

The Princess's Purity Protectors Part 2:

The Party Prepares for the Princess's Pleasure While The Princess Parties Purely for Pleasure

As they fell, they passed through what almost felt like a fog of her arousal, carrying with it a fine mist of the princess's feminine essence. It clung to their armor and hair, leaving a sticky residue that only served to emphasize their new reality - they were now mere specks within a vast, unfamiliar world. The adventurers could feel the princess's heartbeat, a deep, resonant throb that pulsed through her flesh and echoed around them like a drumbeat. It grew louder and more insistent as they plummeted deeper into her waiting sex, the walls of her vaginal passage rushing up to engulf them.

They landed with a soft, wet plop in the princess's vaginal canal, sinking into the warm, slick walls that seemed to undulate and pulse around them. It was like being trapped in a fleshy, undulating tunnel that rippled and squeezed from all sides. The air was thick and humid, heavy with the princess's natural scent and arousal. The tiny heroes found themselves half-submerged in a sea of slick, glistening flesh, the ridges and folds of the princess's vagina towering above and around them like a cavernous, undulating cavern. They could see nothing but pink, dewy walls and the distant, glimmering entrance far above, a pinprick of light in the fleshy tunnel.

Already, they could feel the princess's body beginning to react to their presence, her muscles clenching and fluttering around their miniscule forms. Even if she could barely feel them, she knew they were there and that was all the aphrodisiac the lustful lady needed. They certainly could feel her. Every breath they took was filled with her arousal. She was everywhere around them. This petite princess was now a living dungeon for them to explore and protect. They had barely managed to get a grip on her undulating folds as her muscles clenched and

quelled when she began to move. They scrambled to remain together as the world turned vertical.

As the princess rose from the bed, the adventurers felt a rush of warm fresh air against their soaked, sticky armor as her vaginal walls clenched and contracted around them and her lips closed with a mighty crash, cutting off the light. That gust of air would be the last gasp of fresh air they would have for a while. They struggled to right themselves in the churning, undulating flesh, the muscles rippling and squeezing like a fleshy tide. Each step she took was like a small earthquake. The sway of her hips was concentrated all around them, making them disoriented. Still, they were adventurers, great heroes. They would grow used to it and adapt.

Selene, the sorceress, had cast a spell allowing each of her party members to see clearly in the pitch darkness. She also cast a spell that would allow them to stand freely on the walls of the princess's carnal tunnel. She could feel the magic pulsing through her veins, responding to the princess's powerful life force. She could naturally detect strong life energy nearby; it was almost a danger sense. It was going wild now that they were within the largest being any of them had ever seen. She had never been completely enveloped by another being before. The sorceress knew that she and her team would need to be at the top of their game to hold back the swarms of semen that threatened to flood the princess's womb. She wondered if her magic sense would be able to detect the individual sperm? They were normally so small that it was never an issue. She had to focus when trying to detect the life energy of bugs, for instance. Though now she was smaller than many bugs. She sensed the energy of some of her friends dwindling.

Her companions were shrinking. Once they had gathered their bearings, the other adventurers realized that the group was indeed being further separated. To their dismay, they noticed that a few among them were continuing to shrink, their already diminutive forms growing

even smaller. Specifically, the men. Connor, now merely a fraction of a millimeter tall, looked around in growing unease as he watched his companions diminish before his eyes. He took stock of the situation, doing so calmed him a bit.

None of them knew why they were chosen, but the male members of the party, Connor Valant, Pierce Valant, Ardeth Dormys, and Borsch Helmbreaker, were the ones who continued to shrink and would eventually enter the princess's cervix. They found themselves growing even smaller, now measuring less than a millimeter in height, while their female companions remained at a relatively larger size, comparable to giants next to their dwindling male friends. What were Lyra's reasons for splitting them up so? Did she perhaps think the men would experience more danger or was it a power trip where she found it amusing that the men would be even smaller than the women?

