

The Princess's Purity Protectors Part 6: The Puny Peril of the Pussy Pounding Penis

Deep within the princess's vaginal canal, the tiny adventurers found themselves in a grim situation. The three female adventurers struggled to stand as tall as they could while trapped inside a cunt (Calista was thinking of the woman, not just her sex), but tired on the rippling, fleshy walls of the princess's sex. They were exhausted from their earlier battles against the semen and sperm of the princess's previous lovers, the prince and the lord. The once-vibrant heroes now dragged their weapons through the sticky, viscous fluid that constantly coated the walls of their fleshy prison. They were heroes. They slew a bloody dragon. They came to this castle to be rewarded. Instead, they felt like they were being punished for another's pleasure.

Calista, her skin glistening with exertion and the remnants of their foes' exertions, gripped her sword tightly. She could feel the toll of the earlier battles in her aching muscles and labored breathing. Beside her, Notuna leaned heavily on her war hammer, her fiery red braid plastered to her face. And the sorceress Selene, usually poised and graceful, hunched over, her robes drenched and clinging to her slender frame. She had tried to summon more duplicates but did not have the mana to do so. Her magical reserves were nearly depleted. She was going to have to focus on defensive spells to protect herself and her two companions and keep their weapons enchanted, while relying on their four smaller companions to keep any sperm that made it past them at bay. They could feel the princess's body quivering and quaking. By this point, they knew what was coming.

The three women exchanged battle-weary glances, knowing they would need to rally their strength for whatever challenges lay ahead. They were the first line of defense, and the princess's honor depended on their vigilance. As the princess's coupling with the young lord intensified, the walls of her sex began to clench and quiver around them. The women braced themselves, gripping their weapons tighter as they prepared to face the new threat head-on.

Deep in the cervix and entrance to the princess's womb, the four male adventurers found themselves in an even more precarious position. The princess's impending climax sent shockwaves through their tiny world, threatening to dislodge them from their positions. Connor gripped his sword tightly, steadying himself on the wall of the tunnel as he finished healing his comrades, expending strength he really didn't have to spend. Beside him, his brother Pierce had run out of arrows; he had a replenishing quiver, but even it had its constraints, and had switched to two enchanted daggers, gifts from Selene, and wondered if they would be enough to protect against the princess's impending pleasure and the source of that pleasure's release.

Ardeth, swearing in elvish, nocked an explosive arrow to his bow, his slender form swaying with the princess's movements. He had held off from using them before, but at this point, he didn't care. He realized they were far too small to harm the princess, and as Connor's previous burst of radiant energy had shown, their most powerful attacks would likely only serve to pleasure her more. He thought he might leave the human lands after this. Perhaps spend the next few centuries in the Western Woods until Princess Anne's line had died out. Despite his agility, he found himself struggling to maintain his footing on the slippery, undulating surface. And Borsch, the half-orc, gripped his axe, his muscular frame trembling with exhaustion and the effort of remaining standing. At least that is what he let on. In truth, he was terrified. He was always the biggest, the strongest. Now, a group of sperm could descend on him like a pack of voracious wolves. It had already happened once.

The tiny heroines braced themselves as they felt the princess's lover begin to thrust into her, his cockhead penetrating the tight entrance of her vagina. The three women grunted with the effort of staying upright against the sudden rush of air and surge of fluid that accompanied each long, sensual stroke. This was different from the previous encounters; the princess's new

lover was taking his time, his thrusts measured and deliberate, allowing the princess's juices to build and fill the tight channel more fully with each pump of his hips.

The slick, fleshy walls of the princess's sex rippled around them, undulating like a stormy sea as the young lord's cock plunged in and out. Waves of juices sloshed and washed around them. It was building up thicker and faster than the previous times. Calista gripped her sword tightly, trying to keep her footing on the increasingly slippery surface. She could feel the sticky, warm fluid seeping between her fingers, threatening to pull her weapon from her grasp. The princess's fluids were thick, vicious, tendrils of them stretched and strained with each thrust, some lashing around and striking the women with soft, wet lashes.

Suddenly, a powerful thrust from the princess's lover sent a wave of her juices crashing over them, knocking Notuna off balance. The stocky dwarf woman stumbled and fell, her firefly-red braid whipping behind her as she fought to regain her footing in the churning tide of feminine nectar.

"Watch out!" Calista shouted, trying to warn her comrade, but her voice was nearly drowned out by the princess's increasingly ragged breaths and soft moans. Notuna struggled to right herself, her thick arms flailing as she tried to find purchase on the slick, muscular walls.

Just then, Selene let out a startled yelp as the princess's lover's cockhead slammed into her, trapping the slender sorceress against the rigid flesh. She struggled and pushed against the warm, throbbing surface, but it was like trying to move a boulder. She was smeared against it by his precum and the princess's own secretions. Selene struggled to move, but it only made the cockhead spasm and strain beneath her as each movement turned him on more.

