



The Traveling Towner
Chapter 8

FICTION

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The Traveling Tower 8

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"I'll sleep in the middle. I don't want you too close to her." Hestia addressed her son, nodding to the sleeping Alethea.



"Did you ask her if she drank from the vampire?" Rian eyed the woman suspiciously. She was beautiful, but he knew that some of the most deadly threats belied their intent with grace and charm. He had seen that phenomenon in his father's court.

"She fell asleep before I could ask. But she was gentle, courteous, and kind when awake." Hestia turned away as her son disrobed. "I'm sure she would have mentioned something that would put us all in danger. I'm sure she's safe."

"I am not so sure." Geleth entered the bedroom, making a big show of ogling Rian's nakedness. "Wolfy, I would ask you to sleep with one eye open tonight."

"It would be more restful to stake her now." Wolfy was aware of the queen's icy stare. "Or I will sleep with one eye open." He curled up on the floor, making room for Geleth to snuggle up against his fur.

"I will have no more talk of stakes." Hestia turned away from Geleth as the goblin removed her dress. But this turned her gaze back on her son's bare butt as he climbed into bed. "We will all have a good night's rest, and you'll see that I'm right about Alethea in the morning."

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Hestia woke in the dead of night. The room was dark, with only starlight from the window illuminating the gloom. She felt that something was missing, and in a panic, she reached for her son. Warm relief flooded her cold chest when her hand found his lithe, bare body. She held him for a moment, feeling the slow rise and fall of his chest. It was plain that he was still sleeping.

A thought occurred to Hestia, and she reached to her other side. It was Alethea that was missing. That was strange, because she could still hear the woman's soft, gentle snores. Hestia blinked, willing her eyes to pierce the darkness. It seemed there was a shadow above Alethea's spot in bed.

As Hestia's eyes adjusted, the curving naked form of a woman came into view.

Alethea's slumber was about four feet above the mattress. She was still supine, but no longer in agreement with gravity.



"Wolfy ... Wolfy ..." Hestia whispered. The werewolf had said it would keep one eye open, but it seemed from its growling snores that Hestia was the only one awake. *I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming.* Hestia closed her eyes. When she opened them again, it was morning, and Alethea was sleeping soundly on the mattress next to her.

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Rian and Geleth mated in the washroom first thing. Wolfy stretched and went to the dining room for breakfast. Hestia waited until they were all gone. Then she came out from under the covers, dressed herself in a replica of the garments from the day before, and woke Alethea.

“Oh ... good morning ... Your Majesty.” Alethea’s face was paler than the day before, but her smile was warm, and her eyes were full of good cheer. “You look positively dazzling this morning.” She laughed and jumped out of bed, standing naked before her queen.



“So ... you feel fine. Nothing ... untoward about the night?” Hestia studied the woman’s face. She had judged her to be near thirty the day before. But with her porcelain skin, she looked somehow younger in the morning light.

“I did have some nightmares. But being next to you comforted me.” Alethea felt uncharacteristically bold. She moved closer to the queen, standing only inches in front of her. “Your beauty is comfort for sure.”

“Err ... yes ...” Hestia turned and fetched the woman’s dress. “I must ask you, did you drink from the one that attacked you?”

“No.” Alethea stared at the swell of her queen’s ass, accentuated by the fetching dress.

“Good. That’s good.” Hestia picked up Alethea’s dress and turned toward the woman. “Let’s get you into this so that we can feed you.” She looked at the woman’s breasts. Sure enough, there were two red marks on the right one. “You must be famished.”

“I’m ...” Alethea rubbed her belly. “... not hungry. But I am ... in love.” She practically pounced on the queen, planting kisses all over her face and neck.

“Get ... ahold ... of yourself.” Hestia thought about calling for help, but she knew what the others would do to Alethea if they found the woman acting aggressively. Hestia pushed at the naked woman. They struggled for a few moments, then Alethea fell back on the bed.



“Oh ... oh ... my ... I’m sorry.” Alethea’s eyes went round and filled with tears. “You looked so pretty and ... I forgot myself. I beg your forgiveness, Your Majesty.” Quickly, she scooted off the bed and kneeled before Hestia.

“You’ve had ... quite an ordeal.” Hestia was panting, but hid her panic well. “You have my forgiveness ... but you must contain ... yourself. The others ... will not be so quick to forgive.” Her crown askew, Hestia put her hand on the woman’s head. Geleth picked that exact time to start screaming out her climax from the washroom. It made an awkward moment even less tolerable. “Rise ... Alethea. Let’s get you dressed ... and fed.”



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The party finished their morning ablutions. Everyone but Alethea ate their fill, and then they descended the tower. Geleth still wanted to press on past the vampire's territory without delay, but Hestia insisted that they search every floor.

Alethea made the others uneasy, so she found herself often split with the queen as they wandered empty rooms. "I have a question, Your Majesty." Alethea was walking behind the queen, happily regarding her backside as she gracefully searched a new room.

"Hmm?" The space they were in was a trophy room for some sort of game hunter. Hestia was eyeing a crossbow mounted on the wall, wondering if it still worked. She moved to pry it from its mounting.

"Is the goblin's vagina necessary to rid the prince of that spell, or ... would any vagina do?" Alethea tried to make the question sound as innocent as possible.

