



The Traveling Tower  
Chapter 2

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Traveling Tower 2

Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

*This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!*

*Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/EqsVRBU> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!*

*Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page <https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>*

"I don't recognize any of these floors. Do you?" Rian frowned at the dusty trophy room they passed through. Some of the stuffed creatures he'd never seen before. He paused in front of one exoskeleton that looked particularly menacing.

"I think we're in part of the original tower now. We have been for some time." Hestia frowned at the insect, took her son's hand, and pulled him away. They entered a long hall. Longer than the tower should have been wide. Her frown deepened. "The hall seems different. Which way back to the ..."

A door opened. A pretty, beguiling warm light danced out into the hall from the doorway. The sound of laughter and singing echoed out to the queen and prince.



"Finally, survivors!" Rian's face lit up. "And it sounds like they have drink." He took a whiff of the air. "And it smells like they have food." He pulled his mother toward the door. When she resisted, he dropped her hand and stepped to the doorway. He wasn't a fool. The thought of a trap occurred to him. So, he drew his sword. He only meant to peek inside. But somehow, the place was so pleasant that he stepped right in. The door slammed behind him, and he was alone in a large room with a roaring hearth. There were no people singing. No drink. No food. Nothing but a desk, a sofa, several armchairs, and a richly woven rug in front of the roaring hearth. Rian turned to the door. He expected to hear his mother pounding on the other side, but the only sound in the room was the crackle and pop of the fire.

The door handle was locked. Try as he might, he couldn't figure out how to unlock it. There wasn't so much as a keyhole to be seen. "Mother? Mother?" He banged on the door but could hear no response. Rian found that he was trembling. He took several deep breaths and squared his shoulders. "Clearly, I've fallen into your trap." He put authority into his voice. He held his sword aloft. It was dull, but it was better than nothing. "Show yourself. This is my tower you're trespassing in."



A light, feminine laugh oscillated in the room. Rian tried to pinpoint its source, but the echoes were bouncing off the walls. He spun. "Show yourself." He stalked toward the hearth.

"This isn't *your* tower, silly human." The voice had a beguiling, flirtatious lilt to it. "This tower is older than the desert where it temporarily lives. And I've been here for ages. If anything, it's my tower. But ... I must confess ... it's not."

"Let me go," Rian hissed.

"So said every fly caught in the web," the voice said. "But your song will change before the end. You will love me. You will adore me. You will give yourself completely to me."

Rian turned to find that there was someone on the sofa. He was certain she hadn't been there a moment ago. Despite that she was clearly part demon, she was one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen. "Um ... I know what you are. Your charms won't work on me." She was scantily clad, and he couldn't prevent his eyes from roaming her dark, purple skin. "My ... mother ... the Queen ... she's just outside that door. I need to get back to her."



"You won't even remember your mother soon enough. My name is Oraya. You will always remember that name." Oraya stood. Her face was lit with a smile capable of launching a thousand ships. Slowly, she swayed as she removed what little clothes she wore.

Rian's sword clanked to the floor. His mouth hung open. The triangle of Oraya's bush between her legs seemed to be tugging on his mind, unraveling it.



"You're a big lad, I see." Oraya pointed a delicate finger at the tent in his pants. "And a prince, you say. I don't know if I've ever caught one of those before. How many women have you lain with?" She strode over to him, swinging her hips with each step. Once in front of her quarry, she dropped to her knees. It was a subservient gesture, but of course it was accomplishing the opposite.

"I ... um ... I ..." Rian stared at her full lips. This creature was beyond alluring. "I ... must wait to bed a woman ... until I am betrothed."

Oraya giggled. "Well, that won't happen. I won't marry you." She raised his tunic and went to work unclasping his belt. "The tower is not pleased with you. These are terrible, rough clothes. Let's get them off."

Without thinking, he removed his tunic.

“Ah ... let’s see what we’re working with.” She dropped his trousers and his undergarment. Her smile widened. “A very respectable tool, my young prince. May I taste it?”



Rian stared down at her in disbelief. Slowly, he shook his head and whispered, "No."

"Very well." Oraya seized his penis in her warm, soft hands. Her mouth quickly closed the distance. Soon, she was bobbing her head. "Mmmppphh ... mmmppphh ... mmpphhh." The spider expertly servicing the fly.



~

“Rian! Rian!” Hestia banged on the door with her fists. It was solid and locked tightly. She took the pommel of her sword and tried to break the door handle with it. It didn’t so much as scratch the metal. She tried to shimmy her sword into the crack of the door and pry it open. That only led to a bent sword. She dropped it in disgust. “Rian!” Why wasn’t he banging on the other side of the door? She looked around the hall.



*I can't leave. I'll never find my way back here. This tower is a labyrinth.* She took several deep breaths and squared her shoulders. “Hang tight, my prince. I will think of a way to save you.” She leaned against the door and racked her brain for ideas.

