

## Chapter 48

"Who is that slave? What business do you have wandering in the night?" a soldier demanded, his footsteps drawing nearer.

Amie stepped in front of Emeriel, shielding her. "Everything is fine here, soldier. This slave was merely returning from an errand for Madam Livia. There is no cause for concern."

"Worthless humans! Return to your quarters if you wish to avoid flogging this instant," barked the soldier in a low voice as he adjusted his clothing.

"Thank you, sir. We will leave now," Amie took Emeriel's hand, ignoring the wince of pain that crossed Emeriel's face. Together, they began to walk away.

"Same time tomorrow, Amie. Do not make me seek you out," the soldier called out, his words laced with a threat.

A deep sadness etched over Amie's face. "Of course, sir," she responded with feigned cheerfulness.

As they reached the servant's quarters, Amie finally slowed her pace. Another spasm gripped Emeriel, causing her to wrench herself free from Amie's grasp.

She pressed her body against the wall and began to desperately rub against it, seeking relief.

Tiny whimpers escaped her throat, soon turning into painful groans as the stimulation only left her more frustrated.

When the episode subsided, Emeriel slid to the floor. She drew her knees up and tightly squeezed her legs together, resting her head upon them. "It hurts...it hurts."

"I'm sorry," Amie said pitifully. "What can I do to ease your suffering?"

Emeriel shook her head, then raised it and let it rest against the wall. Sweat drenched her face, pouring down from her forehead.

"You know, um...it might be easier if you met with one of the soldiers," Amie suggested, tentatively. "You could venture into the woods. The guards stationed there would not recognize you in your nightgown, your breasts free and your hair unbound. You could seek...relief there."

Would it truly be so terrible?

Emeriel groaned at the thought. Even entertaining the notion was a testament to how bad her condition had gotten. How desperate she had become.

"Get Madam Livia, please," she managed to whisper.

Amie nodded. "Alright, alright, just wait for me here." She started to run off, paused, then looked back. "Don't go anywhere, okay?"

Emeriel nodded. Talking felt like too much effort.

As she awaited Amie's return, Emeriel endured.

The first contraction hit, even more intense than the previous ones, and by the time she emerged from it, Emeriel found herself curled up on the ground, trembling like a leaf.

The second contraction came just a few minutes later, and Emeriel had to bite down on the back of her hand to stifle her screams of agony.

Oh the sky, so much pain...

In that moment, she realized she was fighting a losing battle. She needed something inside her. And she needed it urgently.

Before she knew it, she'd risen, her moving of their own accord.

As if her body instinctively knew what it desired, while her sluggish mind struggled to keep up. Her legs led the way, while her body followed.

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AMIE

"Where is she?" Madam Livia asked as soon as they turned into the hallway where Amie had left Emeriel.

"I left her here, madam," Amie whirled around as if she expected Emeriel to magically appear. In a much lower voice, she added, "She agreed to stay."

Without hesitation, Madam Livia began searching for her as Amie trailed behind her.

Their footsteps echoed through the corridors as they scoured the bedroom and slave quarters. However, their efforts proved fruitless. She was nowhere to be found.

"Maybe she took my initial suggestion," Amie said, breaking the silence.

"And what might that be?"

"I told her that she could meet the soldiers for relief," Amie confessed, her cheeks reddening as she lowered her head.

Madam Livia snorted. "What are you doing awake and wandering around here anyway?"

"Nothing!" Amie said, all too quickly. "Absolutely nothing. I was merely heading to relieve myself when I stumbled upon Prin—Emeriel."

The older woman paused, studying Amie closely. She couldn't meet her gaze.

"Are the guards bothering you again? You know that you can confide in me, right? I would report them and ensure they face punishment."

Amie was well aware of that. She had reported incidents before, and true to her word, Madam Livia had demoted the guard to sentry.

But no one had informed her about the consequences of exposing soldiers and slave masters. Amie learned the hard way. "Of course, Madam Livia. Nothing is happening at all."

The head maid resumed walking, but surprised Amie when she reached the intersection and took the path leading to the fourth wing.

Why would Prince Emeriel go to the fourth wing?

A moment later, Amie couldn't hold her curiosity any longer. "Um... Madam Livia? Why are we heading towards the Abyss land?"

Madam Livia remained silent as they continued walking.

As Amie prepared to ask the question again, she heard hushed voices.

"Leave me alone," a shaky, familiar tiny voice said.

"Why does this slave have such a sweet scent? It's almost as if she's in heat," a deep male voice remarked.

"Right? A mini-heat, maybe, the scent is faint. My dick hasn't gone down since I caught a whiff," another male voice chimed in.

"Who is she? I can't recall seeing such a pretty face before. Or such luscious hair. She's almost angelic. I would definitely remember," spoke the first voice.

"Let me go," Emeriel's voice came out weak and small.

"Such beauty. Look at those curves... and her skin, it's practically radiant. Quick let's pin her against the wall, what do you say? I'll go first."

"No, no, leave me a-alone."

Madam Livia quickened her pace. "Oh, this is trouble." Amie promptly followed suit.

As they rounded a corner, the corridor leading to the forbidden chambers loomed before them while two soldiers restrained Emeriel against the wall.

One had lifted her nightdress, exposing her undergarments and creamy thighs, while another had already undone his trousers, his manhood peaking out as they tried to steady a struggling, distraught Emeriel who had a sweaty, tear-streaked face.

"Release her at once," Madam Livia commanded, her authoritative voice cutting through the tense atmosphere as she marched towards them.