



The Traveling Lover  
Chapter 3

# FICTION

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## The Traveling Tower 3

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“Tower ... I need your attention.” Hestia wasn’t sure how long she’d lingered outside the room that had absconded with her son. Outside the tower, it was dark. She didn’t know what threats the prince faced, but she was sure that the room contained danger. Innocent rooms did not have magic locks to keep mothers out. “Tower ... please ... open the room.”

She glanced at the torch on the wall. It was lit, burning merrily. Her eyes traveled from the dancing light to a tapestry on the wall. It was a beautiful piece. Although it was clearly ancient, it seemed to be in excellent repair. Hestia carefully moved away from the door, took the torch off the wall, and walked up to the tapestry, studying the woven details closely.

“You don’t care about me. But ...” She squinted at the intricate design. “... this seems like something you’d be proud of.” Quickly, as if pouncing on a quarry, she jammed the flames up against the tapestry. The hall filled with an acrid miasma. The fabric sizzled, smoldered, and hissed for several moments. Then, it burst into flames.



The hairs on the back of Hestia’s neck rose. She felt another presence in the hall. A great chill wrapped around her, snuffing out her torch and the burning tapestry. In the gloom, she dropped the torch with a clatter on the stone floor and turned to face her invisible companion. “Now that I have your attention, we need to talk.”

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“Oh ... gods ... oooohhhh ... gods ... ugh ... ugh ... Oraya ... I ... love ... you.” Rian’s body had gone past exhaustion a long time ago. His muscles shook with fatigue, but he didn’t stop humping the demon. She was on her side looking up at him with blissful adoration. He held one of her legs to his chest in a scissors fashion, slamming his hips with energy he didn’t know he had. “I ... can’t keep ... going.”



"Yes ... ugh ... ugh ... you can ... my love." Oraya gazed up at him, her smile marred by ecstasy. "Give me ... everything. I can ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... take it." It was clear from his pallid skin and trembling limbs that she had already drained much of him. When she was through, he wouldn't be more than a husk. It caused her some distress to destroy such a beautiful man. Especially one that had provided her with so many lovely orgasms. He was a natural. But that sadness was ameliorated by the bliss of absorbing life. A demon had to eat, after all. "Conquer me ... my prince ... show me your ... uuuggghhhh ... dominion."

Rian spread her legs and sped up his hips. Her voice was undeniably beguiling. He had to do as she asked. "You're mine ... you're mine ... Oraya ... no other ... has claim. You must submit ... to my royal cock!"



“Yessss ... yeessssss ...” If she hadn’t been basking in ecstasy, she might have giggled at the shocked expression on his face. His own words surprised him. No doubt he had been honest when he’d told her that he’d lived a chaste life. But her milk was inside his belly. Like a spider’s bite, her venom readied her prey for harvest. “Show me ... your power ...” When he went to turn her around, she helpfully complied. She didn’t want to interfere with the humping machine that he’d become.



"I ... own ... this ... vagina." His body screamed protests that he ignored as he pushed her onto her belly, closed her legs together, and made good use of the cushion of her ass. "Ah ... ah ... ah ... aaaahhhhhhhhh." He rode her hard, erupted inside her, and collapsed on her backside. He couldn't control his shivering frame.



“Oooohhhhhh ... that was a ... good one.” Oraya wiped sweat from her brow. “Not much longer ... and we should be there.”

“Be ... where ...?” Rian took great, rasping breaths. His cheek was pressed to her warm skin. Her odor wasn’t like musky, pungent human perspiration. She smelled of some enchanting spice. He inhaled deeply and shuddered.



“We will ... be together ... forever ... young one.” She relished his weight pressing her down. She decided she would give him a few minutes to rest before urging him to continue his dominion.

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Out of the gloom, something coalesced in the hall. Hestia strained her eyes to see what the tower would send to greet her. As it took form, she surmised that it was a feminine figure standing about four feet tall. It was clearly not a child from the way the dress hung off its curves. "Tower, I must speak with you."



"Give me time." The female voice was discordant, as if made from many. "I have not taken this form in ages."

"Time is precisely what I do not have." Hestia glanced at the locked door, folded her arms over her chest, and impatiently tapped her foot. A trickling sound brought her attention to an hourglass along the wall that certainly hadn't been there before. If it had, she would have been marking the time her prince faced danger in the room. "You summoned a clock to time us?"

The tower did not respond. It took another ten minutes to solidify into a beautiful she-elf, wearing a coronet in her blond hair. She clasped her hands in front of her, blinked, and smiled. "I would not think one in your bloodline would turn to arson. Do you love to watch beautiful things burn?" Her voice was now singular, strong, and commanding. She turned to the still smoldering tapestry and tsked as she surveyed the damage.

“I only did that to get your attention.” Hestia frowned at the haughty elf. If this was the tower’s avatar, it did not bode well for aid. “Open that locked door at once.” She pointed to the room where her son was trapped.



