

The Princess's Purity Protectors Part 3: A Small Disappointment

As Princess Anne excused herself from the ballroom, she made her way to the private chambers where her first lover awaited. Lord Edric Blackwood, a tall and athletic man from a southern kingdom, stood nervously by the bed. The princess, with a mischievous glint in her eye, began to disrobe, allowing her gown to slip off her shoulders and pool at her feet. Lord Blackwood's eyes widened as he took in the sight of her nude form, his manhood beginning to stir and strain against his breeches.

Once they were both bare, the princess pushed Lord Blackwood onto the bed and straddled his hips. She could feel his small, hard cock pressing against her thigh, barely five inches in length. The princess smirked despite herself, realizing she would have to make the most of what she had. She positioned herself over him and slowly lowered herself onto his shaft, biting her lip as she felt it slip inside her tight, wet heat.

In the princess's vagina, the female adventurers braced themselves as they felt the princess settle atop the lord's cock. Calista and Notuna gripped their weapons tightly, the slick walls of the canal clenching and rippling around them as the princess began to ride her lover. The lord's manhood, though small to the princess, was still an enormous, throbbing presence to the women in the canal. They could feel each thrust and bounce of the princess's hips, sending shockwaves through the undulating flesh, forcing them to dodge and weave to avoid being crushed or disarmed.

Notuna, her muscular form glistening with the princess's juices, grunted as she ducked a particularly forceful thrust. "By the gods, that thing is massive!" she exclaimed, referring to the lord's comparatively huge cock stretching and pounding against the princess's walls. Calista,

lithe and agile, rolled to the side to avoid another thrust, her daggers flashing in the dim light.

“We need to be careful. One wrong move and it could crush us like insects!”

Meanwhile, in the cervix, Connor and his men could feel the princess's movements intensifying. The tight passage clenched and spasmed around them, the force of her riding sending reverberations through the muscular walls. Connor, his holy symbol still gripped tightly, barked orders to his team. “Hold fast! The princess is in the throes of passion. Hopefully our companions can hold off the first wave of...” he trailed off, already dreading what was to come.

As the princess rode Lord Blackwood with increasing enthusiasm, the women in her vaginal canal found themselves in a battle for survival against the forces of nature. The lord's comparatively small cock, was still a massive, throbbing presence to the heroines, plunged in and out of the princess's clasping depths. With each vigorous thrust, the princess's walls clamped down, nearly crushing the women against the invading member.

Calista and Notuna fought to maintain their footing on the undulating, slippery surface as the princess's movements sent shockwaves through her canal. They could see the lord's cock, a fleshy pillar stretching and pulsing, the ridged shaft and swollen head a dominant force in their realm. It was a battering ram being used by some invading lord to breach their defenses. With each thrust it certainly breached her powerful walls. The princess's juices splattered against them like a warm, slick rain, making the passage even more treacherous. If something as powerful as her massive vagina was susceptible to this monster, what hope would they have to fight it off? They would soon find out.

To their surprise, the encounter ended rather abruptly. Lord Blackwood, despite the princess's best efforts, reached his peak embarrassingly quickly. The princess let out a gasp of disappointment as she felt his small load of semen spurt into her depths. It was a meager offering, barely a trickle compared to the vast cavern of her cunt. The heroines watched in awe

and disgust as a small stream of watery semen began to gush from the cock into the princess's core, the white fluid a stark contrast to the pink flesh surrounding them. To their eyes, the sperm appeared as tiny, wriggling tadpoles, swimming and thrashing in the viscous fluid. All three found the situation utterly revolting.

Selene quickly took charge, chanting a spell to imbue the weapons of her companions with additional destructive power. Calista and Notuna gripped their daggers and hammer tightly, the enchanted blades glowing with a fierce, ethereal light. They waded into the shallow pool of semen, their weapons flashing as they struck at the wriggling mass of tadpole-like sperm. Thankfully, the magic imbued into the weapons would make short work of these swimmers.

