

# The Traveling Tower

By Rawly Rawls © 2025

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*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

## Chapter 1

“Mother ... Mother!” Prince Rian ran up the circling stairs. The masonry around him shook with the power of the assault. He stumbled, caught his balance, and kept going. He moved to the side as three soldiers passed him, their armor clanking loudly in the confined space. As heir, he wasn’t allowed to fight. He gazed at their sheathed swords with longing. *I should be allowed to defend my home.* But if the king was fighting, as he was, the heir must be protected.

Exiting the stairwell, Rian came to a halt. He glanced around the long hallway. This was the floor where the queen was supposed to be. “Mother!”

“Rian!” Queen Hestia pulled her son out of the hall and held him to her bosom. “Thank the gods, you’re well. This all happened so fast.”

“What news do you have, Mother?” Rian’s voice was muffled by his mother’s ample bosom. To regain some dignity, he pulled himself away. They were high up in the tower, in a room that looked west. “Oh ... gods ... the news is not good, is it?” Rian stepped to the window, a grim frown on his face. His father’s forces were fleeing. The witch’s dark creatures were moving into the city. Fire flashed and smoke billowed. “Father is surely dead.”

“We don’t know that for sure.” Hestia put all her training into keeping her voice calm and sure. Looking out at the destruction, she had to admit that her son was right.

“I’m king now. At least until they reach the tower and murder me.” He looked around the room. “Bring me a sword, Mother. As king, I must fight.”

“The Sisterhood would not let you snuff out your flame so easily.” Hestia saw winged creatures lift from the witch’s forces. *They will be here soon. Some of her monsters may already be inside the tower. They must do it now.* “Have you noticed how this tower is not built like the rest of the city? The Sisterhood broke it away from a larger, magical building. In the event of such a moment as this, the Sisterhood has pledged to move this tower, and everything in it, to rejoin the original structure. I just hope that they do it soon.”

“Move ... the tower?” Rian’s brows furrowed in anger. “No, I’m going to stay and fight. It’s my duty as –”

“Do you feel it? It’s happening.” Hestia sat on a nearby armchair and pulled her son onto her lap. He was about the same height as her and didn’t fit so neatly as he once had. Nonetheless, she tightened her arms around him. “I’ve never seen this sort of magic before, I’m not sure what to –”

There was a blinding light, and then mother and son found only blackness.

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Rian was the first to wake. He slowly stood, blinking his eyes in bewilderment. He went to the window and had a hard time trusting his eyes. Instead of the beloved city he had grown up with, there was only a barren expanse of sand. “They really did move the tower.” He tried to judge their distance from the ground. It wasn’t easy with the monolithic view, but he decided they were higher up than was possible with the tower he had known from home. “We’ve joined with the original.” A moan from somewhere behind brought him out of his stupor. “Mother!” He turned and found her lying on the stone floor.

“Rian?” With her son’s help, Hestia slowly sat up. “Did it work? Are we safe?”

“We’ve exchanged a noble death for a less worthy death. Come see.” He lifted her to her feet, and with an arm around her waist, helped her to the window. “We will starve or ... perhaps die of thirst before that.”

“The magic is more clever than that, My Prince.” She breathed a sigh of relief. “The magic will provide our sustenance. If we please the tower, it will care for us. Every day, several floors within the tower will be stocked as if servants had been busy throughout the night. We need only find the correct floor, and we will be sustained. Or, at least, that’s what I was taught.”

“Oh.” Rian thought about that. It wasn’t practical, but magic was rarely practical. “How do we find the correct floor?”

“The stairs.” Hestia thought of her king, and her face turned ashen.

“What is it?” Rian took her hand and held it in his.

“Nothing ... nothing,” she lied. *If the tower is here, then my husband is surely dead.* She cupped her son’s face, focusing her love on him. He was her everything now. “When danger has passed at home, the Sisterhood will bring our tower home. The elves sent word to your father that they were coming to our aid. They will destroy the witch. We must be mindful not to wander from our tower to the original parts of the building, or we may get left behind.”

“Yes, that seems easy enough.” Rian looked his mother over. “Are you injured?”

“I’m fine.” Using all of her will, she held back the tears that wanted to spring forth. Instead, she gave him a tight smile. “There will be others in the tower. We should find as many survivors as we can and assemble. Safety in numbers.”

“I did see soldiers in the tower right before I found you.” Rian narrowed his eyes. “Safety from what? We’re in the middle of the sands.”

“It is possible that some of the witch’s creatures made it into the tower before the Sisterhood could act. Also, this is a traveling tower. It doesn’t always sit in these sands. It may have picked up stowaways at some point.” Hestia kept her spine straight and her shoulders square. “Come on, let’s move along.” She smoothed out her skirts and straightened her crown. “Maybe we can find you that sword you requested.” She led the way to the stairs and descended.

They passed floor after deserted floor. Nothing looked as if it had been stocked by magical servants.

“Where is everyone?” Rian followed his mother as they examined another empty room. This one had a large, empty hearth and furniture for lounging.

“I told my maids to stay. But ... many must have fled the tower. Of course, the tower’s magic was a secret from almost everyone.” Hestia walked over to a rack of display weapons on the wall. “At least we’ll have swords.” She checked the blades. They were dull, but could be sharpened easily enough. She took one for herself and handed another to the prince. “Belt it on, and we’ll continue to the next floor. I’m parched.”

“Me too.” Rian belted his sword and followed his mother out of the room.

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An hour later, they found their first person. But the poor man wasn't a survivor. "What killed him?" Rian knelt next to him. The man's armor was rent in four bloody gashes across the chest. His skin was pallid, and his eyes stared in horror at the ceiling. This was the first dead man Rian had seen.

"Other than some sort of beast, I cannot say. There are bloody claw marks here." Hestia pointed to where something had scrapped its nails along the wall. "Let's say a prayer for him and move on."

"We're going to leave him here?" Rian stood, his stomach queasy.

"We can't very well bury him." Hestia ripped a tapestry from the wall and covered the man. They said their prayers and moved on.

When they finally found food, a purple evening spread across the sky outside the tower's windows.

"Oh ... thank gods ... it's ..." Rian stumbled toward a long dining table laid out with only one food item and pitchers of water. "It's all gruel. I would have thought the magic would have provided something ... more appetizing."

"I think the tower isn't pleased with us. It made us travel a long way, and it is only providing the barest necessities." Hestia picked up a tarnished spoon and sat down to eat. "Come, dine with me. It will keep us alive."

