



The Traveling Tower
Chapter 9

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Traveling Tower 9

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“I don’t understand what you two are so upset about.” Rian dressed slowly as his mother and Geleth stood synchronistically putting their hands on their hips with matching frowns. “Mother, I can recover from that spell even faster with two women ...” He looked at Geleth. “... with two females helping me. And Geleth ...” He kept his gaze on the goblin. “... this doesn’t affect our ... coupling. I need a lot of relief, and I don’t want to wear you out.”



“When did you get so brazen?” Hestia shook her head slowly. “I raised you better than this.”

“It’s okay, Queen Hestia. I have been sore lately. Maybe this way I can fit some Wolfy time in.” Geleth’s frown dissipated. “I have missed that knot. You know, Queen Hestia, you should give Wolfy a try. Same with you, Alethea.” She smiled at the newest member of their group, who was smoothing out her dress. “I think every female should try a werewolf at least once. Every bit as good as you, Rian. No offense, of course.”

“Oh ... none taken.” Rian’s head spun. His mind hadn’t gotten used to the oddities of this tower. A goblin was casually comparing his sex technique to that of a werewolf. *Favorably comparing it.* He knew his mother would never bed the wolf. But he wondered if Alethea would. He turned to her. “If you want to ... I wouldn’t mind.”

“With him?” If she wasn’t already sopping down there, she would have creamed at the thought. She looked at the werewolf’s crotch, but couldn’t see much of anything. “It gets much bigger, right? I’ve heard stories.”

“It won’t grow for a vamp.” Wolfy folded his arms.

“My word ... you are all so lurid and ...” Hestia frowned at the wolf. “... and in your case, prejudiced. No more talk of mating.”

Wolfy walked over to Hestia, lowered his head, and sniffed. “Still as dry as the desert outside.” He nodded to the window. “I thought maybe a couple humans humping would finally get you going.”

“Ugghhh ... I’m going to continue searching.” She strode to the door, but no one followed her. She stopped and turned back. “Rian and Alethea, you’re both searching with me. I’m going to keep an eye on you two.”



The humans followed their queen, Geleth and Wolfy bringing up the rear.

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Several floors down, the party was still all together, walking a long hall.

Wolfy was the first to notice something amiss and held up his hand. "Something is moving ahead."

"The vampire?" Geleth moved so that her shoulder was pressed to the werewolf's leg.

"No wings or feet ... I hear ..." Wolfy put a claw to his lips even though the rest were silent.

"I hear slithering. But I don't see anything." Alethea strode to the front of the party on the other side of the wolf from Geleth.

Hestia drew her sword.

Rian wished for a sword and remembered that his mother had picked up one for him in the game trophy room. He looked down at his belt, and there it was. He drew it. "Does anybody see this beast?" Even he could now hear the movement of scales and a soft, threatening hiss.

"Up there!" Wolfy pointed at the ceiling about ten feet in front of them. The snake was camouflaged, blending into its background seamlessly. Only its movement gave it away.



"It's huge!" Hestia took an involuntary step back.

"Second biggest snake I've seen today." Alethea let out a little giggle, winked at Rian, and grabbed two wooden stakes to use as weapons. She knew she should have been terrified for her life, but instead she felt almost euphoric at the coming fight.

Not one to be out-quipped, Geleth's mind raced for something to say before the snake was upon them. "I sure do wish we had a crossbow right about now."

"Me too," Hestia whispered. She heard growling and realized the werewolf and Alethea were harmonizing in some sort of beastly rumble, his low and hers high. Trying to keep the grip on her sword light, she raised it over her head so that the snake would catch the point of it if the creature dropped on her.

The snake suddenly disappeared.

"Is it still on the ceiling?" Rian tried to stay on the balls of his feet, ready.

"I can smell it," Wolfy growled. "I think it just stopped so ... it's blending in."

"I can smell it, too." Alethea bared her teeth. "Come at us serpent! We will crack your spine and drink your blood."

Wolfy glanced at the woman. He had never been more sure that she'd imbibed from the vampire.

In that moment, the snake left its camouflage and leapt at them, mouth stretched wide with fangs gleaming in the torchlight. The thing was at least fifteen feet long, and moved as an uncoiling, thick mass of muscle. It went for the smallest of their party. Wolfy lunged to put himself between Geleth and the monster. Like lightning, he placed his hands in the snake's mouth, holding it open. The creature was powerful, and carried the wolf along with it.



“Geleth!” Rian moved to grasp Geleth, but he wasn’t quick enough. Fortunately, the wolf had thrown the snake’s trajectory off, and it smashed past Geleth, slamming against the wall and bucking down the hall past them. It dragged a roaring Wolfy with it.

Hestia pressed herself against the far wall. She was suddenly quite glad that Geleth and Wolfy had decided to keep them company, even if it meant she had to put up with their lewdness. It was a small price to pay. Turning her face away from the horrible wrestling match between snake and wolf, Hestia was the only one to look down the other direction of the hall: the direction the snake had come from. There, she saw the she-elf that was the tower’s avatar, standing and watching with disapproval on her face. “Don’t just stand there, tower, help us!”

The elf shook her head slowly.



