

Chapter 24



The
Wicked
Tower

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Wicked Tower 24

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Like most things, the echo of hooves died quickly out on the Hawk's Road. Engineers had somehow suspended the cobbled path along the ridge. On one side, a declivity fell hundreds of feet down to the sea. On the other, rested a barren chasm, dark with volcanic glass. King Vel Tullius smiled down at the sea from the window of his carriage. He had been crowned king a month ago in Ostia Novus. This was his first return to the palace since he and his party had toppled the wicked tower. He looked up to see Accipiter Cubitum's remaining spires twisting and towering above him. The damaged palace seemed to perch on the cliff like a hawk's nest. He could see workmen repairing the building where the fallen stones had plummeted. Vel shivered. It was not the sight of the palace that made his body shudder, but his mother's work on his cock with her tongue. He held her head firmly as the queen slurped and gurgled. "Does it frighten you, Naevia? Returning to the palace, I mean."

"No, it does not, *Your Majesty*." Princess Naevia laced the last two words with sarcasm. She wasn't used to her brother's ascending titles. But then, it was quite surreal being a princess. "This was the place where we saved the Surround. Where you tamed evil." She regarded the company on the cushioned bench across from her. Her mother sat next to Vel, leaning over to suck his cock. Valeria sat on the floor between his legs, lovingly sucking on his balls. It looked a bit awkward for both women to manage their positions with their burgeoning bellies. But they seemed to manage. "What do you think, Mother? Do you fear returning to the place that almost killed you?"



"Mmmpppppphhhhhhh," Cassia said.

"I don't know why we couldn't just magic ourselves to the palace." Dellia leaned against the carriage's window next to Naevia, her chin resting on her hand. She looked quite bored. "This is taking forever."

"My Emperor ... ugh ... craves adventure." Vel smiled and leaned his head back on the cushion behind him. He could feel the rattle of the wheels, but he didn't care. "But sometimes ... we ... ugh ... have to take things slowly. Give the people ... what they expect." He was getting close to his release, which was good. He didn't want to arrive at the palace with his queen and his servant servicing him. People guessed at his relationship with his mother and sister. But it was best not to make it explicit. Similarly, Valeria's metamorphosis into servility had shown the people his strength, but Vel did not think it polite to have her slurp his balls in public.

"You better cum, Vel. We're getting close." Naevia winked at him from across the carriage, her smile wide. She loved watching him with his women.

"My ... uuuggghhhhhh ... thoughts ... exactly ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh." He held his mother's head tight and unloaded into her mouth. She drank everything he offered.

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The months passed quickly at the beginning of the Tullius reign. Not all the generals bowed immediately to the copper crowns now worn by Vel, Naevia, and Cassia. But when Vel traveled with Valeria to the Sparrow Islands, Antibynum, or the Gates of Xellas, he was mostly able to bring them in line without bloodshed. They had only to see their old queen groveling before him, serving him, and singing his praises. Once seen in the flesh, it was clear that the older order had passed.

Circe came in and out of her father's life like a flickering shadow. She refused land and title, but she was happy to run difficult errands for Vel when she was not helping her mother or learning more of the world.

Back in Ostia Novus, Gallio accepted his old ducal role. He offered Cassia her familiar seat by his side, but she declined. Even though she understood that he had been bewitched by Brynhild, she did not return to her marriage.

With Lady Norbana's husband now detained by the state, Vel did offer her hand to his father in Cassia's stead. And Gallio took it. Norbana may have been a coward, but she possessed Hekate's azure light, and was thus quite valuable to Gallio. Nicias and Merope were made Lord and Lady and given a small estate in Ostia Novus. Not long after, a baby was born to them. Nicias swore to bring it up as his own, and would let no ill be spoken of the child. There were rumblings in the city, however, that the baby had an unusual deformity and barely cried.



