



The Traveling Towner  
Chapter 5

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## The Traveling Tower 5

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"Be brave, Mother." Rian wished he could help. He tried again to stand, but only managed to stumble back to his butt. On the subject of posteriors, he found that his mother's backside was directly in front of his face. He willed his penis to ignore the shapely curves she made as she squatted in a battle stance. But it seemed one part of his body still had stamina. His penis swelled. *How horrible would it be if something killed us here while I go wooden for my own mother? Curse that demon for doing this to me.* He found he couldn't even pull his eyes away from the way her dress draped over her round, perfect globes.



"I see something ... Rian." Hestia clenched her teeth and held her sword aloft. She squinted into the gloom of the long hallway. "It's ... it's ..."

"Yes?" All Rian could see was his mother's ass. Despite the danger they were in, he didn't try to look around it.

"It's a female goblin. And she has something trailing her on a leash. Gods it's big." Hestia tried to keep breathing. She needed oxygen if she was going to stand a chance.

“What is it?” Rian finally leaned to the side. He could see the small goblin. She was no more than four feet tall, with a simple dress fitted snugly over ample curves. The creature had a look of interest on her face. Her underfangs were just peeking between her parted lips. Behind her, loomed a menacing shadow with red eyes and pointed ears.



“It’s a werewolf.” Hestia’s voice went flat. “Do you have anything silver on you?”

“No, Mother.” Rian stared with wide eyes as the goblin and werewolf stopped several feet away.

“My pet smelled you from nine floors up. He was right, you are a prize.” The goblin curtsied. “I am Geleth. You are safe now; you may put away the sword.”

Hestia did as the goblin bid, not because the danger had passed, but because a sword was very little use against a seven-foot-tall werewolf. Even if the blade had been made of silver, she doubted its dull edge could pierce the creature’s fur. “Well met, Geleth. My son and I will be going on our way.” She moved back to Rian and crouched next to him. When she saw the tent of his erection, she rolled her eyes in disbelief.

“Not so fast.” Geleth took two steps closer, yanking on the leash to move her pet along with her. “When I said prize, I meant it, woman. You see, I am rebuilding a harem. The last one I had was destroyed by some unctuous trolls. So, it is important that I seize every opportunity.”



“Um ... thank you for the offer ... but I’m a queen. I will not be part of your ... harem.” Hestia curled her lip in disgust.

Geleth chortled in a high, chirping voice. “I should not have called it a harem. It is more of a menagerie. I am not interested in you, woman. I am interested in the human man there. I can see from the carnival he is making of his trousers that he has a big one. And he is an ugly brute. You would not believe how well lubricated I am thinking about how a beast like him looks with his clothes off.”

“Beast!?! He’s a prince!” Hestia hugged him protectively.



“The height of a creature does not change its shadow.” Geleth shrugged.

“Of course it does.” Hestia creased her forehead in confusion. “That doesn’t have anything to do with –”

“I will make you a deal. Your prince becomes a member of my menagerie, and I will protect both of you from the evil hiding in this tower.” Geleth gave them a wicked grin. “You are new here. I can tell. You would not live long without my wolf to guard you. Who knows, if I grow tired of the wolf, I may even let you take a tumble with him, *Queen*.” She said the last word with a mocking inflection.

“We don’t need your protection. And I don’t fancy a tumble with a monster.” Hestia was too decorous to spit on the floor, but she wished she could show her distaste in such a way. “My husband, the king, the prince’s father, is dead. As a grieving queen, my period of celibacy has begun.”

“Oh, my. You humans have such perverse traditions. No sex after your husband ... aacckkkk?” Geleth ran her finger over her throat and twisted her face into a gruesome mask of death.



“Do you mean to attack us? If not, I think we’ll leave.” Hestia stood and offered her son her hand.

“Is the prince mute? He has not said a word.” She nodded toward the tent of his erection. “But his cock speaks multitudes. It is clear that he fancies me greatly. And who can blame him?” Geleth hefted her tits through her dress.

Hestia looked away from the vulgar gesture. “Are we free to go?” She tried not to meet the red glow of the werewolf’s gaze, but found herself looking that direction anyway. She shuddered. *Does that goblin actually bed such a beast?*

“You are free to go. But it is such a waste to have you wander off to die at some vile monster’s claws.” Geleth frowned.

“I can talk. I’m just exhausted right now.” Rian let his mother help him to his feet. “I had a run-in with a succubus. And the demon nearly killed me.”



“Ahhhh. You drank from her titties, did you not?” Geleth laughed. “That is powerful poison. Our meeting is fortuitous for you. I can help.”

“Let me guess, your help involves putting a leash around the prince’s neck?” Hestia helped Rian toward the stairwell.

“I only leash those that want it.” Geleth followed the human pair, pulling at the werewolf to follow. “Is that not right, Wolfy?”

Wolfy’s growl was deep and sinister.