They ate in silence. When they were done, they explored the floor. They found a bedroom made ready for them, with a majestic four-poster bed and a fire in the hearth.

"There is a cold bath in here." Hestia peeked her head into a washing room. "I'll bathe first, then it's your turn." She went into the room.

Rian listened to her splash and shriek at the cold. When she was finished, she exited the washroom with two small towels held up to cover her modesty, one over her breasts, and the other over her vagina. Rian saw that she had nothing covering her rear end when she jogged past him to the bed. He quickly looked away. "Mother, I don't want a cold bath."

"Your trousers are stained with blood from that man upstairs. You're stale with sweat." Hestia didn't uncover herself with her son still in the room. Instead, she turned to face him, shivering. "The bath will be functional. Like the food, our necessities are met."

Rian frowned, nodded, and entered the washroom. The bath was painful, but at least he came out the other side of it clean. Holding a small, rough-spun towel over his soft penis, he reentered the bedroom and found that his mother was in bed. "You're ... sleeping naked?"

“The door is locked. I suggest you do the same. We both need sleep.” She gave him a tight smile, trying not to think about everything the witch had taken from her that day. “I still have you, light of my life. We will be safe here. Especially once we find some others. For now, lay your head down and dream.”

“In the same bed as my mother?” Rian hesitated.

“The tower gave us no other bed.” Hestia shrugged carefully to keep the sheet over her breasts. “Regardless, we’re safer together.”

Rian kept his towel over his penis until he was under the covers. Then, he tossed it to the floor. He was thankful that they at least had a large bed. He turned onto his side, facing away from his mother, and settled his head onto the pillow. “Good night, Mother. I love you.” He tried not to be ungrateful. At least he and the queen were alive. At least the elves were coming to dispatch the witch. At least ... He drifted off to sleep.

Hestia listened to her son’s soft snoring. “Good night, my northern star. My love for you is all that I have left,” she whispered. She tried to get comfortable and settled in for a long sleepless night.

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Hestia was the first to rise. She found that her old clothes were gone, replaced by a simple dress made with scratchy fabric. She put it on and waited for her son. Sitting by the bed, she couldn’t help but notice the tent his morning stiffness made. *At least he’s vital and healthy. He will make some queen very happy someday.* Growing tired of waiting, she shook him awake. “Time to rise. We must find other survivors today.”

“Yes ... yes ...” Rian rose quickly and climbed out of bed. He was ashamed to find that he suffered from morning wood. “Look away, Mother.”

“I’ve seen it all before, silly.” Hestia dutifully turned her back to him.

“Not since I became a man. I’m eighteen now.” Rian looked around. “Where are my old clothes?”

“Gone.” Hestia shrugged. “Put on what the tower provided.”

“These clothes aren’t fit for a prince.” Rian picked up a tunic and ran his fingers along the grabby fabric. He glanced at his mother’s earnest face, saw what she was wearing, and sighed. He quickly dressed, tucking his cock under his waistband to keep it contained. He squirmed in the itchy clothes. “What now?”

“Now we have breakfast.” She turned to him, lovingly cupped his face, and kissed his cheek. “Then, we assemble with the other survivors. Then, we wait for the Sisterhood to recall the tower.” She gave him a hug, careful not to press her stomach against the raging steel of his erection. It was certainly bigger than when last she’d seen it. Of course, she had never seen it hard before. She thought of her husband’s smaller, more dignified-looking erection. That helped put her son’s angry-looking thing out of her mind. “Come along, let’s see if there’s something other than gruel this morning.”

Unfortunately, their breakfast consisted of the same menu as their dinner from the night before. They ate their fill and restarted their descent.

## Chapter 2

“I don’t recognize any of these floors. Do you?” Rian frowned at the dusty trophy room they passed through. Some of the stuffed creatures he’d never seen before. He paused in front of one exoskeleton that looked particularly menacing.

“I think we’re in part of the original tower now. We have been for some time.” Hestia frowned at the insect, took her son’s hand, and pulled him away. They entered a long hall. Longer than the tower should have been wide. Her frown deepened. “The hall seems different. Which way back to the ...”

A door opened. A pretty, beguiling warm light danced out into the hall from the doorway. The sound of laughter and singing echoed out to the queen and prince.

“Finally, survivors!” Rian’s face lit up. “And it sounds like they have drink.” He took a whiff of the air. “And it smells like they have food.” He pulled his mother toward the door. When she resisted, he dropped her hand and stepped to the doorway. He wasn’t a fool. The thought of a trap occurred to him. So, he drew his sword. He only meant to peek inside. But somehow, the place was so pleasant that he stepped right in. The door slammed behind him, and he was alone in a large room with a roaring hearth. There were no people singing. No drink. No food. Nothing but a desk, a sofa, several armchairs, and a richly woven rug in front of the roaring hearth. Rian turned to the door. He expected to hear his mother pounding on the other side, but the only sound in the room was the crackle and pop of the fire.

The door handle was locked. Try as he might, he couldn’t figure out how to unlock it. There wasn’t so much as a keyhole to be seen. “Mother? Mother?” He banged on the door but could hear no response. Rian found that he was trembling. He took several deep breaths and squared his shoulders. “Clearly, I’ve fallen into your trap.” He put authority into his voice. He held his sword aloft. It was dull, but it was better than nothing. “Show yourself. This is my tower you’re trespassing in.”

A light, feminine laugh oscillated in the room. Rian tried to pinpoint its source, but the echoes were bouncing off the walls. He spun. “Show yourself.” He stalked toward the hearth.

“This isn’t *your* tower, silly human.” The voice had a beguiling, flirtatious lilt to it. “This tower is older than the desert where it temporarily lives. And I’ve been here for ages. If anything, it’s my tower. But ... I must confess ... it’s not.”

“Let me go,” Rian hissed.

“So said every fly caught in the web,” the voice said. “But your song will change before the end. You will love me. You will adore me. You will give yourself completely to me.”

Rian turned to find that there was someone on the sofa. He was certain she hadn't been there a moment ago. Despite that she was clearly part demon, she was one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen. "Um ... I know what you are. Your charms won't work on me." She was scantily clad, and he couldn't prevent his eyes from roaming her dark, purple skin. "My ... mother ... the Queen ... she's just outside that door. I need to get back to her."