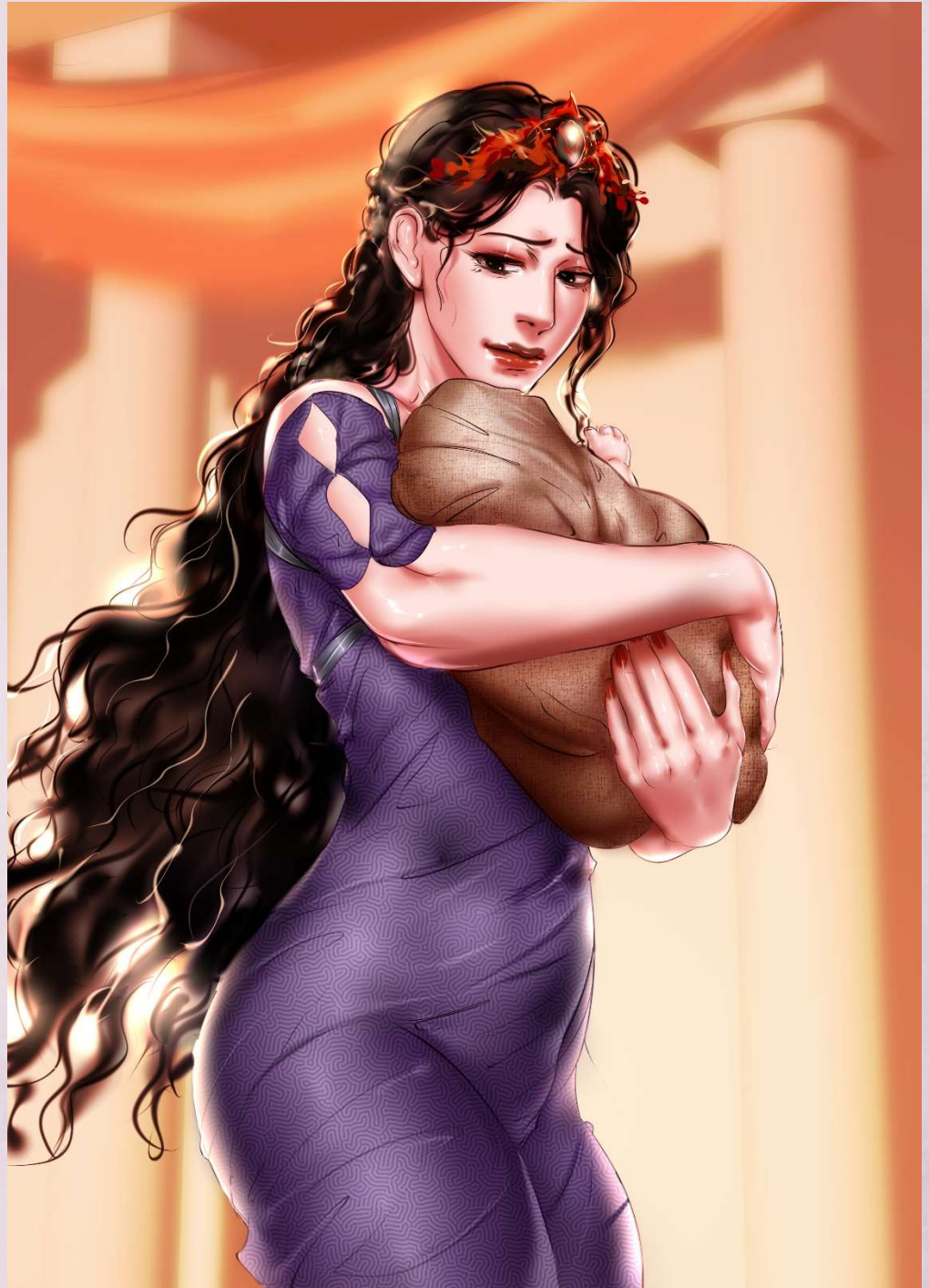
Over time, other pregnancies moved to term. Naevia was the first of Vel's women to birth him a child, not counting the goddess Hekate. They brought into the world a healthy girl. Not a week later, Dellia also birthed a daughter. It was the first time an Emperor had given birth. Mostly because the title had been held by men until the wicked tower fell. Cassia was next with another healthy girl. Vel received word from his father that Norbana had also delivered a girl.

This put some pressure on Vel to find himself a wife to take his mother's place as queen. Rumors that he had fathered the children were omnipresent throughout the Surround. Vel, however, resisted.

Valeria was the last to bear Vel a child that year. Vel could see the love in her face when she carried the crying babe about the palace. It seemed whatever the satyr had done to Valeria had been undone. She was a woman both diminished and enhanced. She almost always wore her maple circlet, her cherished gift from the dryads. She believed it to be a humble symbol of her renaissance. But, of course, it was much more.

A special nursery was furnished near the royal chambers. Cassia and Naevia officially had their own private rooms across a long hall from Vel. But they spent most of their nights and evenings either in the nursery, or with Vel. Cassia, not having the stamina of her daughter, often slept next to Vel and Naevia as the mattress bounced under her. Brother and sister could never get enough of each other. It wasn't very long after Naevia had born him their child that they got started on another.

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Rather than use the Vulpes, Vel disbanded the service. They would have need of spies, but not those that had sought to murder and undermine what he loved. He thought on how to form a new service, when Princess Naevia came to him with a solution.

“Have you heard, *Your Majesty*, that magic has returned across the Surround? New witches, mages, sorcerers, and sorceresses have sprung up as weeds in a fertile garden.” Naevia spoke softly so as not to wake her sleeping mother. She climbed into bed, her heavy breasts hanging below her.

“I have.” Vel gazed at her copper curls and sweet face in the light of a single lamp. It was quite late and she was just returning from the nursery. “Did the babe drink her fill, my princess?”



“She did.” Naevia laughed. She knew where this was going, and she enjoyed these affections from her brother immensely.

“Did she drain you, or is there still more for me?” Vel let her climb his naked body and they kissed for a while.

Eventually, Naevia withdrew her lips from his. “There is always more for you, Vel.” She climbed a little further and eased her nipple into his mouth. “Aaaahhhhh, that feels sublime.”

“Mmmpppphhhh.” Vel drank.

“With so many learning and training their new powers, we have a whole sea of nascent allies.” She cradled his head as she spoke. “They know we freed the world’s magic and let the seeds fly and take root. They see what we did to the tower and the old queens. They look to us now. Not only as their rulers but as the vanguard of the azure light.”

Vel pulled off her nipple. He swished the warm sweetness around his mouth and swallowed. "What do you propose?"

"Well, first I propose that you slide yourself into your loving sister." She wiggled her hips back down his long frame, reached under her, and guided him in. "Ohhhhhh ... that's better." She sighed. "Now that we've ... ugh



... settled that ... I propose we form ... an administration of and for ... the magically gifted."

"A force ... of spies ... who can see ... from anywhere?"

"And soldiers ... and governors ... and engineers ... and whatever they wish to ... help with." Naevia's hips found their rhythm. She was never more at home than when she was skewered by Vel.

"That sounds ... wonderful. What do we offer them ... beside our past deeds?" Vel licked a dribble of milk from her shaking boob.

"We offer ... to train them. Perhaps your ... divine mistress would guide us. I'm sure ... Mother and Dellia, and even Valeria would help." Naevia's shook her hips, stopped her thrusting, and went quiet as a minor orgasm swept through her. In a minute, her hips started up again. "And for those women ... with magical dexterity ... and loyalty ... you might seed them. You could give them the gift ... you have given ... me. It seems hardly ... fair to hoard your cum ... in the palace."