Geleth looked over her shoulder and laughed at the beast. "You need a female to drain the poison. It takes a couple weeks of ejaculations at least twice a day before the afflicted male feels like himself again. I can see from your resemblance, your protective nature, and the saccharine love on display that you are mother and son. Also, queen and prince sort of makes that obvious, I suppose. So, my queen, *you* cannot drain him. And draining himself is not helpful. That leaves ... me." She followed them as they descended down the stairwell.

"Even if what you say is true, we'll take a hard pass." Hestia could hear the werewolf's deep breathing echo in the enclosed space of the stairwell. "We'll find another way. Right, Rian?"

"Yes." Rian nodded and clung to his mother as they descended. It felt like it was taking forever to get to the next floor. His legs trembled with each step, and his erection made every movement awkward.



"Rian ... ummmm ... Rian is not a good name for you. If you are going to be in my menagerie, you need something that sounds a bit more fierce." Geleth rubbed her chin. "Roxinor would be a good name. Or Grezna. Hmmm."

"My name is Rian. I'm not changing it," Rian said over his shoulder.

"How about Zurvia?" Geleth led her pet after the humans as they slowly descended the tower.

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The party of four found their dining room and bedroom sometime after dark. They ate without hesitation. Hestia fed her son, while trying to ignore the noisy, bad manners of Geleth and Wolfy. When Rian was full, Hestia served herself. She hastily ate some vegetables, which she had to admit were as fresh as any from the Royal Gardens back home. Her hunger kindled; she served herself some rabbit stew. It was delicious, but she ate so quickly she hardly noticed.



"I need the privacy of the washroom, Mother." Rian had been as patient as he could. He wanted both of them to eat while the food was good. So, he had waited until the second it was clear that his mother was finished. "I ... really need to go now."

"Ha! Tug it yourself all you want, it will not lessen the need, boy." Geleth gnawed on a roast goose leg.

"Gggrrrrrrrr." Wolfy was carefully cleaning the fur around his muzzle with a napkin.

"He has eighteen years, and he's a prince. Do not refer to Rian as 'boy', again," Hestia helped her son from his seat. There was only one bedroom. She found the attached washroom and left him in there. She returned to the bedroom and tried not to listen to the soft, rhythmic sounds of his self-pleasure. Before the tower had moved, she'd never even considered that her son touched himself. But now that she thought about it, he must have. The king had said it was a natural occupation for men.

"Only one bed?" Geleth walked into the bedroom. "At least it is big enough for three. Wolfy won't sleep on beds, so it will be just you, me, and the prince."



"I forbid it!" Hestia put her hands on her hips and stomped her foot.

"It is not wise to forbid a werewolf," Geleth whistled, and Wolfy trotted into the room.

"I wasn't forbidding *him*, I was forbidding *you*." Hestia straightened her spine and gave the short creature her most haughty glare, putting all her royal training to use.

"Fine. But you will change your tune eventually." Geleth undressed, tossing her clothing aside haphazardly.

"Lucky for you, I like sleeping on Wolfy."

"In a different room, please." Hestia looked away from the now naked goblin's curving body.



“Where does a three-hundred-pound wolf sleep?” Geleth patted the boards with her foot and Wolfy curled up on the floor. “Wherever he pleases.” When he was settled, Geleth tucked herself into his fur. “I believe that last grunt was the end of your prince’s climax. You might want to fetch him and wipe his cock off.”

Hestia ignored the vile creature. She waited for Rian to return. When he did, he was clean and clad only in a towel. She could already hear Wolfy and Geleth snoring in their corner of the room. “If you weren’t so weak, I would say we should travel tonight and lose these heathens. But ...” She could see how frail and exhausted he was. “Come, I’ll settle you in bed.”

“Thank you, Mother.” Rian glanced at their new companions. He was too tired to worry about them. He let his mother tuck him in and quickly he was asleep.

Hestia was loathe to leave her son in the company they now kept. But she needed a bath and a moment to think. Quietly, she went into the washroom, scrubbed off the grime of several days, and quickly went back to the bedroom wearing only a towel. The tower had been kind enough to give them larger towels this time, and since she was going to lose her dress in the night, she didn’t see the wisdom in wearing something so scratchy to bed. Everyone was as she left them, all asleep. She locked the door and slipped under the sheets. Plans formed in her head to keep guard in case their companions tried anything. But before the plans were fully formed, she was asleep.



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The moon was high outside the window when Hestia woke. With a mother's intuition, she sensed that her son was no longer next to her. She reached across the bed, but found nothing. The urge to scream filled her. She fought it and sat up, taking in the room. In the gloom, she could see the great shape of the curled werewolf. From his snores, she assumed he was still sleeping.



She reached for the towel where she'd left it by the bed, but it was gone. For a moment, she considered wrapping herself in the bed's sheet, but that would restrict her motion too much. Naked, she climbed out of bed. The door was still closed and bolted, so she turned her attention to the washroom. She heard a faint slapping sound. *Was Rian touching himself again?* With grim determination, she padded across the cold, plank floor. She could no longer see Geleth snuggled up against Wolfy. *On no!* The sound coming from the washroom could be much worse than masturbation. With all the stealth she could muster, she moved toward the noise to investigate.

