

### Chapter 3 Sold To The Urekai

PRINCE EMERIEL.

Aekeira cried for over an hour after they left the courtroom.

At first, she had been angry, shouting at Emeriel about his foolish decision. And then, she broke down, crying as if her heart had been shattered. Now, they were left alone in a tiny room on the boat.

Emeriel remained quiet throughout his sister's breakdown, the weight of his decision finally sinking in.

By the Light-gods, he was now a slave. Lower than a lowborn. Lower than a carpet servant.

And not just any slave, but a Urekai slave. Or many Urekai, Emeriel had no idea yet.

He would serve those heartless, ruthless beings who despised humans.

"You're a pretty boy; you will not lack masters to service."

A shiver coursed down Emeriel's spine. They were going to violate his body.

What he had always dreamed of would finally coming true. Only now, it wouldn't be just one beast, it would be many. As many as his master wanted.

They would spread him apart, subjecting him to that dreadful act of sex.

Emeriel swallowed the bile rising in his throat. His breath seized as panic set in.

"Breathe, Em. Come on," Aekeira appeared by his side, rubbing his back. "In... and out... come on, Em."

Aekeira's voice was gentle, soothing, giving Emeriel no choice but to follow its sound.

Aekeira continued rubbing his back. "Good girl. That's my girl."

Two Urekai came in and forced them to take an unknown pill.

Surely they hadn't paid all that money just to kill them before they even became slaves, right? Emeriel thought as she swallowed it.

Minutes later, they both dropped unconscious on the floor.

.....

Much later, Emeriel woke to the bumping ride of the carriage. His head woozy, his senses disoriented as he blinked several times to adjust his vision.

Rising, he walked to the carriage's wooden window and pushed it open. A gasp left him.

They are in Urekai land. Emeriel could see dozens of them.

But what had his jaw on the floor was the humans.

There were plenty in sight. Many females nearly matching the number of males.

Everyone knew the Urekais had acquired and held numerous humans captive after the war, but the sheer number he could see surpassed his expectations.

And they were all slaves.

Some were working in the fields, their weary bodies bent under the weight of their labor. Some were hauling heavy loads, their muscles straining with each step, under the watchful eyes of Urekai's.

Some Urekais held whips, while some held swords. The sight turned Emeriel's stomach, making him sick.

Is this to be our life now?

Aekeira's groan of wakefulness echoed behind him and Emeriel quickly turned to his sister, concern etched on his face.

"Are you alright, Kiera?" he asked, his voice hushed.

Aekeira nodded, rubbing her eyes. "Where are we?" she asked, eyes scanning their surroundings.

"Their kingdom, Urai," Emeriel whispered, keeping his voice down so the carriage master would not overhear.

Together, they took in the huge fortress in front of them. The carriage was headed straight for it.

"This place looks highly luxurious," Aekeira said.

Emeriel nodded. As royalty, they were well-acquainted with luxury, but this was on an entirely different scale.

Which begged the question...

Who exactly were the males who had purchased them? And if they weren't his and his sister's masters, then who was...?

\*\*\*\*\*

They were brought into an empty room after passing numerous chambers and passages.

"This shall be your quarters for now," a soldier announced.

The room was surprisingly spacious and tastefully decorated.

Not long after the soldiers left, the sound of approaching footsteps reached their ears, growing closer with each passing moment.

The door swung open, and an older human woman marched in. Accompanied by a younger human woman and three Urekai males.

The older woman's gaze landed on Emeriel, and she did a double take. "You are one remarkably handsome male. I have seen a lot of pretty males in my time, but even I can hardly think of one who is half as pretty as you."

Feeling uneasy, Emeriel took a step back, finding solace behind Aekeira, who spread her arms protectively to shield him from prying eyes.

"Well, it's a shame you're not the one we came for," the woman said dismissively, turning away. "Prepare her, boys. Amie, get the bath ready."

The three males closed in on Aekeira, beginning to undress her. Their hands removed her clothes, while another tended to her hair, undoing the knots.

"What are you doing?" Emeriel asked, concerned.

"Getting her ready for what is to come." The older woman didn't bother to look at him. "You can either stay or leave. I care not. But if you disturb me, I will have you reported to the soldiers and thrown into the dungeon."

Numerous questions swirled in Emeriel's mind, but a shake of Aekeira's head silenced him.

He watched helplessly as they undressed her, with the younger girl, Amie, preparing a large tub filled with water.

Eventually, Emeriel decided to step out and explore, wandering the halls aimlessly. He followed one to a secluded passage that appeared hidden from casual glances.

Voices echoed in the distance, so he moved closer towards them.

"What shall we do with the boy? He was not part of the plan," one voice said.

"I do not care, Lord Ottai. Perhaps we will think of something later." Lord Vladya's voice came. "For now, let us focus on the girl. The bad weather delayed our journey, I had expected us to return yesterday."

His voice, chilling and authoritative, Lord Vladya added. "Time is running short; she must be in the forbidden chambers tonight."

Forbidden chambers?

Emeriel didn't like the sound of that at all.

"Calm yourself, Vladya. That young girl cannot handle the beast," Lord Ottai added.

"I do not care. They have made their beds, and they shall lie in them," Vladya said defiantly.

A heavy sigh followed. "It would be heartless to send that girl in to service the beast without any inkling of what to expect. I know you have no love for humans, and frankly, neither do I, but we can surely do better than that," Lord Ottai reasoned.

"Do as you wish, Ottai. Tell them everything or tell them nothing. I care not," Vladya stated. "Whether she lives or dies, I care not either. I shall throw in the pretty little prince next, and if he perishes too, I shall be on the next carriage to the next human kingdom to select another princess for him. That is the only aspect of this that concerns me."

A silence fell after their exchange, leaving Emeriel's mind racing with fear and disbelief.

Service the beast? Die?