"I wasn't aware ... that I was hoarding." He smiled up at his sister. She was of course right that they had an opportunity to usher in a new golden age of magic. He wondered how many gifted women would bear him children. "I suppose ... you would want to ... supervise my efforts ... with these women."

"Who else would tell you where to put your cock, Vel? You'd be ... uh ... uh ... uh ... clueless without your sister." Naevia swooned thinking of watching so many women shudder and moan in her brother's arms. "But perhaps I will ... watch from afar. I do not wish ... to scare the poor things." A massive orgasm built within her. A few minutes later, they came together.

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Days later, Vel told his mother of Naevia's plan.

"How many ... ugh ... women are we ... talking about?" She sat on her son's lap in his writing chair facing away from him. They both gazed out the window as she rocked her hips in little circular motions.



"I don't know. It could be hundreds ... I suppose." He gripped her waist, feeling her muscles dance with her movements on him.

"And what of ... the men. Will you bestow ... your gift on sorcerers?" It was an honest question. She didn't know how far he would take his new administration of the blue light.

"Um ... no." Vel frowned. He tried to justify his choice in his mind, and settled on an answer. "Women make for better ... leaders ... than men. They ... can better be trusted ... ugh ... with power."

"That ... is ... true." Cassia dug her fingers into his thighs, supporting her weight so she could bounce on him. "And do you need ... to sow their ... fields? Is there ... another way? Have you asked the ... goddess?"

"Circe asked her ... for us. And yes ... I do." It seemed his mother went into a bit of a frenzy on top him when he said those words.

"So ... many ... grandchildren." Cassia

had never in her wildest dreams thought that her blood would flow in the veins of so many. "Will you ... care for them ... all?"

“The crown ... will provide.” He watched her hair whip as she spasmed on him, her ass clenching spasmodically on his dick. When her orgasm passed, Cassia’s body undulated in a more gentle motion.

“Will you ... still love our child ... with so many others competing for your ... affection?”

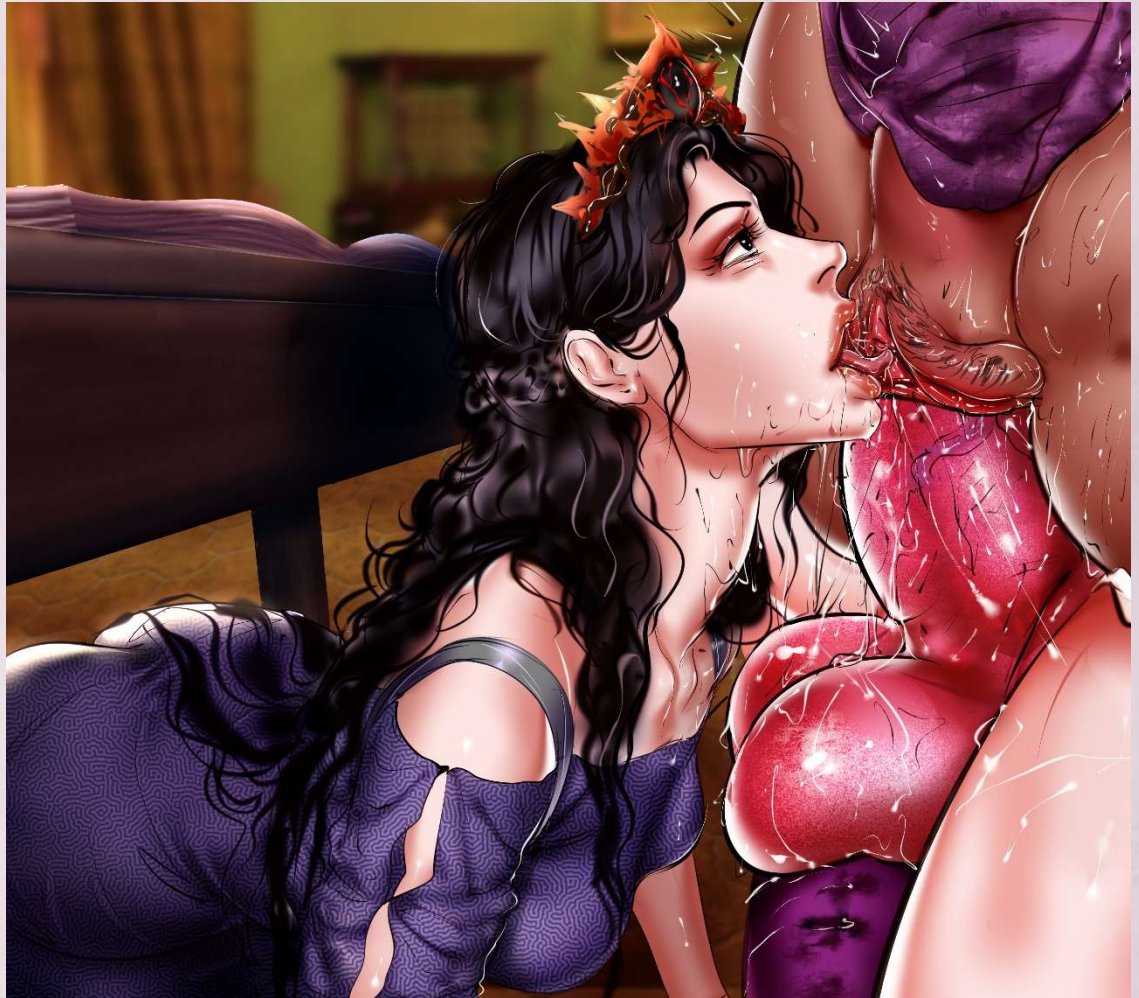
“Don’t worry, Mother.” He reached around her and held her heavy breast. “There is nothing to ... fear.” He wiped sweat from his brow and looked over at the dark-haired, fair-skinned woman crouched in the corner. “Will you fetch me a refreshment, Valeria?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.” Valeria shot up and grabbed the jug from the king’s bedside table. She carefully poured and brought him a cup. She watched him drink with satisfaction. “Is there anything else I can do for you, Your Majesty?” She took the empty cup from him.