"You won't even remember your mother soon enough. My name is Oraya. You will always remember that name." Oraya stood. Her face was lit with a smile capable of launching a thousand ships. Slowly, she swayed as she removed what little clothes she wore.

Rian's sword clanked to the floor. His mouth hung open. The triangle of Oraya's bush between her legs seemed to be tugging on his mind, unraveling it.

"You're a big lad, I see." Oraya pointed a delicate finger at the tent in his pants. "And a prince, you say. I don't know if I've ever caught one of those before. How many women have you lain with?" She strode over to him, swinging her hips with each step. Once in front of her quarry, she dropped to her knees. It was a subservient gesture, but of course it was accomplishing the opposite.

"I ... um ... I ..." Rian stared at her full lips. This creature was beyond alluring. "I ... must wait to bed a woman ... until I am betrothed."

Oraya giggled. "Well, that won't happen. I won't marry you." She raised his tunic and went to work unclasping his belt. "The tower is not pleased with you. These are terrible, rough clothes. Let's get them off."

Without thinking, he removed his tunic.

"Ah ... let's see what we're working with." She dropped his trousers and his undergarment. Her smile widened. "A very respectable tool, my young prince. May I taste it?"

Rian stared down at her in disbelief. Slowly, he shook his head and whispered, "No."

"Very well." Oraya seized his penis in her warm, soft hands. Her mouth quickly closed the distance. Soon, she was bobbing her head. "Mmmppphh ... mmmppphh ... mmmppphh." The spider expertly servicing the fly.

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“Rian! Rian!” Hestia banged on the door with her fists. It was solid and locked tightly. She took the pommel of her sword and tried to break the door handle with it. It didn’t so much as scratch the metal. She tried to shimmy her sword into the crack of the door and pry it open. That only led to a bent sword. She dropped it in disgust. “Rian!” Why wasn’t he banging on the other side of the door? She looked around the hall.

*I can’t leave. I’ll never find my way back here. This tower is a labyrinth.* She took several deep breaths and squared her shoulders. “Hang tight, my prince. I will think of a way to save you.” She leaned against the door and racked her brain for ideas.

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“Oooohhhh ... gods ... I never.” Rian stood in front of the fire. Every bit of his body was rigid with pleasure. His hands flexed by his sides. “I ... aaaahhhhhhh.” He arched his back and exploded down Oraya’s throat. His new acquaintance easily gobbled up his offering.

When he was done trembling, Oraya lifted her mouth from his penis and smiled up at him, licking her lips. “You didn’t last long. But your prick is still standing at attention. I suppose both are predictable outcomes for one your age.” She cocked her head. “How old are you?” She stood and steadied his trembling hand.

“Eighteen years.” Rian gazed at her beauty as she led him to the sofa. “That was ... incredible ... but ... my mother ...”

Oraya giggled. “You still remember her, huh?” She seated him on the sofa and quickly mounted him. She lifted her breast, the one without the piercing, and forced her dark nipple into his mouth. “Drink. Judging from your clothes, what I offer will be better than the sustenance the tower has been feeding you.”

“Mmmpphhhhh.” Rian started to protest, but when her dulcet milk hit his tongue. He eagerly latched onto her breast and drank.

“That’s it ... mmmm ... drink, my pet.” She ran her fingers through his hair. “You have such wonderful, flowing locks. Such a strong body, just entering manhood.” Her fingers traced down his shoulders and arms. “I have found the perfect man. How splendid. Now we can begin in earnest.” She reached between her legs and guided his penis into her waiting vagina. Gently, she rocked her hips, pushing him inside. “Yes ... give yourself to me ... give all of yourself ... to me.”

Rian had never known such pleasure. He hadn’t even guessed that it existed. He felt like he was melting into Oraya’s soft curves. He loved the heavy weight of her breasts, the

way their bellies slapped together, the wide expanse of her hips and butt. He loved everything about her. It became hard for him to remember a time before he knew Oraya. *Was there ever a time before I was inside this perfect creature?*

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Hours passed and Hestia refused to move out of eyesight of the horrible door that had swallowed her son. She knew they had far to go to find a bed and a meal, but she wouldn't leave him. She would rather die of thirst. She sat with her butt on the floor, her back to the door, wondering what horrors her son endured. She had already lost her beloved king. He must have fallen for the tower to have moved. Now, she was on the brink of losing her guiding star. If something happened to Rian, she was quite certain she would defenestrate herself soon after.

"Be strong, Rian." A thought occurred to Hestia. She stood. "I have something to tell you, tower. Can you hear me?"

There was no reply. Nothing in the hall changed.

"I know why you're unhappy with us. I swore I would never give you what you want. You must know this." Hestia looked around, but still, there was no sign from the tower. "If Rian is lost, you will never get what you want. If we're together, you still have a chance."

She tried the door handle again. It was still locked. She frowned at it. *I need to find a way to alert the tower without leaving this place.* It was indeed a puzzle.

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"You lasted ... longer that time." Oraya lifted herself off her prize. His sperm dripped pleasantly from her opening. "Oh, don't you look ... tired." She kissed his cheek.

"I ... I ... I ... feel ..." Rian's chest rose and fell rapidly. He was completely drained. He wondered if he could ever rise from the sofa again.

"A vivacious young man like you shouldn't be so easily fatigued. Gather your strength." She walked to the center of the carpet and got on her hands and knees, her ass facing him. Her tail twitched as she looked over her shoulder at him. "Well, come on. It's time you learned how to pump without my help. Climb on."

Like a moth to a flame, Rian stumbled to his feet. He was sure he'd never been so drained in all his life. Nonetheless, he shuffled his feet, moving as swiftly as he could over to what had become the center of his new life. He dropped to his knees behind her and tried unsuccessfully to enter her several times.

"Focus, young man." Oraya laughed, reached behind her, and guided him in. "Now grab my hips ... no, not my tail ... my hips. Yes, aren't they perfect handholds? Good, now push and pull ... yes, you've got a long one, so you might as well ... use the full length." When he accidentally slipped out, she helped his penis find its way back in. "There now ... uuuuggghhhh ... you're getting ... the hang of it. How does ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... it feel?"

"Oh ... gods ... oh ... gods ... ohhhhhh ... uuuggghhhh." Rian's body was being pushed to its limits, but he didn't let up. His hips were a blur. "I ... love ... you ... I ... love you ... oh ... gods."

