

Chapter 20



The  
Wicked  
Tower

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## *The Wicked Tower 20*

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Written by RawlyRawls

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The low humming song of the dryads had changed. It seemed to Vel, as he followed Hekate's tall form through the forest, that the rhythms and murmurs had slowed. Were the dryads as satisfied as he? Maybe he could hear their sated desires in their song. Vel was now fully dressed, but the goddess had bid him carry her stola. He had it slung over his shoulder as he watched her ass ripple and flex with each step she took.

They hiked on. The birds picked up their song as the sun set. Shadows lengthened around them. As Hekate silently lifted her leg high to vault over a downed trunk, Vel caught a glimpse of her belly. It was quite round. He blinked. It hadn't been like that before, he was sure. They walked on. When Hekate turned sideways around a tree, he saw that her boobs had grown, too. Already massive, they hung out and down beyond what they had on their mossy bed. And her nipples were dark, purplish buds now. Vel scratched his head in confusion and followed her.



Hekate's belly continued to expand, until it was quite dark in the forest, and she was quite huge. Finally, she turned to Vel, six possessive hands on her three bellies and then two on one. "We are nearly returned, but first it is time for our child to enter the world."

"Our child?"

"Don't be slow, little one." Hekate's sliver of a smile mirrored the moon. "Now run along and find a secluded place for the birth. There should be a cave readied for us to the east."

"The east?" Vel looked at the stars through the canopy above. He couldn't see much of the sky, but what he could see offered no familiar constellations.

“That way.” Hekate pointed a finger, which became three, to their left. Her eyes rolled in exasperation. She was dealing with a mortal after all. And a nineteen-year-old at that. She winced at the first contraction and leaned against a tree. “And hurry.”

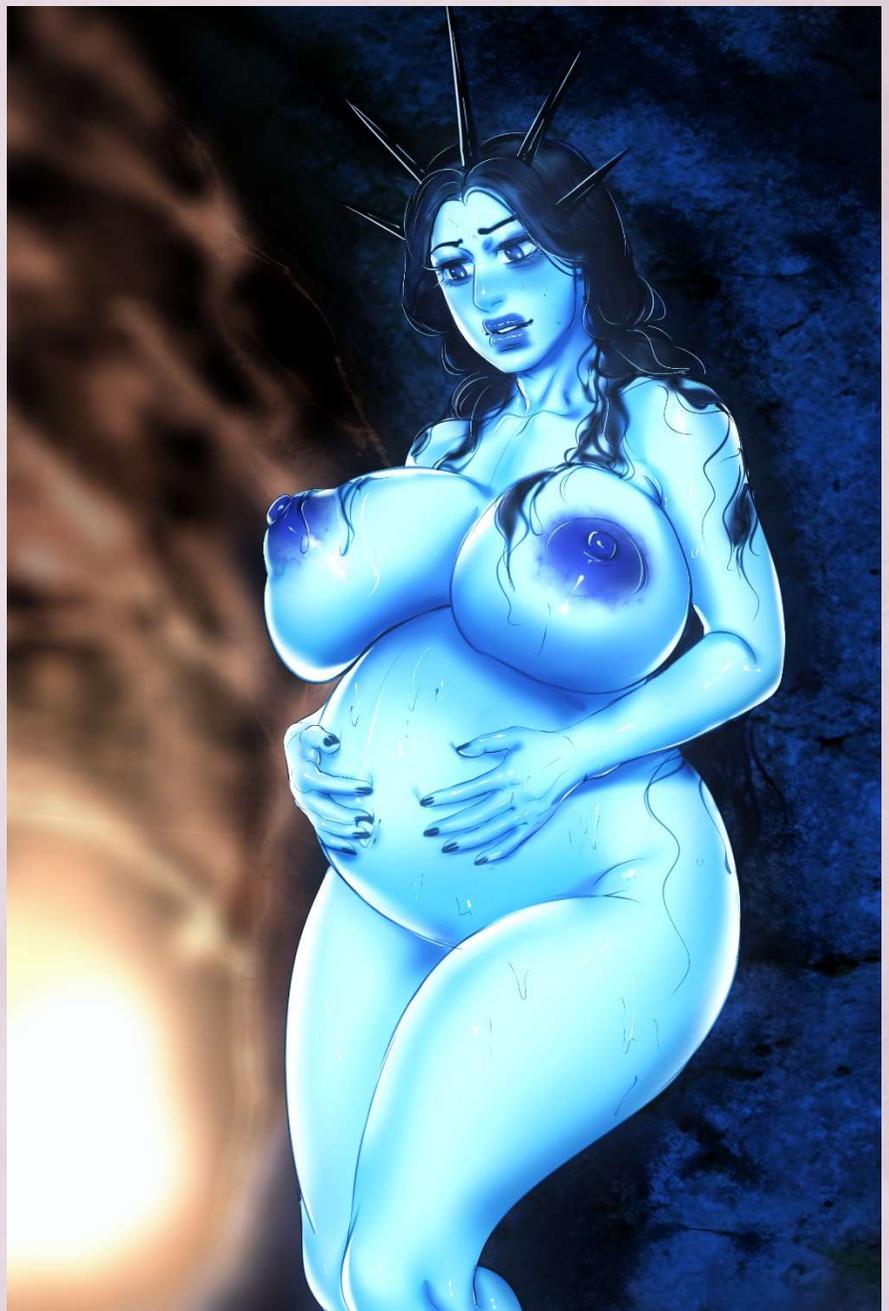
“Oh, okay.” Still carrying her stola, Vel rushed off blindly into the wood. Everything was a blur of gray and black. Branches reached out and clung to him, scratching at his skin. But he moved on. He needed to find a safe place for his child. He wondered whether he was still heading in the right direction when he suddenly stopped. Dark cliffs rose up before him. At the base, not twenty feet away, there was a cave with flickering light. He staggered toward it, his brain trying to wrap itself around the situation and failing. The cave was about fifteen feet wide and ten high. It tapered gradually to a dead end at the back. Inside, a fire burned merrily in a circle of rocks.

