

Goldenglowv and the Seven Ogres

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Once upon a time, there was a queen that desperately longed for a child. One summer day, she was sitting at her window, working on her spindle. She stuck her finger and a drop of blood fell on the hard stone. She sighed and said:

“Oh, how I wish I had a child with skin as golden as the sun's glow, hair as red

as blood and muscles as hard as stone.”

Soon after, she was pregnant and nine months later, she had a wonderful little girl, her skin glowing golden and her hair crimson. So, she named the child Goldenglow. However, soon after birth, she died and her husband, the queen took a new wife. This woman was very strong and very vain. Every day, she would spend hours training her body, working out and lifting weights, rowing and swimming. She would stretch, she would carry heavy loads and practice the martial arts. She would also ride the most powerful horses and draw the strongest bows.

After her training, she would look at herself in her magic mirror and ask it:

“Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the strongest of them all?”

And without fail, the mirror would answer:

“You, my queen, are the strongest in the world.”

The queen would be satisfied and look at her magnificent body some more, before going to meet the king and ride him to exhaustion. If she wasn't satisfied, she would ask the royal hunter to come to her and do the same to him. She was as strong as she was insatiable and she took great care of her looks. At the same time, she was deathly afraid of being surpassed, so she studied the dark arts to preserve her youth and power. She set up a hidden laboratory and worked on all kinds of alchemical concoctions.

Over the years, Goldenglow grew into a strong young woman. Despite her stepmother's attempts to keep her away from strength training, she was a natural. She would go and play in the wilderness, she would scale the walls of the castle and she would ride like the wind. Her long, curly red hair would whip on her hardened shoulders and her skin would glow like purest gold in the sun. The young woman had a friendly way with people and wherever she came, she would be liked.

One day, the stepmother was just recovering from a particularly arduous workout. She had worked her arms to exhaustion, driving herself to ever increase the level of her repetitions. She was sweaty and tired, but she felt a certain satisfaction that she could hardly lift her arms anymore.

Slowly, she turned them left and right, watching the ripe muscle-bellies emerge from under her tanned skin and marveling at the veins and striations that played over her engorged biceps.

She got up, walked over to the mirror and said the magic words:

“Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the strongest of them all?”

The mirror seemed to hesitate, but eventually answered:

“You, my queen, are the strongest in the world. But Goldenglow will soon be stronger than even you.”

The queen stared at the mirror in barely contained rage. She took deep breaths, her mighty chest heaving. How could this be?

She stormed out, not caring that she was undressed, and saw Goldenglow in the courtyard, play-wrestling with the kitchen boys. They barely managed to pin her together, and even then, the young woman would throw them off with a shrug of her shoulders.

The queen watched the beautiful princess laugh and she felt her heart turn to ice. She couldn't bear this. How could this happen? She had worked so hard and this girl wasn't even trying!

That night, she was with the hunter again. He was a hard, brutal man, who took her from behind, his strong, hairy hands grasping her Amazonian body as he sank himself into her. Eventually, he had tired himself out and she rolled him on his back, cuddling against him. It was unusual for her, but she wanted something, so she would play along.

“Huntsman, I need you to do me a favor.”

“Anything you want, my queen.”

“I need you to take Goldenglow to the forest. Make up some pretense. I don't care. When you are alone with her, you must kill her. I cannot stand her here anymore.”

The hunter was surprised, but he was used to do the king's dirty work, so he nodded. She smiled wickedly and directed his hands to her breasts. She had only recently researched some potion that had returned her once proud bust to her and she loved it when her men pulled and grabbed at them.

“When you are done, you must bring me her organs as proof. I wish to use it for a potion of mine.”

“As you wish, your highness.”

“Very well.”

With these words, she pulled him over her and let him love her from above.

On the next day, the huntsman took Goldenglow with him to show her some tracker's skills she had asked him about. The young woman was riding on her favorite horse and she was singing happily. As they went along the path, the hunter thought that it was a waste. He had looked after the girl all her life and he had liked her mother. The princess was far from stuck up, treating him not like a servant, but as a master of his trade that deserved respect. Of course, he was afraid of disappointing his mistress. Not only could she tell her husband about their relationship, but there was something else too: Lately, young men in the villages of the kingdom were disappearing and he had an inkling of what was happening to them.

He did not want to cross the queen.

And yet, as Goldenglow carefully examined the tracks he had pointed out and he readied his spear, he hesitated.

Suddenly, he said:

“Goldenglow, I have to tell you something.”

“What is it, Master Huntsman?”

She was innocent and beaming, wearing her hunting dress and looking like the daughter he would always have loved to have. As she saw the spear, she felt afraid.

“I ... Girl, you must leave now. Run. Run now and don't turn back. Never come here again!”

