

## Chapter 88

MIXED POV.

EMERIEL

Once Amie had departed, Boris fixed Emeriel with a predatory gaze, pushing him against the wall. "At last."

"Master Boris, please don't—"

Boris silenced him with a slap across the face. "Do not presume to tell me what I can or cannot do. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes."

"Good." Master Boris yanked Emeriel's tunic out of his breeches, hoisted it over his head, and discarded it on the ground.

His smile faded when he saw another layer of clothing. He pulled off that shirt, only to discover a third.

"How many shirts are you wearing!?" he hissed. "Stupid slave! When will you understand that modesty is not befitting of a slave? You must be easily accessible."

"Please, don't..." Emeriel begged.

Boris shoved the remaining shirts up, and as his fingers finally encountered the bare, soft skin of Emeriel's belly, he pulled the two shirts over the boy's shoulders and discarded them on the ground. His gaze shifted, surveying Emeriel's exposed body.

Boris froze, his eyes hooking on the binding around Emeriel's chest. The outline of breasts. The graceful curve of his waistline.

"Holy waters. What in the world..." Boris cursed under his breath, his gaze darting back to Emeriel. "What the fuck!?"

Quickly, he grabbed hold of Emeriel's breeches—two layers of them—and pushed them down to the floor. Stepping back, Boris stared at the bare hourglass figure before him. The most pretty pussy he had ever set his eyes on.

A momentary silence fell upon them.

Emeriel's eyes held burning revulsion before he squeezed them shut, as if unable to bear Boris's gaze on his naked, vulnerable body.

"I wonder why it never crossed my mind," Boris mused, his eyes sliding down to lock on Emeriel's female genitalia. "All the signs were there. You were simply too beautiful for a male. I dismissed it as unusual but implausible. It's hard to believe that a girl could conceal such a secret in Ravenshadow—from all those grand lords whose sense of smell rivaled that of hellhounds."

Boris was aroused, his erection rock solid. He was so hard he could nail a wall right now. "You're the most beautiful little thing I've ever seen."

Emeriel whimpered, his hands inching towards his exposed sex, trying to shield himself.

"Don't you dare!" Boris barked, and Emeriel's hands froze. Slowly, he withdrew them, returning them to his sides.

"Untie your chest binding. Now," Boris instructed.

"Master Boris—"

"Do not force me to repeat myself!" he snarled. "I have refrained from using my claws on those bindings because I know you need your disguise to return to the fortress. But if you wish for me to keep your dirty little secret, you had better hurry."

Emeriel let out another helpless whimper as he began to untie his bindings. In a few seconds, they lay at his feet, his breasts spilled out, full and firm. His nipples were rosy and hard, pointing directly at Boris.

"Holy Ukrae," Boris breathed as he closed the distance between them. "I have discovered the most beautiful flower in Urai."

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MADAM LIVIA

The desperate search for Emeriel had turned Ravenshadow Citadel upside down. Soldiers scoured the grounds beyond the walls, rummaging through thick underbrush, searching every nook and cranny.

Madam Livia, accompanied by a group of Urekai maids, embarked on her own quest. With Lord Vladya's official orders out, everyone was determined to find Emeriel.

Aekeira, who had been tending to her duties in the garden, received the news and instantly turned pale with terror. Abandoning her tasks, she set off in search of her brother. "I shall join the soldiers searching outside the fortress and the inns," she'd rasped, her voice trembling. "He may have been sent on an errand there."

Now, emerging from the stables after a fruitless conversation with the master, Livia felt a gnawing despair. Options dwindled with each passing moment. Emeriel had been gone an unsettling amount of time.

"Where are you, Emeriel?" she muttered, her voice heavy with worry.

A small, choked voice startled her. "M-Madam Livia?"

Livia turned, finding Amie. The girl's face was a canvas of misery, eyes red-rimmed and puffy, tears carving trails through the grime on her cheeks.

"Not now, Amie," Livia said curtly, pushing past her toward the greenhouse. Although Emeriel was not assigned there, Livia hoped he might be found there, nonetheless.

"I k-know where Prince Emeriel is!" Amie's voice, laced with a tremor of desperation, snagged Livia's attention.

Livia whirled around, shocked to the core. Amie could only sob, her body wracked with silent tears.

"What do you know, Amie?" Livia probed, concerned.

The girl continued weeping, her hands trembling as she wiped her tears. Livia was beginning to sense that whatever transpired was far graver than a lost slave boy. "Amie," she called gently, "If you know something, you have to tell me."

"I'm s-so sorry. I shouldn't have done that." Amie sobbed. "But I needed to save myself. He would h-hurt me so b-bad, Madam Livia. So bad."

Livia glanced behind her, dismissing the Urekai maids. Once they had departed, she focused her attention back on Amie. "What did you do, Amie?"

And so, the tale tumbled out, raw and broken. Amie recounted everything from the beginning, starting with Master Boris approaching her, to her desperate act of betrayal to save herself from his cruelty.

Livia listened, her stomach churning with each horrifying detail. By the time Amie finished, a cold dread had settled in Livia's gut.

"I'm so so sorry, Madam Livia!" Amie wailed, collapsing to her knees. "I deserve to die! I shouldn't have done that. A friend does not do that to another."

Livia knelt beside her, ignoring the sting of damp earth on her knees. "Apologies can wait, Amie. Come, we need to find him."

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SLAVE MASTER BORIS

Boris's hands cupped the girl's breasts, feeling their weight before squeezing them repeatedly. A groan escaped his lips. "The grand lords need to hear of this. They must know that one small human is in the fortress, making a fool out of them."

"Please, don't tell," Emeriel pleaded, her face pale.

"Do you know what happens to those who lie or deceive the lords, Emeriel?" Boris kneaded those soft, firm breasts. "You cannot comprehend the extent of Lord Vladya and Lord Ottai's disdain for such acts. They execute Urekai for those transgressions, let alone a human."

His other hand roamed across her supple body. "And Lord Zaiper?" Boris snorted. "It would be preferable for you to place a knife to your own neck the instant he discovers your deceit."

The girl felt good, and Boris hadn't even done anything yet. She was like a blooming flower. An uncharted territory. "Perhaps I should inform Lord Zaiper before telling the Court. It would be fun, don't you think?"

"No, please. I will do anything," she sounded resigned, defeated. "Anything."

Boris smiled. "I shall keep your secret, but only if you become my whore. You shall obey my every command, or I shall stand before the Grand High Court and reveal your secrets. You will meet me in this barn whenever I call. You will spread your legs for me, whenever and however I want it. Do you understand?"