The dryads’ song rose in volume and urgency in the distance. An owl called from a nearby tree. Vel stepped into the cave. There was no sign of whoever started the fire. The sandy floor compacted under his sandals. This was the place. He turned to the forest. He had no idea how to find Hekate again. “Hekate?” he yelled into the night. “Um ... Goddess? Where are you?”

“You found it. Nice work, little one.” Hekate stood naked by the entrance to the cave, breathing hard, very clearly in labor now. Her pale bluish skin had the glossy sheen of sweat in the firelight. Her azure glow pulsed like a heartbeat. “It has been so long since I was a mother.”

“The child is ready?” Vel rushed to her side. He helped her into the cave. It was awkward assisting one so tall. He thought that this must be what it was like for his mother when she stood next to him.

“Almost. Help me down.” Her belly was enormous. Bluish milk dribbled from her breasts.



Vel spread her stola on the ground and held her shoulders as she positioned herself on her back by the fire, with her knees up. The next few minutes passed in a haze. He remembered her screaming in three harmonic voices loud enough to shake the very foundation of their cliff. He held her hand in his, which felt like the viselike grip of three starving serpents. He heard something pop near his fingers, but ignored his pain, for hers was a roaring blaze of agony next to his. He offered her encouragement, not even knowing the words that fell out of his mouth. With one final scream, it was over. Hekate sat up. Her belly was no longer large, and her breasts were back to their original size. She regarded him with keen, bright eyes.



“Congratulations, Vel. I am happy to have given you your first child.” She released his hand.

Vel sat back in the sand, rubbing what had to be broken knuckles. In bewilderment, he looked around the cave. “Where is the child?”

“Did you not see?” Hekate smiled. “She was as swift as the wind and as beautiful as an approaching tempest. Now, she is off in the world.” She noticed his hand. “I am sorry about your injury. Here.” She touched him and an azure light settled around him.

“I ... don’t understand.” The pain in his hand disappeared. But confusion reigned.

“I cannot follow where you go.” Hekate stood, picked up her stola, and wriggled into it. It hung off her like falling water. “But one who is made of you and me may follow. She has much growing to do, but I think she will be a woman grown in no more than a day. You saw how precocious she was in my belly.”

"Oh," was all Vel could say. He had no idea what was happening or what Hekate was talking about.

"I am pleased to be the first of many to bear you a child, little mortal." She walked to the mouth of the cave. Her body gave no hint of the birth she'd just experienced. "Now, we return to the others and see about saving your world from the greed of a few."

"Wait ... wait ... where is our daughter now?" Vel followed her out into a clearing and into the wood. She set a fast pace, and he struggled to keep up with her long strides.

"Growing, Vel. She is becoming one that might help you." Hekate waved a dismissive hand. Clearly, she thought she'd explained the matter well enough already.

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"Oh, I am sorry you didn't arrive a few minutes sooner. Your father just left." Day Star leaned back in his royally upholstered chair. A red can of Coke rested precariously on the chair's right wing. He steepled his hands and smiled at the goddess and Vel.

"Oh, Vel." Cassia ran to her son and hugged him tightly around the middle. "Are you hurt?"

Hekate cast a sardonic glance at Cassia and returned to her seat opposite Day Star.

"He was dreadful, Vel." Naevia moved over to Vel and hugged him after her mother was done. Normally she'd be the one to rush into her brother's arms, but she didn't want to cut in. It was strange the things mother and daughter knew about each other. "Father could not accept ... how things are. I've never seen him so angry."

"We've seen him plenty angry." Vel looked down into her lovely face and pushed some of her copper hair aside.

"That's my point." Naevia calmed a little at the heat of his touch.

