

Her Princess's Scent

"I need you to breathe, pet."

The squiress looked up at her Princess with wide eyes. Her whole body was shaking, no matter how hard she tried to make it still.

"I-I—" She clenched her fist, feeling the unfamiliar metal encircling it.

Her suit of armor allowed nearly a full range of movement, but it was *tight*. With all of the preparations, all of the pain, it felt like the steel wrapping around her from the neck down was less an armored shell and more a bandage. Gauze over raw skin.

But it still felt... *wrong*.

Her breathing started to grow uneven again as she felt her chest press against the constraints of the breastplate, as the contrast between herself and cold metal came into sharp, cutting focus, as kneeling like this started to hurt, as the *wrongness* started to seep in. "I—M-My Lady—"

"Hush." The back of an impossibly soft hand touched her cheek. The squiress somehow forced her body to go completely still. She found herself lifting her head to meet the gaze of Princess Anairete.

The motion, and her stillness, felt obligatory, mechanical. It felt impossible to make a scene in front of her Princess. It was easier to just stop breathing.

"I said," Anairete said softly, her hand leaving the squiress's cheek and sliding down her form, caressing the squiress's chest—and she could *almost* feel it, the armor was so delicate, she could almost feel Anairete's cool hands slide down her slender waist, those nails scratching against her skin—"that I want you to *breathe*, my *knight*."

The squiress stared helplessly into her Princess's eyes, and she breathed in slow and deep.

Princess Anairete's perfume smelled like fresh clovers and sweet honey. Beneath it, Princess Anairete herself smelled like... herself. Sweat, and arousal, the smell of a gentle summer day spent idle in tight clothes. Anyone else would stink from hard work in the fields and warehouses.

Princess Anairete smelled like power.

“Good girl.” The hand slipped back to touch the squiress’s rear. The squiress fought back a whimper. Staring into her Princess’s eyes, the touches almost felt more intense than the real thing. She only kept from squirming by her lady's will alone. “There’s my *good girl*.”

“M-My Princess,” the squiress moaned softly. She breathed in deeper, and something inside her shook and fluttered and weakened as Princess Anairete’s scent filled her lungs.

“Good girl.” The Princess smiled. “You’ll remember what I smell like, won’t you?”

“Yes, Princess,” the squiress whimpered. She sensed movement behind her. Every combat instinct begged her to turn—she knew it was the handmaidens, the *disappointments*, the squires who had failed, the girls who would become her sisters if she failed, too, and she knew what they were carrying, knew she was in *danger*—but Princess was here.

And Princess wanted her to face forward.

She breathed in deep. Clover. Sweat. Honey. Power.

“Good girl.” Princess Anairete giggled softly. She gave the squiress’s rear a fond, possessive swat, and the squiress nearly cried out, nearly bucked. She sensed the helmet drawing nearer. “Breathe me in, my *faithful* knight.”

“P-Princess—!”

Princess Anairete brought the back of her hand up to the squiress’s nose.

And the squiress’s last act before the helmet descended was giving her Princess's hand a sniff, a nuzzle, and an obedient lick.

The squiress felt the straps lock into place. She heard Anairete’s nails scratch against her armored neck, and she felt their sharpness against her sensitized skin.

“I think I’ll call you... Echo. That little claustrophobia problem certainly took long enough to break through, didn’t it?” A smug, lilting laugh. “It feels fitting.”

The squiress didn’t move. Every touch was sending ripples of desire and lust through her, and if her lips parted now, it would be to moan.

“Rise, Dame Echo.”

The knight rose. She stared down at Lady Anairete in devotion. Through the visor, everything was murky and blurred.

Everything except for Her.

Princess Anairete smiled down at her newest Damsel Knight, eyes alight with naked hunger. “That's better,” she cooed, and gave Echo's ass a possessive squeeze. “That's just how you belong~”

The knight's helpless moans bounced off the insides of her armor and echoed right back to her. The fears and wrongness were still there. But they were an act of service. And service to her Princess felt so good. She understood now.

Inside this armor was just where she belonged.