

# CHAPTER 1



# HEAVEN

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Heath Chapter 1

Illustrations by Eronautics

Written by RawlyRawls

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"It does go on forever, doesn't it?" Philip Vrendeling stood in the tower room with his mother and father, looking out the window at a vast expanse of brown grass and sparse shrubs. In the presence of his father, the count, he kept his spine straight. That posture crested his head just above his mother's, but several inches below his father's. At eighteen now, Philip doubted he would ever catch his father's tall stature. "I see no flowers."



"They *are* out there." Count Breddex Vrendeling stood with a more relaxed posture than his son. "Our people are harvesting as we speak. We'll have much to show the elves when they arrive."

"Elves and humans working together." Lady Rachel Vrendeling frowned. She smoothed her flowing dress with her hands and moved closer to her husband, but not so that their bodies would touch. "This is what the emperor wants?"

"This is what the emperor wants." Breddex nodded gravely.

"They know the heathland better than anyone. It makes sense to bring them in." Philip nodded and rubbed his chin as if pondering the issue.

"Back to your studies, Philip. Your father and I need to talk." Rachel gave her son a thin smile, watching him obediently leave the tower room. "He's young and strong. But not wise. He doesn't see the tempest we're in."

"He has you guiding him. He will become wise." Breddex smiled.

She turned to her husband and nodded. "What preparations do you wish me to make, My Lord?"

“I wish your bodice off and your body in my arms.” He laughed and swept his wife off the floor, holding her and pressing their lips together.



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"The priestess is looking for you." Gorm popped out of his hiding place just as Philip passed in the hall.

"Oh, you startled me." Philip jumped and spun. He looked down at the goblin with a stern frown on his young face. "I was looking for you, actually."

"Oh, you were, Lord Vrendeling?" Gorm lifted his eyebrows. A moment of silence passed between them. The attack was swift and sudden. Gorm was little more than half the human's height, but he struck at the boy's knees with his fists, and then went for a blow to the cock. The lad had a large one, making it a prime target to quickly incapacitate him.



Philip turned his hip just in time, stumbling back from the flurry of blows. "Gods ... you're quick." He bent as he was trained to do against a smaller opponent, blocking the incoming strikes, and trying a few jabs of his own. The fight took no more than thirty seconds. At the end of it, Philip was huffing and puffing. "I wanted to see you ... about training."

"Well, mission accomplished. I recommend next time you try Balladuci's Defense. This hall is somewhat constricted." Gorm smiled up at his human pupil. "Oh, and I should say something wise. There is nothing as likely to succeed as what the enemy believes you cannot attempt. Lesson over. Go find the priestess."

"You are the strangest creature." Philip kneeled and pulled the goblin into a hug. "I'll find the priestess now. More training later."

"Very well, My Lord." Gorm gruffly pulled himself from the embrace and marched away down the hall.

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"Have you been keeping up with your studies?" Hera lifted herself from her seat by the fire and walked slowly across the room, appraising Philip as she walked.

"Yes, Sister." Philip nodded, aware of the older woman's eyes doing their best to dissect him all on their own. "I've even been doing extra reading. The baladeen flowers are very interesting. Did you know -?"

"Quiet, My Lord." Hera held up a finger. "You do not lecture the Sisterhood. It is rightfully the other way around." She put a finger under his chin and turned his face so that she could examine him from all angles. "The feme covert has told you what is expected of you now that you are eighteen?" She turned and walked back to her chair. Sitting, she waved for Philip to come stand by the fire.

"My mother told me there would be a test." Philip nodded, walking over to a spot near the woman's chair. There, he stood with his hands behind his back and his spine very straight. "A test I mean to pass." His voice was steely.



Hera laughed. "It is always true with lads of your age. So much puffery, and yet you know almost nothing about the world."

"I have paid attention to my studies." Philip worked to keep his expression unreadable.

"A thimbleful in a lake." With those words, her face turns wistful. "I miss the water. If only we had stayed in our ..." She shook her head. "Time for today's lesson. Continue to pay attention, My Lord." With that she launched into a monologue on the second goblin war.

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“Is this really necessary?” Breddex stood naked before Doctor Urdess in his bed chamber. He shivered. Urdess was a dryad, so the hearth in the bedroom was dark. The creature abhorred fire.



“Let her do her work, My Lord.” Rachel also stood naked. She was shivering, with goosebumps on her flesh. “We don’t want Philip to be alone forever.”

“Hold still.” Urdess, the only one clothed in the room, bent low and hefted the count’s testicles. She carefully weighed each with her fingers and massaged them, looking for the hundredth time for any blockage that might be inhibiting the conception the Vrendelings so desperately wanted. “You are not erect.”

“Of course not.” Rachel gave the dryad a cold stare.

“In his younger years, he would often get erect during my examinations.” Urdess gave the woman a pleasant smile.