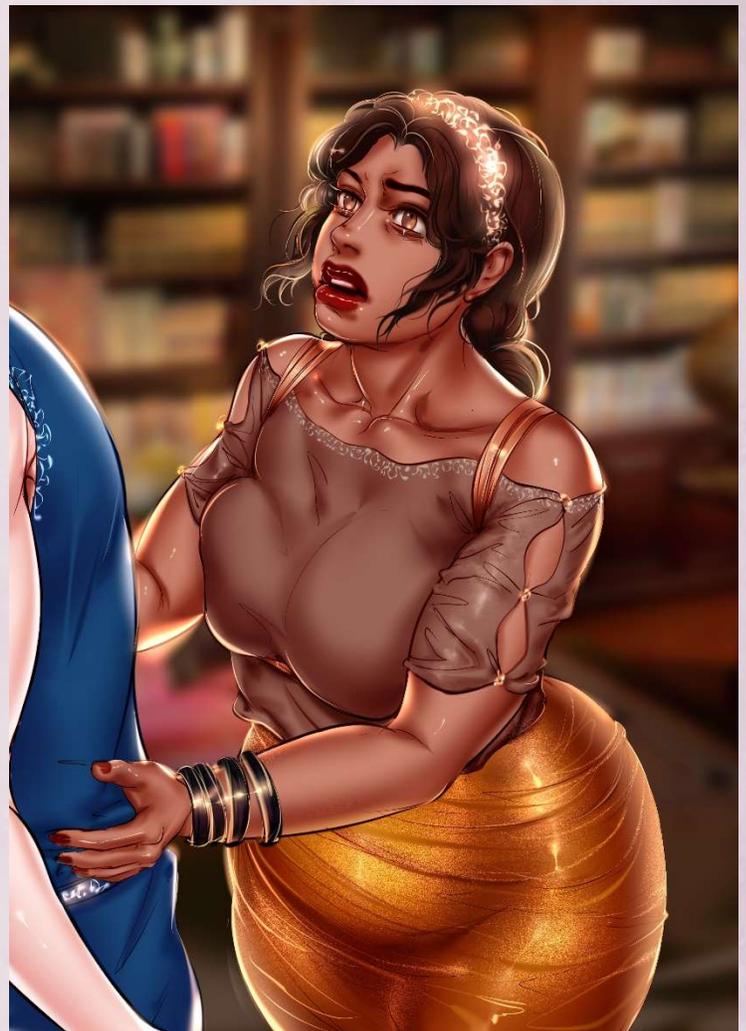
"Did he ... did he find out what we'd done?" Vel looked to his mother.

"He did." She looked into the fire.

"I thought I might have to restrain the once and former duke, but I was not needed. There is no violence here." Dellia rolled her eyes.

"There is violence here only if I wish it," Day Star corrected. He sipped his soda.

"So why couldn't I throttle him?" Dellia turned toward the angel.



"He is needed as the man to secure Ostia Novus." Hekate's trio of voices filled the room. "Not everyone will go to the palace."

"Are we it then? Is this the invading force?" Naevia looked at her brother, mother, and cousin. They had little chance of even breaking into the palace, let alone destroying the wicked tower. "Tell me you've sent for reinforcements."

"We have help on the way. Another will arrive here soon. And one is learning of the world so that she might help you." Hekate smiled at Vel. "As we wait for your *reinforcements*, I suggest you retire for some rest." She looked over at Day Star. "Will you open the door to their chamber, little godling?"

"I was thinking it might be good practice if they did it." Day Star narrowed his eyes and pointed to a bookcase near the everchanging Discordia. "We have a day to rest, you will find all the luxury you require through that door." He waved a hand at them. "Go on. Open it."

"Maybe one of these books unlocks it?" Vel walked over to the bookcase and started tipping books and putting them back, one by one. He couldn't see the outline of a door anywhere.

"No more games, *angel*. I'm hungry and tired. Open the door." Cassia furrowed her brow.



"There is banquet, bathing, and relaxation through the door. You open it." Day Star sipped his drink again.

"Maybe a good kick ..." Dellia pushed Vel aside and made to smash the books with her sandal, but she found she couldn't lift her leg. "Let go of me, *angel*."