Rian could see that Wolfy wasn't strong enough to kill the snake. The werewolf was getting tossed about, still clinging to the serpentine mouth. Rian thought those fangs were dangerously close to piercing canine flesh. The prince raised his sword and charged at the massive, flopping serpent.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Alethea had never felt so alive, not even when she mated with the prince not long ago. She followed Rian, her stakes held high. She leapt into the air, gaining a height that surprised her, nearly brushing her hair against the high ceiling. She leapfrogged the prince running under her, and landed on the snake before he arrived. "Rrrraaaaarrrrrrrr!" She let out the most animalistic sounds as she plunged her stakes into the beast's scaly sides again and again.



“Take that!” Rian plunged his sword into the snake near its tail. He was rewarded for his effort by an undulation of the tail that knocked him more than a yard backward.

“You won’t hurt Wolfy!” Geleth sprinted at the writhing creature, leapt quite high for her size, and mounted the snake on its head.



Hestia glanced away from the elf when she heard her son scream. She saw him sprawled on the floor. She raced over to him and knelt by his side. The hissing, growling, and roaring of the fight bounced off the walls all around her. When the snake's tail came dangerously close to them, she slashed it with her sword.

"I'm fine." Rian sat up just in time to see Geleth plunge her stake between the serpent's eyes. The creature gave a great, shuddering gasp and went mostly still but for some twitching. He could still hear its hissing breath. Rian tried to stand, winced, and decided to rest for a moment. "It's not dead."

Alethea was still stabbing the moribund creature. "Rrraaaaarrrrrr!"



“Once more.” Geleth plunged the stake toward the snake’s brain, but couldn’t pierce the thick skull.

“Let me ... help you ...” Wolfy, panting, stood next to her. He took hold of the stake and shoved it hard enough to break bone. There was a loud crack of splitting skull and splintering wood. The serpent’s hissing breaths stopped.

“Oh, Wolfy, I was so worried. You saved me ... and I thought ...” Geleth was in tears.

“And you ... saved me.” Wolfy picked her up and held her tenderly.



"That's actually very sweet." Hestia smiled at the pair, putting her hand on her son's knees reassuringly. "They killed the thing. And he really cares for her. Just look, he ..." Her voice faded when she saw his horrible erection grow. Her eyes widened as the wolf tore off his mistress's clothes. "What are you doing? Stop!" She let go of her son's knee and her sword, putting both hands to her mouth.

"Oh ... my ... gods." Rian's eyes went wide. He barely noticed when a panting Alethea sat next to him. "Are they going to ...?"

"Inside me, Wolfy! I need you inside ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." Geleth thought that sex was always heightened by violence. She had never discussed the topic with Wolfy, but she was sure he agreed. She was naked now, her feet flopping on either side of Wolfy's furry hips, his massive cock stretching her vagina to near its breaking point. "You're mine ... mine ... my pet."

"Yours ... yours ... yours ..." Wolfy repeated as he squeezed her ass cheeks with his claws.



“Unbelievable. Rian, look away. You can’t see ...” Hestia turned to her son, but found that he was disappearing into an adjacent room with Alethea. “Wait ... get back here.” But the prince didn’t listen. By the time Hestia got to the open door, Alethea was already taking her prince from behind, her dress propped up on her back. “What is happening?” Hestia felt sick to her stomach. She glanced back at Geleth and Wolfy. The two were fornicating like mad beasts. She couldn’t believe how quickly his hips moved or that the small goblin could take it. Wolfy’s tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and his eyes were filled with frenzy. Looking away, Hestia searched for the elf. But she was gone now.

“Why is this ... so ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... good?” Rian gripped Alethea’s hips firmly, slamming his pelvis into the cushion of her ass.



"We faced ... death ... and now ... we're making ... life." Although, even as she said it, Alethea felt her womb would no longer carry a baby. She didn't know why, or even how she knew, but there was a certainty inside her. *So much the better, carrying a prince's child would be ... complicated.* "Use me ... use me ... Your Majesty. Fill me ... as much as you like ... I'm yours."

"You're mine ... you're mine ... ugh ... ugh ..." Rian could hear the unearthly sounds Wolfy and Geleth were making out in the hall. Their fornication seemed to kindle his own drive. He slammed into Alethea harder.



“Oh ... gods ...” Part of Hestia wanted to break up the pairings. But instead, she retreated down the hall a little way and looked away from the giant wolf and small goblin. She didn’t want to be too far lest another serpent came along. That meant that even though she wasn’t watching the two pairs mating, she could hear every wet smack, wail, growl, and moan. And the sickening smell of sex wafted past her. *The snake isn’t even cold, and they’re carrying on like baboons in heat.* She sat on the floor cross-legged and thought of her gallant king. She wondered what he would think of what was happening to their son. *Would he reprimand me? Am I a good parent?* She had no answers, but thinking of her king at least let her mind wander away from the sex a little. She wished she could close her eyes, but she dared not. With everyone else engaged, she was the only lookout.



It took the others almost an hour to finally wrap up their mating. When they were done, Hestia insisted that they continue searching, thinking that the snake might be guarding prisoners or treasure. It was distracting with the smell of sex hanging about them wherever they went, and with Geleth now naked since Wolfy had torn her gown to tatters.

They didn’t find anyone on that floor, or the three below it. But on the fourth one down, they did find their nightly floor with food laid out for them, and an inviting bed made with the most luxurious sheets.