



The Traveling Lover
Chapter 6

FICTION

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The Traveling Tower 6

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“You are still weak ... ugh ... ugh ... ooohhhh ... but a beast ... all the same.” Geleth rode the human prince on the washroom floor. She had her feet planted on the tile floor and bounced with great lunges, almost dislodging him at the apex of each stroke. “Although ... ooohhhh ... your expression is not so feral as my Wolfy’s often is. You look ... ugh ... ugh ... almost ... ugh ... confused.” She laughed, but not too loudly. She didn’t want to wake the boy’s overprotective mother.



“Uuuugggghhhh ... Geleth ... thank you ... when I touched myself ... it did nothing. But your vagina ...” Rian had never seen a goblin except at a great distance. Now, one was riding him more intimately than anyone he’d met before their tower traveled to that desert. He had been taught that goblins were ugly scavengers, but he was in awe of her feminine beauty. He had been taught wrong. “But ... your vagina ... is helping ... I can feel it. Thank you.”

Hestia peeked around the doorway, watching the illicit moment. She had been about to put a stop to it, but then her son had said the fornication really was helping him. Now, she was unsure. She watched the goblin ride him with wild abandon. Hestia’s lip curled in disgust, but she stayed silent. *Oh, gods.* Hestia put a hand to her mouth as the goblin turned around and rode her son reverse saddle. During the exchange, Hestia got a good look at the cream the vile creature had deposited on her son’s princely penis. It was horrid, but she didn’t stop them. *Rian looks ... better.*



“Your boy looks happy.” Wolfy growled the words softly, so as not to attract the attention of the mating couple. Despite his size, he had easily crept up behind Hestia without her noticing. He sniffed the air, but could only smell the familiar arousal of Geleth. He was disappointed that the queen wasn’t spying *and* creaming. *Oh, well.*

“He is a man of eighteen years. Not a boy,” Hestia hissed. She was so angry with the intrusion, she forgot to be frightened about being this close to the werewolf. “He is allowed to be happy. I mean ... he’s not supposed to do what he’s doing. He’s ...” She was making too much noise, so she pulled back from the doorway and faced the wolf with her hands on her hips. She could no longer see her son, but she could hear his contented grunting, and Geleth’s cries ... and the wet slapping of their skin. “Why are you sneaking up on me?” She raised her chin and stared into his beastly eyes.



“Why are you sneaking up on them?” Wolfy shrugged. She was so intent on intimidating him with her queenliness, she hadn’t yet noticed his hard cock. He was eagerly waiting for that to change.

“Your floozy owner is taking advantage of my son.” Hestia’s gaze trailed down the werewolf’s ghastly body. “As his mother, I have ... every ...” Her words trailed away as her eyes settled on the most horrific penis she’d ever seen. The thing was bright pink, pointy, and had a terrible, canine knot.



“What are you doing with that?” Hestia pointed at the penis. In addition to her curled lip, her eyes crinkled, and her forehead furrowed in disgust.

“Are you interested? Geleth doesn’t have to know.” Wolfy was careful to keep his voice soft. The deep growl of his words tended to carry. He sniffed the air again, but still this human wasn’t in heat. He gnashed his teeth in disappointment.

“You and your mistress are disgusting.” Hestia’s voice remained sibilant. “I’m going to get my son.” She took a step toward the washroom but faltered when she thought of his happiness. He had been poisoned by the succubus, and it appeared that Geleth had been telling the truth about his cure. “I’m going to bed.” She glanced again at the monster’s penis. It looked absolutely bellicose. “If you come near me with that thing, I’ll shove a piece of silver in your most tender place.”

“My heart?” Wolfy put a clawed hand over his breast.



“Grrrr,” Hestia growled her reply as she strode back to bed. Her bounding boobs brought into focus a fact that she’d been too distracted to note earlier: she was naked. The embarrassment was almost too much. Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, and she dove under the covers. She covered her head with the sheet like a scared, little girl and waited for her son to return. Despite her discomfiture, she fell asleep before he finished his activities in the washroom.



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In the early morning, Hestia woke first. She reached out and found her son sleeping soundly near her. Sitting up, she could see the wolf and goblin curled together on the floor. Outside the window, dawn slowly rose. And so did Hestia. Still naked, she slipped out of bed. Her cheeks heated at the thought of the view she had accidentally given the wolf.

There was a dress waiting for her. Not a boring scratchy garment, but a pretty one. She pulled it on and pulled back the blankets. Her lips curled when she saw Rian's turgid erection. At least her son's scent was clean. He must have washed himself after intercourse. "Rian ... wake up," Hestia whispered. "Let's leave before the ... others wake." She tugged his shoulder.



“Mother?” Rian sat up and stretched. “I feel better today.” He didn’t bother whispering.

“Shh ... get dressed.” She tossed a soft, finely woven tunic to him.

“You feel better because I drained you properly.” Geleth stretched and climbed from the furry nook where she’d been sleeping. She didn’t bother to conceal her nakedness, thrusting her breasts forward as she raised her arms and arched her back. “It will be many weeks until you are cured. But last night was a satisfactory start.”

“Stop speaking like that.” Hestia frowned at the lascivious goblin.

“Thank you, Geleth.” Rian’s gaze turned soft and distant as he watched the naked goblin move about the room. *I am not in love. It’s the poison.* But knowing that didn’t blunt the effect. “How often do we have to do it?”