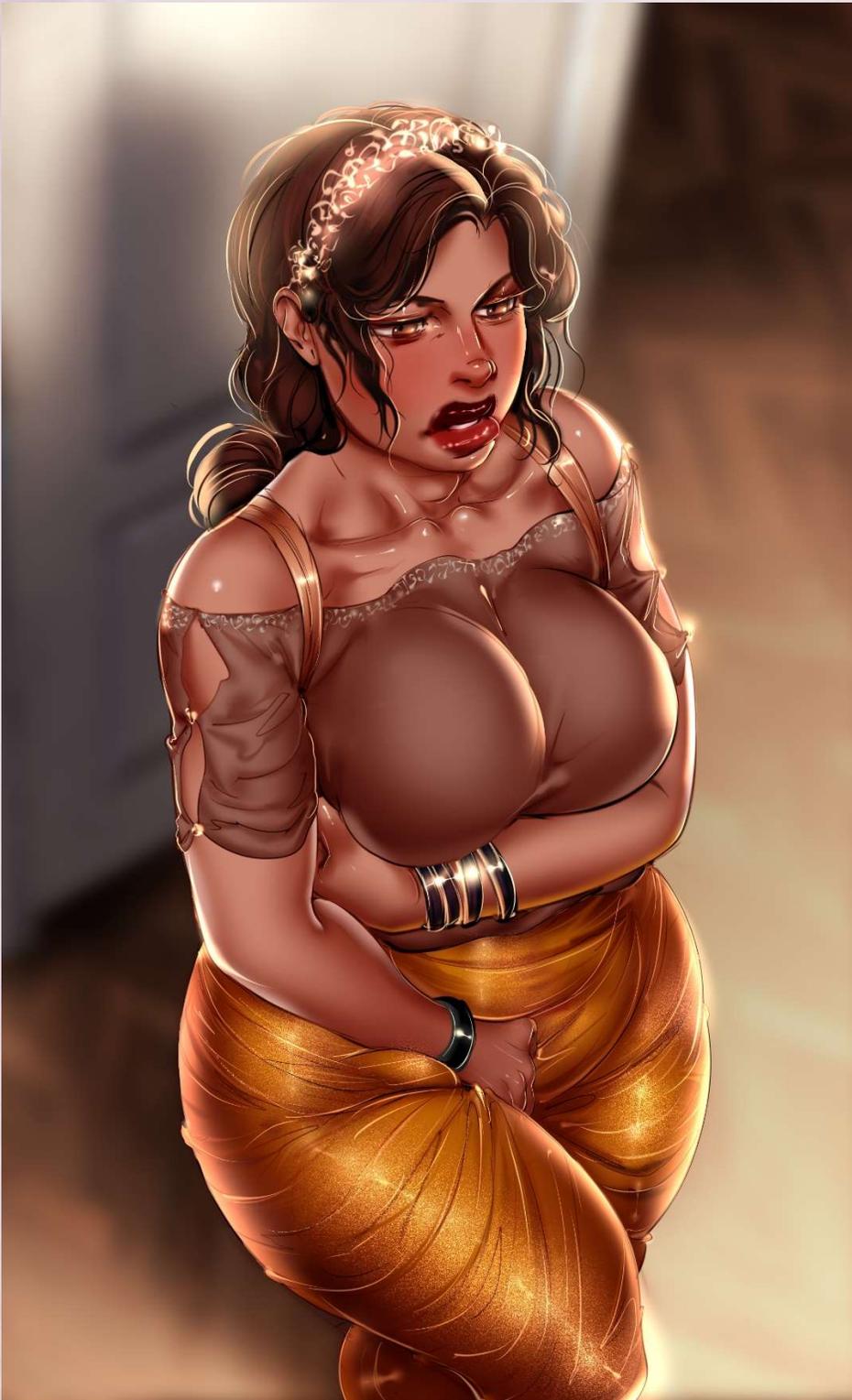
"You may not destroy my home." Day Star leaned out of his chair, picked up a poker, and prodded the low fire. It came to life again. "Now hurry on, this nice goddess and I have much to discuss."

"He's testing us," Naevia said. "We need to use our magic." She stepped up next to Vel and thought hard about opening a secret door. Azure light formed around her hands and traveled up her arms. "It's ... not working. I need ... help."

Cassia and Dellia lined up next to Naevia. The blue light formed around them, building in intensity.

Hoping that Hekate's milk had given him the same gift, Vel clenched his fists and concentrated. But when he opened his eyes, only the women shimmered with azure. The light grew stronger and stronger. He could hear his sister grunting with great effort. He had to cover his eyes as the women now shone like fevered stars. There was a flash, and the room returned to normal. Vel blinked away the dancing lights before his eyes and gazed around the room in amazement. The bookshelves had parted all over, revealing more than a dozen doors. He could see the forest where he and Hekate had done ... what they'd done. Through other doors he could see wonderous worlds with metal horseless carriages and people with odd sartorial tastes. Yet, other doors were completely dark.

“Wow, okay. That was good. No peeking, you four.” Day Star snapped his fingers and all but the doorway in from of his guests disappeared. He straightened his jacket, eyes a little wider than usual. “Now, off you go.”



“Yes, okay.” Cassia rubbed her legs together and looked longingly at Vel. She then glanced at the two other women. “I need somewhere private to rest.”

Naevia eyed her mother, her pussy flooding. “Me too. Some privacy.”

The three Tullius family members and Dellia entered what looked like spacious quarters. The door shut behind them. They were in a circular room, with tables of fresh fruit and wine. There was a bath on the far end, and one enormous four-poster bed to their right. There were no doors. Naevia and Cassia rushed about the room, looking for somewhere private where they could take care of their urges. After a minute, they realized that they were all stuck there together.

