

Part 7: The Final Waves

Princess Anne and Alastair lost themselves in a night of passionate lovemaking, while the seven tiny heroes within Anne's body were pushed to the brink of exhaustion. The constant surge of fluids, the clenching walls, and the relentless assault of sperm had left them drained and battered. They had barely managed to succeed in their mission during the first round of lovemaking, plugging the princess's cervix and preventing Alastair's seed from reaching her eggs. But now, after three more intense sessions, the small warriors were utterly spent. Their muscles strained in protest, and their lungs burned for clean air in the thick, humid environment. The princess's body was a war zone, her pleasure the battlefield on which they fought to save her from the consequences of her lusts.

For the women in the vagina, the experience was an endless barrage of flooding fluids, crushing pressures, and the constant threat of being swept away or crushed. Calista, Notuna, and Selene had used every ounce of their strength and abilities to guard the entrance, using their bodies and magic to hold back the deluge of semen and prevent it from flooding into the cervix. But with each new surge, they were forced to fight harder, to dig deeper to find the strength to keep the tiny opening sealed. And with each new surge, more and more got through.

As such, the men in the cervix had faced their own unending assault. Connar, Pierce, Ardeth, and Borsch had been forced to battle wave after wave of sperm, using all their skills and abilities to keep the tiny opening to the womb clear of the writhing, wriggling invaders. They had fought valiantly, but each new orgasm from above brought with it a fresh horde of sperm, though thankfully the number seemed to lessen with each onslaught. Still, Pierce reflected that the lover, if it was the same one, must be quite virile or at least enthusiastic to last as long as he did.

After the first of four intense rounds of lovemaking with this man, the heroes were utterly exhausted. Their weapons were dulling, their armor scratched and pitted, their bodies ached with a deep, bone-deep weariness. They had done their duty, had kept the princess from being filled with three lovers' seed over multiple encounters, but the toll it had taken on them was immense. Each round held unique dangers, and each contributed to their increasing exhaustion.

When Princess Anne and Alastair capped off their second round of lovemaking, the seven tiny heroes could only watch in exhausted dread as another tidal wave of semen surged down the cervix, threatening to sweep them away. Calista, Notuna, and Selene huddled together at the entrance to the womb, their bodies aching and weary from the constant fight against the princess's fluids. They could feel the heat building, the pressure intensifying as the couple above them lost themselves in their passion once more.

The three women struggled to maintain their grip on the slick, undulating walls, their fingers digging into the fleshy surface as they tried desperately to keep the opening plugged. But with each powerful thrust from Alastair, the cervix clenched and rippled around them, threatening to dislodge their tenuous hold. Calista gritted her teeth, pouring every ounce of her strength into holding fast, even as the hot, thick semen sloshed around her waist and threatened to drag her away. Beside her, Notuna and Selene grunted with exertion, their muscles burning as they fought to keep their footing on the slippery surface.

For the men in the cervix, the second assault was even more brutal than the first. Pierce, Ardeth, and Borsch stood shoulder to shoulder, their weapons at the ready as the first wave of sperm crashed over them. Connor had not made it back to them yet. They feared him dead or lost somewhere in the princess's depths. Unfortunately, they could not search for him, as a new wave broke through. The massive, wriggling invaders surged forward, driven by the relentless churn of the princess's climax. Pierce's daggers flashed as he stabbed and slashed, but even

his lightning-fast reflexes were beginning to fail him, his arms growing heavy and slow. Ardeth loosed arrow after arrow, the explosive tips blasting holes in the writhing mass of sperm, but it was like trying to hold back a tidal wave with a sieve. And Borsch, the mighty half-orc, could only watch in horror as the tiny opening he had fought so hard to defend began to be overwhelmed.

