificates.” Vesemir confirmed, “Nothing’s officially confirmed yet so if you- if you don’t want to be adopted..”

“Course we fuckin’ do.” Lambert said, “You’re such an asshole...making us think you were dying..” He said, trying to inconspicuously wipe some tears on his sleeve

Vesemir felt his heart swell, “C’mere.” He said, opening up his arms for a group hug. He was immediately swarmed by his boys.

“....Can we...call you dad?” Geralt hesitantly asked

“You can call me whatever you want.” Vesemir said, wrapping his arms around them.

“Dad it is.” Eskel said with a small smile.

The hot chocolate went cold, but that was okay.

They finally had a proper family.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed! Drop a comment if you did.

Feel free to hit me up on my Discord: LunaEclipse#3176 (This is now my permanent username)

Or follow me on Tumblr: lunaecclipse-solstice

Stay tuned~

Visenna

Chapter Notes

Me: Hopefully this next update won't take 3 months lol
Also me, coming back after another four months: ahaha

In all seriousness sorry for the wait. After that last chapter posted I basically I ended up homeless and had to move to another state after spending three months in the hospital...All good now though! I'm starting college soon, going to a big ten school and my choice of degree means i'm going to law school part time. I got a job that I start in January, and I'm moving in with my boyfriend soon. So, life's looking up.

Remember that no matter how long it takes in between chapters I'm not abandoning this work!

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

It had been a few months since Vesemir had officially adopted all three boys. Things had been going well, a bit too well. Which is why when Vesemir got a call from the boys' social worker, he was too resigned to feign surprise.

All three boys had the same social worker, Nate Hitchcox. He was a tall, unassuming man, who had the unfortunate ability to get under your skin. Luckily, ever since the boys' adoption, their interactions with him had been limited to once every six months for a mandatory check in. Less than it had been when they had been in the system, but the obligatory meetings wouldn't stop completely until they turned eighteen.

The last meeting with Nate had been two months ago, so the fact that his name was flashing on the caller ID of Vesemir's phone was filling him with an overwhelming sense of dread. Regardless, he picked up anyway, "Which one?" He said in lieu of greeting, he had given up trying to pretend to be civil with Nate long ago.

"Good afternoon to you too, Vesemir." Nate said in his nasally voice, "This particular call pertains to Geralt, although I suspect you won't like the reasoning behind it."

"Well, you never call with good news." Vesemir mumbled, more to himself, "Hit me with it."

"This time yesterday afternoon we received a call from a woman claiming to be Geralt's mother. She expressed an interest in regaining custody of her child."

Vesemir felt his blood run cold. It was as if his very soul had left his body, leaving behind an empty shell. His hands trembled around the phone as he fumbled with, and nearly dropped, it.

He took a few shallow, shuddering, breaths as he fought to regain some scrap of composure.

“Can- can she do that?” He asked, shakily

“Absolutely not.” Nate denied firmly, and Vesemir felt his shoulders relax minutely, “She has no legal rights over him. Ever since the adoption certificate was signed, you became his legal guardian.”

“And she- she can’t protest that, right? Can’t take it to court?”

“She could try, certainly. But no court would accept biology over what is on paper. Not to mention the criminal charges she would face. Neglect, abandonment, endangerment, the list goes on.”

“You’re sure she’s his mother?” Vesemir asked, weakly, grasping for any straw of deniability he could

Nate cleared his throat, “We have...confirmed it, yes. She has...pictures. Of Geralt. As an infant.”

Vesemir felt weak in the knees, “And...why are you telling me? You said she can’t take him back, so why are you calling?”

“She has no legal right to him as a parent, that is correct. Even still, she has expressed a desire to form a relationship with Geralt. I only called to inform you of the situation. The choice is yours.”

Vesemir wanted so badly to deny the woman. To tell Nate to go fuck himself and hang up the phone. She had no right. No right to abandon Geralt. No right to try and make it all better five fucking years later. No right to disrupt their family, their lives. She had no fucking right. And Vesemir wanted so badly to deny her that right.

But he couldn’t.

Because it wasn’t his choice to make.

“I’ll...call you back. With a decision.”

“Take all the time you need.” Nate said, sympathetically, “I know how hard this must be-”

Vesemir hung up the phone, cutting Nate off. He didn’t know shit.

He carelessly tossed the phone onto the table, where it landed with a heavy thunk, before collapsing onto the couch and burying his head in his hands.

He had one hour before the boys were home from school.

One hour to try and figure out how he was going to tell Geralt. A traitorous part of his mind wanted to just throw the whole thing out, call Nate back and tell him that both he and the lady claiming to be Geralt's mother could go fuck themselves. He knew that wasn't fair, though. He couldn't make Geralt's decision for him. Doing so would only lead to resentment down the line.