The young woman nodded and thanked him quickly, then ran as fast as she could. The hunter watched her disappear in the darkness of the woods and wished her luck. He went to kill a doe and cut out the organs, bringing them to the queen.

The stepmother gloated and disappeared into her laboratory.

Goldenglow ran through the woods, ducking under branches and stepping over roots. The undergrowth was thick and the forest had something feral to it.

Eventually, she lost her way. She stopped running, unable to say where she had come from. As far as she could tell, there were towering mountains around her, and she was far away from any place she had ever known.

She wandered aimlessly through the woods as the sun went down. Shivering, she found a place to hide for the night. As the moon rose through the branches, the forest came alive, wolves howling, owls hooting and bats shrieking. She was afraid, using her dress' cape to warm herself as good as she could.

The next morning, she was tired, hungry and thirsty. She wandered further through the forest. Eventually, she was exhausted. She'd never find a safe place. Worse even, she'd probably die out there. Days went by. She was weary and ready to die. Then, suddenly, she smelled a delicious scent.

She got up and followed it, wondering where it came from. After a while, she wandered into a clearing and found a cottage on it. There was a pigsty next to it, a few goats were chewing on garbage and she was greeted by the rooster's call. She stepped on the clearing, wondering whose house this might be. It was bigger than a normal one, clearly made for people who were bigger than normal.

The princess opened the door and walked inside. There, in a mighty fireplace, hung a large pot. A stew was bubbling in it. A huge table with seven chairs was in the middle of the room and there were seven bowls and seven spoons. A big loaf of bread rested in a basket, covered by a tissue the size of a blanket. She was too hungry to wonder about this place. She just grabbed a pitcher and filled one of the bowls with stew. Then she started eating.

When she was done, she felt relieved. She realized she had eaten quite a big part of the stew, but she didn't care. Instead, she went upstairs and saw seven large beds. She climbed on one of them, found it soft enough and went to sleep.

A little later, the seven ogres were on the way home. They had attacked a few travelers on the way, had looted their bodies and were quite happy with their day. Now, they looked forward to just eating their dinner and go to sleep. Singing bloodthirsty songs and stomping along the way, they reached their cottage. They went inside and discovered that someone had eaten a large part of the stew. The creatures growled. The last time a thief had gotten into their home, they had devoured him.

Then, they heard someone snore upstairs. With a growl, they charged up and ended up finding the sleeping young woman.

The head ogre poked her and asked:

“Who are you and what are you doing here?”

Goldenglow rolled over and looked at the seven rough faces, all sharpened teeth, brutish scars and scruffy manes. At first, she was a little scared, but then she thought that she had come this far, and wouldn't die here for nothing. Instead, she steeled herself and said:

“I'm Goldenglow. Is this your house?”

“It is. We're the seven ogres. We hate it when intruders eat our stuff and sleep in our beds!”

So she told them what happened and explained that she could be useful. She would take care of the house and she'd cook and in exchange, they'd let her live with them.

Soon, she settled in. The ogres were impressed. She worked hard to make the run-down cottage work, she learned how to take care of the animals and the crops behind the house. She even taught herself how to fix the building itself and eventually, the ogres said:

“It's good you're here, Goldenglow. We like you!”

Despite their terrible faces and their many crimes, she liked them too. They were strange but funny people, who liked physical humor and lewd jokes. They also loved to compete in feats of strength and wrestle and Goldenglow watched them.

Then, one day, she asked if they could teach her.

The ogres laughed and said:

“But you're a human! We can't fight you, it would be too hard on you. You would get hurt!”

“Then I should train more before that!”

The ogres shrugged, but let her.

Before long, her mother's wish was coming true. The young woman was growing stronger by the day. Every morning, she would work on her lifts and throws, the ogres taking turns in training her. Within weeks, her muscles grew and hardened and soon, she was bulging with power. Her chest grew hard and massive, her shoulders were twin boulders and her arms were coils of strength. Her waist was tightly wrapped in muscle and her legs were columns of steel.

She felt amazing.

Every day of practice made her feel more alive and increase her strength. Soon, the ogres couldn't help staring as she lifted massive rocks and threw cabers with ease. Then, one day, she challenged one of the ogres to a wrestling match. The heavysset brute hesitated:

“But I don't want to hurt you!”

The princess laughed and said:

“Don't worry, this is just for fun.”

She kissed the dust soon after, but she stood back up and brushed herself off, before calling for a rematch.

A while later, the queen was finishing her latest potion. It would imbue her with even greater strength and make her muscles even more prominent. Her husband

evaded her now, careful not to provoke her anger. The last time he had asked her about Goldenglow, she had ridden him so hard he couldn't stand for a week. Instead, the queen had the other men of the castle join her in ever more extreme orgies. She needed them so much now, a day without them was making her angry. Anger she'd take out on her servants or her training equipment.

