

The Princess's Purity Protectors Part 1: A Hero's Welcome

Their party had recently slain the fierce Dread Dragon of Dumire and had claimed the famed Mithril blade of Alumar that was famously embedded in its snout as proof. They rode up to the palace at the Valecian Capitol City, where they were greeted with a hero's welcome for slaying such a fierce beast. There were seven of them. A human paladin named Connor Valant, and his redheaded brother Pierce Valant, a noted rogue and sneak, both rode point. To Connor's right was his second in command, a dark-skinned woman from the far west named Calista Weathersent. While her two male compatriots had long blonde and red hair that was tied back tightly, Calista wore her black hair shorn close to the head, though it had recently started to grow into a moppish look, there was only so much one could do with a dagger to cut and a breastplate to use as a mirror. Behind the three humans rode their next two companions, an Elven archer named Ardeth Dormys. Despite being the oldest male of the group, he could have been mistaken for the youngest and fairest of them all with his slender features and silky silver hair. To his right is his exact opposite, Notuna Goldenarm, a stocky dwarven woman with a thick braid of fiery red hair. She was eagerly chatting to her elven compatriot as they rode into the town. Behind them were the final members of the party. A tall, slender pale sorceress bundled up in heavy robes who was riding side-saddle, Selene Cornish, and her tall, broadly built half-orc bodyguard, Borsch Helmbreaker. His green skin and her silver hair shimmered in the torchlight as they rode into the tunnels under the castle, his hand on the hilt of the massive axe on his back, hers on a wand hidden in her sleeve.

"Don't like this. Don't like this one bit." Borsch muttered. "This ain't how you throw a hero party."

“Calm yourself, my friend,” Conner called back from the front. “I am sure this will all be fine,” he replied as their guide and her guards led them and their horses down a dark stone tunnel into the depths of the castle. The rest of the party knew that this was not fine. When Connor said he was sure things would be fine, that was a code that he felt that things would, in fact, not be fine. Therefore, the entire team was ready to act.

It was as if their guide somehow sensed or noticed their trepidation. She looked back over her shoulder, the torchlight making her dark purple hair flow in waves of light. She adjusted her glasses with one hand and called back to them.

“I assure you, things are indeed quite fine. You will be justly rewarded for slaying the dragon, but first, I have a unique job to offer adventurers of your esteemed caliber. But it must be offered in private and with great discretion.” With that, she turned away and continued leading them deeper into the castle.

At one point, they dismounted and left their horses with the guards, who promised to take the horses to the stables and their extra gear to guest quarters prepared for them. Along the way, their guide explains to them that she is the princess’s handmaiden, Lyra. The princess’s handmaiden led the adventurers into a lavishly decorated private chamber, the walls adorned with tapestries depicting grand battles and heroic deeds. Few nobles and even fewer commoners had been allowed inside the royal audience chamber. It was a great honor, the guide assured them.

In the center of the room sat Princess Anne the Radiant herself, lounging on a plush chaise. She regarded the group with an appraising gaze, her blue eyes seeming to pierce into their very souls. Princess Anne was an elegant-looking woman. She had a soft, ovular face with full, pouty lips, a perfectly shaped nose, piercing blue eyes, and long blonde hair that stopped

just below her exquisitely shaped rear. Her rear did not outshine what her chest had to offer as the form-fitting pink dress she wore accentuated the strengths of her curvaceous figure.

“Ah, welcome, brave heroes,” the princess said, her voice like honey to the ears. “I am Princess Anne, and this is my handmaiden and head of my household, Lyra. I have heard much about your valiant deeds against the Dread Dragon of Dumire.”

She rose gracefully to her feet, the fabric of her pink dress shimmering like a waterfall of rose petals cascading down her voluptuous figure. The dress left little to the imagination, the low-cut front exposing the creamy swells of her ample bosom, while the back was cut dangerously low, revealing the smooth expanse of her back and the tantalizing curves of her rear.

“I have a... unique task that requires adventurers of your caliber,” the princess continued, circling them like a cat toying with a mouse. “In a few days, I shall be celebrating my nineteenth nameday with a grand ball. Alas, I am betrothed to a prince who has been away for far too long, pursuing his own... interests. As such, I find myself rather... dissatisfied with my current circumstances.”

Her eyes flicked to each of the adventurers in turn, lingering just a moment longer on the chiseled features of Connor and the lithe form of Calista. “I require your assistance in maintaining my... purity, for the sake of my betrothal. You see, I have developed certain... appetites, and I fear I may not be able to control myself at the ball. I need you to accompany me, to be my personal guardians, and ensure that no suitor... succeeds in his advances.”

The princess paused, her lips curling into a smirk. “I know it is an unconventional request, but I assure you, the reward will be more than generous. You will be handsomely

compensated for your trouble with more gold than you can carry, and you will have the eternal gratitude of the kingdom.”