"I suppose any would do. But I'm his mother, so it has to be the goblin." Hestia figured out the mounting catch and removed the crossbow. She armed it without a bolt and pulled the trigger. It seemed to work, but there were no bolts around. It was awkward to carry. *Is it worth lugging around?* She frowned at the weapon.



"I'm not his mother," Alethea cooed.

"Of course not. I ..." Hestia put down the cumbersome crossbow and looked at this strange, alabaster woman. "Are you suggesting he use your vagina to relieve himself? Are you suggesting this to his ... mother?"

"Oh, my." Alethea waved her hands in surrender. "I've overstepped my bounds again. I'm so sorry, Your Majesty. Perhaps you can punish me. My father used to spank me when I was bad." She turned her backside to the queen.

"We are done talking about this." Hestia turned and moved toward the next room, leaving the crossbow behind.

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The party stopped for lunch in a library, sitting near a roaring fire. Rian listened to his mother and Geleth argue about whether the queen should have brought the crossbow with her. He didn't like the sound of bickering, so he stood, passed Wolfy, and walked to the other side of the room, reading the titles on the shelves.

"You know, I can read," Alethea said.



Rian gave a start. He hadn't realized that the woman was right next to him. "Oh ... good for you." He nodded and continued to look at the titles.

"I can do other things, too. I have many talents." Alethea lowered her voice. When she caught his eye, she winked. *When did I get so bold? Kissing a queen, and propositioning her prince. I must be crazy.*

"Yes ... um ... I'm sure you're very ..." Rian let the woman grab his hand and drag him out of the room. He glanced over his shoulder, the others were still bickering and didn't notice them leave. "Where are we going?"



“You’ll see ...” Alethea giggled. The world felt like it was brimming with promise. Anything was possible. Before the war, the moving tower, and the tragedy, she would never have thought of speaking to the prince. But a brief time later, she was naked, her hands up against the wall, her vagina accepting a royal cock from behind. “Ravage me ... raaaavage ... meeeeeeee ... Your Highness!” *Such feral words have never left my mouth before.* “Spear me ... pierce meeeeeeee ... plunder ... me ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... My Prince!”



“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” This was only the second female Rian had mated and the first woman. He had been getting used to Geleth, but now his ideas about coupling had been thrown through a new loop. “Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” Of course, Alethea was much taller than Geleth, making it easy to stand directly behind her. He grabbed her shoulders and slammed harder. Her skin was cooler than Geleth’s skin. He wondered if all women ran colder than men and goblins during sex. He supposed he wouldn’t know until he had sex with more women. That thought drove his hips into their highest gear. “Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...”

“Oooohhhh ... gods ... you’re driving ... your cock home ... with ... ugh ... ugh ... vengeance. Spear me ... spear me ... spear ... uuuuggghhhhh.” Alethea’s eyes rolled back. She was sure no one had ever humped her harder. But she wasn’t worried about him breaking her like she should have been. She wasn’t worried about how such a mighty man would view her peasant body. She wasn’t worried about what would happen if he erupted inside her. She was in a state of bliss, orgasms rolling from one to the next. When he pulled out of her, she turned and jumped into his arms, sliding his cock back inside her. She kissed his face and neck. “I love you ... I love you ... I love you ... Your Highness!” She wasn’t worried about scaring him away with the “L” word.



“Mmmppphh.” Even as Rian sucked on her nipple, the marks on her breast didn’t rise to the forefront of his mind. The animal inside him had taken over, and it wasn’t to be bothered with trivialities like vampirism. Not when a wet, tight pussy was to be had. “Mmmmmppphhh.” He bit her nipple, feeling her body tremble in his arms.

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Back in the library, Hestia felt a sudden jolt of warning. She looked around the room. Her son and Alethea were both missing.

Geleth was still going on about how easy it was to fashion bolts from their growing stake collection. She wanted to go back for the crossbow.

Hestia held up a finger to silence her. "Where's Rian?"



"Oh, no." Geleth looked around the room. "That monster must be draining his blood even as we speak. Why cannot I keep anyone in my menagerie?"

"I'm still here, Geleth." Wolfy sniffed the air.

"Which way did they go?" Hestia spun. There were three doors on three walls of the library. If she took the wrong one, she might not get to her son in time to save him.



"My nose tells me they went this way." Wolfy loped to the left. "Stay behind me, Geleth and Queen. Have your stakes ready."

"Very well." Hestia was beginning to see the worth of having a werewolf in one's menagerie. She followed the large, furry creature, Geleth on her heels. They passed through two rooms before the noise of copulation reached them. Hestia's fear changed form. "She's ... mating with him?"

"But ... but ... he is mine!" Geleth ran around the queen and wolf, getting to the next doorway first. Her expression was slack with shock.

Hestia hurried after her, stopping next to the goblin.

Wolfy ambled up behind them and growled appreciatively. "She's draining him, but not in the way we feared."

"He was so chaste and pure back home," Hestia whispered. Her eyes took in the sight of Alethea riding her son on the floor, the woman's movements were shameless and lurid. The sounds they made were beyond unseemly. And the smell ... the smell made Hestia's knees wobble.

The three onlookers watched as both Rian and Alethea cried out, and he emptied himself inside her.

