

The Princess's Purity Protectors Ending 1

As the first light of dawn crept in through the grand windows of the princess's chambers, Princess Anne and Alastair lay entwined in the vast four-poster bed, their naked bodies still pressed close. A peaceful, contented sigh escaped the princess's lips as she gazed into her lover's eyes, a soft smile playing across her face. The night had been one of unparalleled passion and pleasure, a joining of their bodies and souls that she would not soon forget. She knew she should feel guilty, should feel ashamed for taking a lover outside of her arranged marriage, but she could not bring herself to regret a single moment of their time together. She did feel some regret for how unfulfilling her time with the other suitors was.

Alastair, for his part, was equally enamored. He had never known a woman like Princess Anne, so fierce in her passions, so uninhibited and free in her desires. She had taken him to heights of ecstasy he had never before experienced, and he knew he would move heaven and earth to be with her again. He gathered her close, his calloused hands roaming over the soft curves of her body, committing every dip and swell to memory.

They lay like that for some time, basking in the warm afterglow of their lovemaking, until a soft knock at the door startled them from their reverie. Princess Anne's handmaiden, Lyra, entered the room, her eyes downcast and a soft knowing smile on her lips as she took in the scene before her. She knew all too well what the princess and her lover had been doing; she had arranged it after all, and made sure that the princess's absence was explained away by her being exhausted from "affairs of state," as she called them.

"Your Highness," Lyra said softly, "I have come to wake you. You have guests that will be departing soon and vassals that need... retrieving."

Anne sighed, stretching languidly before sitting up in the bed. She cast a wistful glance at Alastair, her heart heavy with the knowledge that their time together was at an end. At least for now. She placed a hand on her abdomen, just above her pubic mound, remembering the tiny people trapped within.

"Thank you, Lyra," she said, her voice still husky from sleep and the exertions of the night before. "Please give us a moment."

Lyra curtsied and backed out of the room, leaving the princess and her lover alone once more. Princess Anne turned to Alastair, her eyes solemn and serious.

"I cannot express how much last night meant to me. How much you meant to me," she said, her voice turning wistful and sad.

"There is a but coming, and not your lovely one," he replied solemnly. "I am going to guess it's that this can never repeat... I understand. You have your duties."

Princess Anne gazed deeply into Alastair's eyes, her heart aching with a bittersweet mix of longing and regret. She leaned in close, pressing her lips softly against his in a tender, lingering kiss. It was a promise, a silent vow that even if they could not be together again, they would always cherish this night and the connection they had forged. As they parted, she rested her forehead against his, savoring the warmth of his skin and the scent of their lovemaking still clinging to them both.

"Farewell, my love," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "Remember, not a word of this to anyone. Our secret, always. A magical moment, well... at least four magical moments, we shall never forget. I know I won't."

Alastair nodded solemnly, his own heart heavy as he reluctantly eased himself out of the bed. He donned his clothes with Lyra's help, casting one last longing glance at the princess before allowing himself to be led away. As the door closed behind them, Princess Anne let out a slow, shuddering breath, her gaze drifting to the canopy above as she pondered the events of the night, her mind barely on the tiny heroes trapped within her body.

Some time later, Lyra returned to the princess's chambers, her footsteps soft and measured. She curtsied as she approached the princess's bedside, her head bowed respectfully.

"Your Highness," she began, her voice low and careful, "I have come to remind you of the shrunken guardians within you. If it is your wish, I can remove them post haste. Though..." she paused, a hint of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth, "they may have quite the tale to tell the kingdom, should they be returned to their proper size. A rather... vivid account of a night of passion and the measures taken to prevent certain... consequences."

Princess Anne's eyes widened slightly at the implication, her mind racing with the possibilities. She could only imagine the scandal, the gossip, the outrage that would surely follow if word of her trysts and the means taken to hide them from her future husband and the kingdom at large were to get out. She pondered for a long moment, her fingers once again absently drifting to her lower abdomen as she considered her options. There were seven people, true and great heroes each, trapped within her nethers. Their very lives hung on her decision. She could free and reward them as promised, but there was the risk of them telling. Or, she could simply leave them within her. Forever. The thought filled her with a sense of unease at the cruelty of it, but she also considered the erotic thrill of having seven of the most powerful heroes in the land trapped inside of her.

As Princess Anne pondered her decision, the seven tiny heroes huddled together in exhaustion within the confines of her vaginal canal. Calista and Notuna sat against the wall of her cervix near a still-unconscious Selene, cradling their microscopic companions close, their battered bodies aching from the relentless assault they had endured. They had fought valiantly, using all their strength and skill to block every surge of semen and protect the princess's womb, but the night had taken its toll.