"Help me!" Selene cried out, her voice panicked as she felt the cockhead pulsing against her, threatening to crush her slender form. Calista and Notuna rushed to her aid, the

dark-skinned warrior carefully trying to pry the sorceress free while the dwarf woman braced herself against the undulating wall, her thick arms strained with the effort of keeping steady. Calista tried to steady her footing on the thrusting cockhead and gasped in horror as her left leg disappeared up to her thigh in the opening of the lover's slit. It clamped down on her, trapping her.

Calista cried out in terror as she felt the princess's lover's cockhead clamp down around her leg like a fleshy vice. She thrashed and struggled, trying desperately to free herself from its throbbing grip. With each thrust, the young man's cock pulsed and flexed, slowly but inexorably pulling the dark-skinned warrior deeper into the warm, wet tunnel of his slit.

"Notuna, help me!" Calista screamed, panic rising in her voice as she felt herself being swallowed inch by inch. The princess's juices, already thick and plentiful from her impending climax, now gushed into the opening, flooding the tight channel and making it even harder for Calista to squirm free.

Notuna, still braced against the undulating wall, reached out a thick, calloused hand to grab her comrade. But with each thrust, Notuna was knocked back, and Calista was pulled deeper, her struggles almost seeming to further urge the princess's lover towards his own peak. Notuna watched in horror as Calista's other leg disappeared into the clenching, spasming slit, and then her waist, and then her arms, until only her head and neck remained outside the tight, pulsing flesh. Another thrust and she was consumed. The skin around her was clamping tightly around her. She couldn't move. Was this how she was to die? Crushed inside the cock of a stranger? The tunnel was dragging her down. The walls were scalding hot and tight as a vice.

Selene, still trapped atop the cockhead and effectively glued to the throbbing flesh, could only watch in helpless horror as her friend was consumed. She screamed, wishing Connor and the others could do something to help save their comrade, but her cries were drowned out by

the disgusting sloshing of their sexual thrusts. She knew there was nothing her friends could do at their even tinier size. Still, she hated feeling helpless and lost.

Suddenly, with a guttural groan, the princess's lover thrust deep and hard, burying himself as deeply as he could inside the princess as he reached his peak. Thick, hot ropes of semen erupted from his cock, flooding the princess's tight channel and washing over the trapped women. The force of his climax blasted Calista free from his slit, her body tumbling through the churning, frothy mix of juices and semen. The eruption of semen and undulating gripping of the walls as they tried to milk the cock for all it had, scraped Selene loose from the tip of the cockhead, sending the slender sorceress hurtling through the tunnel. She crashed into the slick, muscular wall of the princess's vagina with a painful grunt, her robes now thoroughly drenched and clinging to her like weights, making it harder to move and fight back.

As the princess rode out the waves of her intense climax, her inner walls clamped down hard, threatening to crush the life out of the tiny women. The spasms and thrusting slowed as the princess's pulse thundered around them. They were too stunned to move and lay in the puddle of juices threatening to choke them as they filled the canal. The man had not withdrawn. The three women lay there, fighting for their lives as the princess and her lover simply lay in each other's arms in a post-carnal embrace with him still inside of her. A tender moment for them was life-threatening to the women near drowning. Calista's last thought before passing out was that she hoped Connor and the others were faring better.

As the princess's lover's seed flooded the princess's vagina, the tiny heroes at the entrance to her womb braced themselves for the incoming surge. Connor gripped his sword tightly, feeling the ground quake beneath his small feet as the princess's impending orgasm

built. He exchanged grim glances with his companions, all of them exhausted and not in the mood for further battle.

Suddenly, a tidal wave of semen and vaginal juices came crashing down the tunnel from the cervix, threatening to sweep the men away. They dug their heels in, fighting to maintain their footing against the rising tide. The heat was intense, nearly unbearable as it rose in temperature with each passing second. Ardeth shouted a warning that the first of the princess's lover's sperm was approaching. They were massive, each one the size of a wolf to the tiny men. The sperm surged towards them, a writhing mass of white, frothing with the princess's juices.

"Incoming!" Ardeth shouted, nocking an arrow to his bow. He didn't have much strength left, but he had to try. He loosed a shot, the arrow exploding on impact with a sperm head, blasting it to pieces. But there were so many more, a seemingly endless horde of them surging towards the tiny band of heroes.

Pierce cursed under his breath, his daggers flashing as he tried to fend off the onslaught. But his blades seemed useless against the relentless, undulating tide. For every sperm he managed to stab or slice, ten more seemed to take their place. He was quickly growing tired, his arms aching from the futile defense. Borsch, the half-orc, gripped his axe to defend against the onslaught. He was the strongest of the group, but even his immense strength would eventually wane. He swung his axe in wide, powerful arcs, trying to clear a space around them, but the sperm just kept coming. It was like trying to hold back a landslide with a toothpick.