“You’re not thinking straight, Rian.” Hestia watched her son rise. She placed herself between him and the goblin. She tried not to look at his erection. *Thank goodness the wolf is still asleep.* The creature continued to snore in the corner.



“Two or three times a day should do it. But, of course, I am so irresistible that you will run the risk of becoming enamored of me.” Geleth laughed. “You might love me and throw your princely life away to stay with me. You might *want* to be in my menagerie when all is said and done. Come along then, and we’ll take our first turn of the day.” She walked into the washroom.

“I won’t do that. I won’t fall for her. But ...” Rian glanced at his mother, who had taken a defensive position between him and the washroom. “... I need to go in there. Being with her last night was the first relief I felt since you rescued me.”

“I forbid it.” Hestia gritted her teeth. “We’ll find another way.”

Wolfy had woken. He was still curled up, but his ears perked and his eyes watched the humans with mirth.

“I’m sorry, Mother. I can’t ... I just ... can’t.” Rian strode to the washroom.

For a moment, Hestia tried to physically stop him. But when his heavy, stiff penis pushed against her belly, leaving a smear of pre-fluid on her pretty dress, she stepped back like she’d been struck by a spear. She watched with revulsion as his naked butt disappeared into the washroom. “Aaarrggghhhh.” Hestia clenched her fists. She wasn’t used to being disobeyed, especially where her son was concerned.



“It isn’t so bad that he’s humping my mistress.” Wolfy rose to his feet and stretched. His morning erection was on full display, and he did nothing to obscure Hestia’s view. “It is a natural thing for creatures to desire.”

“Yes, but it’s unnatural to act on that desire.” Hestia turned away from the wolf, but kept his appalling anatomy in her peripheral vision. *I must not let him sneak up on me again.*

“I disagree. But I’m a loyal pet, and you’re a queen, so ...” Wolfy shrugged. “Listen to that, they’re really going at it. Your son must be feeling much better to be so vigorous. It sounds like he’s behind my mistress. Should we peek to see for sure?”

“Disgusting.” Hestia rolled her eyes at the beast. “I will take my breakfast now. Send Rian out to me when ... he’s done.” She turned and marched out of the room, head held high.



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Rian and Geleth were not quick about their morning congress. More than an hour later, they both arrived for breakfast, washed and bathed. It seemed the tower was happy with all of them. Geleth now wore a pretty dress, too. The food on the table was fresh and perfectly cooked. Geleth and Wolfy ate noisily again. Hestia no longer had to feed her son, but she sat next to him, making sure that he went slow enough to maintain some decorum.

After breakfast, Hestia didn't even try to disinvite their new comrades from joining them. It was clear Rian wanted Geleth, and Geleth was equally keen to stay by their side. Hestia would have to wait for a more opportune moment to give those two the slip.

The foursome descended the stairs, searching floors as they went for other people or anything useful. Rian moved with more ease than the day before but still held his mother's hand for support. The goblin and werewolf followed. Wolfy was back on his leash again.



They paused often for Rian to rest. At lunchtime, Hestia unwrapped some breakfast rolls she'd saved and shared them with her son.

"He is starting to look paler again. His energy is dropping." Geleth ate a piece of fruit she'd brought along while watching Rian closely. "My beast is succumbing to the demon's venom. Perhaps you and Wolfy can explore the next floor together, while I drain the prince?"

"Absolutely not." Hestia's lips formed a thin line.

"Mother, I must. It *is* helping." Rian stood and walked over to the goblin. Thankfully, his mother did not try to form a physical barrier this time. "I was much better this morning, but now I'm worse. I'll be better after I spend some time with her. You'll see."

"Mmmmpphhh." Hestia waved her hand dismissively, the closest thing she'd give to permission.

After Geleth and Rian hustled off to find a suitable room, Wolfy ambled closer to the queen, standing near her. "I'm not hard now, but I could be if you'd like to finish what we started earlier."

"Pig." Hestia stood and shook a finger up at his ugly snout. "Follow me at a respectable distance, and do not touch me. I have no interest in mating with anyone, least of all a beast. I am in mourning, you foul creature. I lost my king." She turned and marched down the hall.



Wolfy said nothing, but followed several feet behind. He did enjoy the view that trailing her offered him.

The first door Hestia tried was locked. The second was not. She opened it and gasped. It was a bedroom. Rian and Geleth were on the bed. She was standing, and Rian was kneeling behind her, slamming his hips into her rump. "Oh ... gods ..." Hestia closed the door.

"It sounded again like he was behind her." Wolfy grinned even though he was disappointed that circumstances still hadn't put her into heat. As far as his nose could tell, her vagina was dry.

"Quiet. We'll try another room." Hestia marched down the hall. She opened the next door to investigate the room. Her hand went to her mouth. Somehow, she was still looking into the same room as before. Rian was perversely gyrating his hips into Geleth's butt. They were in the same exact position. "Gods ... how am I still seeing this?" She quickly closed the door and moved down the hall.



"That is odd." Wolfy rubbed his chin and followed.

The next three doors all showed the same room with Rian and Geleth's coupling framed perfectly from the door. Hestia gave up and returned to the stairwell to wait for her son to finish. Thankfully, the wolf kept quiet. She made sure to keep his hulking form in her periphery. But the creature seemed content to sit and watch her.