“I’m ... I’m feeling really strange after ... the magic.” Cassia pulled her stola over her head and removed her chest band and underwear. “I think ...” She glanced at Vel and then cast her eyes down. “I think I need to wash.” She rushed over to the stone basin and climbed in.

Dellia watched her aunt closely. She slowly stripped and followed her into the tub.

“Gods, Vel.” Naevia approached her brother. “That magic has sent me into a frenzy. I think I need you inside me.”

“But Mother is right there.” Vel looked over at his mother. The water went up above her boobs. A distant look filled her eyes, and her mouth hung open. Her right arm worked frantically in the water. It was clear that she was masturbating. Their cousin, on the opposite side of the tub, was similarly engaged with herself, although she was staring at Cassia.



“I don’t care.” Naevia’s whole body vibrated with energy. She was a dam ready to burst. “Let me get this out.” She bent at the waist and pulled his robes aside, raised his tunic, and lowered his underwear. “You smell good, Vel. Where did that goddess take you?” She didn’t wait for a reply. With his cock out and hardening, she pumped it and sucked the head into her mouth.

“About that ... ahhhhhh ...” But Vel didn’t tell his sister that she was now an aunt to some unknown creature growing to maturity out in the world. That story could wait. He glanced at his mother who was clearly watching them as she fingered herself in the bath. Vel was surprised to see that Dellia was now sitting next to her and whispering in her ear.

“Mother is watching us, Naevia.” Vel absentmindedly put his hands in his sister’s red curls and guided the rhythm of her bobbing head. When she pulled back, he released her.



“I need it inside me.” Naevia didn’t even look toward the bath as she undressed. Once naked, she tore the clothes from her brother and led him to the large bed. “Lie back.” She pushed him onto the bed and straddled him.

“She’s so small.” Cassia watched her son’s cock enter her daughter.

“You are the same size, yet you can take him. Yes?” Dellia had one hand between Cassia’s legs, and one between her own. She worked both pussies frantically.

“Yes,” Cassia squeaked. She tried not to dwell on how it felt to be touched by her niece. Another woman was playing with her vagina, and she loved it. Was it the magic, or had she always been like this?

Seemingly reading her aunt’s mind, Dellia leaned toward Cassia’s ear. “Regardless of the immortals, I think Naevia and Vel would have ended up intertwined like so. The gods need not have intervened for their love to express itself. Some things are inevitable.”

"Oh, gods." Cassia thought it was true. They were meant for each other. She watched Naevia settle herself on that giant penis, and then rhythmically grind her hips on him. At eighteen, her body was so tight and contained even as it shared Cassia's dramatic curves.



"I want to make you cum, Duchess." Dellia let the spirals of her own orgasm slowly unwind. She was almost there. "And later, you will replace your daughter and ride Vel until he sows your fields."

"I'm ... ugh ... already pregnant." Cassia took her eyes off the mating couple for a second to regard Dellia. The young woman was quite beautiful. That was sometimes hard to tell with the way she dressed and behaved. Without waiting to be asked, she added, "It's Vel's baby. I meant to only take him where it was safe, but we had to ... ugh ... for the magic ... and then I needed him ... after the wedding ... and he ... he ..."

"He can have your ... pussy anytime, now. Is that it?" Dellia watched the pretty, aloof duchess nod her head. "Shit ... that's ... going to make me ... ooohhhhhhhhhh." And Dellia's climax crested. The women howled their pleasure together in the bath.

"Look ... ah ... ah ... ah ..." Naevia lifted her hand off her brother's chest to point toward the rising steam. Fresh off her own orgasm, she could see her cousin and mother kissing. It was clear that Cassia had a hand working between Dellia's legs and Dellia was doing the same for her aunt under the water.

"They're ... really ... into it." Vel tilted his head up from the sheet for a better view. If he were to die at the palace, this might be the last good thing to happen to him. He cupped Naevia's bouncing boobs and let her ride him for all she was worth.

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An hour later, Vel straddled his mother's ass on the bed. She lay face down, with her hair fanned out on the satin sheet around her. "Back or front, Mother?"

"My vagina, Vel." Cassia's voice was muffled by the mattress.

Naevia lay on her side next to them, watching intently. Cum slowly dripped down her lower thigh.

Dellia sat in a chair with her legs spread, her pussy out in the open. She plopped a grape into her mouth and eyed mother and son with great interest.



“What happened with the goddess, Vel?” Naevia watched as her brother lined up with their mother’s pussy and slowly pressed in. It was always impressive seeing that long, fat cock disappear in a woman. All the more so when it was their haughty mother.

“You’re not going to ... ugh ... believe me.” Vel let his hips sink until they rested on his mother’s round cheeks. She squirmed and whimpered under him, clutching at the sheets. He noticed that she no longer wore his father’s ring. He would have to ask about that later.