“My mother’s pussy is unattended.” Vel smiled at his servant, admiring the black stone in her circlet.

“Yes, of course.” Valeria crawled on the floor between their legs.

“Don’t make her do that, Vel. You are enough for me.” But her son only grunted in reply. “Oooooohhhhhhhh, Valeria, ...” Cassia purred as the woman’s tongue found her button. “You have become ... very ... good ... at that.”



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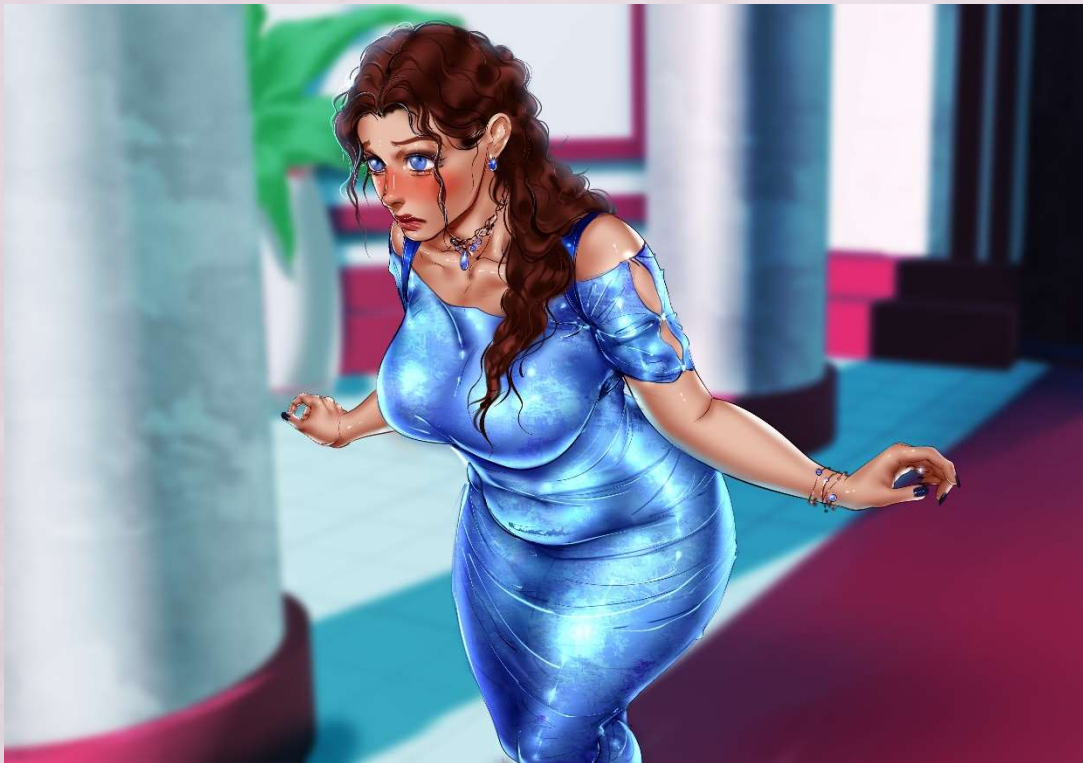
It took many months of vetting, training, and testing to decide on the first woman to be an archmage in the new administration. Portia Verra was a woman in her twenty-seventh year. Her husband was a tanner, and she had helped with his work until the wicked tower fell. Her powers had gradually built after that. Her natural aptitude was in construction. She was located and recruited by the blue light administration, trained by Princess Naevia herself. When she was offered a night in the king’s bed to boost her power, she at first demurred. Naevia did not press Portia. But a week later, after thinking it over, Portia agreed.

"I am here, Your Majesty." Portia's legs trembled as she curtsied in the doorway. She had taken it as an immutable truth that she would lie with no other man but her husband. But here she was, having agreed to allow King Vel between her legs. She blinked as she looked around the room. His chambers were far larger than her entire house. She nearly gasped when she noticed Valeria massaging the king's feet. Whatever doubts she'd had about this offer evaporated upon seeing the former queen, once at the zenith of power, performing such a task for Vel.

"Ah, come in, Portia." Vel smiled and patted Valeria on the head. "Run along now, we wish to have some privacy."

Portia tried not to stare at the former queen, who was clearly pregnant again, as the older woman rushed past her and closed the doors. "So, that's Valeria. And what became of her sister? Stories are unclear if she still lives."

"Well, you have a direct way about you." Vel stood and stretched his toes. He felt quite good. "Cesphea rode a wayward sorceress to their mutual deaths." He stood, noticing the awe in Portia's eyes. Most people of the Surround had not seen a person a good foot taller than them, and it made quite the first impression. "I will add that Cesphea wasn't Valeria's sister. I shall tell you the story later, if you're interested?"



"I am interested, Your Majesty." Portia blushed and curtsied again. She was only starting to get used to being in the presence of Princess Naevia. She was traveling in unfamiliar waters. "So, how does this work? I have only ever been with two men. A gardener when I was nineteen and my husband. He is not keen on this, by the way."

Vel laughed. "The gardener wishes you not to gain great magic?"

"My husband wishes me

to keep my legs closed," she said flatly.

"You remind me of my daughter." He saw the awed look cross her face again. It was known that Circe was a demi-goddess. "I promise I will keep myself from between you and your husband." Vel removed his robes and stood before her. He watched her gaze fall to his hanging cock several times before fixing on his eyes.

"It seems men come in all shapes and sizes." Portia's heart beat like hummingbird wings. She was crazy for doing this. "Does it get even bigger?"

