

Scented Assent, Ch. 03

Ichigo trembled, squirming in her restraints. She tried to speak, but her voice wasn't obeying her, her breath kept coming out in hoarse cries and whimpers. She bucked weakly against Lina's stockinged leg, writhing in the soft fleece that bound her, and stared up at the insufferable grin of the sheepgirl 'Princess' Lina.

She needed to cum so badly.

And she needed to stop... stop thinking about how *cute* and *lovely* and *pretty* Lina was.

Lina giggled and tickled under her chin. "Oh my gosh," she squealed, "I knew this would be *easy*, but I had no idea how *cute* you'd be when I won~!"

Ichigo whined, straining against the other sheepgirls' grip. "N-Nn... I... *h-hhah*..."

Lina grinned and cut her off with a long, merciless *griiiiind* of her leg between Ichigo's thighs. "Yeah? Uh-uh? What is it, *little one*?"

Ichigo gasped, helplessly inhaling more and more sweet perfume. Oh, gods, her head already felt like it was full of cotton candy. She needed to wriggle free, needed to recover her mask, but...

She stared up helplessly as Lina bounced giddily above her, eyes sparkling with pure glee.

All Ichigo could breathe was Lina.

All Ichigo could look at was Lina.

She just wanted to cum. She needed to cum. Cumming would make her brain work again, she was sure of it. Cumming would help her think clearly. She was horny out of her poor stupid mind, but if she could just... just *cum, cum, cum*...

Lina was so pretty. The light danced through those pale curls like wildfire, like the sun was made for Princess alone.

And her stocking felt so silky, her leg was so soft...

“Gooooood little girl,” Lina cooed, caressing Ichigo’s cheek. “Such a *precious* little dummy pet. Just a *bit* more, sweetie.” Grind. “You’re *soooo* close~!”

She was so close. Ichigo was panting, filling her lungs with more and more of Lina’s perfume with every hump, every grind. Needed to cum. She was so *close*. Needed to cum, to cum—!

Her whole face was scorching. She was grinding openly. She’d never felt so humiliated, and she knew the sheepgirls were giggling at her, but she needed—just needed to reach climax, please—

She was still fully-dressed. She was making a total mess of herself. The sheepgirls were doing something around her with all those silky threads, but all she could focus on was Lina’s pretty face, Lina’s pretty eyes, Lina’s pretty, insufferable, utterly pleased-with-herself smirk.

“You’re doing so well for me. Doing *soooo* well for Princess~”

Ichigo whined, feeling a strange tightness around her arms and ankles as she bucked and humped. She couldn't stop. Please. Not when she was so, so close. Her womanhood was leaking, twitching, throbbing—

Please, please, *please*—

The tightness was getting... more. Thicker. Heavier. She couldn't think about it. She stared helplessly up at Lina, even as it seemed to be getting harder and harder to buck more than an inch.

“Hmm?” Lina’s eyes sparkled as she gave her leg a mischievous little wiggle. “Does my little pet like that?”

“A-Ah—” Ichigo bit her lip, forcing herself not to answer, but her whole world was turning pink with dumb, drugged pleasure.

It would feel so good to say yes. To beg. To plead. It—it might even take her over the edge. And then she’d cum, and cum, and feel *so* good, and then she could fight, or take control, or whatever—could overpower her captors, could pin Lina down...

She writhed weakly. She just needed to hit climax. Then she’d have the wits and the strength to retake control, to wriggle out of their grasp. She just needed to grind. Faster and faster, staring at Lina’s pretty, gleaming eyes.

Faster.

Faster.

Faster—!

But the faster she tried to grind, the less it seemed to do anything at all. She felt totally at the mercy of Lina's leg, and it was moving so slightly, so *slowly*.

A whine slipped from her. Damn it, why was it *so hard* to get any traction with all of these...

... bindings?

Ichigo's breath caught.

She suddenly registered that, without even noticing, her humping had been steadily weakening over the last minute. That tightness, that weight had pressed down thicker and thicker. By now, her blatant, insensible humping had been reduced to little more than almost indiscernable squirms.

This wasn't because Ichigo had stopped trying to move.

It was because she suddenly... couldn't.

She squeaked.

