

Part 4

With the last vestiges of Lord Blackwood's pitiful emission thoroughly obliterated by the tireless efforts of Calista, Notuna, and Selene, the princess's vaginal canal was once again pristine. Well, pristine as a dripping, aroused carnal chasm could be. The enchanted weapons and magical spells had left no trace of the interloper's seed, the heroines' diligence ensuring the princess's womb remained unsullied. As the princess rose from the bed and began to walk back to her next bedchamber of the night, the three women could feel the walls of her pussy clenching and unclenching with each step. The muscular tissue rippled and pulsed around them, the princess's powerful legs and core flexing as she moved. The heroines were pressed against the slick, warm surface, the humidity and heat of the princess's aroused walls enveloping them.

Calista, her lithe form glistening with the princess's juices, found herself pinned against the undulating wall as the princess took a particularly energetic step. "Careful," she warned her companions, "the Princess seems eager for her next lover. We need to stay alert."

Notuna, her muscular frame growing more accustomed to the princess's movements, grunted in agreement. "Aye, and we need to be ready for anything. That last one was a close call, but we held the line."

Selene, her mystical powers still thrumming from the battle against the sperm, nodded. "Indeed. The princess's lust is intense. We must be vigilant to protect her honor and purity. And our own lives."

As they rested against the princess's slick, muscular walls, the heroines wondered what was to come. Not just wondering how many more men the princess would take to her bed, but if they failed, would they be allowed to leave? If they even survived the night. The princess was

determined to find a lover who could truly satisfy her, and they would have to be at their best to ensure that no seed, no matter how potent, would find its mark. The night was still young, and the princess potentially had many more suitors to consider.

Princess Anne entered the next bedchamber, eager to meet her next suitor. There, standing tall and muscular, was Prince Drago Blackheart from a far eastern kingdom. His suntanned skin glistened in the candlelight, a testament to his life in the scorching eastern sun. The princess's eyes widened as she took in his impressive physique, her gaze drifting down to the massive bulge straining against his breeches.

Drago bowed low, his voice a deep, rumbling baritone. "Princess Anne, I am honored to be in your presence. I hope to make this a night you will never forget."

The princess smiled, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Let us hope you do not disappoint me, Prince Drago. You don't want to know what happened to the last person to fail me." She gestured to the bed, a silent invitation.

Drago smirked, his confidence unwavering. "Oh, I assure you, my princess, you will not be disappointed." With that, he took the princess's hand and led her to the bed, turning her to face away from him. He leaned her over the edge, the princess bracing herself on her elbows as Drago finished undressing.

Drago gripped the princess's hips, his strong hands sinking into the soft flesh of her rear. He rubbed the swollen head of his cock against her dripping slit, the heat of his arousal searing against the sensitive skin. The princess could feel the princess's walls clench and quiver at the touch, the muscular tissue stretching and preparing for what was to come. With a deep, guttural groan, Drago thrust forward, his massive cock plunging into the princess's tight, wet heat.

The heroines inside the princess's pussy braced themselves, their enchanted weapons at the ready. Drago's massive, eight and a half inch cock crashed through the seemingly impenetrable gates of the princess's labia, shocking the tiny women who gasped in awe and trepidation. The thick, veiny shaft was easily twice as wide as the previous lord's pathetic excuse for a manhood. To the tiny women, it loomed like a castle turret, or a massive siege engine of flesh and blood. The heroines clung to the undulating walls as the thick shaft stretched the princess's walls around it, the girth forcing the slick flesh to mold to its shape. They could feel each throbbing vein and ridge dragging against the princess's walls as Drago began to thrust, his hips and balls slapping against the princess's ample cheeks.

For ten unrelenting minutes, Drago relentlessly pounded into Princess Anne, his massive cock battering her pussy with a ferocity that left the tiny heroines battered and exhausted. The princess's moans grew louder and more frequent, her pleasure cresting as Drago's huge shaft plunged into her deeper than any man before him. The lewd, slapping sounds of flesh against flesh echoed through the chamber, punctuated by the wet squelches of the princess's copious arousal being stirred into a frenzy.