Calista's blades left trails of crackling energy as she sliced through the semen, her slashes obliterating multiple sperm with each pass. Notuna's warhammer crashed down, scattering the semen like a farmer might scatter seeds, the enchanted head of the hammer leaving sizzling craters in the princess's and her lover's juices. Selene and her duplicates cast a barrage of spells, bolts of arcane energy streaking through the semen, disintegrating it on contact. The air filled with the sizzle and pop of evaporating semen as the heroines fought against the meager tidal wave of cum. Thankfully, this onslaught was short lived and they seemed to have slain all the semen that made it through. Notuna made a joke assuming that whomever this man was, he would likely not father many heirs with a load as weak as that. Calista nodded meekly in agreement, still embarrassed by the situation.

The princess gritted her teeth in frustration as she felt Lord Blackwood's softening cock slip out of her, the meager load of semen already being cleansed by her dutiful protectors. At least they were living up to expectations. She had hoped for so much more from the athletic lord, but he had left her wanting. With a sigh of disappointment, the princess lifted herself off of him, his pathetic member glistening with her juices as it flopped against his thigh.

"I just bedded a princess," he murmured drunkenly and blissfully, "Wait till I tell the fellas..."

"Lyra," the princess called out, her voice echoing through the bedchamber. "Come here at once."

Lyra, ever the loyal handmaiden, appeared at the princess's side in an instant. "Yes, my lady?" she asked, her eyes downcast.

"That man," the princess said, gesturing dismissively at Lord Blackwood's naked form. "He did not satisfy me. What's more, he said he would tell others of what we did. I do not like to, but I want him punished for his inadequacy on both accounts."

Lyra nodded, understanding her mistress's unspoken command. She approached the lord, who looked up at her with a mix of fear and confusion in his eyes. "I'm sorry, my lady, I tried my best," he stammered.

Lyra silenced him with a wave of her hand, a shimmering glow emanating from her palm. She focused her power, and Lord Blackwood began to shrink before her eyes, his body dwindling until he was no larger than a tiny pea. The princess watched with a cruel smile as the once proud lord was reduced to a minuscule speck of his former self. With the little lord now a tiny, helpless creature, Lyra reached down and plucked him from the bed with her fingertips. She lifted him up to the princess, who looked down at the pea-sized man with a smirk.

"Dispose of him. I don't care how. I just don't want him disappointing or bismirching another maiden again," she said.

Lyra nodded, and with a deft motion, she slid off her right ankle-high boot, revealing her warm, bare foot. She held him above the humid opening and dropped the tiny lord into her

boot's dark abyss. Lyra then slid her slender foot back into the boot, the princess watching with a cruel grin as she sealed the man beneath her toes. The princess did not care that he would spend the rest of his days as a tiny, helpless prisoner. For all she knew, Lyra would intimidate him in this manner and then release him. She was not concerned either way. He was more boorish than expected. As the lord was sealed away, the princess turned to Lyra and gave her instructions for the next suitor.

"Take me to the next man, Lyra. I hope he fares better than this one." The princess had high hopes for the next candidate, eager to find a lover who could actually satisfy her at least once tonight.

Lyra bowed respectfully to the princess before opening the door to the next chamber. "Your next suitor awaits, my lady. I shall attend to your previous... disappointment." The princess swept past her handmaiden with a satisfied smile, already eager to meet whoever waited beyond the threshold.

Once the door clicked shut behind the princess, Lyra turned and walked down the corridor to her own private chambers. The sound of her footsteps echoed through the quiet halls, each step deliberate and measured. She carried Lord Blackwood's tiny form, still trapped in her boot, his muffled cries inaudible to anyone who might be listening. But then, who listens to a shoe?

Once inside her chambers, Lyra closed the door and locked it with a soft click. She approached her bed, sitting on the edge and extending her right leg. With practiced ease, she slipped her boot off, holding it over the soft carpet of her room. Lines of heat wavered visibly in the cold night air. The scent of stuffy leather filled the room along with some less pleasing aromas. She angled the boot so that the opening would be lit by the large candelabra near her bed.

“Ah, there you are,” Lyra murmured, her voice taking on a playful, mocking lilt as she peered into the darkness of her boot. Her lips pouted as she saw the tiny man. “Poor little lord. Reduced to such a tiny state.”