~~

“Oooohhhh ... gods ... I never.” Rian stood in front of the fire. Every bit of his body was rigid with pleasure. His hands flexed by his sides. “I ... aaaahhhhhh.” He arched his back and exploded down Oraya’s throat. His new acquaintance easily gobbled up his offering.



When he was done trembling, Oraya lifted her mouth from his penis and smiled up at him, licking her lips. “You didn’t last long. But your prick is still standing at attention. I suppose both are predictable outcomes for one your age.” She cocked her head. “How old are you?” She stood and steadied his trembling hand.

“Eighteen years.” Rian gazed at her beauty as she led him to the sofa. “That was ... incredible ... but ... my mother ...”

Oraya giggled. "You still remember her, huh?" She seated him on the sofa and quickly mounted him. She lifted her breast, the one without the piercing, and forced her dark nipple into his mouth. "Drink. Judging from your clothes, what I offer will be better than the sustenance the tower has been feeding you."



"Mmmpphhhhh." Rian started to protest, but when her dulcet milk hit his tongue. He eagerly latched onto her breast and drank.

"That's it ... mmmm ... drink, my pet." She ran her fingers through his hair. "You have such wonderful, flowing locks. Such a strong body, just entering manhood." Her fingers traced down his shoulders and arms. "I have found the perfect man. How splendid. Now we can begin in earnest." She reached between her legs and guided his penis into her waiting vagina. Gently, she rocked her hips, pushing him inside. "Yes ... give yourself to me ... give all of yourself ... to me."

Rian had never known such pleasure. He hadn't even guessed that it existed. He felt like he was melting into Oraya's soft curves. He loved the heavy weight of her breasts, the way their bellies slapped together, the wide expanse of her hips and butt. He loved everything about her. It became hard for him to remember a time before he knew Oraya. *Was there ever a time before I was inside this perfect creature?*



~

Hours passed and Hestia refused to move out of eyesight of the horrible door that had swallowed her son. She knew they had far to go to find a bed and a meal, but she wouldn't leave him. She would rather die of thirst. She sat with her butt on the floor, her back to the door, wondering what horrors her son endured. She had already lost her beloved king. He must have fallen for the tower to have moved. Now, she was on the brink of losing her guiding star. If something happened to Rian, she was quite certain she would defenestrate herself soon after.

"Be strong, Rian." A thought occurred to Hestia. She stood. "I have something to tell you, tower. Can you hear me?"



There was no reply. Nothing in the hall changed.

"I know why you're unhappy with us. I swore I would never give you what you want. You must know this." Hestia looked around, but still, there was no sign from the tower. "If Rian is lost, you will never get what you want. If we're together, you still have a chance."

She tried the door handle again. It was still locked. She frowned at it. *I need to find a way to alert the tower without leaving this place.* It was indeed a puzzle.

~~

"You lasted ... longer that time." Oraya lifted herself off her prize. His sperm dripped pleasantly from her opening. "Oh, don't you look ... tired." She kissed his cheek.

"I ... I ... I ... feel ..." Rian's chest rose and fell rapidly. He was completely drained. He wondered if he could ever rise from the sofa again.

"A vivacious young man like you shouldn't be so easily fatigued. Gather your strength." She walked to the center of the carpet and got on her hands and knees, her ass facing him. Her tail twitched as she looked over her shoulder at him. "Well, come on. It's time you learned how to pump without my help. Climb on."

Like a moth to a flame, Rian stumbled to his feet. He was sure he'd never been so drained in all his life. Nonetheless, he shuffled his feet, moving as swiftly as he could over to what had become the center of his new life. He dropped to his knees behind her and tried unsuccessfully to enter her several times.



"Focus, young man." Oraya laughed, reached behind her, and guided him in. "Now grab my hips ... no, not my tail ... my hips. Yes, aren't they perfect handholds? Good, now push and pull ... yes, you've got a long one, so you might as well ... use the full length." When he accidentally slipped out, she helped his penis find its way back in. "There now ... uuuuggghhhh ... you're getting ... the hang of it. How does ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... it feel?"

"Oh ... gods ... oh ... gods ... ohhhhhhh ... uuuggghhhh." Rian's body was being pushed to its limits, but he didn't let up. His hips were a blur. "I ... love ... you ... I ... love you ... oh ... gods."

“I ... love you ... too.” Oraya’s face was twisted with passion as she looked over her shoulder at him. “You’re really ... uuuggghhhh ... giving it to me ... good ... I think ... I think ... I might have ... an orgasm ... for the first time in ... for ... for ... uuuggghhhhhh.” Her eyes crossed, her tongue lolled out of her mouth, and she surrendered to pleasure. His life force was flowing into her vagina, and the feeling was pure ecstasy.

They humped like that for a long time, Oraya had several surprising climaxes. Eventually, Rian found himself on the edge again. “Ooohhhhhh ... I’m going to ... uuuggghhhh.” His hips lost their newfound rhythm, his mind fragmented completely, and he unloaded into his new love. He had never been closer to death. He had never been happier.