"I ... love you ... too." Oraya's face was twisted with passion as she looked over her shoulder at him. "You're really ... uuuggghhhh ... giving it to me ... good ... I think ... I think ... I might have ... an orgasm ... for the first time in ... for ... for ... uuuuggghhhhhh." Her eyes crossed, her tongue lolled out of her mouth, and she surrendered to pleasure. His life force was flowing into her vagina, and the feeling was pure ecstasy.

They humped like that for a long time, Oraya had several surprising climaxes. Eventually, Rian found himself on the edge again. "Ooohhhhhh ... I'm going to ... uuuggghhhh." His hips lost their newfound rhythm, his mind fragmented completely, and he unloaded into his new love. He had never been closer to death. He had never been happier.

## Chapter 3

“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 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 ..."

"I ... own ... this ... vagina." His body screamed protests that he ignored as he turned her onto her belly, pushed 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.

"Oooohhhhhhh ... 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.”

“Hmmmmm.” 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.

## Chapter 4

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii,” it was the first time Hestia had ever let out such a primal scream. It was also the first time a demon had injured her son. Hestia’s eyes were wide, her mouth gaping in rage. Her sword was pointed right at the purple demon.

“Hhhsssss.” Oraya crouched, ready to fight. This woman seemed quite formidable. Thoughts of murder radiated off the intruder. Her enemy’s breasts were not well confined, bouncing in a way that Oraya took as particularly threatening. *Why would the tower do this to me?* The moment was pregnant with confusion and distress. She glanced at the eighteen-year-old prince. Could she give up her prize? She would have to decide quickly.

Hestia closed near enough to strike. She hadn’t been in a fight before, but she had been trained how to handle a sword. Despite a few ungainly steps, she was able to feint and lunge for a killing stab. But the demon was quick. Hestia’s sword came up with air. She turned and pursued the demon.

Retreating to the hearth, Oraya picked up Rian’s sword. “Wait ... wait ... do you not find me beautiful? Have you ever lain with one of the same sex? I tell you, it’s –”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Hestia swung viciously. The room was filled with the clanging of steel on steel.

“Wait ... wait ... I will service you!” Oraya tried to parry the next strike, but Hestia’s force ripped the blade from Oraya’s hand. A swift swipe caught Oraya on the shoulder, sending burning pain down her limb. The sword was dull, so it didn’t cut deep. But it hurt. *The woman is mad with motherly protection. My magic is no use.* Grimacing, Oraya leapt about the room, chased by the deadly woman. “Please ... I’ll be your servant ... I’ll wash your feet ... I’ll –” She wasn’t quick enough to dodge a stroke that caught her thigh. “I will show you such pleasure that –”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Hestia went in for the kill. Even with her injuries, the demon was quick. Hestia chased her to the window. Before she knew what had happened, there was the sound of breaking glass. The shapely figure of her enemy defenestrated itself. Hestia hadn’t expected suicide. Suspicious of a trick, Hestia ran to the window, knocked out the remaining glass, and looked down. She could just see the flailing demon fall into darkness. The creature’s high shriek sounded thin on the wind. When she was gone, Hestia turned from the window and raced to her son.

Dropping to her knees, Hestia pulled her son’s head into her lap. “Rian ... my sweet Rian!” He looked so pale and frail. Despite his state, his penis still stood upright in what

was certainly an unnatural erection. She reached for his trousers and draped them over his penis so she wouldn't have to look at it. "Rian ... Rian ... can you hear me?"

"Mother?" Rian blinked up at her beauty. He had always thought her beautiful, but now the sight of her was twisting his insides into knots. "I'm sorry ... I forgot you ... I'm sorry."

"Shh ... it's okay." Hestia blinked back tears. "You'll be okay. Can you stand?"

"It's freezing." Rian shivered, but didn't have the energy to find something warm.

"Someone let in a draft." Hestia glanced at the window. At least the demon was gone. "We can't stay here." With some effort, she dressed her son. She put her own sword back into its sheath on her belt. She decided she would need to leave his sword. It wasn't easy to drag him to his feet, but he had enough energy to limp along with her arms supporting him. Slowly, they made their way out of the cursed room.

It was torturous going for both mother and son. They shuffled down the hall, Hestia grunting and sweating with the effort, Rian shivering, his skin turning a faint shade of blue.

"I won't let you die. We'll find shelter." It took them a long while to make it down one flight, but Hestia was rewarded by finding that the tower had lodgings for them.

"Ooohhhh ... thank the gods ... the tower is being helpful for the moment." She sniffed the air. Something smelled like roast fowl. Her stomach rumbled. She led her son to a well-provisioned table. She sat him down and fed him as best she could, pausing only a moment to give herself some sustenance.

"I ... drank from the demon, Mother. She said it was like spider venom. I've been poisoned." He opened his mouth for her to spoon-feed him some more stew. He hated being babied, but he also loved her all the more for it. He tried to lift his arm to help her, but lacked the strength.

"Shh ... you'll be fine." Hestia gave him a tight smile. "The tower broke its agreement with that demon. It wouldn't do that if you were going to die regardless."

When they finished their meal, she helped him to his feet, and they shuffled into the bedroom. She placed him on the bed, undressing him. With his clothes off, the scent of his copulations became redolent. At least his penis had finally gone to sleep. "Oh ... my ... we'll bathe you in the morning." She dragged him under the covers and placed his head on the pillow. He was asleep before she could count to three. She couldn't bring herself to slip under the same bedding that covered the scent of that demon, so she curled up on the bed and watched him sleep. "I won't let anything happen to you, Rian." She listened to him softly snore. "Your mother will always protect you."

Hestia tried to stay on guard, but she had been through a most exhausting day. She thought of her husband, surely dead back home. He had been with her only days ago, now he was impossibly far away. "I won't lose you, too, Rian." Hestia's eyes closed, and she drifted off into nightmares.

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When Hestia woke, it was morning. She was naked, lying on top of the covers. She didn't remember undressing. She frowned and looked around. It was only her and her sleeping son in the room. He was still under the covers. "Did you undress me, Tower?" She covered her breasts and rose from bed. "Please, do not do that." She found new garments, identical to those from the day before. "I guess you're not that pleased with us if we still must wear such scratchy things." She frowned as she dressed. There was no reply.