“Try me.” Naevia’s hand slipped between her legs. The sights of Cassia’s writhing and Vel’s vanishing leviathan, made Naevia tingle all over.

Vel regaled all three women with all that had happened in the forest with the goddess of magic. When he got to the part describing how her one pussy gripped him like three, Dellia’s hand dropped to her vagina, too. She and Naevia furiously masturbated, while Vel slowly pumped in and out of his mother from behind. The room filled with high-pitched cries playing over Vel’s deep voice as the story moved through the forest and into the cave.

He was interrupted here and there by his cousin or sister for more detailed explanations. They were particularly interested in what the goddess looked like as her belly swelled on their walk. Cassia, however, said little until his story reached the cave.

“Oh ... Vel ... I am a grandmother then ... already?” Cassia thought of what her granddaughter might be, or what she might look like. “And you ... are a ... father ... ooohhhhhhhhh.” She pushed her butt back at his slow strokes, rotating her hips. Why did the idea of his fatherhood fever her mind? She had been so proud of the life growing inside her, but there was now a demigoddess out in the world with Vel’s blood in her veins. She climaxed mightily on his long penis, tearing at the sheet with her teeth. “I ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... can’t wait ... to have your ... child.” A brief flicker of azure played upon her fingers.

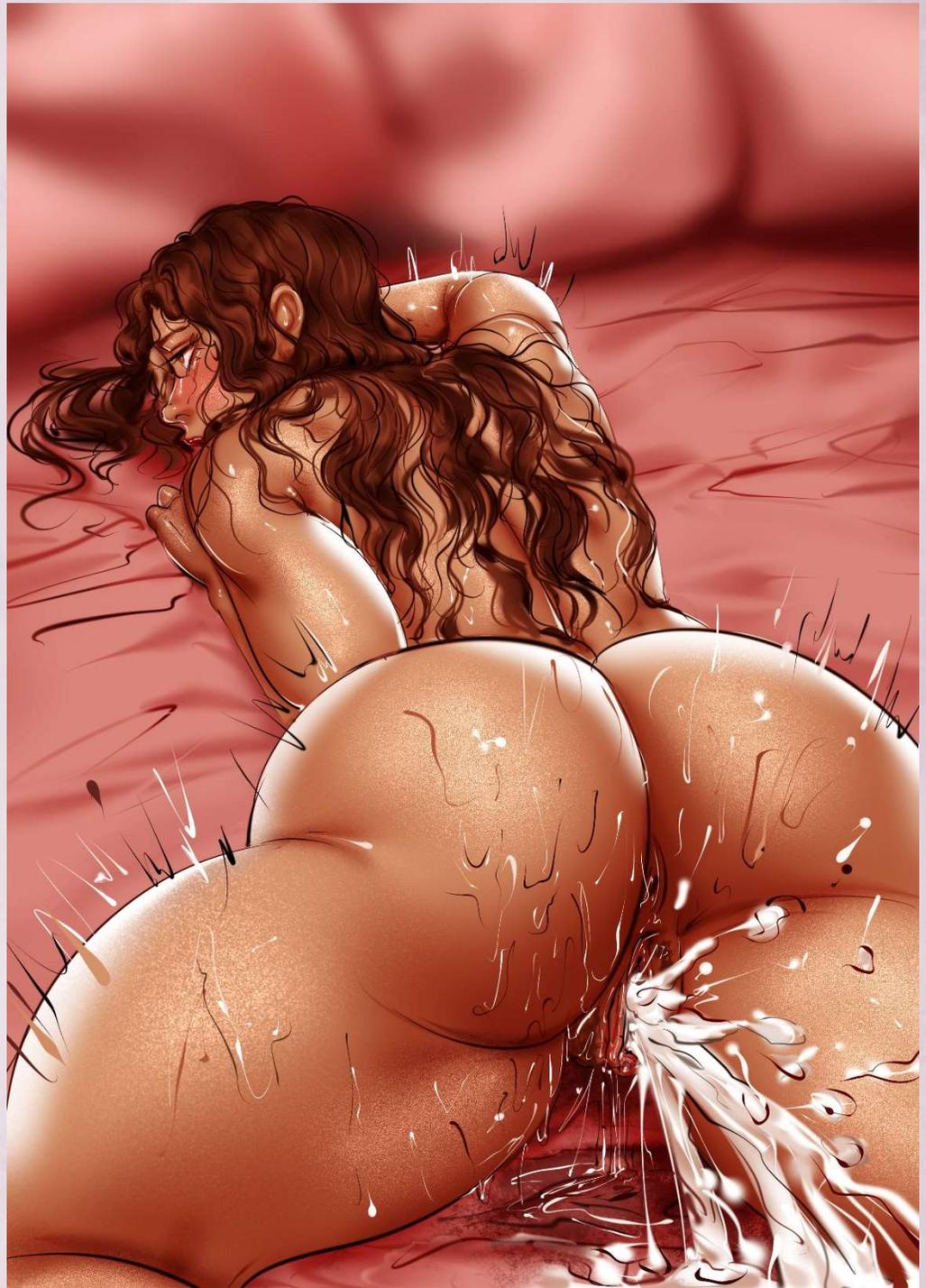
Once he was finished with the story, Vel's hips accelerated. The circular room around them was large, but even so, the echo of skin slapping skin reverberated. Vel had cum so much in the last 24 hours, but hearing his mother's cries, and seeing the looks in Naevia and Dellia's taut faces, drove him over the edge once more. "I'm going ... to ... explode ..."

