

# That Prince Is A Girl: The Vicious King's Captive Slave Mate

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## Chapter 1 A Princess In A 'Prince' Disguise

Twenty-one Years Later

PRINCE EMERIEL.

"He's so pretty," a voice murmured.

"It's the feminine prince," another one said.

The third man had lust in his eyes. "No man should have hair that gorgeous."

Prince Emeriel ignored them all as he moved from the palace grounds into the building, head held high.

Just because he was used to the unwanted attention, didn't mean it didn't make his skin crawl.

He might have lived as a boy all his life, but it didn't exactly keep him all that safe. Men of Navia would stick their phallus in anything with a hole, especially if it looked remotely feminine.

But Emeriel's senses were always on high alert. Which is why he was probably the only twenty-one-year-old virgin in Navia.

That, and his sister, Princess Aekeira, always did everything in her power to protect him. To make sure his secrets remained tightly hidden.

A carriage accident had taken their parents fifteen years ago, and King Orestus had adopted them. That tyrant made life a living hell for them.

Emeriel entered the hallway to Aekeira's chambers when he heard it.

Whimpers.

Soft, pain-filled whimpers.

That sound was coming from...

Rage surged through Emeriel. Not this again!

Determined, he stormed down the hall, and shoved the door open, unsheathing his sword.

"Get away from my sister right this instant, Lord Murphy, or I swear to the sky I will cut you down where you stand!" Emeriel snarled.

The minister of human affairs's face twisted with irritation, and he stopped thrusting. "Go away, little prince. You're ruining the fun."

Emeriel hated the jab 'little prince,' but surely not as much as he hated being called a 'slight prince.' Over the years, Navians had given him a lot of names thanks to his small and feminine look.

"Get away from her right now!" Emeriel strode purposefully toward the bed, seizing hold of Lord Murphy and pushing him away from Aekeira.

With a satisfying thud, the old oaf tumbled to the floor. Aekeira rose from the bed, clutching her vulnerable body, her face red from crying, eyes tired and swollen.

Emeriel pulled his sister into his arms, hugging her tightly. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Keira."

"It was not your fault."

"Why the hell would you do that?!" Lord Murphy rose angrily. "I won Princess Aekeira fair and square in the card game at the gathering last night. The king wagered with her and lost to me! I was supposed to have her for two hours at least!"

Emeriel's eyes blazed as he whirled around, facing him. "If you put your hands on her again, I swear to the sky I will cut off your male organ, Lord Murphy."

"You will not dare!"

"I'll gladly take whatever punishment the king gives," he stated with conviction, "but you will be without your manhood. Choose wisely."

Lord Murphy's eyes widened, his hands flying protectively over his crotch, face reddening in anger.

"The king will hear of this!" The minister snarled. Taking his clothes, he marched out of the room.

"Oh, Em, why did you do that?" Aekeira's eyes filled with worry. "The king might punish you with the hot whip again."

"I do not care. Let us go to my room." Putting his sword away, Emeriel could not even look his sister in the eyes, dangerously close to tears himself. Helping Aekeira into her clothes, he led her out, and down the hallway.

That age-old guilt crept down Emeriel's spine. Aekeira always protected Emeriel, even when it made her the sole target. His sister never hated him, but Emeriel hated himself for it.

Aekeira was always bubbly and always happy. But in times like this, when her body was violated, she mostly looked tired then. Weary of the world.

Worried about the next aristocrat the king would hand her over to.

Much later, freshened up, Aekeira laid on the bed, closing her eyes.

"Em? My worst nightmare when I was younger was thinking I would be sold to an aristocrat in Cavar, but now, I almost wish that heartless king went ahead with it, instead of changing his mind," Aekeira whispered.

"Please, don't say that." Emeriel held her hand. "That kingdom is a horror play. Anywhere is better than Cavar, sister. Well, except beyond the great mountain, of course."

Just the thought made Emeriel shiver. The Urekai dwelled beyond those mountains.

"Sometimes I wish I could leave this godforsaken kingdom." A single tear slipped from Aekeira's eyes.

Me too, Keira. Me too.

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That night, after bathing, Emeriel stood before the mirror, staring at his reflection.

His long, silken black hair fell over his shoulders, cascading like a waterfall. With his hair down like this, he looked like what he truly was. A girl.

What would it feel like to live freely, like the person the mirror reflected? To not live in fear of the next man who might seek to take advantage of him, like they do his sister?

Emeriel fantasized about marrying the man of his dreams. A protector. Someone powerful enough to keep him safe, shield him from predators, and sweep him off his feet with immense strength and love.

All delusion. But a sweet one, nonetheless.

Reality was far too ugly.

Shaking it off, he crawled into bed and closed his eyes, letting sleep take him.

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The dream began as it always did.

The man filled the doorway, hidden in the shadows. He was big, larger and more masculine than any man Emeriel had ever seen.

Tall like a giant, he made Emeriel feel small, like a cornered prey.

"Who are you?" Emeriel's drowsy voice came out shaky, filled with fear. "What do you want from me?"

"You are mine," he said, voice deep as rolling thunder. "Meant to be on your knees for me. On your back. To be fucked you 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."

Emeriel's face burned with shock. So scandalized, he scrambled upright. "Y-you shouldn't say such improper things to me! It's wrong!"

But the mysterious man stepped into Emeriel's bedroom, emerging from the shadows. As he did, his body shifted into a...beast.

The most terrifying Emeriel had ever seen.

A Urekai.

"Oh gods, oh gods," Emeriel's breath hitched in terror, panic setting in. Of all the shapeshifters in the world, why a UREKAI!?

He advanced with purpose. Its glowing yellow eyes bore into Emeriel, filled with hunger.

Shaking his head fiercely, Emeriel scrambled backward. "No, no, no! Leave me alone!" he shouted, "Guards! Someone, help!"

But no one came.

The beast leapt onto the bed, got on top of Emeriel, trapping him under. Claws tore through his clothing, Emeriel's vulnerable female body was exposed to its yellow eyes.

His powerful thighs forced Emeriel's apart, and a huge monster dick nudged his untouched feminine core and pushed in...!

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Emeriel jolted awake with a scream. Body shaking and drenched in sweat, he glanced around the dark, empty room.

"It was just a dream," he whispered, trembling. "Thank the gods. Just a dream."

The same dream again. He'd had this dream for months now.

He swallowed hard, running a shaky hand through his hair. "Why do I keep having such a scary nightmare?"

It terrified Emeriel a lot.

A Urekai?

No one in this world prayed to meet a Urekai in their lifetime. Certainly not Emeriel.

Yet, even with all the terror inside, the hotness of the dream lingered in his body. His feminine core felt different. Wet.

What does this mean?