



The Traveling Tower
Chapter 7

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Traveling Tower 7

Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

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When Rian finished with the goblin, he returned to his mother. There was a spring in his step and a lilting smile on his lips. "Much better now."

"Very well." Hestia stood and stretched. "I wasn't able to search this floor. Let's move to the next one." When her son walked close to her, she could smell the sex on him. Her nostrils flared, and her lip curled in disgust. She straightened her spine. There was nothing to be done about it until they found the baths later in the day.

"Goodness me, the gods be praised." Geleth exited the sex chamber they had used with a wide grin on her face. She was still buttoning her dress. "He *is* excellent. Great hips. Great cock. Great energy, now that he is recovering." She winked at Hestia and glanced at her werewolf. "Not that he is better than you, Wolfy. He is just ... different."



Wolfy gave an uncommitted half-growl and shrugged. "The thing I'm curious about is the queen. All these erections around her, all the sounds, sights, and smells of sex, and yet she isn't in heat. I detect ... nothing from her. Are you sexless, Queen?"

"I enjoyed a wonderful marital life with my king. He's gone, so that's over. We will never speak about this again." She wagged a warning finger at the wolf, took her son's hand, and led him toward the stairs.



"Harsh." Wolfy shook his head, gave his mistress the leash, and followed the humans.

"Some ladies are made for the desert." Geleth pointed to the arid lands outside the window. "I mean ... because she does not get wet."

"Yes, I understood mistress," the wolf growled.

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For three floors, they found nothing. Then, the dead bodies began to appear. Both women and men, all human, were lying along the halls and in a few rooms. No obvious injuries could be found, but they had all died with wide-eyed stares full of fear.



"I knew this woman." Hestia knelt next to a woman in the hall. "She worked in the kitchens. A kind soul." Hestia frowned.

"Excuse me." Wolfy dragged the body some ways away and ripped her bodice open.

"Gods, you beast ... have you no decency? I won't have you lusting over the dead." She checked for his pink penis, but it wasn't hard. At least there was that.

"I am not lusting, I am suspecting." He pointed to something on the cadaver's left breast. "Do you see these marks?"



Geleth moved next to him and gazed at where he was pointing. She clicked her tongue in disapproval. "I would rather it be something else. Anything else."

"I don't understand." Rian looked down at the now topless body. He squeezed his mother's hand. "Mother?"

"Spill it, Wolfy." Hestia frowned at all of them.

"It seems your people ran into a hungry vampire. You can see the two red marks here." Wolfy nodded to himself. "I hate those creatures, always getting in our way."

"Our'?" Rian said.

"My kind." Wolfy looked down at his mistress. "I recommend we head back up the tower. There will be no one surviving to build your menagerie in the vampire's territory."

"Your recommendation is considered and denied." Geleth's face was uncharacteristically somber. "We stick with the queen and prince. With any luck, the creature will be frightened of you and ignore us. Certainly, it cannot be hungry anymore. How long ago did this happen?"

Wolfy sniffed the air. "Maybe a day."

“So, the creature *is* full.” Geleth looked at Hestia. “We should descend quickly now. No more searching each floor.”

“I will look for survivors.” Hestia put a hand on the pommel of her sword.

“Your sword will not protect you. We should spend some time creating wooden stakes from this furniture. The more worn pieces. The tower will grow angry if we damage high-quality furniture.” Geleth waited for the cantankerous queen to argue with that. But thankfully, she didn’t. They all set about smashing chairs and carving pointy ends.



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Two floors down, they found a survivor.

"I do not know her." Hestia stared down at the unconscious woman. She put out a hand and yelled a commanding "Stop!" when Wolfy was about to tear the woman's dress open. "She's alive. I will not permit you to check her breasts."

"But ... we should know if she's bitten." Wolfy moved away from the woman. He felt Geleth's leash tighten around his neck.

"No need to check her. Look how pale she is." Geleth pressed her lips together, hiding her underfangs. "She is bitten. We should finish her off right now." Geleth reached into the bag Wolfy was now carrying and pulled out a stake.

"No ... no!" Hestia put herself between the goblin and the unconscious lady. "Your wolf can carry her easily enough. When she revives, I will help her bathe and check her myself." Hestia adjusted the crown on her head, reminding them all of her status.



“Even if she was bitten, it doesn’t mean she’ll turn,” Rian said. “I mean, I’ve never met a vampire. But that’s what I read.”

Geleth sighed. “She needs to feed from the brute to turn. You are right. But there is no way to check for that. Better safe than sorry.”

“Better compassionate than callous.” Hestia glared at the goblin.

“It depends on the situation, I think.” Geleth shrugged. “Carry her, Wolfy. I will keep a pointy stick handy, just in case.”

Wolfy easily lifted the woman and cradled her in his arms. They continued their search and descent. After three more floors, they ran into no more bodies. There were no more survivors.



Two stories further down, they found their nightly food and bedchamber.

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Wolfy placed the survivor on the bed. She was watched over by Geleth and a sharp wooden stick.

Hestia watched over them all to make sure Geleth behaved herself. She wanted badly to feed the woman. She had Rian bring in a bowl of soup. But she couldn't very well nourish a sleeping woman.