After a trip to the washroom, Hestia sat on the bed and watched her son sleep. Some of the color had returned to his skin. That was good. She looked around for a water clock or an hourglass, or anything to keep time. There was nothing. After what felt like forever, she decided to risk leaving Rian for a little while. Quickly, she scurried to the dining room, where a hearty breakfast was laid out. She nibbled a little while she put together a tray for Rian and brought it back to him. He was still sleeping when she returned.

Hestia ate some fresh vegetables while she waited. Eventually, she put the tray aside and curled up next to her son. She stayed on top of the blanket. Her nerves were frayed, and her muscles were sore. *Did I really kill a demon?* She wondered what her king would have thought of that. A wistful smile spread across her lips. In her mind, she saw her gallant husband. She heard his deep voice. *"Sure, you purged one demon. But how do you keep the rest away? You must exorcise daily, my queen."* Hestia giggled, nestled next to her son, and fell asleep.

She was woken some time later by rapid movement on the bed. She opened her eyes, lifted her head, and yelped. Her son stopped what he'd been doing immediately, but it was clear he'd been touching himself. She'd never been near such a thing before. Her breath left her. She stared at the tent his pole formed out of the covers, her eyes wide with horror.

"I'm sorry, Mother. I couldn't help it. I thought you'd stay asleep ..." Rian felt dreadful seeing the distress he'd caused his mother.

"So ... you were ... massaging your club?" She pulled her eyes away from it, looking at her son's pale face. At least he appeared shamed by his actions. "How could you? I mean,

with your mother in the same bed. And ... also ... you need to save your strength. I don't know how long the food will last on this floor. We may need to ..." She glanced at the sustaining lump above his crotch. "It's not going down."

"Help me to the washroom. I need privacy." Rian sat up with some effort.

"You can't mean ..." Hestia put a hand to her mouth. "You need to rest. You can't spend energy on that."

"I can't help it, Mother. I *need* to do it." Rian slid to the edge of the bed, put his feet on the floor, and tried to gather himself. He was looking down at his turgid cock. He didn't think he'd ever seen it so swollen.

"Eww." Hestia curled her lip. She tried to think quickly. "The demon's poison. We need to get you medicine." The second she said it, she knew the tower would never help with this. "We'll continue down today and find a healer. There must be other people in this tower."

"I *need* to!" Rian staggered to his feet and stumbled, naked, to the washroom.

Hestia gawked at her son's drunken walk. His penis danced with his awkward movements in a way that turned her stomach. She didn't stop him. Instead, she sat and tried to come up with a plan. That became difficult when she heard the rhythmic spanking of his work in the washroom. It got even worse when he began grunting like an animal. By the time he came back in, Hestia's mind was lost at sea. "Did you at least clean yourself?" She was relieved that the turgid thing had turned flaccid again, dangling harmlessly between his legs.

"Yes, I cleaned myself." He stumbled to the bed. When his mother caught him, he was relieved. "I apologize. I just couldn't ... stop myself."

"We'll find you medicine. That vile creature did this to you." Hestia dressed him, sat him on the bed, and fed him from the tray she'd brought. When he was full, she led him out to the dining room. The food was gone. "It seems we've overstayed our welcome on this floor."

"I can travel. It's okay." Rian couldn't help but appraise the hourglass of her figure when she turned her back to him. He closed his eyes and dispelled the image.

"As your mother, I would normally have you rest after a near-death encounter with black magic. But ..." She turned toward him and tried to put on a brave smile for his benefit. He looked peaked, but he was standing upright. Or, mostly upright. She went over to him and put her arm around his waist. "With any luck, we'll find help and the next stocked floor in no time."

"With any luck." Rian nodded and let his mother help him to the stairs.

Hestia hated to split up, but her son wasn't able to explore with her. Each floor they reached, she settled him by the stairs and quickly searched the rooms. They passed down ten flights this way, without discovering anything useful. Outside the tower's windows, the desert sky grew dark. At least there were torches. Hestia grabbed one and held it aloft as she explored the tenth floor of the day.

Beneath her feet, the wood planks shook. Hestia stopped. Footsteps drew near. Heavy footsteps. She squinted into the gloom of the hall, but could see nothing. Drawing her sword, she turned and raced back to where her son waited by the stairs. She breathed a sigh of relief when she found him draped in a chair, just as she'd left him.

"Do you hear that?" Rian sat up. "Something's coming."

"Yes, indeed." Hestia stood before her son, brandishing the torch in one hand and the sword in the other. She was ready to defend him with her life.

"Should we flee?" Rian tried to rise to his feet, but he was too tired.

"We are too slow." Hestia gritted her teeth, ready for anything. "We stay and fight."

## Chapter 5

“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. Hmmmm.”

“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.

“Gggrrrrrrrrr.” 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 stones 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.

~~

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, stone 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.

## Chapter 6

“You are still weak ... ugh ... ugh ... ooohhhhh ... but a beast ... all the same.” Geleth rode the human prince on the washroom floor. She had her feet planted on the tile floor and bounced with great lunges, almost dislodging him at the apex of each stroke. “Although ... ooohhhh ... your expression is not so feral as my Wolfy’s often is. You look ... ugh ... ugh ... almost ... ugh ... confused.” She laughed, but not too loudly. She didn’t want to wake the boy’s overprotective mother.

“Uuuugggghhhhh ... Geleth ... thank you ... when I touched myself ... it did nothing. But your vagina ...” Rian had never seen a goblin except at a great distance. Now, one was riding him more intimately than anyone he’d met before their tower traveled to that desert. He had been taught that goblins were ugly scavengers, but he was in awe of her feminine beauty. He had been taught wrong. “But ... your vagina ... is helping ... I can feel it. Thank you.”

Hestia peeked around the doorway, watching the illicit moment. She had been about to put a stop to it, but then her son had said the fornication really was helping him. Now, she was unsure. She watched the goblin ride him with wild abandon. Hestia’s lip curled in disgust, but she stayed silent. *Oh, gods.* Hestia put a hand to her mouth as the goblin turned around and rode her son reverse saddle. During the exchange, Hestia got a good look at the cream the vile creature had deposited on her son’s princely penis. It was horrid, but she didn’t stop them. *Rian looks ... better.*

“Your boy looks happy.” Wolfy growled the words softly, so as not to attract the attention of the mating couple. Despite his size, he had easily crept up behind Hestia without her noticing. He sniffed the air, but could only smell the familiar arousal of Geleth. He was disappointed that the queen wasn’t spying *and* creaming. *Oh, well.*

“He is a man of eighteen years. Not a boy,” Hestia hissed. She was so angry with the intrusion, she forgot to be frightened about being this close to the werewolf. “He is allowed to be happy. I mean ... he’s not supposed to do what he’s doing. He’s ...” She was making too much noise, so she pulled back from the doorway and faced the wolf with her hands on her hips. She could no longer see her son, but she could hear his contented grunting, and Geleth’s cries ... and the wet slapping of their skin. “Why are you sneaking up on me?” She raised her chin and stared into his beastly eyes.