"I'm afraid it does." Vel nodded. "I promise to go slow."

"It's not a question of speed, Your Majesty." Portia's expression turned dubious. "It's a question of my aperture, and your royal ... thing being mismatched." She pointed at his penis for emphasis, as if he might not have noticed his own size.

"It's okay if you've changed your mind." Vel walked up to her, she now maintained steady eye contact. Naevia had been right to pick Portia as their first. He caressed her rosy cheek with the back of his hand.

"No, I'm here for the magic. Whatever it takes to become an archmage. I just don't want you to be disappointed when I don't enjoy it." She remembered who she was talking to. "Um ... Your Majesty." A tingling warmth spread across her face from his touch. It felt delightful.

"Well, I hope it won't be that bad." Vel bent down and kissed Portia on the lips. At first, she went rigid but then relaxed.

Portia luxuriated in the sensations of the kiss and the pulsing heat that emanated from him. His presence was like a smooth bath of starlight. When she broke their locked lips, her chest heaved. "I have never ... been kissed like that." She didn't know what she was expecting from the king, but it certainly wasn't that. "What is ... this heat ... from your touch?"

"That's part of the gift." Vel's cock rose, now at about three quarters full. He watched her eyes fall to it and widen.

"Shall I get you ready, Your Majesty?" Portia's mind was equal parts fire and fear. She prayed he would not destroy her vagina.

"I think it a better use of our time if I attend to you." He helped her remove her stola, chest band, and linen underwear.

His words were so far away from what she expected from a king that she could not comprehend them until he placed her on the bed and put his head between her legs. Neither the gardener nor her husband had done that for her. It drove the fear from her mind, and fanned the flames of her arousal. He grabbed her forcefully by her thighs. The heat of him swirled to her core. "Oh ... Your Majesty ... what are you doing ... not there ... oooohhhhhhhh ... gods." Her head thrashed on the king's perfect sheets. She shuddered through two enormous orgasms. When he positioned his cock at her opening, she tensed all over again. At least he had pleased her before devastating her vagina. Portia was beyond shocked when he fit inside her, and then doubly so when joy spread from his movements. Instead of pain, she found she loved it. She realized that those first orgasms had only been an appetizer. She was now to enjoy the main course.

They didn't talk much while Vel humped the future archmage. There were grunts, screams, and cries of joy. But words were mostly limited to Vel directing her into new positions. She was quite confused when Vel took



her from behind. That was another thing the gardener and her husband had apparently not considered. She wasn't sure how long it had been, but she was riding the king to her fifth or sixth climax when it dawned on her that this was a one-time engagement. Once he sowed her field, her enhanced magic would grow. He would not bed her again. This added a new urgency to her bucking hips.

When Portia heard the king growling below her, she was concerned at first. She thought she might have displeased him. But then it became clear that she was used to men who were quiet as mice, but her king was something more of a lion. He was letting her know his pleasure. "Yes ... yes ... Your Majesty ... I am ... uh ... uh ... uh ... ready to receive ... your gift."

"Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Vel held her wide hips and slammed up into her pussy. He held himself there as he filled her. He was so lost in his own climax, that he barely noticed that Portia looked like a woman possessed by a forest spirit as she took his cum. When he finished, he released her hips, and she rolled off him, pulling his cock from her with a squelching plop. She lay next to him on the bed, trying to catch her breath. After a long while, she reached out to his skinny chest and ran her fingers over his fair skin. "I did not think that it would be like that. Do I have Hekate's gift now?"

"It usually takes a while." Vel turned his head to the side and smiled at her. She looked completely relaxed and at ease. So different from the woman who had entered his chamber a little while ago.

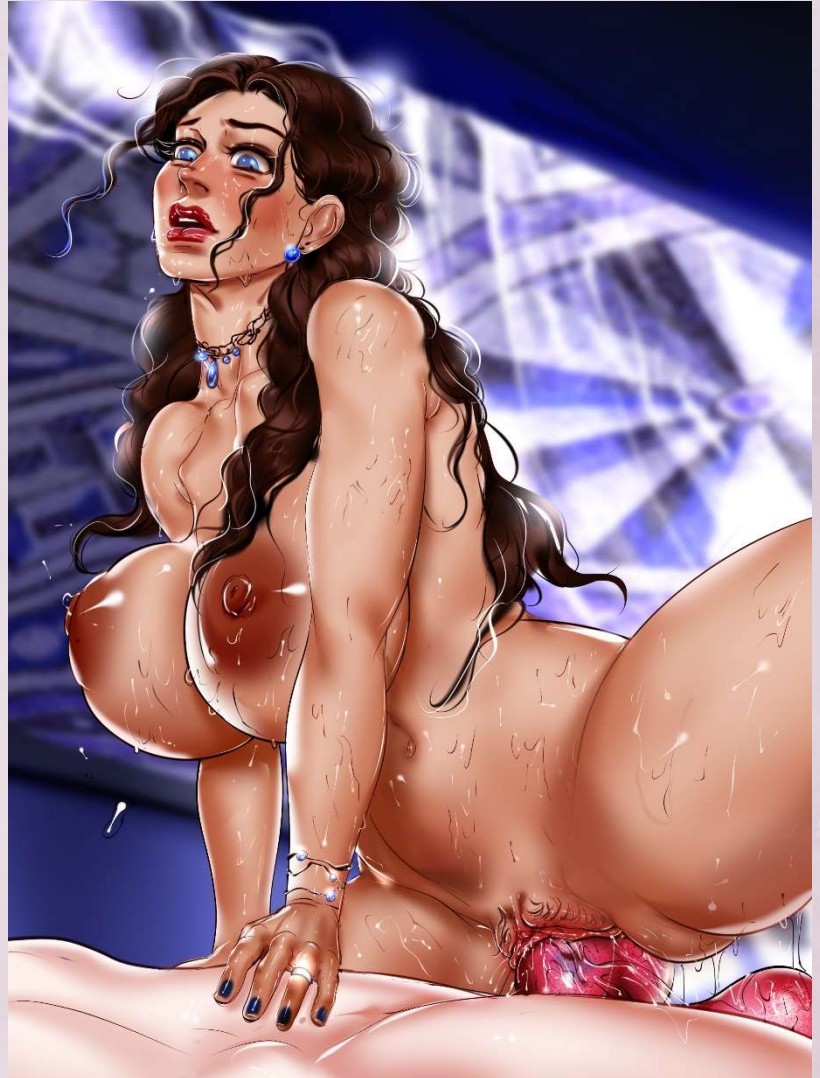
"Should we try again? You know ... in case the magic didn't take the first time." Her hand worked its way down to his cock. It was still hard and wet from their combined efforts.

