

## Chapter 27

"Isn't he quite a beauty?" Slave Master Boris whispered, inching closer to Slave Master Gaine

"He is," Gaine reluctantly agreed, observing the young prince. Then he sighed, "However, I would appreciate it if you kept your hands to yourself, Boris. We are already short on slaves because you take an interest in each and every one of them. Have you forgotten what happened last time?"

Boris averted his gaze. "I lost control. It won't happen again—"

"Damn right, it won't," Gaine interrupted, now giving Boris his full attention. "The new slave you're ogling is replacing the one you strangled to death in the barn because she wouldn't stop screaming while you brutally raped her dry, without any sort of preparation."

"But—"

"I had to plead extensively to be sent another slave. It will be even more difficult if you do that shit again and we have to replace this young male." Gaine added furiously. "So whatever absurd thoughts are crossing your mind, discard them immediately. I will not tolerate losing more slaves because you cannot keep it in your breeches."

Boris seethed with anger as he watched Gaine depart. How dare Gaine order me around? Attempt to dictate whom I can and cannot mount?

Boris would have the pretty little prince. Very soon.

His eyes caught sight of cute Amie as she took an order that would lead her to the inner room and a predatory smile crept across his lips.

The girl glanced around, searching for him, and Boris pretended to be occupied, feigning cluelessness. When he glanced back, he saw that Amie had already slipped into the inner room.

Boris quickly followed stepping into the cramped space, locking the door behind him. The sound made Amie flinch.

"Master Boris," she greeted fearfully.

"You do not appear thrilled to see me, little Amie. Come now, untie your garments for me." Boris smirked. "Do not keep me waiting."

Her throat worked visibly. "But the customer—"

"Untie. Your. Garment."

She dropped the wine bottle, causing it to clatter, and her trembling hands began working on the rope holding her uniform together at her chest.

Untying the knot, she pulled down the flimsy undergarment, revealing her creamy, plump breasts before Boris's eyes.

Boris closed the distance between them, cupping the full globes and roughly kneading them.

He smirked as Amie winced in pain. Locking eyes with her, he pinched her nipples hard.

She cried out, instinctively raising her hands to protect her breasts, but he slapped her hands away. Lowering his head, he greedily sucked on her hardened peaks, nibbling and biting them harshly.

Amie covered her mouth with her hand, stifling her cries as he mercilessly suckled her sensitive breasts. It hurt.

She fought the urge to plead, to beg him to stop. Knowing it would only make him more brutal if she did. So, she swallowed down her cries as she tried to twist away from his rough mouth.

Finally, Boris pulled back, lust in his eyes. "The barn, tonight."

"I cannot, Madam Livia needs my assistance with one of the sick ones tonight," she quickly lied.

When he narrowed his eyes suspiciously, Amie added, "It is true, you can even ask Madam Livia." She knew he wouldn't inquire further. Master Boris preferred to keep his vile, lustful dealings discreet.

He did not appear pleased and leaned closer. "If I find out you are lying to me, I will make you pay," he warned in a low tone. "Trust me, little slave. You will not like the way I make you pay for that."

She adjusted her clothes hastily. "I would never lie to you."

As she turned to leave, Boris grabbed her arm, forcefully pulling her back. "Your new friend, I want him."

Amie forced herself not to physically react to that. "I do not believe it would be wise, Master Boris. He belongs to Grand Lord Vladya."

Satisfaction filled her when his eyes widened at the mention of the third ruler, and she added. "He personally traveled to the human world to buy Prince Emeriel. I am certain he would not like anyone messing with his own slave."

"That is a lie!" Boris hissed. "If he truly belonged to the Grand Lord, he would not have been sent down here to the cellar. He would be working in the fortress."

True.

She thought fast. "I do not possess all the details, Master Boris, but I did not lie about Prince Emeriel's encounter with the Grand Lord. You can ask anyone in Ravensshadow. Furthermore, I overheard Madam Livia mention that his employment here is only temporary. Surely, you do not wish to risk incurring Grand Lord Vladya's wrath, do you?"

No, Boris did not wish to take that risk. No Urekai in his right mind would dare.

Yet, he couldn't help but think about that pretty face... the enticing curves barely concealed by the slave clothes. And he was not the only one.

When the boy entered the tavern, all eyes were on him.

No, Boris was not the only male who wanted to mount that boy and fuck into him so hard he squealed, his virgin ass opening around his thick length. To fuck into him until that tight channel milked him dry.

No, he was not the only one, but he sure as the moon would be among the first!

Curling his finger around the little slave's throat, his voice dripped with menace. "You dare to lecture me, slave?"

The girl's eyes widened. "I would never dream of it, Master Boris."

"Good. When I summon you, lead him to the barn as the sun begins its descent. I will inform you when the time is right. Should you fail in this task, my anger will be unleashed." His lips curled into an evil smile. "You do not want to witness my wrath, do you?"

Grabbing her breast roughly, Boris squeezing so hard she sobbed in pain. Only then did he release her, step back, and walk away.

Amie's legs gave way, and she fell to her knees, trembling.

The last time Master Boris had unleashed his fury upon her, she had bled through her anal ring, rendering her unable to walk properly for an entire week.

It was the first and only time he had invaded her there, and even now, the phantom pain felt just as excruciating. She never wanted to experience anything like that ever again.

Oh, what am I to do!?

Do I truly need to deliver Prince Emeriel to this...?

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