“Why are you sneaking up on them?” Wolfy shrugged. She was so intent on intimidating him with her queenliness, she hadn’t yet noticed his hard cock. He was eagerly waiting for that to change.

“Your floozy owner is taking advantage of my son.” Hestia’s gaze trailed down the werewolf’s ghastly body. “As his mother, I have ... every ...” Her words trailed away as

her eyes settled on the most horrific penis she'd ever seen. The thing was bright pink, pointy, and had a terrible, canine knot.

"What are you doing with that?" Hestia pointed at the penis. In addition to her curled lip, her eyes crinkled, and her forehead furrowed in disgust.

"Are you interested? Geleth doesn't have to know." Wolfy was careful to keep his voice soft. The deep growl of his words tended to carry. He sniffed the air again, but still this human wasn't in heat. He gnashed his teeth in disappointment.

"You and your mistress are disgusting." Hestia's voice remained sibilant. "I'm going to get my son." She took a step toward the washroom but faltered when she thought of his happiness. He had been poisoned by the succubus, and it appeared that Geleth had been telling the truth about his cure. "I'm going to bed." She glanced again at the monster's penis. It looked absolutely bellicose. "If you come near me with that thing, I'll shove a piece of silver in your most tender place."

"My heart?" Wolfy put a clawed hand over his breast.

"Grrrr," Hestia growled her reply as she strode back to bed. Her bounding boobs brought into focus a fact that she'd been too distracted to note earlier: she was naked. The embarrassment was almost too much. Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, and she dove under the covers. She covered her head with the sheet like a scared, little girl and waited for her son to return. Despite her discomfiture, she fell asleep before he finished his activities in the washroom.

~~

In the early morning, Hestia woke first. She reached out and found her son sleeping soundly near her. Sitting up, she could see the wolf and goblin curled together on the floor. Outside the window, dawn slowly rose. And so did Hestia. Still naked, she slipped out of bed. Her cheeks heated at the thought of the view she had accidentally given the wolf.

There was a dress waiting for her. Not a boring scratchy garment, but a pretty one. She pulled it on and pulled back the blankets. Her lips curled when she saw Rian's turgid erection. At least her son's scent was clean. He must have washed himself after intercourse. "Rian ... wake up," Hestia whispered. "Let's leave before the ... others wake." She tugged his shoulder.

"Mother?" Rian sat up and stretched. "I feel better today." He didn't bother whispering.

"Shh ... get dressed." She tossed a soft, finely woven tunic to him.

“You feel better because I drained you properly.” Geleth stretched and climbed from the furry nook where she’d been sleeping. She didn’t bother to conceal her nakedness, thrusting her breasts forward as she raised her arms and arched her back. “It will be many weeks until you are cured. But last night was a satisfactory start.”

“Stop speaking like that.” Hestia frowned at the lascivious goblin.

“Thank you, Geleth.” Rian’s gaze turned soft and distant as he watched the naked goblin move about the room. *I am not in love. It’s the poison.* But knowing that didn’t blunt the effect. “How often do we have to do it?”

“You’re not thinking straight, Rian.” Hestia watched her son rise. She placed herself between him and the goblin. She tried not to look at his erection. *Thank goodness the wolf is still asleep.* The creature continued to snore in the corner.

“Two or three times a day should do it. But, of course, I am so irresistible that you will run the risk of becoming enamored of me.” Geleth laughed. “You might love me and throw your princely life away to stay with me. You might *want* to be in my menagerie when all is said and done. Come along then, and we’ll take our first turn of the day.” She walked into the washroom.

“I won’t do that. I won’t fall for her. But ...” Rian glanced at his mother, who had taken a defensive position between him and the washroom. “... I need to go in there. Being with her last night was the first relief I felt since you rescued me.”

“I forbid it.” Hestia gritted her teeth. “We’ll find another way.”

Wolfy had woken. He was still curled up, but his ears perked and his eyes watched the humans with mirth.

“I’m sorry, Mother. I can’t ... I just ... can’t.” Rian strode to the washroom.

For a moment, Hestia tried to physically stop him. But when his heavy, stiff penis pushed against her belly, leaving a smear of pre-fluid on her pretty dress, she stepped back like she’d been struck by a spear. She watched with revulsion as his naked butt disappeared into the washroom. “Aaarrggghhh.” Hestia clenched her fists. She wasn’t used to being disobeyed, especially where her son was concerned.

“It isn’t so bad that he’s humping my mistress.” Wolfy rose to his feet and stretched. His morning erection was on full display, and he did nothing to obscure Hestia’s view. “It is a natural thing for creatures to desire.”

“Yes, but it’s unnatural to act on that desire.” Hestia turned away from the wolf, but kept his appalling anatomy in her peripheral vision. *I must not let him sneak up on me again.*

"I disagree. But I'm a loyal pet, and you're a queen, so ..." Wolfy shrugged. "Listen to that, they're really going at it. Your son must be feeling much better to be so vigorous. It sounds like he's behind my mistress. Should we peek to see for sure?"

"Disgusting." Hestia rolled her eyes at the beast. "I will take my breakfast now. Send Rian out to me when ... he's done." She turned and marched out of the room, head held high.

~~

Rian and Geleth were not quick about their morning congress. More than an hour later, they both arrived for breakfast, washed and bathed. It seemed the tower was happy with all of them. Geleth now wore a pretty dress, too. The food on the table was fresh and perfectly cooked. Geleth and Wolfy ate noisily again. Hestia no longer had to feed her son, but she sat next to him, making sure that he went slow enough to maintain some decorum.

After breakfast, Hestia didn't even try to disinvite their new comrades from joining them. It was clear Rian wanted Geleth, and Geleth was equally keen to stay by their side. Hestia would have to wait for a more opportune moment to give those two the slip.

The foursome descended the stairs, searching floors as they went for other people or anything useful. Rian moved with more ease than the day before but still held his mother's hand for support. The goblin and werewolf followed. Wolfy was back on his leash again.