One hour went by fast, when you were frantically panicking about how to tell your son that his biological mother who left him to die out in the snow was suddenly back and wanted to be his mother again. And really, what a fucking joke that was.

He'd like to say he knew how Geralt would react, but he really didn't. Out of all of his boys, Geralt was the most emotionally stunted, and he said that with love. Even after regular meetings with his therapist, he was still the least outgoing and willing to talk about his feelings, with a resting bitch face that put professional poker players to shame. Still, Geralt had high opinions of his mother, at least, he did when he first came to stay with Vesemir. It was clear he loved her, at least he had at one point.

His musings were interrupted by the sounds of the front door opening, and three sets of footsteps clattering into the entryway, "Take your damn shoes off!" He called, a rule he had never seen the point of until he had children. Even as worried as he was, he didn't want shoe prints all over his floors.

A pause, before three sets of socked feet resumed their march. His boys entered the living room, throwing their backpacks in a heap by the couch. Vesemir sighed, resigning himself to being the one to pick those up later, "Geralt, come here, I need to talk to you for a moment." Geralt stopped on his way to the kitchen for a snack of peanut butter crackers and juice, Lambert let out a soft 'ooooh, you're in trouble' on his way past him, getting a shove from Eskel for his efforts. Geralt shuffled over to the couch, pushing some of his hair that he wouldn't let Vesemir cut out of his face, "Come sit down." Vesemir said, nodding to the couch, "Nate called me a little while ago."

Geralt sat down next to Vesemir, sinking into his side a little, "I didn't do anything." He grumbled, and Vesemir nodded, brushing some hair away from his eyes, "I know you didn't, you're not in trouble. Look at me." He waited until Geralt looked up and repeated, "I got a call from Nate, a little bit ago. He told me that they received a call about you, from a woman claiming to be your mother." He tried to break the news as gently as possible, but Geralt still pushed away from him with wide eyes.

"No! She's lying, she's not."

“I know, that’s what I thought too, Nate said she had some pictures of you as a baby. She wanted to meet with you.” Vesemir sighed, “Look Geralt, I know this is a shitty situation, but I want you to know this is your choice to make. She can’t take you away from me, understand that. You’re still my son and Lambert and Eskel are still your brothers. It’s your choice if you want to see her again or not, and I’ll respect either way you choose.”

That was what found him standing outside a coffee shop two weeks later, Geralt clinging to Vesemir’s arm though he was thirteen and probably far too old for such things, he wasn’t going to be the one to tell him to stop.

Vesemir brushed some of the strands of white hair that had fallen out of the small stubby ponytail that Geralt had put his hair in that morning behind his ear, “We don’t have to go inside, you can change your mind.” They had been standing outside this coffeeshop for about five minutes, though Vesemir would have gladly waited hours if it made Geralt more comfortable. He couldn’t say he was surprised with the decision Geralt made to meet his mother, no matter how much he wished it was the opposite. It was selfish, he knew. Geralt had a right to see his mother, even if she was a piece of shit. Not that he’d say that part out loud.

Geralt bit his lip and finally took a step forward, “I’m ready.” He said, pushing his way into the coffee shop.

The whole thing was way too modern for Vesemir’s tastes, with folk music playing from the speakers and a menu full of drinks no less than three syllables. There was nothing wrong with a cup of black coffee without all this hipster shit. But this was the neutral location that Nate had chosen for their meeting, and Vesemir was glad at the very least that this wasn’t a shop he’d visit ever again, so if this whole thing went horribly they wouldn’t have to face bad memories by coming back.

Speaking of Nate, there he was in the back, sitting in a corner booth next to a woman. Any lingering hope that this had all been a huge mistake fled as soon as he got a good look at her, with hair as red as Geralt’s used to be and bright green eyes, there was no mistaking her as his mother. She looked like a hippy, and that was being generous. With her hair all done up in braids and held back by a headband, wearing a brightly colored shirt and flared jeans, she looked more at home at this cafe than Nate did, and that was saying something.

He Geralt over to the booth, letting him sit closest to the wall before sitting down next to him. It was dead silent for a moment, Geralt looking down at his lap, the redheaded woman looking at Geralt, Vesemir glaring at Nate, and Nate looking like he’d rather be anywhere else.

Eventually, Nate cleared his throat and spoke, “Vesemir..Geralt. This is Visenna.”

Does this count as a cliffhanger? Maybe. I just wanted to post a (albeit short) chapter because you guys have waited so patiently.

Hope you all enjoyed! Drop a comment if you did.

Feel free to hit me up on my Discord: LunaEclipse#3176

Or follow me on Tumblr: lunaeclipse-solstice

Stay tuned~

Also if you like this work, please consider checking out my other fic "Fuck (and I mean that in the best possible way)" A modern Geraskier fic featuring across-the-hall neighbors Geralt and Jaskier.

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