



The Traveling Tower  
Chapter 4

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Traveling Tower 4

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“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii,” it was the first time Hestia had ever let out such a primal scream. It was also the first time a demon had injured her son. Hestia’s eyes were wide, her mouth gaping in rage. Her sword was pointed right at the purple demon.



“Hhhsssss.” Oraya crouched, ready to fight. This woman seemed quite formidable. Thoughts of murder radiated off the intruder. Her enemy’s breasts were not well confined, bouncing in a way that Oraya took as particularly threatening. *Why would the tower do this to me?* The moment was pregnant with confusion and distress. She glanced at the eighteen-year-old prince. Could she give up her prize? She would have to decide quickly.

Hestia closed near enough to strike. She hadn’t been in a fight before, but she had been trained how to handle a sword. Despite a few ungainly steps, she was able to feint and lunge for a killing stab. But the demon was quick. Hestia’s sword came up with air. She turned and pursued the demon.

Retreating to the hearth, Oraya picked up Rian’s sword. “Wait ... wait ... do you not find me beautiful? Have you ever lain with one of the same sex? I tell you, it’s –”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Hestia swung viciously. The room was filled with the clanging of steel on steel.



“Wait ... wait ... I will service you!” Oraya tried to parry the next strike, but Hestia’s force ripped the blade from Oraya’s hand. A swift swipe caught Oraya on the shoulder, sending burning pain down her limb. The sword was dull, so it didn’t cut deep. But it hurt. *The woman is mad with motherly protection. My magic is no use.* Grimacing, Oraya leapt about the room, chased by the deadly woman. “Please ... I’ll be your servant ... I’ll wash your feet ... I’ll –” She wasn’t quick enough to dodge a stroke that caught her thigh. “I will show you such pleasure that –”



“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Hestia went in for the kill. Even with her injuries, the demon was quick. Hestia chased her to the window. Before she knew what had happened, there was the sound of breaking glass. The shapely figure of her enemy defenestrated itself. Hestia hadn’t expected suicide. Suspicious of a trick, Hestia ran to the window, knocked out the remaining glass, and looked down. She could just see the flailing demon fall into darkness. The creature’s high shriek sounded thin on the wind. When she was gone, Hestia turned from the window and raced to her son.

Dropping to her knees, Hestia pulled her son’s head into her lap. “Rian ... my sweet Rian!” He looked so pale and frail. Despite his state, his penis still stood upright in what was certainly an unnatural erection. She reached for his trousers and draped them over his penis so she wouldn’t have to look at it. “Rian ... Rian ... can you hear me?”



“Mother?” Rian blinked up at her beauty. He had always thought her beautiful, but now the sight of her was twisting his insides into knots. “I’m sorry ... I forgot you ... I’m sorry.”

“Shh ... it’s okay.” Hestia blinked back tears. “You’ll be okay. Can you stand?”

“It’s freezing.” Rian shivered, but didn’t have the energy to find something warm.

“Someone let in a draft.” Hestia glanced at the window. At least the demon was gone. “We can’t stay here.” With some effort, she dressed her son. She put her own sword back into its sheath on her belt. She decided she would need to leave his sword. It wasn’t easy to drag him to his feet, but he had enough energy to limp along with her arms supporting him. Slowly, they made their way out of the cursed room.

It was torturous going for both mother and son. They shuffled down the hall, Hestia grunting and sweating with the effort, Rian shivering, his skin turning a faint shade of blue.

“I won’t let you die. We’ll find shelter.” It took them a long while to make it down one flight, but Hestia was rewarded by finding that the tower had lodgings for them. “Ooohhhh ... thank the gods ... the tower is being helpful for the moment.” She sniffed the air. Something smelled like roast fowl. Her stomach rumbled. She led her son to a well-provisioned table. She sat him down and fed him as best she could, pausing only a moment to give herself some sustenance.



"I ... drank from the demon, Mother. She said it was like spider venom. I've been poisoned." He opened his mouth for her to spoon-feed him some more stew. He hated being babied, but he also loved her all the more for it. He tried to lift his arm to help her, but lacked the strength.

"Shh ... you'll be fine." Hestia gave him a tight smile. "The tower broke its agreement with that demon. It wouldn't do that if you were going to die regardless."

When they finished their meal, she helped him to his feet, and they shuffled into the bedroom. She placed him on the bed, undressing him. With his clothes off, the scent of his copulations became redolent. At least his penis had finally gone to sleep. "Oh ... my ... we'll bathe you in the morning." She dragged him under the covers and placed his head on the pillow. He was asleep before she could count to three. She couldn't bring herself to slip under the same bedding that covered the scent of that demon, so she curled up on the bed and watched him sleep. "I won't let anything happen to you, Rian." She listened to him softly snore. "You mother will always protect you."



Hestia tried to stay on guard, but she had been through a most exhausting day. She thought of her husband, surely dead back home. He had been with her only days ago, now he was impossibly far away. "I won't lose you, too, Rian." Hestia's eyes closed, and she drifted off into nightmares.

