

The Kings' Locked Up Daughter

Once there was a king. He had a very beautiful daughter. So that no young men should look at her, he put her away. At a certain crossroad, he built her a beautiful dwelling and set a guard - soldiers to keep guard: If anyone looked towards her, they would grab him, they would guard him for three days, and then they would kill him right away. Whoever passed by, because she was so beautiful, each one looked at her. And the guards would stop him, grab him, and they would kill him.

It became known that they did this to people. They began to bypass the road, only so as not to pass by there, past the dwelling. However, one young man thought of a way to go there and to try it - to see whether it was possible or not. He went to a goldsmith and said to him:

“I beg you to give me an anvil, a mallet, a necklace, a belt, and a ring. I want to go to the king's daughter.”

“Don't go there,” he said to him, “you'll die! So many people have already perished, and they will kill you too.”

Again, he begged him:

“I have already decided to go. If I return alive and healthy, I will pay you three times more. If not, give me your blessing.”

When he saw that it was inevitable, the goldsmith gave in, he gave him an anvil, a mallet, a ring, a belt, and a necklace. He took the things that he needed. He went off there and looked straight at the dwelling in which the king's daughter lived. She had come out onto the balcony. The guards noticed him, they grabbed him and they locked him up. They had to watch over him for three days. Afterwards they would kill him.

The first day when they locked him up, he got started; he banged on the anvil with the

mallet, he banged: cling-clang, cling-clang, cling-clang! The guard sees that he's pounding on something inside. When he looks: something is shining in the darkness. The youth took out the ring and was only knocking on the anvil and turning the ring around and around. When the guard saw what he was doing, he went immediately to the king's daughter:

“You know what, the guy that we've got locked up now seems to be some sort of craftsman. He's made a ring - it shines! Such a beautiful ring,” he said.

When the guard had told her, she sent one of the servants:

“Ask him, how much money he wants for the ring.”

And the servant went there and said:

“Hey master, did you make this?”

“I did.”

“Well then, how much money would you like, the king's daughter is asking you to give it to her, so that it's hers?”

He said:

“I don't want money. I will only be alive one or two more days. What good is money to me? Tell the king's daughter to come, and roll up her dress to her knees, so I can see. And I will give her the ring.”

And the servant went back up and said:

“It's like this. . . he says I don't need money, I am not going to remain alive, they will kill me, but let her come and roll her dress to her knees so I may see, and I will give her the ring, if not - I won't give it!”

Her servants there convinced her. They said to her:

“Come on now, what will happen if he sees you up to your knees? He won't tell. In two

more days, they will kill him. And no one will know what he did, or how he did it. Take the ring from him.”

They convinced her. She went down there, lifted her dress to her knees. He looked at her and gave her the ring.

The next day he again began to pound on the anvil. He was making the necklace. He rolled it along the anvil. He turned it as if he were working on it. When the guard saw, he again told the king's daughter:

“It's like this. You should see his necklace, it's so beautiful it is - it holds your eyes, it shines!”

She said to the servants:

Ask him how much money he wants, let's buy it.”

They asked. He says:

“I've told you: I'm not selling it for money. I will live only one more day after this one. I don't need money. You will tell her that if she wants to come down and roll her dress up so I can see above her knees, her thighs - then fine, if not - I won't give it.”

Again, the king's daughter's servants convinced her.

“So what if he sees you? What if he sees? Roll up your dress, take the jewelry from him!”

She agreed, went below, rolled up her dress. He looked at her, and gave her the necklace. She went back up.

The third day he begins again - he pounds on the anvil. And he bangs on it empty as before. Again the guard looks. Again, he sees some other adornment: a golden belt!

He goes up to the king's daughter. And he says:

“It's like this. Now the master is working on such a belt, if you had it, no one would look

like you!

She called the servant:

“Ask him down there if he will sell it. How much money does he want?”

The servant goes off, and asks him:

“For money, I've told you, I won't give it. I have only today to live. This evening they will kill me. I don't need money. You go tell her, that if the king's daughter rolls up her dress up to her waist, so that I may see, then I'll give it to her.”

But she didn't want to, she was embarrassed. But the servants convinced her.

“Come on,” they said, “they'll kill him. He won't tell anyone. Roll it up, take the belt from him!”

And she went down, rolled it up. He looks at her, sees what there is to see, and spits at her: ptui, ptui!

Then he says: “The king's daughter's cunt isn't golden!”

And she went off. She took the belt from him. But something kept tormenting her: why did he talk that way to her. And she thought about it and thought about it. That evening, when everyone had gone out, she said to the guard:

“Let him out so he may come to me, the man who's locked up!”

And he said:

“The king's daughter is asking for you.”

He let him out, and he goes to her. There he asks her:

“What is it, why are you calling for me?”

“You will tell me,” she said, “why you said that to me and spat at me. Why did you say to me: 'The king's daughter's cunt isn't golden?'”

“Well it's like this. You have everything, but you don't have that. For you, even that should be golden.”

“Well, fine, are you a master craftsman?”

“Yes, I am - a goldsmith.”

“And can you gild it for me?”

“I can!

“Well, okay, if you can.”

She gave him food and drink. He ate everything with relish, as he had become hungry in prison.

“And now,” he said, “do you want to watch while you re being gilded or do you want your eyes covered?”

“Whichever is better,” she said.

He took her, laid her down nicely, spread her out. He took the anvil, the mallet, and knocks as if on the anvil, and he puts it into her. And she likes it. Again he bangs, bangs, bangs. Again he looks, again he does it.

“It still needs a little more, just a little more!”

When they had finished doing it, he said:

“And now it's golden as it should be!”

She got up, looked at herself: the same as she had been before. But since she hadn't been fucked before, she looks at it – it's a little red.

“Listen, it looks the same.”

“It's not the same as before. Can't you see it's red!”

And when she realized what the whole thing was about, that he had lied to her, she didn't

give an order to kill the man. She took him for her husband. He became the King's son-in-law, and a little while later he went back to the goldsmith and said to him:

“I'm giving you twice what you gave me. I remained alive. I became the King's son-in-law.”