And it really did feel like an explosion as he came. Stars danced before his eyes. His body collapsed, and rolled to the side, dislodging him from her pussy. Vel closed his eyes and relaxed completely into the mattress. He could hear the women speak excitedly about what had happened to Vel. After a few minutes, he felt his mother crawl off the bed and someone bounced her body next to him.

"I will note that I don't complain that I am always the last one to saddle you, Cousin." Dellia traced her finger up the exposed bottom of his cock. He was a frothy mess, of course. But that bothered her very little. "As long as you maintain your steel for me. Which you have, thank you very much." When she climbed on top of him, his eyes remained closed and he offered no reaction. Was he comatose? "And I share you willingly with your family, an immortal, a traitor, and gods know who else. I hope you appreciate my personal growth." Dellia angled his cock toward her waiting pussy and sighed as he entered her. No other pleasure on that Earth matched the way he filled her.

"That sounds suspiciously like ... a complaint, Cousin?" Vel opened one eye, and then the other. He smiled up at her. She was strikingly beautiful with her eyes rolling back and her tongue hanging from the side of her mouth. Vel wondered at an azure glimmer that seemed to shine from under the skin of her belly. "What are you doing, Dellia?"

"Eeeeepphhhhhhhhhhiiiiii." Dellia mumbled incoherencies and her hips bucked faster.



"Is she ... ugh ... using her magic?" Vel looked over at his sister and mother. They both stood next to the bed, staring at nothing and cradling bellies similarly lit by blue light. Neither woman responded to him. As he watched, their flat stomachs curved outward. It was like what he'd seen with Hekate on their walk back. Vel looked back at Dellia in bewilderment. He let her ride and grow. Her pussy spasmed around his hardness, squeezing and relaxing over and over. It was a terrifying and beautiful several minutes as all three pregnancies sped through time.

The women seemed to come back to their senses when the light faded from them. The magic hadn't brought the babies to term like with Hekate, but had left them with the shape of a woman five or six months pregnant. Vel could see a faint stretch mark running up to Dellia's belly button.



"What ... happened?" Dellia felt a stupid smile spread across her face. Her hands caressed her belly and her hips kept to their torrid pace.

"All our pregnancies ..." Cassie stumbled and sat in a chair. She felt so off balance with the sudden shift in her center of gravity.

"Did you do this, Vel?" Naevia put out a hand and clutched at her mother's shoulder. She felt like she might be sick.

"I don't have ... any magic." Vel reached out and put his hands on top of Dellia's hands, holding her belly. The novelty of her roundness churned his balls. She was deliciously ripe.

"If they ... fucking ... expect us ... to fight the ... gods-damned ... queens ... like this ... oooohhhhhh." Dellia's muscles seized and she came again. A minute later, and she could feel her cousin flooding her occupied

womb.

Sated for the moment, all four guests crawled into bed together. They were too tired to speak further of their new bodies or guess at the meaning. They slept in a great tangle, limbs intertwined with limbs and hands clasp hands. When they woke, daylight shone brightly through the windows. Cassia was the first of the women to regain her equilibrium, having gone through the prenatal transformation four times before. Dellia and Naevia struggled some, bumping their burgeoning bellies into tables, chairs, and people. By the time they had all eaten and bathed, all three women moved with more confidence. None of them felt the need to dress, so they lounged naked in chairs, drank wine, and guessed at what the future held.

“Do you think my child will be a thing like what Hekate birthed?” Dellia looked down at her belly. It had not grown since earlier. She frowned as she took in the size of her boobs. Could not this have happened after they saved the world?

“That is my daughter, not a thing.” Vel glared at his cousin.

“Sorry, no offense. But we don’t know exactly what she is, do we?” Dellia shrugged at him.

“No ... I ... um ... the goddess didn’t explain it fully. I think she thought it was obvious.” Vel crossed his arms, his penis somnolent on his thigh.

“Well, it’s not obvious.” Naevia smiled bravely at her brother. Whatever their child, she would welcome it into the world. And she would welcome her niece too, when their paths finally crossed.

“Mother, you’ve been overly quiet.” Vel looked at Cassia. She was naked, the same as the rest, but positioned more modestly to cover herself. “What of it?”