They paused often for Rian to rest. At lunchtime, Hestia unwrapped some breakfast rolls she'd saved and shared them with her son.

"He is starting to look paler again. His energy is dropping." Geleth ate a piece of fruit she'd brought along while watching Rian closely. "My beast is succumbing to the demon's venom. Perhaps you and Wolfy can explore the next floor together, while I drain the prince?"

"Absolutely not." Hestia's lips formed a thin line.

"Mother, I must. It *is* helping." Rian stood and walked over to the goblin. Thankfully, his mother did not try to form a physical barrier this time. "I was much better this morning, but now I'm worse. I'll be better after I spend some time with her. You'll see."

"Mmmmpphhh." Hestia waved her hand dismissively, the closest thing she'd give to permission.

After Geleth and Rian hustled off to find a suitable room, Wolfy ambled closer to the queen, standing near her. "I'm not hard now, but I could be if you'd like to finish what we started earlier."

"Pig." Hestia stood and shook a finger up at his ugly snout. "Follow me at a respectable distance, and do not touch me. I have no interest in mating with anyone, least of all a beast. I am in mourning, you foul creature. I lost my king." She turned and marched down the hall.

Wolfy said nothing, but followed several feet behind. He did enjoy the view that trailing her offered him.

The first door Hestia tried was locked. The second was not. She opened it and gasped. It was a bedroom. Rian and Geleth were on the bed. She was standing, and Rian was kneeling behind her, slamming his hips into her rump. "Oh ... gods ..." Hestia closed the door.

"It sounded again like he was behind her." Wolfy grinned even though he was disappointed that circumstances still hadn't put her into heat. As far as his nose could tell, her vagina was dry.

"Quiet. We'll try another room." Hestia marched down the hall. She opened the next door to investigate the room. Her hand went to her mouth. Somehow, she was still looking into the same room as before. Rian was perversely gyrating his hips into Geleth's butt. They were in the same exact position. "Gods ... how am I still seeing this?" She quickly closed the door and moved down the hall.

"That *is* odd." Wolfy rubbed his chin and followed.

The next three doors all showed the same room with Rian and Geleth's coupling framed perfectly from the door. Hestia gave up and returned to the stairwell to wait for her son to finish. Thankfully, the wolf kept quiet. She made sure to keep his hulking form in her periphery. But the creature seemed content to sit and watch her.

## Chapter 7

When Rian finished with the goblin, he returned to his mother. There was a spring in his step and a lilted 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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

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 aided her mind 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 ... gggrrrrrrrrrrrr ... 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.

## Chapter 8

"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."

~~

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.

~~

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.”

~~

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.

~~

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. "Mmmmmppphh." He bit her nipple, feeling her body tremble in his arms.

~~

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.

## Chapter 9

“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. "Rrrrraaaarrrrrrrr!" 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.

## Chapter 10

“You are lucky to have us along. Not only am I curing the prince’s affliction, but we saved your lives today.” Geleth, still naked, was sitting by the hearth with a bowl of blackberries. She was tossing them up in the air and catching them in her mouth, one by one.

“Yes, thank you.” It was a grudging admission by Hestia. She tried not to look at the goblin, whose breasts were wobbling with her efforts to catch berries.

“Yes, why don’t you show us your appreciation, Queen Hestia? I could go for a belly rub.” Wolfy teased the woman without looking at her. He was too busy keeping an eye on Alethea, who despite the day’s exertions, was the only one in the room not eating. Other than pointy sticks, he was trying to remember how to kill a vampire. He thought maybe decapitation worked.

“Disgusting.” Hestia’s face twisted in revulsion. “You are not a dog and not a man. I will treat you as neither.” She sighed, judging her words too harsh. Daintily, she nibbled on a carrot while a moment of silence fell upon them. “But, I will treat you as a comrade in traveling this tower. I will protect you if you protect me.”

“It seems one of us is getting a better deal, then.” Wolfy shrugged, but didn’t push it.

“Speaking of gratitude, I would be grateful if one of the females helped me with my affliction. I’m finished with supper and need a release.” Rian glanced at his mother. He could see her cheeks turn crimson. “Not you, Mother. I meant one of the other females.”

“Gods, Rian.” Hestia shook her head, but didn’t elaborate.

Alethea shot to her feet in a flash. “I would be happy to drain you, Prince Rian. As your subject, it would be my honor.” Remembering her manners, she curtsied. *My life was so small and normal before the tower moved. Now I’m felling actual snakes and spreading my legs for metaphorical ones. And I’m so hungry.* She looked at the table with disgust; there was nothing there she wanted to eat.

“I suggest you avoid spending time alone with her, lad.” Wolfy’s canine snout shifted into a frown. “She’s turning fast. Next thing you know, she won’t want to travel by day.”

“I will chaperone the two of you.” Geleth ate her last berry, put down the bowl, and danced away from the hearth.

“She’s dangerous, mistress.” Wolfy growled.

“Not two females at once, Rian. That’s ... preposterous.” Hestia stood, too, folding her arms. Her frown was one of helpless disapproval.

"I'll call for help if she becomes wicked." Geleth winked at Wolfy. "But she seems a kind-hearted human to me, willing to share with me. And I with her. I don't offer my menagerie to just anyone." Geleth danced over to Rian and took his hand. "There is no one in the bedroom, and the tower gave us a very large bed." She dragged him toward the bedroom door. Alethea followed.

"Not on the bed. We have to sleep there," Hestia called after them. "Do it in the bath where your stuff can be washed away." She wasn't sure they heard her, but she decided not to follow them into the room. She sat back down and tried to eat, but found it difficult, especially once Geleth and Alethea's moans became audible through the wall.

"You know, it's never a good idea to get attacked by giant snakes, or stalked by ancient vampires, but ..." Wolfy grinned at her.

"There seems hardly a 'but' there." Hestia turned her frown on the wolf. She was happy to see that at least his thing was still sheathed and barely noticeable.

"... but for a man of eighteen years, your prince is living out his dreams. Geleth's quim is second to none, she can even contract it at will around a cock. And her enthusiasm knows no bounds. And Alethea, whatever she's going through, is a looker for sure. And now he beds them both at once. Listen to them. Your prince must be in one of the upper tiers of paradise right now. Can you smell the excitement wafting under the door? I can." Wolfy took a hunk of bread and tore it with his teeth. "But you're like a stone, aren't you? Unmoved. All the smells, sounds, and thoughts of sex, but you're as dry as ever. I can only smell your sweat even now."