“Not so much as a ‘please’ or a curtsy.” The elf turned away from the tapestry with disapproval on her face.

“I am a queen.” Hestia’s cheeks flushed crimson.

“I am many queens all in one.” The elf shrugged. “Why should I open that door?”

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“Come and get me.” Oraya danced about the room, making sure to shake her body to its fullest extent. Her laugh, oscillating off the walls, was as lovely as she was. She watched her mate stumble after her. He was looking quite peaked.



"I'm coming ... my love." Rian stumbled and fell to a knee. He ordered his body to rise and chase Oraya. But it wouldn't comply. Pain flashed at him from everywhere. He tried again and fell onto his side. His hard cock pressed onto the cold stone. "But I may need assistance ... getting off the floor."

"Get up ... get up and chase me ... darling," Oraya cooed. She danced closer to him and farther away. "If you catch me, then you can have me to your heart's content. Come along now. Don't let my crevice become arid again." She moved close to him, lifting his face with her toes so he could see her. She hefted her breasts. "You want these? You want them to be yours? You must win them!" When he reached trembling fingers for her calf, she danced away.



"I ... am Prince Rian ... and I claim you ... demon ... as my own." He had no idea where he found the strength, but he lifted himself off the floor. "You ... belong ... on my cock. Get ... over here." His coarse words no longer surprised him. He stumbled after her.

"Yes ... yes ... make me yours ..." Oraya let out another ringing laugh as he caught her and pushed her up against the wall. He moved in behind her and entered her with the skill of a man who had been copulating for years. She supposed that he had gained much experience in their short time together. "Oooohhhhhh ... take me ... take me ... my big ... strong ... prince." She said the words, but the frailty of his grip was evident on her hips.



"Oraya ... Oraya ... you're mine ... my love!" Rian was slamming her with much less force than he had not that long ago. Despite that, the pleasure of her supple flesh, her tight warmth, and her cooing voice urged him to new highs.

"Yes ... my love ... take me." She pressed her hands against the wall and let him get to work.

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“Oh, that’s Oraya’s room.” The elf pondered the door. “She feeds and shares a portion with me. I allow her to stay. I have many such dealings on different floors. And yes, I see that the prince is in there. It seems the poor fool didn’t put up much of a fight. Are you sure he’s yours?”

“Is he hurt?” Hestia blinked back tears.

“Yes ... of course. He’s half dead.” The elf shrugged. “If I open that door, the demon will be quite cross with me. She might leave. You cannot offer to replace the energy she brings. I’m disinclined to unlock that room.”

Hestia gritted her teeth. She felt like pulling her hair out. Instead, she took a deep breath and smoothed out her rough spun dress. “How long has it been since you had a purity ritual? The Sisters haven’t been here in ages.”

The elf narrowed her eyes, craned her neck, and stared up into the queen’s impassive face. “And I could keep the baby?”

“I promise you nothing. But if Rian dies, you lose your chance.” Hestia pressed her lips into a thin line. “You’ll keep him alive and break your alliance with that demon. Because that way you might get what you desire from the Sisters.”

“HMMMMMM.” The elf rubbed her dainty chin.



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Eventually, Rian couldn't lift himself from the floor. He lay on his back, watching the demon dance around him. His painful erection still stood, despite everything he'd put his penis and body through. "Perhaps ... if I rest for a few hours ... I can chase you again."

"Oh, I think your chasing days are over." Oraya stopped dancing and straddled her feet on either side of his hips, standing over his raging cock. "But never fear, I'll take care of you." She squatted, reached under her, and slid him home.

"I ... I ..." Rian stared up at her beauty. Pleasure and pain worked in concert through his body.

"Shh ... don't waste energy on words." Oraya put a purple finger to his lips. "Mommy Oraya's here now. I've got you." Tenderly, she undulated her hips on top of him. "Give yourself to Mommy Oraya. I love you ... my prince." Her smile was wide and resplendent.



“Love ... you ...” Rian croaked. He tried to reach up for her breasts, but his arms lacked the strength.

“When we first ... met ... I told you that you would ... forget someone.” She took milk from her nipple and transferred it to his parched lips with her fingertips. “Do you remember who ... that was?”

“I ... only ... uggghhhh ... remember ... you ... Oraya.” Rian knew something was terribly wrong. But he couldn’t place what. He was so contented to be inside her, he decided that he couldn’t care for anything else in the world. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that his life had started when he’d met her. This room *was* the entire world. “I ... I ...”

The door burst open. Hestia charged in, carrying her blunt, re-straightened sword. “Rian!” She screamed her son’s name, looking about the strange room. She saw his clothes and sword on the floor by the hearth. “Rian!” Her eyes scanned quickly, and found her poor son looking frail and pallid under a wretched, undulating demon.

“The tower ... broke our deal.” Oraya’s eyes widened in shock. “He’s mine ... stay away!” She hissed at Hestia. Oraya leapt off Rian’s cock, bared her teeth, and let out her fiercest growl.

Hestia screamed back at the beast and charged.