"What would your husband think of that?" He watched her climb back on top of him.

"He would ... oooohhhhhhh ... say that ... oooohhhhh ..." Her hips sank on him, spearing herself. Her body moved of its own accord. "He would ... say ... that he was ... married to a ... powerful ... archmage."

They spent the rest of the afternoon in the king's chambers.

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“My emperor returns.” Vel sat on a throne of maple. It was carved to resemble writhing leviathans. A much simpler seat than those of his predecessors. “How goes the south?” He was attended only by Valeria at the moment, who sat patiently at his feet.

“The rumors are true. Dragons stir in the torched lands.” Dellia knelt before him, but her unwavering gaze was cast directly at her king.

“We must ready the defenses of Kart Hadasht and Xellas.” Vel did not like the sound of dragons. With the fall of the tower, their magic was growing, too. “I will send the Archmage Portia Verra to see to the walls.”

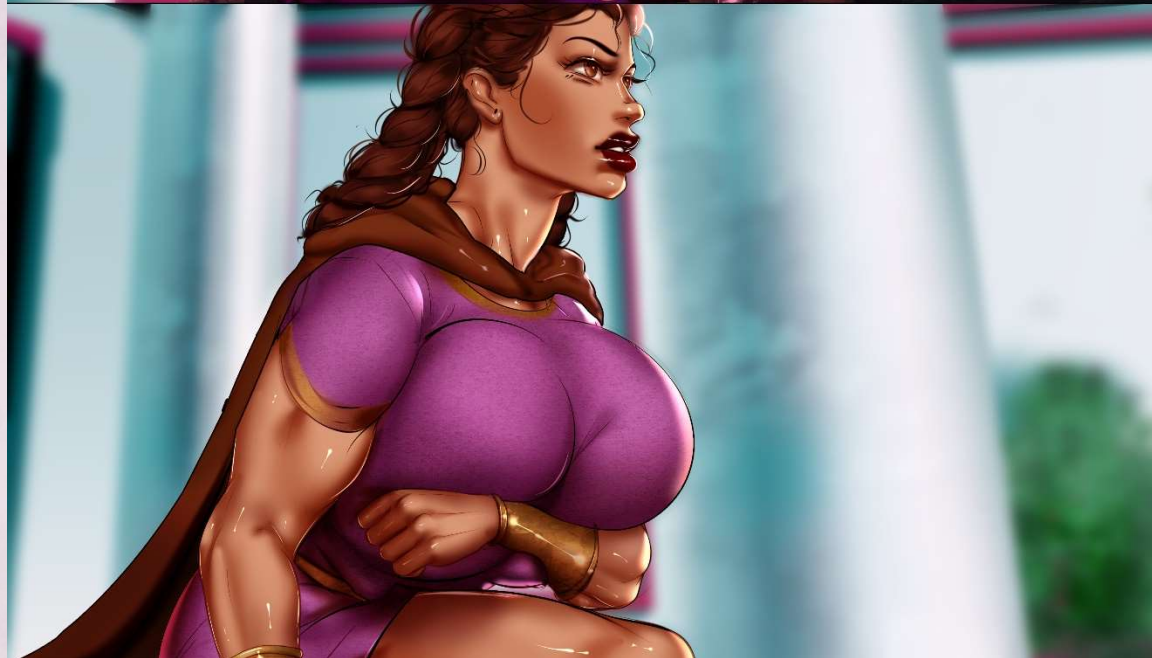
“That is very well, but I would like to meet the lizards in their lands while we are at full strength and they are not.” Dellia’s eyes blazed with the thought of conquering dragons.

“We have only three archmages at this time, Emperor. Along with you, the queen, and the princess. That’s hardly a full force.” Vel frowned at her.

“Don’t forget our armies or your daughter.”

“Yes, but these are dragons, not the reanimated dead.” Vel glanced at Valeria. The former queen regent hung her head in shame.

Dellia stood and swept her gaze around the room at the various advisors and guards, all hanging on the king’s every word. “Perhaps we should discuss this in private.”



“Very well.”

A little while later in Vel’s chambers, a naked Dellia bent over for him and wiggled her ass. “It’s been too long, Vel. Three weeks in the desert. I love sand. It’s coarse, gets everywhere, and agitates the weak. But that was too long to be away from you and the baby. Aaaaahhhhhh.” She sighed as he entered her. “You have only gifted the three so far? I thought there was a fourth you were to bed while I was away?”



“Naevia decided she ... was not ... ready.” His hips got into rhythm. His body knew Dellia’s so well by now. He felt like they were teammates at Harpastum, each knowing what the other would do and teasing and playing with those expectations.

“The world ... is changing ... Cousin. We need the strength to ... meet it.” She made eye contact with him over her shoulder.

“Power ... without ... restraint ... will not help ... the Surround.” Vel thought things over as he slammed into her. The intensity of her stare did not diminish, even though he could tell that her pleasure was building.