She carefully tipped the boot, and Lord Blackwood tumbled out onto the dark velvet of her bedspread. The shrunken man was still no larger than a pea at this point, his naked form squirming helplessly on the fabric to try and right himself. Lyra leaned forward, her face filling his entire field of vision as she smiled down at him.

“How small you’ve become,” she cooed, reaching out with one slender finger. The tip alone was larger than his entire body. She gently prodded his tiny form, watching him recoil. She decided to tease the tiny man a bit more. She wanted to do more with the shrunken heroes earlier, but this little lordling would do. “The spell was designed to grant you as much size as she felt pleasure. You should have tried harder to please Her Majesty. Now look at you. At. My. Mercy.”

With those last three words, she slammed one finger after the other around him, to emphasize how small he was compared to just a single finger, let alone three. Lyra leaned back and raised her bare foot onto the bed, leaving it hovering above the trembling man. The sole alone was a vast landscape of pink skin and crevices, each toe powerful from his perspective. She brought her foot slowly downward, not quite touching him yet, but close enough that he could feel the warmth radiating from her skin.

“Would you like to feel the softness of my foot, my lord?” she asked with mock sympathy. “Or perhaps you preferred to be pressed beneath it in my warm boot? I wonder which would be more humiliating for you...”

Her toes flexed slightly, a tiny tuft of lint falling from between her big and second toe and landing on his head. It was nearly as big as his head and soaked with sweat. She was so big to him. He couldn't believe he'd left the princess unsatisfied. He'd never had a complaint before, though the women he often bedded were lower-born and not likely to raise complaints.

Lyra's smile widened as she watched the shrunken lord struggle beneath her hovering foot. She deliberately lifted her foot higher and flexed her toes individually, making each one wiggle independently over his amusingly small body. So much ego in such a small package, she thought to herself.

"Oh, but you should have seen yourself earlier," she said, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "You were so proud, weren't you? Standing there, all tall and confident. Do you remember how you towered over me? How did you think you could take your place beside the princess?"

She lowered her foot just an inch closer, the warm air from her skin making the tiny man sweat. The scent of her foot grew stronger. Leather, sweat, and something musky that made it clear she regularly wore these boots or ones like them. All of these notes lingered in the air around the reduced noble.

"Now look at you," Lyra continued, wiggling her toes playfully. "You're not even as tall as the tip of my smallest toe. In fact, I could probably fit you comfortably on the nail of my pinky toe and still have room to spare."

To emphasize her point, she slowly lowered her foot until her toenail, the small, pink crescent of keratin, came to rest just inches from his body. The nail alone was larger than his entire torso at this size. He could see the ridges and whorls of her toeprint as she flexed and wiggled the toe over his body.

“Does it hurt?” she asked sweetly. She pressed her toe down atop his body. “Does being this small scare you? I imagine it must. Every little pressure must feel like a mountain pressing down on you.”

She released him and gently tapped her toe against the bedspread beside him, creating a small rhythmic tremor. “I wonder if the princess will even remember you by the time she’s finished with her next suitor. Or will you be nothing more than a forgotten memory, trapped in my boot, pressed beneath my heel whenever I take a step?”

Lyra’s eyes gleamed with cruel amusement as she admired her tiny captive. “You were so close to being one of her favorites. So close to having a place in her bed. And you threw it all away with such... pathetic performance.”

Lyra’s eyes lit up with delight as an idea came to mind. “Oh, that’s a wonderful punishment,” she said, her voice taking on an almost gleeful quality. “I’ll make you so small that even I can’t see you. Trapped in the darkest, most humiliating place imaginable. How perfect.”

She focused her magical power, feeling the familiar tingle as she channeled her energy. The shrinking spell she’d learned so many years ago was elegant in its simplicity. All she really needed was intent and will. She concentrated on Lord Blackwood, imagining him growing smaller, smaller, smaller...

The spell took hold immediately. The tiny lord felt a sudden, overwhelming sensation of compression, as if his entire body felt like it was being squeezed into an impossibly small space. He tried to scream, but the sound never reached her ears.