The female adventurers, Calista Weathersent, Notuna Goldenarm, Selene Cornish, realized they would indeed stay behind in the vaginal canal. At their size, they towered over their friends like colossi and definitely would not comfortably fit into the cervix entrance. Yet still, the slick flesh stretched out around them like a vast, fleshy landscape. Still, none of them verbally said it but they were all thinking it: never split the party. One of the reasons they work so well was that they complimented each other, one's strength accounting for the weakness of the other four. Both teams would have someone capable of ranged attacks, but the strongest physical fighters were smaller, with Connor being able to do holy magic as a paladin. Their strongest magic user, Selene, was going to be part of the vanguard, whereas she usually fought from a distance with Ardeth. Lyra's decision limited their options and that concerned them.

Notuna, normally the smallest of the team, realized she was now a veritable giantess towering above her tiny male companions, looked down at the churning sea of pink flesh surrounding her, realizing that the juices could sweep them away. She positioned herself so that

if that were to occur, her tiny friends would be stopped by her feet, each a veritable longboat to her small companions, and growing larger by the second. She could feel the princess's heartbeat pulsing through the walls, a deep, resonant throb that seemed to keep time with her own racing heart. The dwarf gripped her warhammer tightly, bracing herself for the battle to come.

Calista, her dark skin already coated with a shiny sheen of the princess's juices, readied her gear as Connor shouted orders up to her before he dwindled too small to hear over the princess's internal sounds. She could feel the heat and moisture of the princess's arousal surrounding her, the air thick with the musky scent. The nimble warrior moved with feline grace through the undulating tunnel, her lithe form cutting a path through the churning flesh. Calista moved to gather up the still-shrinking heroes, carefully scooping their miniscule forms into her hands. They were so small that all four easily fit in the palm of her hand. Still, she carefully pinched them up one at a time.

"We must make haste," Selene said, her voice a tiny echo in the cavernous passage.

Calista nodded, scooping up her captain, Connor, who was now smaller than her fingernail was long. "We do not know when the princess plans to... receive her suitors, and we have a long night ahead of us. Are you ready, Connor?"

Connor responded with a thumbs up and they continued on. As they ventured deeper into the princess's vaginal canal, the air grew thicker and more humid, the walls slick and glistening with her natural lubrication. The scent of her arousal was overwhelming, the musky aroma clinging to their armor and hair like a second skin. Notuna helped Calista steady herself as she climbed the massive, quivering cervix, slick yet somehow sticky with mucus and arousal. Calista was so uncomfortable with this as her breastplate was temporarily adhered to the sensitive orifice. She could almost swear it was reacting to her presence. She could only

imagine how uncomfortable her tiny companions, now so small she could barely see them in her hand, were as she reluctantly jammed her hand into the opening of the cervix and dumped them off inside.

The male adventurers, now basically microscopic compared to their female companions, clutched their weapons tightly as they ventured into the cervix. Connor, now a mote of dust amidst the towering, muscular walls of the princess's cervix, gripped his holy symbol with a prayer on his lips. He knew that the battle to protect the princess's purity would be fought on a scale beyond anything they had ever faced before. Scale. Something he had never really considered before until now. Even mighty dragons were of a scale he could comprehend. This was something different. He felt as if he were walking through the hall of some eldritch living cathedral, about to enter its vast chapel. A place of worship for the depraved and divine. He supposed that wasn't too far from the truth of the situation. There were likely plenty who would give their lives to see such an intimate part of a princess as beautiful as Anne. Her beauty was renowned throughout the lands. Even Connor, as concerned as he was, had to admit that was a perverse beauty in their surroundings. He knew his brother would likely be more appreciative of it than he.

Connor and the other microscopic adventurers could feel the princess's heartbeat pulsing through the walls around them, a deep, resonant throb that seemed to keep time with their own racing hearts. They knew that they had a crucial role to play in maintaining the princess's purity, even if they were now reluctantly working under duress. With grim determination, the tiny heroes pressed on, climbing over the undulating ridges towards the pulsing opening of the princess's cervix. The flesh was hot and slick, the muscles clenching and fluttering around them like a fleshy vise. They knew that they would face countless challenges in the coming hours, as the princess prepared to... entertain her suitors and they worked to thwart any unwanted intruders.