“I’ll send Circe to parley ... with the dragons.”

Dellia gave him a playful growl.

“I’ll send you and Circe ... to parley with ... the dragons.” He slapped her ass when she scowled at him. “And if that fails ... we can talk ... about sending an army into the ... torched lands.”

“Very well ... Your Majesty.” Dellia gripped the edge of the table, and turned her head forward. “Now fuck me ... like you ... missed me.”

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“Do you remember the storm on our way to Kart Hadasht?” Naevia leaned her shoulder into her brother, her hand resting on his thigh. They stared out at a crimson sunset over the Inland Sea. They were at the top of the spiraling western tower. Maybe a tenth the height that the wicked tower had been, but still well above the palace. A warm zephyr tugged at her copper curls.

“How could I forget it?” Vel leaned over and kissed the top of her head. “It was pure insanity. Neither of us knew what was happening.”



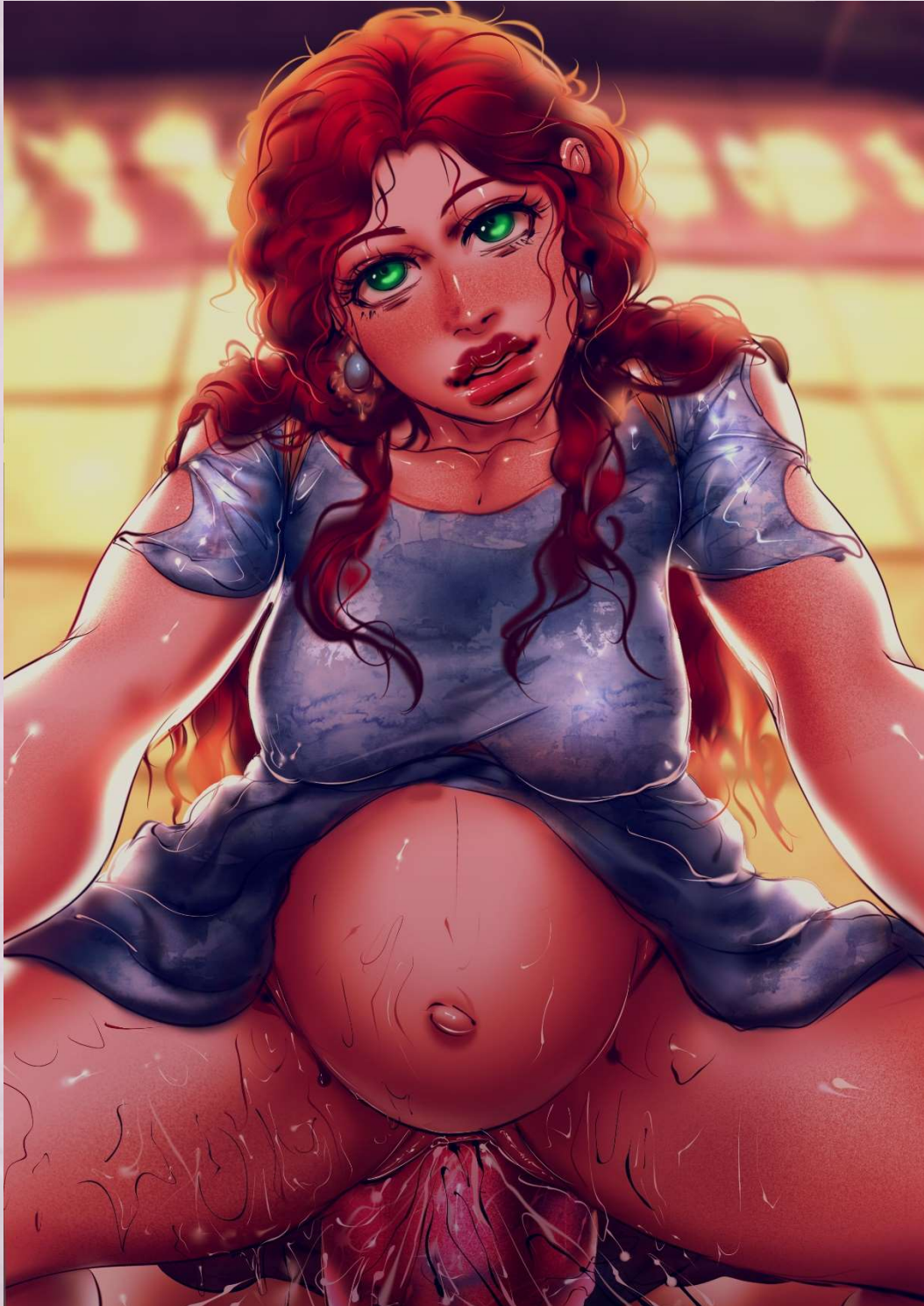
“Sometimes I wish we could go back there. And relive it.” She took a deep breath. “It was so simple and immediate.”

“You were fucking your brother in a ship that was very nearly sinking.” Vel laughed. “It hardly seems simpler. Although ... there were no dragons involved ... so.”

“We owe it all to a misguided sorceress bent on revenge.” One hand moved from his thigh and entered his robes. The other hand caressed her round belly.

Vel leaned back on the veranda when his sister took hold of his cock. "We owe it to a lot of things. It's a complicated world, Naevia. But no matter what the Surround throws at us, we have each other. That was true long before my gift, and would have been true without it."

"Yes ... but the gift helps." Naevia pulled his cock from his robes and regarded it like a long lost friend. "We wouldn't have this without it." She squeezed the fat penis in her hand. "And we wouldn't have the Archmage Portia building walls without it. Nor would our children exist without it."



"I didn't need the gift to seed you." Vel pulled her onto his lap and pulled up her stola.

"Such confidence." Naevia laughed. "I know you and Portia Verra still see each other under the sheets, Vel. Even as her belly grows."

