

Chapter 7

SLAVE AMIE

Amie did her best to ignore the screams.

They always made her uncomfortable, reminding her of the sickening things the slave masters does to her at the barn.

She simply needed to pick up the bathing oil she had forgotten after running a bath for Princess Aekeira.

Approaching the quarters, she heard muffled cries, filled with agony.

The cries grew louder as she drew closer. Amie quickened her pace, following the sound until she reached the end of the hallway.

She stood outside the closed door of Princess Aekeira's chambers. Isn't Prince Emeriel the only person in there?

Amie opened the door and entered the room.

A female figure lay on the bed, facing away from her, writhing in pain, completely naked. The figure convulsed and let out a loud sob.

"A-are you alright?" Amie's voice trembled softly as she approached the figure on the bed.

Only whimpering sounds answered her.

Amie moved closer to the front of the figure and froze.

"Prince Emeriel?" Amie couldn't believe her eyes.

She blinked hard to clear her vision. Perhaps cleaning the whole floor of the westside yesterday with barely any break in between had been a bad idea. I'm definitely seeing things.

But even after the third blink, the figure didn't change. It was still Prince Emeriel...as a girl.

A girl.

"H-help me," Prince Emeriel cried, his voice strained. Fresh tears filled his eyes.

"Somebody...please help me."

Right. Amie had almost forgotten about his pain.

"Are you sick? How do you feel? Should I fetch the healer?" she asked, turning towards the door.

"No, don't call anyone! No one... can... see... me like this," he panted, hand gripping his engorged nipples.. "I hurt everywhere. I don't know what's wrong with me."

At only nineteen years old, the other slaves often made fun of Amie, saying she wasn't too smart.

Which was probably why she found it difficult to fully comprehend what Prince Emeriel was saying. I need to inform Madam Livia.

"Hang in there, I'll be back!" Amie exclaimed before swiftly running off.

PRINCE EMERIEL

Emeriel panted through another painful spasm in his belly, which radiated down to his intimate parts.

Despite the fear of someone discovering his secret and Amie's intention to seek help, he couldn't summon the energy to panic.

The pain was too much, rendering him too uncomfortable to focus on anything else.

I can't take this anymore!

Emeriel adjusted himself onto his back, spread his legs, and pressed a finger firmly against the swollen nub between his legs that throbbed intensely.

Pleasure tingled down his spine.

Oh? Interesting.

He repeated the motion, crying out as the pleasure intensified.

Soon, Emeriel was rubbing his oversensitive clit, unable to stifle his moans as his back arched off the bed.

He played with his feminine part, listening to his arching body, repeating every act that made him feel good.

Before long, an orgasm washed over him, drowning out the pain.

Yes, so good. So good.

Emeriel's body finally relaxed. The pain dulled, and for the first time since he left the forbidden chamber, his foggy mind cleared slightly.

What will I do about Amie?

He rose and cleaned himself up as best he could. The basin was now empty, and he needed to wash.

Grimacing, Emeriel put on his soiled clothes, then hoisted the sturdy wooden bucket with a firm grip and headed out of the chamber to find the well.

The night air was alive, far from the hush of silence one might expect. The harsh commands of the slave masters punctuated the darkness, their relentless pursuit of productivity never ceasing, even under the cloak of night.

They drove their slaves mercilessly, the sound of clanking chains mingling with the distant, sorrowful groans echoing in the air.

Navigating with cautious steps, Emeriel found the hidden route that descended into the bowels of the compound, leading to the backyard. There, he filled the bucket with water.

But, upon re-entering the fortress, and the chambers, it dawned on Emeriel.

Aekeira's voice. It was gone.

Panic gripped his heart. Could my sister be dead?

I need to clean up quickly and go to her!

But as Emeriel reached for the wooden bucket, that all too familiar hotness stirred in his lower belly again.

"What!?" He shrieked. "No, no, no, not again!"

In a matter of seconds, a fresh wave of spasms crashed through him.

He doubled over in sheer pain. Though he did everything within his power to distract himself from the agony, nothing worked.

Abandoning his bucket, he pulled an old, dust-coated book with shaky hands from the drawer of the chamber's solitary table, hoping to lose himself in its pages. Yet, the effort proved vain.

Tension knotted in his stomach. The discomfort made it impossible for him to focus.

One particular thought clawed at him. One that had no business disturbing him but refused to let go.

Which of these Urekaï I've met could be the beast from my dreams?

Is he real?

Yes, they were all large, and intimidating, but deep down, Emeriel knew none of the ones she'd met matched the presence he felt in those vivid nightmares. Lord Vladya came close, but it wasn't him.

Who was it?

He dragged a hand through his hair with a frustrated sigh. What nonsense am I even thinking?

Restlessly, Emeriel shifted his position, pressing his legs together in a vain attempt to ease the ache. But, the more he tried, the more it hurt.

It simply was not working!

If the Urekaï of his dreams was here, would he quench this fire in Emeriel's private parts?

"You are mine," his deep voice had said. "Meant to be on your knees for me. On your back. To be fucked so hard your legs quake. Drill into you until your holes are open, gaping for me. You were meant to beg for my dick all the time. Only mine."

An orgasm ripped from him, broken cries falling from his lips, his entire body shaking.

Moments later, Emeriel found himself sprawled naked on the floor, fingers vigorously rubbing his sensitive clit. Even his chest-binds lay discarded.

He had lost count of how many orgasms he had experienced, yet relief remained out of reach.

A brief break was all he ever got in between, before the relentless agony returned with a vengeance.

Each time, even the pleasure dulled. And the pain that had once been a mere throb grew more profound.

He had no idea how much longer he could endure this ordeal. His arm ached from the arduous rubbing, and his clit burned red. Raw from the unending abuse.

Sweat and tears mingled as he lay helpless on the floor, his body consumed by excruciating pain. Emeriel wouldn't wish this agony upon his worst enemy.

When the door swung open and two figures entered, Emeriel had to blink repeatedly to clear his blurry vision enough to discern them.

"Oh, she's in an even worse state than before! I told you, Madam Livia," Amie's voice echoed faintly as she drew nearer.

"By the gods..." Madam Livia's shocked voice followed, and her hand flew to cover her mouth. "He's truly a woman."

"I told you so, Madam." Amie bent down, hovering over Emeriel. "Are you alright, Princess Emeriel?"

"N-no!" Emeriel wanted to shout, but his voice came out as a feeble whisper, filled with exhaustion. "D-don't call me that."

"How long has she been like this?" Madam Livia asked, wide-eyed, approaching cautiously to observe him.

"I don't know, Madam Livia. I found her like this and rushed out to find you. Do you know what's afflicting him?"

Emeriel's eyes flickered with hope as he looked expectantly at Livia.

"I'm not certain yet." The head maid said. "Amie, help me. Let's move her to the bed."

The young girl hastened to comply. They shifted Emeriel's weakened form back onto the bed, yet he scarcely felt the coolness of the mattress against his back.

His relentless self-stimulation continued, his womanhood convulsing and slick with moisture.

Another orgasm wracked his body, and Emeriel cried out at the bewildering mix of pain and pleasure running through him.

When the episode passed, he was left only partially conscious.