In the cramped confines of the cervix, the male adventurers took up a defensive perimeter, gripping their miniature weapons and making preparations. Connor positioned himself at the forefront, his holy symbol gleaming against his breastplate in the dark. To his left stood his brother Pierce, a skilled archer even at this diminutive size, his bowstring taut and arrow nocked. Ardeth and Borsch took up positions on the right, the elf's own arrows and the half-orc's greatsword glinting in the dim, fleshy light. They hunched behind a natural barrier of cervical tissue, the ridged landscape providing what meager cover the tight space allowed. The air was thick with tension and the princess's musky scent as they awaited the impending onslaught. Connor gave a silent signal, and the others nodded grimly, knowing that their lives depended on holding this position.

Meanwhile, in the vast expanse of the vaginal canal, the female adventurers made their own preparations. Calista and Notuna took up defensive stances along the undulating walls, their weapons at the ready. Calista's dual swords gleamed as she crouched behind the swell of a fleshy ridge, while Notuna gripped her warhammer tightly, bracing herself against the slick surface. Selene's spell gave them some purchase, but they still had trouble maintaining footing as the princess moved around them. Selene imbued her companions' weapons with magical energy so that each attack could stand a better chance of destroying the waves of semen they may face. Selene cast a spell that allowed her to create a few duplicates of herself, all of which would cast the same spell and mirror her attacks. Her new team of spellcasters gathered in the center of the cavernous passage, their robes swirling around them like tiny capes in the humid, throbbing air. They began to chant and gesture, summoning their magical energies in preparation for the battle to come. The air crackled with arcane power as they wove their spells, ready to unleash a barrage of destruction upon any semen that dared to invade their princess's sacred space.

The adventurers could feel the princess's heart pounding above them, the deep, resonant beats echoing through the flesh that surrounded them on all sides. They knew that with each throb, the moment of truth drew closer, and they steeled themselves for the trials ahead. Like a dreaded countdown, they waited with each pound of her pulse. The heroes knew they would likely be outnumbered and outmatched, but they would not falter in their duty to protect the princess's purity. They did not expect the attack to take so long. The waiting was the worst part.

As the tiny adventurers nervously took up their defensive positions deep within the princess's most intimate chambers, the princess herself spent the next four hours enjoying a splendid evening at the grand ball held in her honor. She moved gracefully across the marble dance floor, her elegant gown shimmering with each step as she waltzed with one dashing nobleman after another. She was the center of attention as songs were danced to and wine flowed freely. A fair share of wine was certainly flowing into her.

The princess's laughter rang out like melodic chimes, echoing through the opulent ballroom as she sipped on a goblet of rich, crimson wine. Her blue eyes sparkled with mirth and intrigue as she appraised each of her suitors, assessing their worthiness with a critical gaze. All the attendees knew was that she was a joyous and kind girl, not aware that she had some of the greatest heroes of the kingdom trapped in her nethers. When she occasionally spared her tiny devotees a thought, it sent a surge of power through her. She may be royalty, but she had never known such power over others before.

As the night wore on and the wine worked its own magic, the princess found herself growing more and more enamored with a particular group of men. They were a handsome bunch, each one more charming and gallant than the last. The princess felt a fluttering in her

heart and a warmth spreading through her body as she danced and flirted with her potential paramours. There was no shortage of candidates, that was for certain. Still, she decided to go for a small variety. Three or four should do. She felt like a discerning trader, seeking out livestock or riches.

Under the guise of polite conversation and playful banter, the princess began to make her selection. She would have to be discreet, of course. The royal court could not know of her secret intentions, but the princess was a clever woman and had a plan in mind. She would make a gesture to Lyra, who would quietly speak to the men and take them one at a time to a different bedchamber allocated for special guests of the princess.

As Princess Anne watched her handmaiden lead her chosen suitors into her secret bedchambers, she felt a wonderful sensation deep within her core. A warmth and a tingling that had nothing to do with the wine she had consumed. It was a primal, instinctive feeling, a deep-seated desire that could no longer be ignored. She did not know when she would be forced to marry that boring prince, so this may be her last chance to have some fun. She planned to take advantage of the virile lords of her kingdom while she could. If this was her last nameday to be single, she planned to go out with a bang. Several, if these men lived up to her expectations.