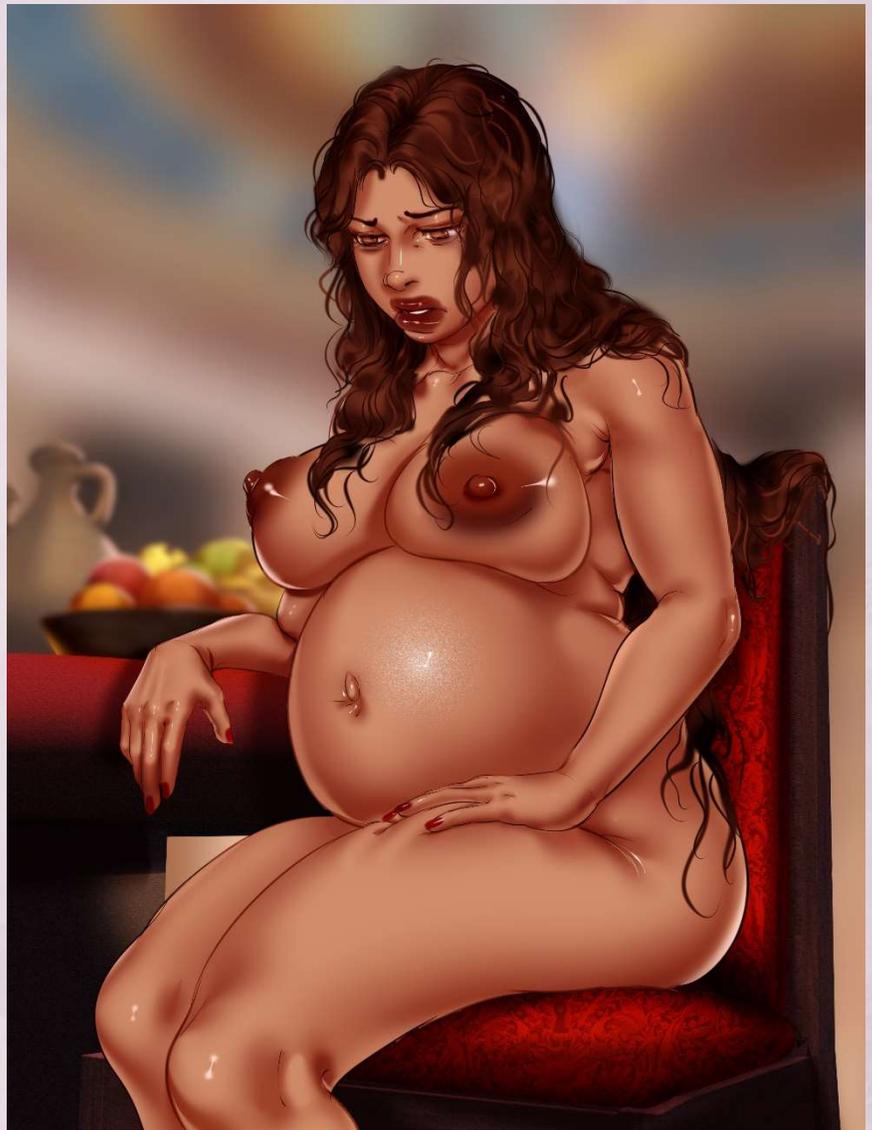
“What of it, indeed.” Now that she had a moment to reflect, Cassia found grief clawing its way back into her mind. She didn’t fight it, but it wasn’t welcome, either. “There was a time not long ago when I prayed to Discordia to leave my family alone. This was after your brother went missing. I thought it was all too much to bear. And now I find that Discordia has fallen to her own entropy and the cataclysms pile up one on top of another for our family. My mind is fully saturated and unable to take in each new event. I am quiet because I can no longer contemplate our position, let alone a strategy for plotting a better course. For lack of a better phrase, the fates have us by the balls, I’m afraid.”

The others nodded at this.

“And what are we to do now? We have rested, refueled, and washed. It appears we must linger here a while longer while our reinforcements muster themselves.” Vel looked around at the women.

“Well ...” Dellia smiled at them. “We fuck, of course. But this time I nominate myself for first go at Vel.” She stood, and sauntered over to him. With her pregnancy now somewhere beyond half-term, her hips wiggled side to side more than they otherwise would. “How about it?”

Cassia looked away, but said nothing to the contrary.



Naevia nodded her approval.

Soon, Vel had his cousin on all fours. The four-poster bed creaked and groaned as his hips slapped against her ass. For her part, Dellia cursed and screamed out her ecstasy.

“Magnificent,” Naevia whispered as she touched herself again.

“Yes, he is.” Cassia’s eyes turned back to the mating pair. She could see why an immortal would want her son. He looked truly splendid with his lean muscles flexing over and over and the look of raw determination on his face. Not to mention the size and rigidity of his disappearing and reappearing penis. She hoped they had enough time before the deities called them back. She wanted one more turn with that leviathan inside her.