"I was not hiding it."

"That is good, because I see all." She felt his wide head pushing at her opening and smiled. "I want you to know I don't mind. So long as you have time for me. And our growing family." She looked down at her belly.

"You sped through the last pregnancy, why take the full nine months with this one?" He entered her slowly, watching her eyelashes flutter.

"I'm ... ugh ... not sure how we did that." She rode her brother gently out on the veranda, the sun's light dwindling behind her. "I have much to ... learn ... about my own gifts."

"I get the ... feeling ... that we're only just starting ... to see the world for ...

what it will be." Vel pulled her stola down her shoulders and exposed her heavy breasts. He leaned forward and drank.

They moved slowly together until the stars twinkled overhead. "I have ... a council meeting with ... the three archmages ... in the morning. And the baby has been ... ugh ... keeping me up."

"We better ... return to bed." Vel held her tight, knowing what would come next. There was a flash of azure light, they fell through darkness, and landed in his bed still joined together by his cock. They bounced on impact, and Vel flipped his sister onto her back.

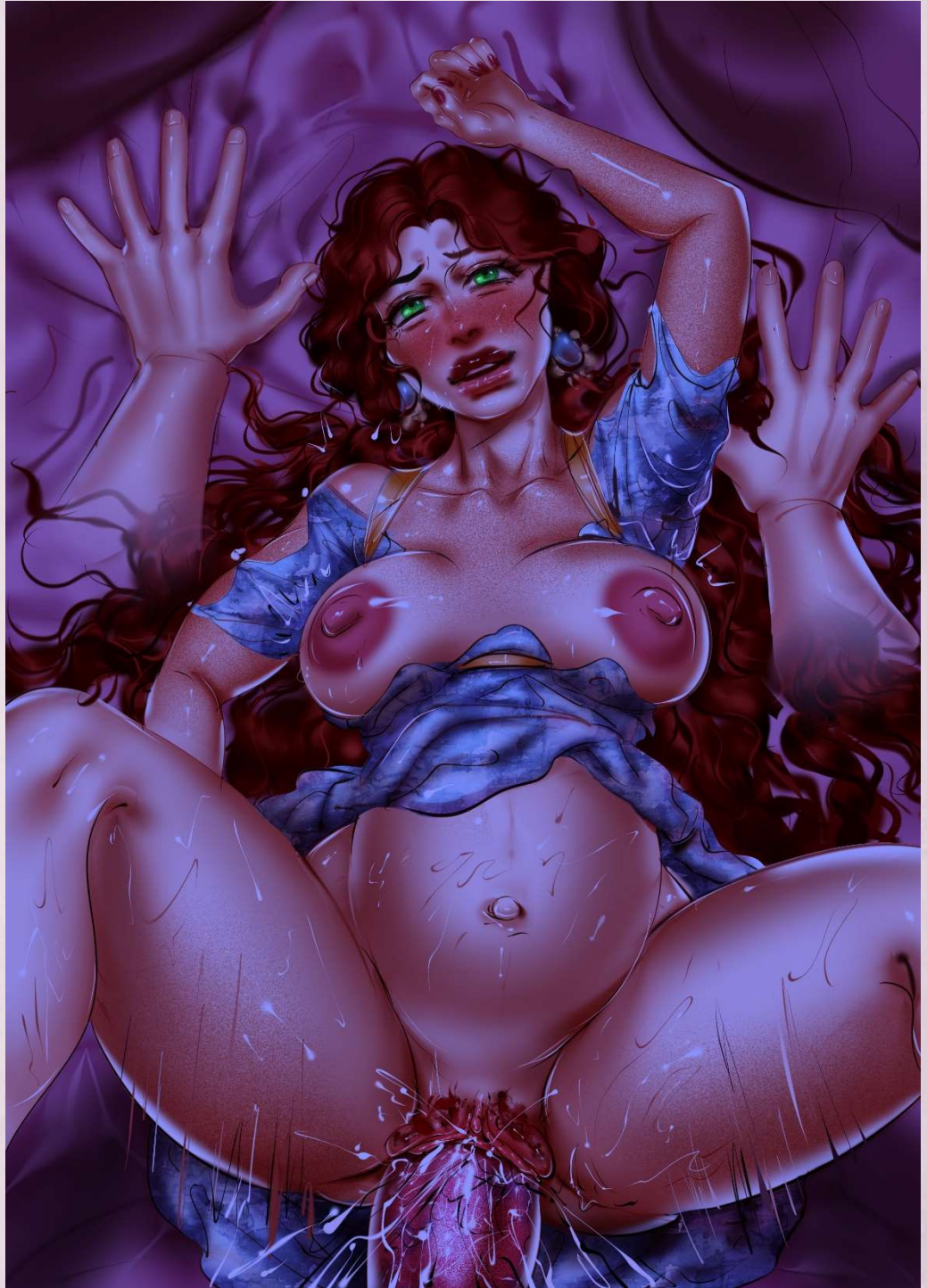
"There you two are." Cassia rolled over in bed and smiled at her adult children. "Finish up now, we have a busy day tomorrow."

Vel looked innocently at his mother. "But I thought I might have you ... once ... before I slept tonight."

"Well, if you're quick about it." Cassia shook her head. "You really are insatiable. The Archmage Orania this morning, your sister this evening, and your mother tonight."

"I will be ... as quick as ... I can." Vel planted his hands on the mattress and lifted himself so as not to slam Naevia's belly too hard. He went to work.

"Not ... too quickly ... *Your Grace*." Naevia gritted her teeth against the onslaught. "We have ... ohhhh ... we have ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... we have ... eeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Her brother's heat and his leviathan of a cock swept her thoughts from her mind. It was a perfect moment, and she wouldn't change it for the world.



THE END