Connor, seeing the futility of their current tactics, quickly devised a plan. "We need to work together," he shouted over the roar of the incoming semen. "Pierce, Ardeth, focus your attacks on the center. Borsch and I will try to hold the flanks. We can't let them surround us."

Connor grunted with exertion as he parried and struck at the relentless sperm surging past his exhausted comrades. Despite their valiant efforts, a few of the virile swimmers managed to break through the line of defense. They surged forward, wriggling and thrashing, racing towards the princess's waiting eggs with single-minded purpose.

Realizing the dire situation, Connor made a split-second decision. He leapt forward, plunging his sword into the back of the nearest sperm as it squeezed past Borsch. The blade sank deep into the wriggling flesh, and with a mighty heave, Connor pulled himself onto the sperm's back, riding it like a fleshy steed as it carried him deeper into the princess's fertile depths. The others did not even have time to call out to him as he disappeared down the tunnel.

The sperm thrashed and bucked beneath him, trying to dislodge the tiny paladin, but Connor held fast. He could feel the heat of the princess's body radiating around him, could see the vast expanse of her eggs looming before him. Each one was larger than a small keep or castle to his reduced stature, their translucent surfaces smooth and gleaming.

As he was conveyed towards the eggs, Connor saw the final wave of sperm surging ahead of him, a writhing mass of white that threatened to engulf the waiting ova. He knew he had to act fast, had to protect the princess's valuable treasures from plunder at all costs. He doubted they'd be allowed to leave intact if he failed. With a roar of effort, Connor channeled the last of his divine power, feeling the holy energy surge through his body. He leapt from the back of the sperm, sailing through the air and landing on the outer wall of the massive egg. The impact sent shockwaves through his frame, but he gritted his teeth and held steady.

Raising his sword high, Connor brought it down in a mighty arc, pouring every ounce of his remaining strength into the strike. A blinding flash of divine light erupted from the blade, washing over the writhing mass of sperm and radiating out across the surface of the egg. The

searing radiance seared and scorched the sperm, the holy energy burning through their fleshy bodies like divine fire.

One by one, the sperm began to dissolve, their forms melting away beneath the onslaught of Connor's smite. Within moments, the final wave of swimmers was reduced to a steaming, bubbling mess; the last of the princess's invaders had been vanquished. Connor collapsed atop the egg, too small and weak to penetrate its gel-like surface. His chest heaved as he simply lay there, unsure of how he'd get back to the others. These cavernous tunnels stretched for miles. Who knew how far he'd traveled. Probably a space no longer than a finger in reality. A world to him now. The world was so big. Too big. Too big for how tired he was. For now, he would just lie there, on the wretched egg that he had nearly lost his life to protect. Once he had a short rest, he would stagger his way back to his companions, as he was honestly not confident about how well he could walk, let alone run, at this point. He hoped the princess would give him the rest he needed to recover some of his energy.

Princess Anne lay entwined with Alastair in the grand four-poster bed, their naked bodies pressed close as they basked in the warm afterglow of their passionate lovemaking. The princess's heart felt full, a genuine affection blossoming within her breast for the young lord. He had been such an attentive and considerate lover, taking his time to bring her to heights of pleasure she had never before experienced with any of her other paramours.

She traced gentle fingers along his chest, admiring the way his muscles rose and fell with each breath. Alastair was different from the others; she could feel it. He had taken the time to learn her body, to discover what pleased her most, and focus his efforts there. The other men had been selfish, concerned only with their own satisfaction. Not that she would tell Alastair about her past lovers, of course. It wouldn't be proper, and she had no desire to taint this rare

tender moment between them. Besides, he seemed a man of strong morals and high standards. She doubted he would approve of her previous dalliances.

Princess Anne's mind never even wandered to the fate of the tiny heroes inside of her. She gave them no real thought. By this point, she should have been wondering how they fared, had they done their job properly. At this moment, she didn't even spare them a moment's consideration. She was so wrapped in bliss in this lord's arms that all concerns of the outside world, or her responsibilities, were out of mind.

No, she would not think of them now. She would focus on the man who held her in his arms, the one who had truly satisfied her in a way no other lover had. The man whose softening cock was still inside her nethers. Princess Anne leaned in close, her lips brushing against Alastair's as she whispered, "That was wonderful, my lord. I must say, you are a most skilled and attentive lover."

She could feel his smile against her own lips, could sense the pride and satisfaction he felt at pleasing her so thoroughly. Princess Anne wished she could invite him to her bed again and again, maybe even until her belly quickened with his child. Granted with her little protectors within her, she hopefully would never have to worry about becoming pregnant. She wondered how long they'd last within her... But never mind that, she thought, pushing them back from her thoughts. Due to her position and commitments, that was not to be. They only had tonight. For this night only, she could keep him close and enjoy the pleasures of the flesh as long as she could.

She looked up to him and smiled, biting her lower lip. She felt his cock stir within her once again.

"Shall we go again, my lord?"