Connor was partway through the lengthy, wet tunnel of the fallopian tube, barely trudging through the mucus and fluids that lined it, when he saw another horde of sperm heading his way. He already knew that the princess was rutting again. The constant crashing vibrations gave no other cause. He readied his sword for the onslaught. Connor swung his sword in wide, desperate arcs, trying to clear a space around him, but for every sperm he cut down, ten more seemed to take its place. He fought valiantly and managed to eradicate every sperm that crossed his path. As he fought forward, his holy sigil burned bright, aiding his divine auras as they spread out and slowed the sperms near him, letting him slice them down five at a time. Eventually, they stopped coming, and he knew he had survived another wave of orgasm. Still, he trudged onwards to try and regroup with the others.

When Princess Anne and Alastair began their third round of lovemaking, the exhausted tiny heroes could only watch in dread as the princess's body prepared for another onslaught. The thrusts were slower this time, more deliberate and powerful, as if the couple had finally synced and found their perfect rhythm. Each thrust and clench sending shockwaves through the princess's core. For the women in the canal zone, this meant each movement was a struggle for survival.

Calista, Notuna, and Selene were reduced to clinging to the walls just before the cervix for dear life as it clenched and rippled around them, the powerful muscles squeezing and releasing them like a fleshy vice. They'd long since realized that if they were too near the

entrance to the tunnel, they would be smashed by each push of the siege tower of a cock. Still, he found his way deep within the princess, and there was no respite. With each thrust, they were battered and bruised, their small bodies aching from the relentless assault. Selene, already weakened from exhausting her magic to hold back the previous waves, could feel her strength fading fast. Her fronds, once vibrant and pulsing with power, now hung limp and lifeless as she struggled to maintain her grip.

As the princess's climax built, the vagina began to contract more violently, the muscles clenching and unclenching like a fist. The three women were tossed and battered, their bodies slamming against the unyielding walls with each spasm. Calista's head throbbed, her vision swimming as she fought to stay conscious. The stout Notuna, her thick muscles burning with exhaustion, could only grunt in pain as she was squeezed and pummeled by the cunt's relentless grip. Selene, barely clinging to awareness, felt a sharp pain shoot through her back as she was driven face-first into the cervix with a particularly powerful thrust.

In a final, desperate attempt to protect her comrades and keep the princess from being filled with Alastair's seed, Selene reached deep within herself, searching for any scrap of magic she could muster. With a weak cry, she unleashed a pulse of arcane energy, creating a shimmering barrier around the entrance to the womb. The semen, thick and heavy with Alastair's essence, crashed against the magical shield, but it held, if only just. Selene sagged back against the cervix, her eyes fluttering closed as the last of her power drained away.

But even as the barrier held, the final, mighty thrust of Alastair's cock slammed into the cervix, driving it forward with a force that couldn't be stopped. The thick head of his member struck Selene in the back, smashing her headfirst against the unyielding surface of the princess's cervix. Selene was knocked unconscious. Her body serving one last purpose by physically plugging the gap of the cervix against the onslaught of semen. Her magic barrier

lasted long enough for the two other women adventurers to destroy most of the seminal fluids, and when the barrier finally failed, her body served as a new barrier until Calista and Notuna managed to destroy the rest of the gunk with their magical weapons. Selene's final sacrifice before darkness gave her microscopic friends within the cervix a much-needed respite.

While the princess and her love took a needed respite of their own, Calista tried to rouse her friend to consciousness. She realized that Selene was not only knocked out by the blow of the massive penis head, but she was also spent of mana. Her body had basically entered a stasis to recover energy, lest she spend her own life force to continue casting spells. Calista rallied her own strength and strapped Selene to her back as the penis retreated from the princess's pussy. She was so tired. She hoped the princess was too. They all needed rest, yet they would not get it for a time still.

After nearly an hour of respite, Princess Anne and Alastair began to stir from their post-coital bliss. Their bodies were tingling with renewed desire that only those in the passion of youth could possess. The tiny heroes, still battered and exhausted from the previous encounters, could only wait in dread as the couple started to move together once more. This time, their lovemaking was slower, almost languid, as if both were savoring each other's touch after the intense passion of before. For their multiple orgasms of the night, this one would be more of a victory lap. But for the small warriors, this new pace was almost worse than the relentless assault they had endured previously. It simply gave way for more dread and mistakes.