Calista and Notuna, though weary, had managed to destroy the last of the sperm that had threatened to breach their defenses. They had worked in tandem, the dark-skinned warrior woman's blades flashing as she hacked through the writhing mass, while the dwarf's mighty hammer crushed any that dared to slip through. Together, they had held the line, their muscles burning and their lungs screaming for air in the thick, humid environment.

But it had been a close call, and they knew they could not have held out much longer. The final, groggy thrusts of the princess and her lover had been slower, more deliberate, but no less devastating in their impact on the tiny warriors. Each push of the massive cock had sent shockwaves through the princess's body, crushing and battering the exhausted heroes against the unyielding walls of her canal. Thankfully, even one as young and virile as the princess's chosen lover seemed to have his limits. That last burst was barely anything. The two of them knew they would have been in deep trouble had any seed managed to meet an egg.

Thankfully, their smaller companions had dealt with those that made it through in earlier waves. The poor guys could barely crawl from the cervix opening when the coast was clear. Either woman could have held the four in the palm of her hand. They took one to a hand, to give them space. Calista held the tiny Connor close to her own chest, trying to keep the spent paladin warm and safe. Should they ever escape, she may tell him how she really felt. Maybe. She rather thought both of them preferred the chase than the capture.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a blinding light that suddenly shone in through the princess's vaginal opening, casting a faint glow on the scene within. The seven heroes could only pray for a swift end to their ordeal. They were utterly spent, their bodies pushed to the brink of collapse, and they knew they could not withstand another onslaught. The thought of being trapped indefinitely in the princess's messy, but still-pure privates, drained of strength and will, filled them with a deep, abiding dread.

Just as despair began to set in, a sudden, sharp tug on their bodies yanked the heroes from their exhausted stupor. A warm, tingling sensation washed over them, and they felt themselves lifting, rising up through the princess's canal towards the distant light above. The princess's muscular walls seemed to part before them, allowing them to pass unscathed as they ascended on a cushion of magical energy.

Lyra's fingers, now seeming as large as the tallest castle tower to the tiny heroes, reached down and plucked them from the princess's vaginal opening. She used a spell to pull them from within, and once they were between two fingers she dropped them in her waiting palm, the princess releasing the folds of her vagina and pulling her skirt down. Both colossal women loomed over the minute heroes. The princess had an embarrassed and flushed look of gratitude about her. Lyra regarded the tiny champions in her hand with a much colder look.

Princess Anne gazed down at the tiny figures in Lyra's palm, her expression softening even more as she saw how tiny and honestly cute they were. She had a tinge of regret at not keeping them as pets... or toys. She clasped her hands over her heart, her voice gentle and sincere as she spoke to her minuscule saviors.

"My brave little friends," she began, "I cannot begin to express my thanks for your valiant service this night. You have protected my honor and my future with a courage and dedication that truly humbles me. I must confess, however, that I may have gotten a bit more... carried

away than I initially intended. My passions, it seems, are as vast as my kingdom itself. Please forgive me for the hardships you endured, and know that your sacrifice will not be forgotten.”

She paused, her gaze drifting to the floor as a faint blush colored her cheeks. “I must also ask of you a great favor, one that I hope you will grant me without hesitation. I need you to vow, here and now, to keep the events of this night a secret. Not a word must pass your lips, lest it bring ruin to us both. I know it is a lot to ask, but I assure you, your silence will be richly rewarded.”

Lyra nodded solemnly, her eyes glinting with a cold, calculating light. “You have my word, Your Highness. I will ensure that these heroes keep their vows, one way or another.” Her tone held a subtle threat, a silent promise of consequences should they fail to comply.

With that, Princess Anne gathered her skirts and took her leave, eager to ready herself for the day ahead and the guests that awaited her. As she departed, Lyra turned her attention to the tiny heroes, her gaze as hard and unyielding as the floor that she was about to dump them upon beneath her feet.

She set them down with a deft flick of her wrist, and they tumbled to the ground, landing in a tangle of exhausted limbs. Lyra peered down at them, her long purple hair cascading over her shoulders like a waterfall of amethyst silk. She adjusted her glasses, her eyes narrowing as she took in the minute figures sprawled out before her.

“By the gods, I can barely see you,” she muttered, her voice dripping with disdain. “Were it not for my glasses, I would mistake you for naught but a gathering of insects. Not even particularly large insects. Were I to leave you in this state, I doubt you could even withstand the rag of a cleaning girl. Therefore, I think it would be in your best interest to vow never to speak of this to anyone outside of our intimate group.”

She raised her hand and made a signal, causing a magical sigil to appear in the air above the group with seven seals on it, one for each shrunken warrior. She slid her shoe off of her right foot and dangled the bare sole over them.

“This sigil will bind you each to silence. You will still be handsomely rewarded, but are to never speak of this again. If you refuse, well...”