She looked at the completed concoction and gave it a final stir. It turned a deep crimson. With a lusty expression, she brought the vial to her lips and drank it down with a single gulp. She could feel the power spread through her body. This was incredible!

She was shivering with lust and felt her skin tighten. Her muscles seemed to blast through her skin as her power grew. Manic, she ran to her chambers, tore her robe from her muscular body and grabbed her weights. She went through the most grueling workout of her life, pumping as hard as she could. When she was finally done, she had climaxed several times, her muscle-lust pushing her over the edge again and again.

She stumbled to her mirror and admired her hard, pain-forged physique. Her silky, elegant hands ran over her hard, sculpted muscles. She could barely breathe.

The stepmother asked:

“Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the strongest of them all?”

The reply came after a pause:

“You, my queen, are the strongest in the world. But Goldenglow behind the seven mountains at the seven ogres’ is stronger than even you.”

The woman screamed. Why? How could this be?

She summoned the huntsman. When he came, she asked:

“I sent you to dispose of my stepdaughter, did I not?”

“You did, my queen.”

“And did you do it?”

“I did, your majesty.”

“Liar!”

She threw herself at him. He fell, finding himself between her gigantic legs.

“But ...”

“Hah! You think you can lie to me and live to tell the tale?”

And with these words, she squeezed his chest with her thighs until his ribs broke and his body was crushed.

As she stood up again, she smiled.

“If you want something done, you have to do it yourself.”

With these words, she went to her potions and picked one. She drank it down and was transformed. She seemed to shrink and her breasts disappeared while she grew a wild beard. Soon, she looked like a very stout fellow, built like a warrior.

She put on rough and simple clothes and left the castle.

Goldenglow was practicing her lifting with a barbell she had forged herself. All the training had given her a beautiful, well-matured physique. Her proportions were symmetrical and her body glowed with youth and health.

As she worked out, a strange little man came up to her and said:

“Oh, young girl, you are a sight for sore eyes. Your muscles, your locks, you are

a beauty.”

The queen hated herself for saying these words, but they stung even more because they were true. She loathed Goldenglow now even more. She was more beautiful than her. The wish had come true.

The athletic young woman lowered the weights, wiped the sweat from her brow and adjusted the simple tunic she wore.

“Thank you, sir. What brings you here?”

“Oh, I am but a wanderer, but I see you are training. I know a bit about that myself.”

Her stepmother lifted her arm and tightened her muscles, showing its sizeable mass.

“If you want, I can teach you how to get even stronger.”

The princess nodded eagerly. Soon, she was lying on a bench, the weight in her arms hovering over her as the queen held it.

“Now lower it down and push it back up. Don’t worry, I can help you if anything goes wrong.”

Goldenglow agreed and let the weight down. That's when her stepmother struck, pushing down the barbell with all her strength. The young woman only managed to gasp "What are you doing? Stop!" before the bar hit her neck and squeezed against it, making her lose consciousness.

In that moment, the murderess heard the ogres return and ran, leaving Goldenglow trapped. The monsters approached their ward and lifted the weight from her. They slapped her and woke her up, saving her.

As she thanked them, they warned her:

"Do not let anyone come close. You are in grave danger!"

The young girl nodded, but in her youthful exuberance, thought nothing of it.

Soon after, the queen was home, celebrating her victory over her rival with another round of training before summoning the stablemaster, the cook and the captain of the guard to try and satisfy her.

Once they lay there exhausted, she played with herself for a while. She was truly thrice the man they were. The next day, she asked the mirror again, but it said:

"You, my queen, are the strongest in the world. But Goldenglow behind the seven mountains at the seven ogres' is stronger than even you."

When she heard these words, she was furious. She stormed to her laboratory and soon transformed herself into a simple wandering saleswoman. It felt strange to be in a weak body again, but she had to make this sacrifice. Watching the strong young woman had given her an idea.

She returned to the seven ogres' house and found Goldenglow working inside. She was just fixing the ogres' dinner, having weaned them off human flesh. They had grumbled at first, but she had insisted. Finally beating them at wrestling also played a role in that. She now sometimes went with them on their raids, laughing as they stole from the excisemen or the chaplains.

The old woman knocked and said:

“Do you need any wares? I have combs, brushes and ointments.”

Goldenglow hesitated. Ever since she moved in with the ogres, she had found it hard to take care of her hair. It had grown all tangled and it looked unkempt. She sighed and walked to the window:

“A comb, you say?”

“Yes, yes. This beauty will get your hair all beautiful again. I'll show you.”