Inside the princess's canal, it was a war zone. The women could only cling to the undulating walls as they were slammed and tossed about in this maelstrom of lust. Drago's cock, a massive, veiny pillar of tanned flesh, crashed against them with each thrust, the force threatening to crush the life out of the valiant warriors. They could feel every ridge and vein, every throbbing pulse of the prince's arousal as it stretched the princess's walls around it, molding her to its girth.

Just as the heroines thought all was lost, and they would surely perish in the princess's clenching, flooding depths, Drago drew back his hips before thrusting forward, the swollen head of his cock catching on the princess's cervix. With a roar of completion, the prince hilted himself

inside the princess, his massive shaft pulsing and throbbing as he unleashed his pent-up seed. The princess threw her head back as she too came, screaming in ecstasy as Drago's hot, thick cum flooded her canal. The thick, creamy spunk mixed with her own arousal, the combined fluids rising rapidly, threatening to drown the tiny warriors in a tsunami of sex.

Selene, her magic still flickering but not yet spent, quickly cast a shimmering barrier around herself and her companions just as the deluge crashed over them. The enchanted shield kept them from being swept away, buying them precious seconds to act. Calista and Notuna leapt into action, their enchanted blades flashing as they hacked and slashed at the rising tide of cum. Calista's daggers left sizzling trails in the thick spunk, while Notuna's warhammer crunched through the viscous fluid, sending chunks of semeny detritus flying. They fought with all their might, determined to keep the princess's womb free of the prince's seed. Still, some began to slip by their defenses, leading to another battle further on.

The battle within the princess's cervix was brutal and unrelenting, a test of the men's skill, courage, and endurance. They thought they were prepared, but nothing could truly prepare them for the horrors to come. A seemingly endless tide of seminal fluid filled with swimming sperm as big as wolves rushed towards them. As the massive wave of semen crashed over the tiny defenders, they fought with all their might to guard the line and the princess's virtue.

Connor, his armor glinting in the meager light, stood tall and firm at the forefront of the defensive line. He gripped his enchanted sword with both hands, the blessed blade singing as he swung it in wide, powerful arcs, cleaving through the writhing mass of sperm that surged towards them. With each strike, he sent chunks of the frothing, churning seed flying, the thick fluid splattering the heroes and coating them in a glistening sheen.

At his side, Pierce nocked arrow after arrow, his aim unerring as he loosed shafts into the horde. The enchanted arrows pierced deep into the mass of sperm, the silver-tipped

projectiles sizzling and popping as they burned through the swarming spawn. Pierce's face was set in a grimace, his red hair plastered to his head as the combined fluids of the princess and prince washed over him, threatening to sweep him away.

Ardeth, his slender form agile and quick, danced through the fray with the grace of a dancer. His bow had been knocked from his hands at the beginning of the onslaught, so he switched to a pair of thin jagged blades till he could recover his bow. He leapt and twirled, his slender blades flashing as he stabbed and slashed at the oncoming horde. The elf's muscles rippled beneath his slick skin as he fought with the ferocity of a man possessed, determined to hold the line against the relentless tide. Just behind him, Borsch was an immovable bulwark against the onslaught, the final line of defense. Hefting his massive club, the burly warrior smashed into the churning mass of sperm, each blow sending shockwaves through the fleshy barrier. The club crunched through the swimmers, the thick fluid splattering in all directions as Borsch held the line, an unyielding wall of green skin and raw power.

As the heroes fought, the princess's body quaked and shuddered with the aftershocks of her intense orgasm. Her cervix clenched and rippled around them, the muscular walls squeezing and undulating as waves of pleasure coursed through her. The heroes could feel the cervix pulsing around them, threatening to crush them as the princess rode this wave of pleasure with another orgasm rippling through her.

The heroes fought on, their muscles burning and lungs heaving as they battled against the relentless surge of sperm. The princess's body shuddered and convulsed above them, her gasps and moans of pleasure echoing through the fleshy tunnel like an eldritch god. With each spasm, the heroes were jolted and tossed, struggling to maintain their footing and their grip on their weapons.