She flexed and wiggled her toes over the group. Even her smallest toe could crush them all in an instant. From the tiny heroes’ perspective on the floor below Lyra’s colossal form, the handmaiden’s bare foot appeared as a vast, fleshy landscape, her toes each a veritable keep; her big toe could even pass as a small hill or mountain. Her sole stretched out like a vast, warm, creamy plain. They could see every minute detail, the delicate lines and curves, the slight sheen of sweat, the creases that shifted with each flex. They knew with her powers that her foot alone could become a world unto itself, and they felt utterly insignificant beneath its immensity.

Lyra’s foot hovered over them, the air around it shimmering with heat and the scent of her skin. It was not a particularly pleasant smell and would likely worsen throughout the day as Lyra seemed not to be in the habit of wearing stockings. They could feel the warmth radiating off of it, could see the way heat waves seemed to warp the light around it in the cold morning air. It was a terrifying and awe-inspiring sight, and they knew that a single misstep could mean their instant obliteration. They could see every minute detail of her form from this angle. The way her long purple hair cascaded down her back in a shimmering curtain, the way her pale skin seemed to glow in the morning light, the way her eyes glinted with a cold, calculating intelligence as she gazed down at them.

Her body was a temple, nearly as, or perhaps even more perfect than the princess’s own vessel that they’d kept pure. At normal size, Lyra was tall, slender, and breathtakingly beautiful. She moved with a grace and poise that spoke of years of training and discipline, and they knew

that she would be a formidable opponent in any contest of skill or strength. Yet at this size, she was a mountainous goddess, whom they could never surmount. They could only imagine the power that lay coiled within that lithe frame, the strength that could crush them like insects beneath those dainty feet.

As she spoke, her lips curled into a slight smirk, her full and inviting mouth twisting into a cold, cruel smile. They could see the way her tongue flicked out to wet her lips, the way her teeth glinted in the light as she spoke. It was a terrifying sight, and they knew that they were at her mercy, utterly helpless before her whims and desires. Lyra's gaze was hard and unyielding as she peered down at the tiny heroes, her eyes glinting with a cold, calculating light. They could see the way her eyebrow arched as she spoke, the way her chin lifted in a gesture of imperious demand. She was in control, and she reveled in it.

So, eventually they all agreed, starting with Connor. Each of the seven vowed never to tell another living soul, living or dead, what occurred the night before. With each pledge, another light on the sigil lit up. Finally, once all seven were lit, the seal glowed, and a light shone on each of them and onto Lyra. She smiled a genuine smile of pleasure and slid her foot back into her shoe. She took a few steps back, closed her eyes, and cast a simple one-word spell.

"Undo."

As Lyra uttered the single word "Undo," a warm, tingling sensation washed over the seven heroes. They felt a sudden rush of energy, a surge of power that seemed to emanate from deep within their cores. The magic of the spell coursed through their veins, and they could feel themselves growing, expanding, increasing in size and stature with each passing second.

For Connor, Calista, Ardeth, Borsch, and the others, the sensation was both exhilarating and slightly disorienting. They had grown accustomed to their diminutive state, to the feeling of

being small and insignificant. Now, they could feel the world shrinking around them, the vast expanse of the room and the colossal figures of Lyra and the princess receding into the distance as they rapidly approached their normal height.

The four men, still cradled in the arms of the women who had protected them, grew in tandem with their rescuers. Connor felt the soft, warm weight of Calista's fingers around him, her strong muscles flexing and shifting as she adjusted her grip to accommodate his increasing size. He could feel the rise and fall of her chest as she held him close for protection, the steady thrum of her heartbeat, and he knew that he was safe and secure in her embrace.

Similarly, Borsch felt the firm, slender strength of Selene's arms around him, her fingers digging into his broad, muscular back as he swelled to his full height. The half-orc could feel the gentle pressure of the sorceress's body against his own, the soft swell of her breasts and the curve of her hips, even through the thick fabric of her robes.

As the heroes grew, the room around them seemed to shrink, the vaulted ceiling and the grand four-poster bed looming ever closer as they expanded to their full stature. The air seemed to shimmer and distort around them, as if the very fabric of reality were bending to the will of Lyra's magic. In a matter of moments, the process was complete. The seven heroes stood once again at their normal heights, their battered forms hung heavily before a wave of green energy washed over them. Lyra had cast a basic healing spell.

Lyra led the seven heroes out of the princess's chambers and down a long, opulent hallway. The carpet beneath their feet was solid, yet plush and soft, a stark contrast to the slimy, scalding, pulsing walls of the princess's privates that they had been accustomed to for the past several hours. The walls were adorned with tapestries depicting scenes of ancient battles and heroic deeds, and the air was filled with the sweet scent of incense and flowers.