As the princess's climax built, her inner walls began to undulate and clench in a slow, rhythmic dance. The movement was less intense than before, but no less dangerous for the tiny people caught in the midst of it. Calista, Notuna, and a still-unconscious Selene were tossed and turned with each deep, groggy thrust, their bruised bodies aching as they were squeezed and stretched by the princess's fleshy walls.

The men could feel the princess's heartbeat pulsing around them, her blood coursing in her veins as she grew more aroused. The world around them shook with each thrust of her hips and the man's hips into her's. The air was thick with the musky scent of her desire, and the heat of her body pressed in on them from all sides. They feared this final coupling would be their greatest challenge yet, and they could only pray that they had the strength to see it through or that the giants lacked the strength and vigor to see their coupling through.

For the two women in the canal, the slow, deep thrusts were like a nightmare that would not end. Each push of the princess's lover's cock sent a shockwave through her body, crushing them against the walls of her canal, which seemed to want to knead her body. Calista's ears rang with the princess's groans of pleasure, her head throbbing in time with each pulse of the princess's heartbeat. Beside her, Notuna could only groan in pain, her battered body wracked with agony as she was slowly crushed by the relentless pressure. Still they tried to dodge the cockhead's every thrust. Notuna eventually had enough of it and swung her weapon down at it with all her might! It did not cut the prick, but instead the magical blade served to pleasure it more than anything else that night. It spasmed and sprayed forth a burst of precum, coating the woman in a thick sludge. She just stood there a moment, a look of scorn and disgust on her face as pre dripped down her face in large globs.

The cock continued to thrust and thrust and thrust until it began to jerk and throb with the impending pressure of release. Notuna somewhat wondered if she were responsible for this one. She closed her eyes, for the first time too exhausted to fight as hot ropey cum shot over her for the sixth time that night. Her last thought as the cumming cock slammed into her was that if she were to survive, she may never lay with a male again.

Calista alone stood on the front lines and she was thankful that this emission was weaker than the others. Her dulled blades danced and spun, arcing magic against the rushing

wave of fluids coming at her from all sides as the princess and lord both came with mighty roars. She was so tired. So exhausted, but she could only think of how tired her even tinier friends were in the womb of the princess. She needed to spare them as much pain and work as possible, so she went at it with every last ounce of energy she had. Yet, despite efforts worthy of song, some of the seminal fluid seeped around her and made its way to the cervix. It was up to the others now, she knew.

In the cervix, Pierce, Ardeth, and Borsch could only brace themselves as the sluggish surge of semen began to fill the space. The thick, heavy fluid crept forward with each thrust, threatening to drown the exhausted men where they stood. They tried to fight it back, but their weapons felt heavy and slow in their hands, their arms leaden with fatigue. Even Borsch's mighty strength was beginning to fail him as he struggled to keep his footing in the thick, churning semen.

Sperm the size of beasts of war swarmed around them, falling to their mighty blows, all of the warriors were reduced to blades at this point, long spent of arrows. They wailed on the waves of swimming monsters with every last fiber of strength left in their tiny beings. Yet it was still not enough. Pierce and Borsch were bowled over by the swarm of wriggling creatures and could only watch as they neared an exhausted Ardeth. He swung at them with duel blades, hacking and slashing, taking multiple out at a time, yet it was still not enough. He too succumbed to the onslaught.

As the adventurers feared they had failed and that the seed would make it further inside, a blinding light turned back the tide of semen as a wall of radiant energy slowly marched forth, as Conor climbed into the entrance of the womb. His eyes were glowing, his hair shimmering and wavering with power as he marched forward, slashing at any foe that neared him. His armor was in shambles, his body bruised and torn. Yet his face was filled with resolve and

determination that would inspire others of his order, wherever they were. With a final slash of energy, he eradicated every last sperm in the vicinity. Once things calmed and they could only hear the steady beating of the princess's pulse, the glow subsided and Connor collapsed forward, landing on the soft, wet floor of the cervix with a squelch. He had lost consciousness, but had won the battle.