Within seconds, he had been reduced to less than a millimeter in height. As small as the width of a human hair. He was now roughly the size of a dust mite, barely visible to the naked eye, trapped on the top of her pinky toe. Then she ordered him to crawl under it or be lost. He

looked up at her immense form. He was so small she blurred in the distance. He had no choice but to climb under her toenail.

“Goodbye, my lord,” Lyra said softly, her smile fading into something more impassive as she looked down at the now-invisible speck. “I hope you enjoy your new home.”

She slipped her foot back into the boot slowly, the leather sliding over her toes, engulfing him in warmth and darkness. Lyra wiggled her toes inside the boot, knowing that the tiny movement shook the world for her captive. She could barely feel him now, like a speck of dirt beneath her nail. He could go smaller. She just had to focus on his mana, however small it was now.

“Let’s see... there you are,” she murmured, flexing her pinky toe deliberately. The movement sent vibrations through the boot that were like earthquakes to the shrunken man.

She pressed her pinky toe down firmly, feeling the pressure build in the confined space of her boot. The toe pressed against the opposite side of the boot, and the lord was forced to crawl deeper into the darkness, beneath the edge of her toenail as he shrank till she no longer felt him.

“Down you go,” Lyra whispered, her voice echoing strangely in the confined space. “Into your new prison.”

She sat there, basking in the sheer power she held over him. She loved this feeling more than anything else in the world. Save, of course, for the princess she was pledged to serve. She wondered how the princess’s current lover was serving her.

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The world had become impossible. Purely impossible. Lord Blackwood's senses screamed in a cacophony of overwhelming input as he tumbled beneath the nail. This was just impossible. He shrank smaller and smaller beneath her nail, and the constant rumbling and tossing lessened with each step the smaller he got. He tried to gather his wits about him. He may be small, but he was still a lord. It would not do to be panicking at the feet of some maiden wench. Well, not her feet exactly, more panicking at the crud beneath her smallest toenail. Crud that had grown far larger than he. Still, he slowly calmed and got his bearings in this disgusting prison to whence he had been condemned.

First came the sound. Not sound as he'd known it, but a deep, resonant vibration that filled his entire being. The leather of Lyra's boot creaked and groaned like thunder. Each tiny shift of her foot produced a deep rumbling note that reverberated through his body. The wet, squelching sounds of her sweat-soaked skin sliding against leather were deafening, a constant roar that never ceased. Then there were the earth-shattering booms of her each and every step. Sure, he was not feeling it as intensely, but the sound still washed over him.

Then there was the darkness to deal with. It was not just the dim blackness of a starless night, but a suffocating, oppressive darkness that pressed in from all sides. He couldn't see anything. Not the world above, not his own body, nothing. Just absolute, crushing blackness punctuated by the warmth and humidity all around him. The space beneath Lyra's toenail was cavernous, yet still seemed claustrophobic due to the knowledge that in this darkness she was all around him. Far more powerful and superior than the great Lord Blackwood would ever be again.

The heat was stifling. The temperature here was almost unbearable, a humid, sweaty warmth that made every breath feel like inhaling steam. He could feel the moisture of her foot, the oils and sweat mixing with the leather, creating a sticky, suffocating environment. Every

surface was slick and damp. And the smell, by the gods, the smell was indescribable. It was all he could perceive. The musky scent of her foot, mixed with the leather's earthy smell, the faint tang of sweat, the musty odor of old fabric. It was thick and cloying, filling every sense, making his nose ache.

He was never a pious man, but he was still raised with the knowledge of the church and its stories of the Seven Hells. Each hellscape was reserved for a different level of depravity and sin. He now knew there was an eighth level, because he doubted that any torture of the Seven could match the agony that he was enduring at the foot of this handmaiden. He curled into a ball and wept. He knew his sins. He bedded the princess and was planning to brag about it. The sheer thought alone had made him cum early, sealing his fate. Did that justify this agony? He knew he would never be able to plead his case. A part of him knew that within a few days, both women would likely forget he was even here. The heir to House Blackwood, little more than trash beneath a woman's toe, likely to be lost upon her next bath.