Eventually, Rian finished with his supper and came into the bedroom to fetch Geleth. Hestia watched them walk into the bathing room with distaste on her face. Her expression intensified to one of disgust when she heard the wet slapping sounds they started making. *It's helping him. That horrible creature's vagina is the only medicine we have.* Those thoughts only helped a little. She prayed the woman would wake, but she prayed even harder that she would wake after Rian was done with the goblin. She didn't want to have to explain those sounds to a stranger. At least the wolf stayed out at the dining table and left her in peace.



It was a little while after she heard her son grunt out his second climax that the survivor's eyelids fluttered open. Hestia could see a moment of confusion on her face, then there was terror in her eyes. "Don't sit up. You're safe now. You need to rest. What is your name?" Hestia said.

"Queen ... Hestia?" The survivor focused her gaze on the queen's face.



"That's *my* name." Hestia forced her warmest, most disarming smile. It was a skill she'd honed as a queen.

"What's *your* name?"

"Um ... Alethea ... Your Majesty. I'm ... Alethea. What happened? We were attacked." Without lifting her head, Alethea looked around the room. "I was with a group from the kitchens. Where are my friends?"

"Maybe some of them fled. You were the only survivor we found." Hestia spooned some soup to Alethea's lips. "Here, you need sustenance."

"Yes, I feel weak." Alethea gladly opened her mouth and took the soup. She instantly spat it on her dress. "Oh ... I think that soup has turned. Do you have anything else?"

Hestia smelled the soup. She tasted it. It seemed that the tower was still pleased with them. It was delicious. But there was no accounting for taste. She wasn't used to serving others, but she took the soup back to the dining room and procured other things for her patient to eat.

"She's awake then?" Wolfy was noisily munching on goose legs, bones and all.



"Yes, I'm getting her some things to eat." Hestia didn't look at the horrible creature.

"You might save yourself the trouble and kill her now. It would be for her own good. And ours, I suppose." Wolfy shrugged.

"I know what I'm doing." Hestia was finally happy with her plate. She turned and hustled back to the bedroom. "I brought you an assortment of victuals, Alethea. I..." Hestia stopped in the doorway with her plate of food. The bed was empty. "Alethea?" She spotted the woman in the doorway to the bathroom. The sounds of copulation were coming from there again. "Oh, my."

Alethea was in awe. She had tumbled with a few boys in her day, but she'd never even considered interspecies sex. And the man was clearly the prince. She knew his face. And he was a very well-equipped man. The size of the goblin made him appear even bigger than he was. The savage smells wafting out made Alethea's knees wobble. And the wet, rhythmic sounds made her belly flip over and over. She doubled over when her vagina spasmed and flooded. But she kept an eye on the mating couple. Prince Rian had the goblin in his arms. The goblin had her arms around his shoulders. She seemed very happy with his skills. A hunger crept over Alethea. She wanted what the goblin was having ... or something like it.



"Come away from the door. I'm sorry you had to see this." Hestia had put the plate down by the bed and joined Alethea in the doorway. A furrow of distaste formed a groove on her forehead, but she didn't try to stop her prince. She looked away from the standing, mating couple. "You should not be out of bed. Don't worry about the prince. He must do this to break an enchantment. You understand."

"Yes ... I understand." It took some effort, but Alethea pulled her gaze off the prince and goblin, focusing on the queen. The woman was beautiful. She'd always known that. But something was different now. She fought an impulse to kiss the queen. She wanted to nibble her all over. "I would like ... you to take me to bed."

"Yes, of course." Hestia helped the woman across the floor. She didn't mind that Alethea clutched at her, even gripping Hestia's breast through her dress for a time. She was weak and needed care. "Now, lay down. I brought you food."

"Thank you, Your Majesty." Alethea reclined on the bed again, her head propped up on the pillow. She eyed the food with revulsion. "You are too kind. I can't believe the queen is helping me. My mother would never ..."



"We'll find your mother, dear. I'm sure we will." Hestia offered her some bread.

"I'm ... not hungry." Alethea politely waved away the food. "I need to rest, Your Majesty. I'm going to close my eyes for a while."

"But you have to eat or ..." Hestia's words faded. The woman was already asleep. Hestia pressed her lips together. There was clearly something wrong with the survivor, but she didn't want to believe that this soft, polite creature could harm them. Hestia left Alethea's plate by the bed and went back to the dining room to ease her own hunger.

She found Wolfy was doing something even more disgusting than eating. He was standing in the corner, masturbating his beastly penis. "Gods ... you vile creature ... you can't do that where we eat."

"The mistress has been ... gggrrrrrrrrrr ... too busy ... for me ... and I need ... relief." He gave her a wolfish smile. "I would ... join you in the bedroom ... if you wanted to help. The washroom is taken."



"Stop ... stop doing that while I'm talking to you. Heavens." Hestia averted her eyes. "There is a whole big tower out there. Find yourself some privacy."

"I'm not allowed to leave ... at night. Geleth is afraid ... uuuugggghhhh ... the tower will separate us." Wolfy's clawed fingers worked quickly on his cock.

"Ugh! Don't follow me." Hestia turned back to the bedroom. She ended up eating most of Alethea's plate while the woman slept. In the background, she had to listen to Geleth's wails, her son's grunting, and that wet slapping. The food was good, but it was the worst meal she'd had in some time.