“That’s enough, Urdess.” Breddex frowned. “Rub that potion on them and let me spend time with my wife.”

“As you command.” Urdess did as instructed and left the chamber.

“There it is!” As she went to kindle some other wood in the hearth, Rachel pointed fondly to her husband’s rising member. She made sure to bend at the waist, showing much of her rear end to her beloved. She hoped she could still inspire his penis after all these years. When the fire was going, she turned around and saw that he was ready. “I still make your garden grow, don’t I, My Lord.” She gave him a curtsy, making sure her heavy breasts bounced and flopped for his entertainment.





“Any luck with our lady’s womb?” Hera stepped up next to Urdess, her voice pitched at a whisper.

“The feme covert’s womb isn’t at issue. It is the count that struggles with fecundity.” Urdess stood in the shadows of Philip’s training room. She watched the young lord spar with Gorm. “As so happens, your sisterhood already has one of their offspring. Are you not satisfied?” She smiled as Philip made an adroit sidestep to send Gorm off balance.



“He isn’t the one. We need another.” Hera frowned as Philip was easily tricked by a feint and ended up on his back with a wooden sword at his throat.

“Have patience then. I’m sure the count’s blockage will resolve itself. You shall have your second child in time.” Urdess sighed and rolled her eyes.

“What time do you think we have?” Hera glanced at the dryad with disdain. She had always thought the count’s inclination to trust other species foolish. *If only he’d brought along a real doctor.* “Have you not noticed that we were moved to a desolation? That our own emperor sends our enemies to our door? That the flower production has been sabotaged?”

“Those elves are coming to *our* home. Their honor should protect us.” Urdess smiled thinking of the uptight little creatures. “And if that fails, I trust Master Gorm and our swords.”

“Just ... have the count put a baby in the feme covert.” Hera turned. “And do it quickly.” She walked briskly from the training room.



“Good day, Lord Vrendeling.”  
Gwendolen stopped and curtsied in the hall. “My ... you’re all sweaty. Isn’t that enticing?”

Philip stopped and wiped the perspiration off his forehead with a rag. He tried not to smile at the girl. She was his own age, and they had known each other forever. “Good day, Gwendolen. I was training with Gorm.”

“Would you like to do some training with me?” She gave him her most alluring smile. “I promise I’ll be a lot more enjoyable than that crusty goblin.”

“I don’t know, he’s very enjoyable.”  
Philip shrugged.

Gwendolen unfastened her bodice and exposed her breasts. It was drafty in the hall, making her pink nipples stand at attention. "I said *enjoyable*, My Lord." She leaned forward, dangling her breasts under her.

"We shouldn't keep doing this." Philip looked around, but the hall was empty. He glanced back at the glory of his friend's chest. "Oh, very well." He strode forward, seized her hand, and dragged her to a nearby storage closet. Ten minutes later, Philip was sitting on a crate while Gwendolen was bobbing her mouth on his cock. He wrapped his fingers in her golden curls. "Gods ... Gwen."

"Mmmppphhhhhhhhh." She looked up at her lord with adoring eyes. With one hand still on his cock, she reached the other into a pocket in her skirt. She fetched a small vial of oil and held it up in the palm of her hand. Without losing suction, she raised her eyebrows at him.

"Yeah ... okay." Philip nodded.

Gwendolen lifted her mouth off his member and smiled. "Only in the butt, remember. We can't be having children. Not yet." She handed him the vial. "Oil that big boy up. I still can't believe the whole thing fits in me." She turned around and finished undressing. Soon enough, she was riding Philip in reverse with gusto. She had to put a hand on her mouth to keep from making enough noise to draw attention.



“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” Philip, always in control, managed to mute the volume of his grunts. He stared at his friend’s wonderful, rippling ass. It was amazing how her allure could get him to disobey his parents again and again. But how could he wait until marriage when this beauty threw herself at him? He leaned forward and smelled the roses in her hair. He reached around and took heaping handfuls of her breasts.

“Oooohhhhhh ... mmmmmmmpphhhh ... ooohhhhhh.” Gwendolen whimpered into her hand. She was so lucky to have such a wonderful friend like Philip. Her eyes rolled back, and an orgasm had her. It was so spectacular, she could have been flying. She bounced to two more climaxes before she heard his grunts become more urgent. “Yes ... yesssss ... fill my butt ... My Lord ... plllleeeassseeeeeeee.”



“I’m ... ugh ... ugh ... going to finish.” Philip erupted up her backside.

Five minutes later, they exited the closet. Both were looking a little sheepish. Gwendolen tried to fix her hair with her hands. “Good seeing you, My Lord.” She curtsied and turned down the hall.

Philip watched her waddle away. He loved the tentative way she walked after they humped. It was so delightful, that he almost wanted to pull her back into the closet. But he had studying to do. He wouldn’t let down his parents.