"You're disgusting." Hestia sighed and turned away from him. She prayed they weren't using the bed, but a rhythmic squeaking sound made her think they were.

In the bedroom, all three participants were naked on the sheets now. Rian was on his back, Geleth sitting on his face. She was staring at Alethea's breasts, which were bouncing in countervailing circles because the woman was riding Rian's cock like he was a galloping horse. Geleth could tell that the young man hadn't had much schooling with using his mouth for pleasure. This was an erotic art where Wolfy was far ahead of the prince. It was still enjoyable to have him lick and nibble on her nether-lips however.

"Oooooohhhh ... I have never had a female ... in my menagerie before ... but you seem like you would ... fit well. As long as ... Wolfy's wrong about you. You do not have ... the thirst ... correct?"

"No ... no ... no ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I'm not ... hungry ... or thirsty," Alethea lied. She was both, but in a way that she couldn't pin down. She was also thirsty for sex, of course. The quality of that thirst was more familiar, even if the quantity was novel. "No ... menagerie ... I belong ... to the prince ... eh ... eh ... eh ... I'm his ... subject ... and I'm

... I'm ... going to ... climax. Eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her body shuddered, and her hips fell out of rhythm.

"Mmmmmppphhhh." Rian could hear the conversation, even if he couldn't participate. Their words only served to heighten his ecstasy.

"You ... are ... a pretty thing." Geleth waited for sapience to return to Alethea's frenzied eyes. When it had, she bared her lower fangs. "I promise not to bite ... if you promise to do the same."

Alethea nodded. She was surprised when Geleth guided her off Rian, onto her hands and knees. She was happy when Rian got behind her, and then confused when the goblin spread her legs in front of Alethea's face. "What ... ugh ... ugh ... do you want?" Alethea braced herself as the prince pistoned her vagina from behind.

"As members of my menagerie, you are both going to have to learn how to please a vagina with your tongues." Geleth smiled at her. "Lower yours to my slit, and I will guide you."

Alethea did as the goblin asked. It was just one more surreal experience. She had never met a goblin before Geleth, and now she was nose deep in the creature's tangy quim. As the prince railed her from behind, Alethea learned how to please Geleth. They continued on in that position for several female orgasms.

Then, Geleth stayed on her back while Rian climbed between her legs. She noticed that she'd leaked considerably on the sheets. Hestia wasn't going to be happy with that. "Yes, take me ... I'll drain you ... I'll drain you."

Alethea, still reeling from her climaxes, sat on the bed next to them. She was dizzy with lust. The scent of sex was so thick in the room, she could practically see it. "What ... um ... what should I do?" She watched them mate like missionaries. It was odd seeing them joined with their differing sizes. Geleth was a champion for taking males that were so much bigger than her species. They hadn't heard her, so she repeated the question. "What should I do, Geleth?" While she was the prince's subject, it seemed Geleth was the true leader in the bedroom.

"Oooohhhh ... oh ... oh ... oooohhhhhh ..." Geleth's voice was muffled by Rian's sweaty chest. "Reach ... under him ... and massage his berries ... coax out ... his seed ... into me."

"Okay." Alethea moved closer, reaching under Rian's flexing ass. It was strange to think that her sweet prince's butt went taut with each carnal thrust, but of course it did. She found his heavy, hairy testicles and explored them with her fingers. This wasn't easy, since his hips were slamming down, driving Geleth into the mattress with each thrust. She cupped his sacks and gently squeezed. "Like this?"

“Oh ... gods ... aaaaaahhhhhh ... yes ... like that ...” Rian lost control. His hips turned erratic. He lifted up onto his arms to look down at the goblin’s rolling eyes. “You’re both going to ... you’re going to ... make me ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” He unloaded into the goblin.

Out in the dining area, Hestia heard her son bellow. She winced, not looking at Wolfy. She was sure he was giving her a lupin leer.

“See what I mean? That is the voice of a man lost in paradise. The tower has its dangers.” Wolfy gnawed on roasted goose leg. “But it also has its pleasures. Maybe you should follow your son’s example and see what you can enjoy here? Every human woman I’ve been with has said wolves are better than men. You might forget your sorrows, at least for a moment, if you tried it out.”

“Quiet, you beast.” To her relief, the wolf did go silent. Unfortunately, that meant her son’s screams, mixed with those of the females, moved to the fore again. Hestia did her best to ignore them, nibbling on her carrot.

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Hestia slept fitfully. The bed smelled of sex, and her son’s sex at that. What an odd place she had found herself in, trying to find a dry spot to slumber while listening to the contented snores of the others in her party. Rian’s foot was pressed against her thigh. What would have once been an innocent touch, now felt almost forbidden. It was impossible to think of him as her innocent prince now. She had seen, heard, and smelled too much.

And then there was the matter of Alethea and whether Wolfy was right about the woman. Hestia fought sleep just to keep an eye out. Would the woman float in her sleep? Would she grow hideous fangs and seek to drain them? Was she simply recovering from trauma and would return to her normal self, with normal, modest appetites in a day or two? Whatever her fears, as Hestia dozed on and off, she didn’t witness Alethea sleeping above the mattress. Maybe the previous night was just a dream.

In the morning, Hestia woke. Sleep had found her it seemed. Much to her chagrin, she realized that Rian had cuddled up to her in the night and rather than a foot, his hard morning wood was now pressed firmly against her hip. It felt fevered and eager. She untangled herself from his arms and slid out of bed. Naked, she went to the bath, freshened up, and then put on the dress the tower had laid out for her.

In the corner, Geleth and Wolfy were snuggled together. Her son was hanging an arm off the edge of the bed, still sleeping. But there was someone’s deep breathing missing.

Hestia realized that but for Rian, the bed was empty. She looked all around the room, even checking the high ceiling. The woman wasn't there.

There was an outfit laid out for Geleth and for Rian. But none for Alethea. Hestia hoped the woman was finally hungry and had gotten up and dressed for breakfast. But when Hestia visited the well-provisioned breakfast table, she found no one there. Hestia sat down for breakfast. Alethea had clearly been trouble. And without her, that would be one less temptation for Rian. Still, Hestia had an uneasy feeling about the woman's disappearance. Slowly, Hestia ate berries and thought about what horrors might have befallen Alethea. And whether the woman was a danger to them now.