

Chapter 8

MADAM LIVIA

Madam Livia gazed at the girl lying on the bed, carefully assessing her condition.

At sixty-four years old, having served as a guardian to countless Urekai maids and overseen the training of numerous human slaves, there weren't a lot of things that could truly surprise her anymore.

However, this one left her astonished. Speechless.

Yes, she had heard stories of females disguising themselves as males before—it was not a common occurrence, but it was not unheard of either.

Those who were discovered faced severe punishments in all the human kingdoms, often leading to public executions. Thus, while not unheard of, it remained a rare occurrence.

But she had never expected to encounter someone who had successfully lived under such a disguise for over two decades without being caught.

What was even more astonishing was that Emeriel had lived right under the nose of King Orestus. Livia found herself genuinely astounded.

Though it was only a small fraction of her overall surprise.

But now it makes sense. The ethereal beauty possessed by Prince Emeriel was truly remarkable.

She just knew the boy was way too pretty when she first caught sight of him earlier in the day. And she was a brave one.

It takes a significant amount of bravery to live like this for way too long.

Livia couldn't help but feel a sense of pity for what awaited Emeriel in this kingdom.

The Urekai lords and slave masters would stop at nothing to devour her when faced with such a captivating look.

Nevertheless, the princely attire did an admirable job of concealing the feminine curves the young woman possessed. And she had curves aplenty.

Voluptuous and enticing. With a generously rounded buttock.

Emeriel let out a pitiful moan, blinked wearily. Then, slowly rose to her hands and knees, her limbs shaking.

Pressing her upper-body against the bed, she gripped her buttock cheeks and parted them. "Take me, please," she cried out.

"It's all instinct, right? This need to present?" Madam Livia asked, trying to understand what was happening.

Surely, it couldn't be...

But all the evidence pointed to that.

The little prince has masturbated desperately, trying to relieve her own anguish for the better part of the night.

"Yes," Emeriel nodded vigorously. "I'm in pain. I want something inside," she punctuated by thrusting her body towards Livia, "Please, please...!"

"Unfortunately, I am not in the position to help you," Livia told her, and the girl began to sob.

Uncurling from her position, Emeriel laid down on the bed, and humped the sheets furiously. Hips moving, she whimpered, her teary eyes closed.

A mating heat cycle. Poor thing.

Whether it was a mini-heat or a full-blown heat remained to be determined.

Judging by the way the girl had rubbed herself raw from self-stimulation, her reddened nipples, and the relentless intensification of her heat, Livia would have guessed it was a full heat.

But since it was probably her first heat—considering the sheer confusion in the girl's tired eyes—it was likely a mini-heat that simply came on too strong.

For Emeriel's sake, Livia fervently hoped to the sky that it was merely a mini-heat.

A distressed gasp escaped the girl's throat, and panic once again filled her eyes.

"I think it's happening again," Amie exclaimed, her own expression filled with terror.

Emeriel clutched her belly, doubling over and emitting a cry of agony.

Quickly adjusting her position, her desperate fingers rested on her bruised clitoris, tears welling in her eyes as she rubbed in jerky motions.

Livia grasped her hand, halting the frenzied movement. "Allow me," she said softly.

"Please...! Please. I t-think I'm dying," Emeriel pleaded, her eyes wide with fear.

"It would surely feel like death, little prince. But I can assure you of your survival." Livia sank a finger into the girl's drenched and eager opening, pausing as Emeriel's eyes rolled back into her head.

She convulsed around Livia's finger, unleashing a piercing scream of release.

Livia kept moving her fingers inside Emeriel, searching for...

Ah, there it is.

Her gland was swollen, depraved. Livia pressed hard on that slippery nobe inside her.

Emeriel let out another piercing scream, her body twitching, writhing. Livia deduced she was having another orgasm.

Thick moisture spilled out from Emeriel's tight passage, forming a small pool.

Livia kept fingering her, stimulating her, now aiming for the new gland that set her apart from other humans.

It didn't take long for a third orgasm to follow.

Emeriel gyrated her hips, the tension uncoiling from her, her shout echoing throughout the chamber.

As the tension drained from her small body, the girl passed out.

Taking advantage of the moment, Livia carefully inserted another finger, skillfully avoiding the girl's hymen, to assess the state of her inner body.

A sigh of relief escaped the older woman. Her womb did not descend.

It was indeed a mini-heat.

And it had run its course.

Livia delicately withdrew her finger from the tight opening and stepped back from the bed.

"Attend to her cleanliness, Amie," she instructed gently.

The young girl nodded, swiftly leaving the chamber to retrieve the necessary supplies.

It didn't take long for her to return, bearing a basin filled with fragrant water, soap, and a soft cloth. Settling herself on the edge of the bed, Amie began her task.

"Be careful," Livia cautioned.

Not only were Emeriel's intimate regions red and bruised, but other parts of her fair skin had suffered from her relentless scratching, such as her arms. She'd scratched her skin open.

How had she come to experience a heat?

Only Urekai females were known to go through heat cycles, it was exceedingly rare for humans.

It had been well over two centuries since a human woman had last gone into heat

The fact that the young prince had only arrived in Urekai territory today, and it was precisely today that her first heat had occurred, left Livia pondering...Was it merely a coincidence?

Why now, of all times?

Why this princess living in disguise?

But, above all, Livia had no idea what to do with this secret she learned. She gnawed at her teeth, deep in thought.

A distant scream pierced the air. Followed by another, and another, and she sighed heavily.

The beast was at it once more. Was this the second round? Or perhaps the third?

Livia couldn't be entirely certain. But the scream was a good thing.

For it signified that the beast's victim was still alive. At least, for now.

Whether she would survive until the morrow, only time would reveal.