Connor gritted his teeth, his sword arm growing heavy as he hacked and slashed at the unending tide of semen. The blessed blade grew slick and heavy with the thick, clinging seminal fluid, making it a battle just to keep swinging. Beside him, Pierce's magic arrows began to splinter and break as he loosed them into the churning mass, the wood growing waterlogged and weak from the deluge. Ardeth, normally agile, found himself slipping and sliding in the thick, frothing fluid. His blades, once keen and sharp with magical splendor, grew dull and heavy as they became coated in the remains of the clinging semen. He struggled to keep his balance as the princess's cervix clenched and spasmed around him, threatening to crush him against the fleshy walls. Borsch, the so-called stalwart and unyielding wall, began to falter. His club, grew heavy and sluggish in his grip as the princess and her lover's fluids weighed it down. He heaved and strained, pouring all his remaining strength into each swing, but the horde of sperm seemed to grow more numerous with each passing second.

The heroes could feel the princess's pleasure cresting again, her moans rising in pitch and intensity. They knew they had to hold the line, had to keep fighting, or all would be lost. With a final, herculean effort, they redoubled their assault on the sperm horde, determined to eradicate every last drop and protect the princess's womb. They had to, for all they knew, their lives depended on it.

Connor's blade flashed and sang as he fought with the fury of a man possessed, his armor glinting like a beacon of hope in the churning darkness. Connor could see his companions faltering and waning after untold minutes of battle. He steeled his resolve and drew upon the powers imbued to him by his gods and swung his sword out, a wall of holy energy tracing its arc and eradicating the remaining sperm and the perished remains of all the sperm. The force of his blast could level a small keep and instead served to deliver one last burst of pleasure to the massive princess who gave a mewling moan of satisfaction, making her lover smirk with the thought that he had given her that feeling.

Inside the princess's womb, the heroes took a much-needed moment to rest and catch their breath. They were exhausted, their muscles aching from the brutal battle they had just endured. The once churning waters of the princess's cervix had stilled, the remnants of her and Drago's combined release obliterated by Connor's attack. An attack he did not know if he could repeat anytime soon. The heroes sat in the relative calm, their chests heaving as they gulped down the princess's air, now thin and stale from their exertions. Connor used a spell to contact Selene and confirmed that both groups were alive and both had severely depleted their energies. They had slain dragons, but this was something else. They were exhausted just from the lust of a single girl.

That girl who encompassed them, Princess Anne, lay sprawled on the plush bed, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of her intense orgasms. She was a vision of post-coital bliss, her skin flushed and glistening with a sheen of sweat, her ample bosom rising and falling with each ragged breath as she rolled to her side. The princess's mind drifted to thoughts of Drago, hoping he would lie with her, hold her close as they basked in the afterglow of their passionate coupling.

However, the prince had other plans. With a fluid grace, he rose from the bed, his muscular form a sight to behold as he began to redress. The princess watched, a flicker of disappointment in her eyes as Drago tugged on his breeches and shirt, his movements efficient and purposeful. He paused only briefly to press a chaste kiss to her forehead, his lips lingering just long enough to make her heart flutter before he pulled away.

"Forgive me, my princess," Drago murmured, his voice a low, rumbling purr. "In my land, it is not our custom to lay with a woman more than once a night. I fear I must take my leave of you, for now. We also value discretion, so you have no fear of my speaking of this tryst."

The princess nodded, a small, sad smile playing at the corners of her lips. She understood his customs, even if she did not particularly care for them at this moment. Still, a part of her hoped he might stay, might hold her close as she drifted off to sleep, sated and content in his arms.

Drago stepped into his boots, his gaze flickering around the room as if searching for something. "I would also crave more wine, if it pleases you, my princess. The vintage you offered was... exquisite." He flashed her a roguish grin, his eyes twinkling with mischief and a hint of something more.

The princess nodded, waving a hand as the prince walked out of the chamber, closing the door behind him. The princess was sullen, and lay sulking in the bed. She reached up and pulled a pillow towards her and curled her body around it, cradling it tightly against her as she drew her knees up. She did not spare a single thought to the tiny people trapped and fighting for their lives, and her honor, within her. She simply grieved for the fact that she would likely never experience something like this again. She feared that she would never feel such fulfillment again. Her betrothed was a dull man from a dull but rich family. Most of all, she just wanted to be held, to bask in the shared warmth of a mutual coital afterglow. She would miss Prince Drago, and she did as she lay there for half an hour before attempting to steel her resolve. She was the most beautiful woman in the land, and it was her damned name day! She had one more lover whom she had Lyra sequester for her. One a year older than her, but seemingly less a man than Drago. Still, she imagined he was getting restless.

"Better not keep the boy waiting."