The princess turned around and her stepmother took her hair, brushed it gently and started working the tangles out of it. Then, she struck, the teeth of the comb

having been dipped in poison. Goldenglow suddenly felt sleepy and collapsed.

Gloating, the queen ran off.

When the ogres returned, they found their friend lying as if dead. They lifted her up and as they did, they saw the comb and pulled it off. This stopped the poison and soon, the young woman recovered, although she was weak for a while.

At home, the queen immediately went to her mirror and howled:

“Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the strongest of them all?”

Her face turned into a mask of raging despair as it answered:

“You, my queen, are the strongest in the world. But Goldenglow behind the seven mountains at the seven ogres’ is stronger than even you.”

She went into a frenzy, her anger and frustration sending her into even worse schemes.

As Goldenglow had recovered, she was outside, fixing the cottage’s roof. She had just lifted a mighty beam up there and worked on setting it in the right position. A tall woman with ebon skin came riding on a beautiful white horse. The young muscled woman looked at her and admired her finery and her strong body. The woman asked:

“Are you Goldenglow? I have heard of you and I have come to bring you a gift.”

The amazon jumped from the roof and stood in front of the rider, embarrassed by the roughness of her clothes and her plain look.

“I am, but I can’t accept it. I have to be careful.”

“But it is a potion that will increase your strength. I came a long way to give it to you!”

She showed the princess the green liquid in its glass container.

“I cannot. I am sorry to offend you.”

“But you don’t. Just watch, I will give it a sip right before your eyes.”

And the beautiful woman took the vial and carefully drank a sip. It was the queen in disguise, of course, and she had chosen a poison that would dissolve in water, before filling the top with oil.

Seeing that nothing bad happened, Goldenglow thanked her and took it, drinking deeply.

As the poison struck, the queen laughed evilly and waited until the young girl was certain to be dead. Then she rode off, finally satisfied.

The ogres returned in the evening and found their friend dead. They howled in pain and despair and swore bitter revenge. But there was nothing they could do to act upon it, so they built a tomb for her, recounting her feats of strength her beauty and her prowess in battle.

They also took turns in guarding the place, not wanting whoever had killed her to further desecrate her resting place.

Years passed, and yet, somehow, she still lay as she had died, time having no effect on her beauty and strength.

Then, one day, a prince rode by with his squire. He saw the mighty woman lying there and couldn't help wondering about her. The guarding ogre soon appeared and as the young man asked, he was told the story. Instantly, his heart was filled with love and dedication to this woman and he swore that he would do everything to heal her since she was clearly under protection of some higher forces. He managed to convince the ogre that he should take her with him, but as the squire tried to lift her, he dropped her and the shock somehow returned her spirits to her.

Goldenglow groaned and rid herself of the poison. She stumbled to her feet, confused. Then she saw the prince and smiled. He was as tall as her, but weaker and gentler. Soon, they were talking and then, they fell in love.

The ogres were glad to see her come back to life, but they regretted that she should leave. That's when she asked the prince to take them as her guards. After all, they were loyal even beyond death and they were almost as strong as she was.

The prince accepted and soon, a wedding was announced.

The queen was still ruling her country, having finally rid herself of the king. She spent her days admiring her ever more refined physique and her muscles had truly become a work of art. Every little fiber was carefully defined and every muscle had been trained to perfection. And yet, she still couldn't be satisfied. Every day, she asked the mirror.

On the day the invitation to the wedding came, the mirror spoke:

“You, my queen, are the strongest in the world. But the young queen is stronger than even you.”

Shocked, she intensified her efforts and eventually, she set off to the celebrations. As she approached the congregation, the guests stared. There were gasps of admiration and horror. Merciless training had allowed her to create an insane body that was so brimming with power that her tailor had to sew her into her dress. It showed off everything, leaving nothing to imagination. The queen basked in their looks, showing off her superior anatomy.

She wouldn't sit down even as the bride entered, but when she saw her, she was furious.

Goldenglow was there, in her blue dress, and her body was delicious. She was a goddess, surpassing her stepmother in every way. Her muscles were even larger and stronger, her skin was stretched tighter over her pitiless physique and yet, her face was as youthful as ever.

She greeted her with a short “Welcome ... Mother.”

The queen screamed and threw herself at her behemoth stepdaughter, but she had no chance. Her grip was like steel and as they wrestled, the older woman understood that she would lose. She freed a hand and drew a hairpin from her veil and tried to prick her with it. Goldenglow saw it and twisted her arm, forcing the needle from her hand. Then, she lifted the other woman over her head, her muscles shaking. She called for her guards and said:

“This time, you may do as you like.”

She threw her at the ogres, who made short and delicious work of her.

Then, they got married.

And they lived happily ever after. And when the young king ended up being exhausted by his wife’s endless stamina and lust, she would call her guards to her and find satisfaction.

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Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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