Lyra nodded, her dark purple hair catching the candlelight like a raven’s wing. “The princess’s honor is of the utmost importance not only to her personally, but to the realm. Still, it would be unfair to not allow her to enjoy herself at her party.”

Connor stepped forward, his hand on the hilt of his newly acquired Mithril sword. “Your Highness,” he said, his voice echoing in the grand chamber, “I believe I speak for all of us when I say we are honored by your request. However, I must ask - what exactly would our role be in maintaining your... purity? Are we to act as bodyguards?”

Lyra shook her head, a sly smile playing on her lips. “In a manner of speaking, yes. However, your role will be... more intimate than that. The princess will need you close by, at all times, to prevent any unwanted... consequences.”

Ardeth, the elven archer, raised an eyebrow. “You mean for us to be in constant attendance? Surely that would be... improper.” Despite his fair features, there was a hint of concern in his melodic voice.

“Not improper, exactly,” the princess replied, her eyes glinting with mischief. “Merely... discreet. I require you to be my constant companions, to accompany me everywhere, and to ensure that no one... breaches my defenses, as it were.”

Notuna, the dwarf, grunted, her thick braid swinging as she stepped forward. “So you just want for us to be yer personal guardians against some rascally suitors, what may try to take advantage of ye?”

The princess and Lyra exchanged a glance before the princess nodded, a blush coloring her cheeks. "Precisely, good dwarf. I require you to be my guardians in the most intimate of ways. I know it's an unusual request, but I assure you, no one else has the skills or the... discretion required for this task."

"Indeed, it is unorthodox," Lyra said, her voice low. "But the princess is determined to have her fun and still maintain her pure image. She needs your help to prevent any unwanted... guests from reaching their destination, as it were."

Borsch tilted his head in confusion. His natural instincts were telling him that these two were a threat, but the rest of the group, while confused, seemed to be going along with the plan, likely due to the promise of an absurdly large reward. More gold than they can carry. He shrugged and did not raise his concerns. Instead, they were offered lavish rooms in the palace and allowed to rest and feast until the day of the party.

On the eve of the party, the adventurers found themselves in the princess's private audience chamber once more. The opulent room was even more resplendent than before after having spent a few days in the rest of the castle. This room was quite resplendent with its lavish tapestries and glittering candle sconces. Opulent was the word Selene had used to describe it compared to the rest of the castle. They had donned their strongest armor and adventuring gear at Lyra's behest, feeling somewhat out of place in the grandeur of the chamber. They felt awkward, more like they were going to protect a tower from siege than attend a fancy ball.

Lyra stood before them, a vision of elegance in a gown that matched the deep purple of her hair. The dress shimmered like a waterfall of amethyst, hugging her curves and accentuating her lithe, athletic figure. She also wore a simple choker-style collar with a large, glistening purple gem in it. She smiled at them, a glint of mischief in her eyes as she began to chant in a language that sounded arcane. Before any of them could react or question her

intentions, a wave of crystalline energy emanated from her and washed over the group. They had only a moment to gasp before the world around them began to stretch and expand, the chamber growing to titanic proportions. In an instant, the adventurers found themselves shrunk down to a mere inch in height, their once imposing forms now diminutive and fragile. They looked around in awe and disbelief, realization dawning on their faces.

Lyra's smile widened as she loomed over them, her head tilting down to gaze upon their tiny forms. Her gown swished around her as she stepped closer, casting them in the shadow of her skirts. She seemed to tower over them like a colossus, her feet, attired in tasteful yet practical ankle boots, alone were longer than all of their bodies put together.

"Greetings, my little heroes," Lyra purred, her voice now a deep, resonating rumble that shook the very air around them. "I hope you don't mind, but I thought it best to... immerse you in the circumstances that you will find yourselves in so that you may fulfill your duties to the princess."

Connor, now a tiny figure in his gleaming Mithril armor, looked up at Lyra in awe and trepidation. "Lyra, what have you done? Why have you shrunk us like this?"

Lyra chuckled, a sound that echoed through the chamber like thunder. "Oh, don't worry, my dears. This is merely a... precautionary measure so you don't back out once the enormity of the task is revealed. The princess wishes for you to be as close to her as possible, and this seemed the most efficient way to ensure your constant attendance to her needs."

Lyra reached down and carefully plucked them up, each one feeling like a mere speck in her delicate grasp. She cradled them close to her ample bosom, the warmth of her body radiating through her gown. She looked down on them over the crest of her breast, her smug smile returning to her lips. They were so small. Just a squeeze of her hand and she could crush

them, though with their strength and powers, she may lose a finger or two in the process. Still, they had a specific use.