"Huh?" Lina leaned in close, grinning widely. "Something wrong, pretty girl?"

The restraints drew just a little bit tighter.

While Ichigo had been busy humping her silly brains out, thinking about nothing but how to get more and more pleasure, the sheepgirl thralls had been working diligently with that strange silken material, wrapping it tighter and tighter around her captive body.

It was so fine, so delicate, she'd barely noticed the first few strands. They'd just kept working, always with those easy smiles.

And she only noticed now that she was fully cocooned in softness. Totally immersed. Totally trapped, wrapped in fleece up to her neck.

Ichigo's heart started to pound rapidly. Some nervousness was slipping in now, but far, *far* less than she knew she needed to feel. She needed to be terrified. Or enraged, damn it! She needed the adrenaline, she needed the fear-focused clarity, and yet—

And yet every panicky breath she took in was laced with more and more of Lina's sweet scent.

Sweet, intoxicating calm. Easy, dreamy perfumes.

And despite her best efforts, every breath she took in felt just a little bit calmer than the last.

Ichigo could only watch and whimper as the obedient sheepgirls began to wrap the soft cottony fleece around her head. She was being totally cocooned in their sweet-scented silks, and it was like being caught in the softest, most comfortable cloud of solid fluff. A soft, warm bed to send her right to sleep.

The warrior squealed and shrieked, thrashing as much as she could against the bindings. It was barely anything. If anything, her struggles only seemed to make the restraints tighten.

And the giggling sheepgirls just kept wrapping the stuff around her. Her head was being steadily covered, and she could still breathe, could still see pink light filtering in, but sound was getting muffled, and her head felt...

... fuzzy.

She went still for a moment, trembling. The touch of the silky fleece, its tight caress all over... it was torturous. Unbearable. Cozy. Warm. Soft. Wonderful.

No. No, this was... this was a nightmare. This was humiliating. She cast about, but all she could see was pink fluff. They were still wrapping the stuff around her, too. Deepening her prison.

Ichigo whimpered softly. At least, trapped in this muffling prison, she'd been given a moment's respite from—

"You wanna know the very best part of this, cutie?"

She heard—and felt—Lina whispering the words right into her ear. She shivered, breath catching. It felt like—like Lina’s lips were right next to her ear, even though they couldn’t be, they *weren’t*. She was fully cocooned!

Phantom fingers brushed over the top of her head, gently petting her. She whined. There wasn’t a hand there. She knew there wasn’t! The fluff was all around her, she was submerged, she was... *safe*...

“This special fleece of ours,” Lina purred, “transmits *aaalll* the sensations we can share right to whoever happens to be nestled safe inside.”

Ichigo felt Lina’s thigh sliding against her hardness once again. She whimpered, trying in vain to shake her head. No. *No*...

“Every little touch.” Another hand slipped back to caress the small of Ichigo’s back, fingertips brushing along her sensitive spine. Ichigo panted, mewling softly.

“Every little *kiss*~” Soft, sticky lips smacked wetly against her cheek.

“No matter how *deep under* you are.” The hand seemed to grope Ichigo’s ass. Ichigo squeaked. “*All of it for you.*”

“*All for my pretty.*” Another kiss. “*Pampered.*” More groping. “***Pet~!***”

Kisses descended upon Ichigo’s neck as the leg gave another playful little grind.

“*Nnnn!*” Ichigo spasmed. “Please! *P-Please!*”

She realized a moment later what she’d just said. Shame rippled and burned through her as she heard Lina squealing with triumphant giggles.

“*Oh my gosh!* You’re! Too! *Cuuuute~!*”

“I—” Ichigo licked her lips, staring up helplessly into the pale pink cloud. “N-No, I—you—”

Lina’s leg gave a grind, forcing Ichigo to gasp. “Yeah?”

“You’re—you—” She felt phantom lips smack against her neck, her cheeks, her arms. “I—”

“Hmm~?”

Ichigo flushed hot, whimpering, trying to force the syllables back into order. “I’m. I’m nn—”

She felt a soft, slender hand delicately caress her twitching womanhood.

And her scattered words melted into soft, plaintive moans.

“Teehee~! Something the matter, little pet?”