As they walked, Lyra spoke over her shoulder, her voice soft and gentle, much nicer now that most of them stood taller than her compared to the cold, threatening tone she had used earlier when they were at her toes. "I have prepared the princess's private baths for you. They are fed by a natural spring, rich in healing minerals that will soothe your aches and pains. I suggest you take a long, hot soak and allow the waters to work their magic. I will prepare fresh clothing and chambers for you to rest in after your bath."

She led them through a set of ornate double doors into a spacious, steamy room. The centerpiece was a massive, circular pool carved from a single slab of white marble. The water within was a clear, pale blue, and tendrils of steam rose from its surface, carrying with them the faint scent of minerals and herbs. As they approached the edge of the pool, the heroes could see that it was easily large enough to accommodate a dozen people or more. The sight of the inviting, heated water was almost enough to bring tears to their eyes after the ordeals they had endured. At least to Borsch's eyes.

Lyra gestured to the pool, a small smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "Please, make yourselves at home. I will leave you to your bath and your thoughts. When you are finished, follow the hallway to the end and turn left. Your chambers will be the ones with the silver keyhole."

With that, she turned and left them alone in the steamy room, the sound of the door clicking shut behind her the only noise for a long moment. The heroes looked to each other, a mix of exhaustion and relief on their faces. Without needing to be told twice, they began to shed their tattered, soiled clothing, eager to be free of the reminders of their night-long ordeal. They had no concerns with modesty after the grueling night of surviving and staving off carnal pursuits that they'd endured.

“The water looks nice,” Pierce said, breaking the silence. “Hope she doesn’t decide to shrink us once we’re inside and use us as bath toys or decide to drink us.” He deadpanned. This elicited an awkward chuckle from the others, who had been having similar doubts.

Connor, ever the one to lead, stepped in first to test the waters. The others soon followed once they saw it had no ill effects on him. As they slipped into the warm, healing waters of the princess’s private bath, they could feel their muscles beginning to relax, their aches and pains starting to fade away. They sank down into the water, letting it envelop them in its warmth. For the first time since they were shrunk, they finally felt safe and free. That said, each of them had a weapon near to hand on the edge of the bath, just in case Lyra had second thoughts and decided to shrink and drink them or something.

After a long, restful day and night’s sleep in the comfortable, luxurious chambers prepared for them, the seven heroes awoke feeling refreshed and rejuvenated. They had enjoyed a hearty breakfast, courtesy of the princess’s kitchens, and had taken a good deal of time to clean and repair their battered gear and clothing. The healing magic of the baths had worked wonders for their bodies, and they were now physically in peak condition, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead. Mentally, however... the stress and humiliation of what they went through may require a longer recovery.

Later that morning, a messenger arrived at their door, bearing a scroll with the princess’s seal. Inside was a summons to her private audience chamber, where she wished to personally thank them for their service and reward them for their valiant efforts on her behalf. They made their way through the back rooms of the palace once more; they did not marvel at the opulent decor and the bustling activity of the servants. After all, these were mundane compared to the halls and activities they saw the night prior while the princess was in the throes of passion. As they entered the princess’s private audience chamber, they found her seated on a throne of

polished oak and gold, Lyra standing attentively at her side. The princess looked radiant, her beauty perhaps enhanced by the glow of her gratitude and the knowledge that her secret was safe.

“Approach,” she commanded, gesturing to a spot before her throne. As they did, she smiled warmly at each of them in turn, her eyes shining with sincerity and appreciation. “I cannot begin to express my thanks for your service to me and to the kingdom. You have protected my honor and my future with a courage and dedication that humbles me. I am forever in your debt.”

She clapped her hands, and a line of guards entered, bearing seven large carts piled high with glittering gold coins and gleaming gems. The heroes’ eyes widened at the sight, their hearts racing with excitement and disbelief. They had been promised more gold than they could carry, and this seemed like it would do.

“Take this,” the princess said, gesturing to the treasures. “Take it and know that my gratitude is eternal. May it serve you well in your future endeavors.”

The heroes bowed solemnly, still uncomfortable in Princess Anne and Lyra’s presence. They did not want to linger. So, they had their gold transported to the World Bank and deposited into their accounts. Once they were sure they could access their hard-won gains at any branch in the world, they readied their gear and horses and left the city, vowing never to return. While Princess Anne may have need of their unique services in the future, she’d have to find them first. While they are heroes of great renown, they were also fine with a few years of peaceful retirement.

And so ends the tale of the seven gallant heroes who served as The Princess’s Purity Protectors. This was a good end to our tale. Yet, not all endings were as happy. Perhaps, dear

reader, you would care to read another way things could have ended? Some, not so happily, for our noble champions.