“Now, I must explain your true role in maintaining the princess’s purity,” Lyra said, her voice a deep, resonant purr that vibrated through their tiny forms. “You will continue to shrink in size over the next few minutes until you reach your optimal dimensions for the task at hand. The princess has certain carnal desires she wishes to fulfill. Desires that could have consequences that could be a danger to both her future marriage and to the realm. We could use magic to terminate a pregnancy, but that could be detected, and it would cause quite a scandal. This is where you come in. Think of yourselves as preventative measures. As in you will prevent her from being impregnated while she does the deed.”

The adventurers looked at each other in confusion and growing unease, realizing the true extent of the princess’s intentions. They were weighing their options. They were powerful and could probably slay a normal person at this size, but she had strong enough magic to bypass all of the protective spells imbued into their armors and countercharms. This was a fight they did not think they would win. They also would likely have a hard time finding a mage that could reverse this spell, especially if she were truthful, and they would continue to shrink. Lyra seemed to savor their discomfort, a wicked grin playing across her lips.

“Once you have reached the appropriate size, you will be placed inside the princess’s most intimate chamber. There, you will have to navigate through her vaginal passage and make your way to her cervix. The princess plans to... entertain a great many suitors tonight, and it will be your duty to eradicate any unwanted visitors that manage to infiltrate her defenses.”

Lyra separated the group, placing the sorceress Selene and the other two women on one side, while the rest were gathered on the other. "Miss Cornish, you and your team will be stationed within the princess's vagina itself. You will use your magical adeptness to destroy any semen that dares to attempt to enter the princess's womb. The rest of you will shrink even further and traverse the princess's cervix, where you will manually dispatch any sperm that manages to slip past the first line of defense."

Connor, now mere millimeters in size, looked up at Lyra with a mix of determination and apprehension. "So, we are to be the princess's... purity protection within her own body? You were correct when you previously said this was a most, uh, unorthodox and intimate task you ask of us."

Lyra nodded, a wicked gleam in her eye. They could not tell if she was amused or losing patience with them. She began to repeat herself in slower, more forceful words. "Indeed, Master Valant. The princess requires the utmost intimacy and discretion in this matter. And you are the only ones she trusts to complete such a... delicate mission. Again... Simply put, you need to prevent her from getting pregnant. We could use magic to remove such an occurrence after the fact, but that could be detected should they check her purity before her wedding ceremony. That is an important alliance, and we cannot risk it. That said, my lady is giving her all for this nation. She still deserves to enjoy herself. And I intend to see that we ensure she can."

The tiny adventurers huddled together, their minuscule forms trembling with a mix of unease and reluctant acceptance of their new role. They knew all too well the futility of protesting at their current size, so they simply nodded their tiny heads in grim agreement. Lyra smiled triumphantly, her warm hands tightening around their diminutive figures as she carried them out of the audience chamber and down the opulent hallway. She entered the princess's

lavish bedchambers, where Princess Anne awaited them, reclining on a grand four-poster bed draped in silken sheets.

The princess was clad in a thin, translucent slip that left little to the imagination, her voluptuous curves and the thatch of hair at the juncture of her thighs clearly visible through the delicate fabric. Lyra opened her hands, revealing the still-shrinking heroes, who were less than a centimeter tall and still slowly shrinking. Princess Anne regarded the tiny adventurers with a coy smile, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief and anticipation.

“Ah, there you are, my brave little guardians! Thank you ever so much for your service and for volunteering for this,” the princess said quietly, her voice a dulcet purr. “Lyra, you have outdone yourself. They are positively adorable at that size.”

Lyra inclined her head in a graceful bow, her hands still clutching the tiny adventurers close to her ample bosom. “I am pleased you are satisfied with their dimensions, Your Highness. Shall I place them in position?”

The princess nodded, her blonde tresses cascading around her shoulders. She lay back on the bed, parting her thighs to reveal the glistening pink folds of her most intimate area. The scent of her arousal was palpable, especially at the tiny adventurers’ size.

“Yes, please do. I am most eager to have my brave little guardians nestled within me, ready to defend my honor,” the princess said, a wicked grin playing across her lips.

“Thank you for your valiant service, little ones,” the princess cooed, reaching down to spread her vaginal lips with two fingers, revealing the glistening, moist cavern within. She looked up at Lyra with a nod of her head.

Lyra stepped forward, leaning over the princess's splayed thighs. She opened her hands, allowing the tiny adventurers to tumble out towards the princess's glistening, cavernous cleft. As the tiny adventurers tumbled out of Lyra's grasp, they felt a moment of weightlessness, plummeting towards the princess's waiting sex. The air grew thick with the heady, musky scent of the princess's arousal, the aroma becoming more potent and overwhelming the further they fell.

The walls of the princess's labia rushed up to meet them, the glistening pink folds looking like towering cliffs to their diminutive forms. They could see the delicate, dewy texture of her skin, the tiny bumps and ridges that made up her most intimate landscape. The heat radiating from her core was intense, like a furnace that threatened to consume them whole. And so it did.