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When Hestia woke, it was morning. She was naked, lying on top of the covers. She didn't remember undressing. She frowned and looked around. It was only her and her sleeping son in the room. He was still under the covers. "Did you undress me, Tower?" She covered her breasts and rose from bed. "Please, do not do that." She found new garments, identical to those from the day before. "I guess you're not that pleased with us if we still must wear such scratchy things." She frowned as she dressed. There was no reply.



After a trip to the washroom, Hestia sat on the bed and watched her son sleep. Some of the color had returned to his skin. That was good. She looked around for a water clock or an hourglass, or anything to keep time. There was nothing. After what felt like forever, she decided to risk leaving Rian for a little while. Quickly, she scurried to the dining room, where a hearty breakfast was laid out. She nibbled a little while she put together a tray for Rian and brought it back to him. He was still sleeping when she returned.

Hestia ate some fresh vegetables while she waited. Eventually, she put the tray aside and curled up next to her son. She stayed on top of the blanket. Her nerves were frayed, and her muscles were sore. *Did I really kill a demon?* She wondered what her king would have thought of that. A wistful smile spread across her lips. In her mind, she saw her gallant husband. She heard his deep voice. *"Sure, you purged one demon. But how do you keep the rest away? You must exorcise daily, my queen."* Hestia giggled, nestled next to her son, and fell asleep.

She was woken some time later by rapid movement on the bed. She opened her eyes, lifted her head, and yelped. Her son stopped what he'd been doing immediately, but it was clear he'd been touching himself. She'd never been near such a thing before. Her breath left her. She stared at the tent his pole formed out of the covers, her eyes wide with horror.



"I'm sorry, Mother. I couldn't help it. I thought you'd stay asleep ..." Rian felt dreadful seeing the distress he'd caused his mother.

"So ... you were ... massaging your club?" She pulled her eyes away from it, looking at her son's pale face. At least he appeared shamed by his actions. "How could you? I mean, with your mother in the same bed. And ... also ... you need to save your strength. I don't know how long the food will last on this floor. We may need to ..." She glanced at the sustaining lump above his crotch. "It's not going down."

"Help me to the washroom. I need privacy." Rian sat up with some effort.

"You can't mean ..." Hestia put a hand to her mouth. "You need to rest. You can't spend energy on that."

"I can't help it, Mother. I *need* to do it." Rian slid to the edge of the bed, put his feet on the floor, and tried to gather himself. He was looking down at his turgid cock. He didn't think he'd ever seen it so swollen.



“Eww.” Hestia curled her lip. She tried to think quickly. “The demon’s poison. We need to get you medicine.” The second she said it, she knew the tower would never help with this. “We’ll continue down today and find a healer. There must be other people in this tower.”

“I need to!” Rian staggered to his feet and stumbled, naked, to the washroom.

Hestia gawked at her son’s drunken walk. His penis danced with his awkward movements in a way that turned her stomach. She didn’t stop him. Instead, she sat and tried to come up with a plan. That became difficult when she heard the rhythmic spanking of his work in the washroom. It got even worse when he began grunting like an animal. By the time he came back in, Hestia’s mind was lost at sea. “Did you at least clean yourself?” She was relieved that the turgid thing had turned flaccid again, dangling harmlessly between his legs.



"Yes, I cleaned myself." He stumbled to the bed. When his mother caught him, he was relieved. "I apologize. I just couldn't ... stop myself."

"We'll find you medicine. That vile creature did this to you." Hestia dressed him, sat him on the bed, and fed him from the tray she'd brought. When he was full, she led him out to the dining room. The food was gone. "It seems we've overstayed our welcome on this floor."

"I can travel. It's okay." Rian couldn't help but appraise the hourglass of her figure when she turned her back to him. He closed his eyes and dispelled the image.



“As your mother, I would normally have you rest after a near-death encounter with black magic. But ...” She turned toward him and tried to put on a brave smile for his benefit. He looked peaked, but he was standing upright. Or, mostly upright. She went over to him and put her arm around his waist. “With any luck, we’ll find help and the next stocked floor in no time.”

“With any luck.” Rian nodded and let his mother help him to the stairs.



Hestia hated to split up, but her son wasn't able to explore with her. Each floor they reached, she settled him by the stairs and quickly searched the rooms. They passed down ten flights this way, without discovering anything useful. Outside the tower's windows, the desert sky grew dark. At least there were torches. Hestia grabbed one and held it aloft as she explored the tenth floor of the day.

Beneath her feet, the wood planks shook. Hestia stopped. Footsteps drew near. Heavy footsteps. She squinted into the gloom of the hall, but could see nothing. Drawing her sword, she turned and raced back to where her son waited by the stairs. She breathed a sigh of relief when she found him draped in a chair, just as she'd left him.

"Do you hear that?" Rian sat up. "Something's coming."

"Yes, indeed." Hestia stood before her son, brandishing the torch in one hand and the sword in the other. She was ready to defend him with her life.

"Should we flee?" Rian tried to rise to his feet, but he was too tired.

"We are too slow." Hestia gritted her teeth, ready for anything. "We stay and fight."