“Mmf!” Ichigo bit her lip, squirming, panting. She was having more and more trouble even remembering what she’d been trying to say. Everything was getting so... foggy.

It was so hard to hump. But she was getting closer. She could feel it. The climax was just out of reach. Lina was getting carried away. Her teasing was going too far, the sheepgirls couldn't see her, they were all getting lost in the glee of tormenting her.

And being wrapped up like this, cocooned, humiliated...

... it was making it easier. Bringing her closer. She swallowed, trying not to think about what that might mean, and bounced her hips weakly against the cocoon’s fluff, humped Lina’s leg like the broken slut they thought she was.

It felt like a dream. The air was turning into molasses. Her breaths of perfumed venom were coming shallower and shallower. The closer she got, the harder it felt to move. Everything was so soft, so fuzzy, so fluffy and silky and *nice*...

Lina’s pretty face wouldn't leave her mind. Lina’s pretty, perfect, adorable face. She whimpered, making herself focus on it, because thinking about Lina made her *throb*, thinking about Lina’s perfect lips curving up in that smug smile made her *leak*—

She humped faster. Faster. Closer. She was whimpering openly, tiny gasped out pleas for *more* trailing endlessly behind her incoherent cries. She ground her leaking clit against the leg, humping through the soft, soothing cocoon that bound her. She could barely even feel her clothes anymore. It was just softness. Just so much wonderful pink softness and... Lina. Lina.

Closer. Faster.

Lina... Princess Lina, oh, fuck, her pretty eyes, her sly laughter...

“P-Please,” she cried softly, not knowing what she was begging for, but she needed Lina to *speak*, needed Princess to *tease her*, needed to cum, cum, *cum to Princess’s perfect, angelic voice*— “Please, please, *please!*”

Lina’s lips seemed to brush her ear. “Say ‘Please, *Princess.*’”

Ichigo mewled. Her clit was twitching. She couldn’t help herself, she—

“Please, Princess!” she squealed. “*Please, Princess!*”

More unbearable laughter. Yes. Please. More, just a bit more...

“Now,” Lina said sweetly, “tell me that *I won.*”

Ichigo’s breath caught.

The lust was climbing. Her mind was melting away from her. She was close, close, close-close-close—just two words, just two stupid little words—but—fuck, no, please, not *those* two words, anything but—

“N-No,” she whined, gasping, trembling—she was *there*, she was *on the edge*, she just needed Princess Lina to say it, she needed the *order*, but— “No, no, no, I—I—”

She knew Princess Lina could say anything to her in that moment, her soft leg sliding against Ichigo’s captive girlcock, and Ichigo cum her silly brains out. Mockery. Denial. Praise. Scolding. Ichigo would cum, and cum, and then she’d recover, she’d regain control, she’d feel *so good* and she’d be able to *break free...*

But Lina didn't say anything.

And the leg pulled away.

Ichigo’s breath caught.

She bucked, but nothing met her. She squirmed, head spinning, world melting, whining, moaning.

“I—p-please—” Whines and moans slipped past her drooling lips. She felt so horribly weak, so desperate, so utterly *mortified*, and so *close*—

So trapped. So tormented.

So totally defeated.

Lina’s giggles sealed her shame, and she twitched as her girlcock drooled out a useless, humiliating ruin.

“Don't worry, cutie,” the Princess purred.

Ichigo felt the sheepgirls hoisting her up. Still caught fully in the nice, soft cocoon, there was nothing she could do. Even though she could feel every caress, every grope... they were carrying her somewhere, but where?...

“There'll be plenty of time for you later,” Lina whispered in her ear, “to learn to beg of your Princess *properly*~”

And she leaned in closer, head pushing into the cocoon, until her lips were right by Ichigo’s cheek.

Briefly, Ichigo felt a part of herself not touched by wool, but by Lina. And something about that felt... freeing. A strange sort of half-clarity, a window into freedom opened by her worst enemy. She realized how deep under the fleece was putting her. How drowsy she actually felt. How deep she was still sinking.

And Lina gave Ichigo one last soft, wet, loving kiss on the cheek.

Then she pulled away, and the cocoon of fluffy pink pleasure immersed Ichigo fully once more, and Ichigo was lost.

TO BE CONTINUED...