

## Chapter 38

EMERIEL

Before Emeriel could pull the tunic overhead, Aekeira moved in front of him, shielding him from view.

"May I g-go first, your highness?" Aekeira stuttered, her voice filled with trepidation.

The three grand lords's gazes fell upon Aekeira. What she had just done was an abomination. A sacrilege.

It was forbidden for a slave to make requests of any lord or to interfere with their commands. Aekeira had just broken two cardinal rules of the slaves.

"What are you doing, Keira!" Emeriel whispered anxiously behind his sister.

Grand Lord Zaiper leaned forward on his throne, his brows furrowed. "But I commanded the boy to unclothe. How dare you interrupt a royal command?"

"I apologize for being so bold, but I wish to strip for you, your majesty," Aekeira insisted in a cool voice, her tone daring...like a tempest. Only Emeriel noticed the slight tremor in her hand. "Please grant me the honor."

"Mmm," Grand Lord Zaiper scrutinized her, yet Aekeira stood her ground.

However, it was not Grand Lord Zaiper's gaze that frightened Emeriel the most. It was the way Grand Lord Vladya was looking at his sister.

His face displayed almost no expression, but the brewing storm in his eyes sent shivers down Emeriel's spine.

What in the universe has Aekeira done to capture the attention of Grand Lord Vladya?

"Very well then. The boy can strip for me later. Since you are so eager to gain my attention, little bird, you have it. Undress for me," Grand Lord Zaiper declared, a predatory smile of indulgence on his face that fooled no one.

He would undoubtedly punish Aekeira for daring to do what she had done.

Aekeira squeezed Emeriel's hand one last time before releasing it entirely and began to undress.

AEKEIRA

It was fascinating how the fierce need to protect could diminish even the greatest fear and instill courage.

When this ceremony began, Aekeira's sole desire was to blend in. To avoid being noticed. She felt relief when most of the slaves were chosen to follow the lords' orders, and she remained unnoticed.

All seemed well. That is, until Em was given that command.

Now, Aekeira let go of her younger sister's hand completely and started to undress.

Aekeira had drawn the attention of lords who weren't preoccupied with the other slaves, and now, numerous eyes were fixed upon her as she shed her garments. Standing before them, completely naked.

Lust clouded Grand Lord Zaiper's eyes, momentarily overshadowing the anger Aekeira detected within them. The sound of impressed murmurs echoed around her, but she refrained from turning to investigate their origins.

"Approach," Grand Lord Zaiper ordered.

Aekeira closed the distance between them until she stood upon the elevated podium where the four thrones were positioned.

"You are a vision of beauty," Grand Lord Zaiper's gaze roamed over every inch of her body. "You caught my attention that day in your chambers. And you were aware of that, were you not, slave?"

Aekeira nodded.

"You know how beautiful your body is—how easily it could bring males to their knees. It was why you dared to intervene with my command. Because with a body like this, you believe that you wield great power? "

Oh no. "No, my Lord. I would rather die than dare to obstruct your orders. I merely desired to capture your attention once more," Aekeira kept her eyes lowered as she spoke those lies, hoping to soothe his ego without laying it on too thick.

"Interesting. Well, now you undoubtedly have my undivided attention."

Aekeira lifted her head to see the grand lord smirking. Then, he turned to his left and addressed Lord Vladya. "What do you think, Grand Lord Vladya?"

A shiver ran down Aekeira's spine, and for some reason, her body tingled.

No, she would NOT look at him. She was far too frightened of what she might see.

"I believe you should proceed with whatever amusement you desire and spare us the sight of your slave's ugly body," came the calm response from Grand Lord Vladya.

Shame washed over Aekeira.

Grand Lord Zaiper's lips tightened in displeasure, clearly not receiving the response he had hoped for. But why he would expect any response at all from Lord Vladya was beyond Aekeira's understanding.

Grand Lord Vladya despised her. He looked at her with rage and disgust, to the point where Aekeira half expected him to sever her head just to spare himself the misery of seeing her face.

With a smug smirk, Grand Lord Zaiper nodded. "You know what? You are quite right." He rose from his seat, his eyes fixated on Aekeira. "To the round table, slave. Go and lie upon it."

Aekeira's trembling legs carried her toward the table, where she obediently laid down. The lord's hungry gazes fell upon her, filled with both desire and appraisal.

And then, Grand Lord Zaiper entered her line of vision, his hand finding its place on her breast, squeezing it firmly.

With the immediate danger to Em averted, the full realization of the peril Aekeira was now in finally dawned on her, and she suppressed a whimper.

"May I touch, your highness?" a lord's voice came through.

"By all means, Lord Dante."

Hands began to explore her. More than a pair of hands. Fingers trailed down her thighs, while another hand cupped her other breast.

Hands spread her thighs while another forcefully penetrated her unprepared.

Aekeira winced, and tightly shut her eyes.

The invading finger moved in and out of her, causing pain. Someone pinched her nipple hard, and she cried out. Shifting restlessly, seeking relief, but all she met was a slap on her thigh.

"Stay still," Grand Lord Zaiper commanded.

Aekeira forced herself to obey as pain ravaged her body. Some of the lords had exposed their genitals, masturbating while gazing at her.

Grand Lord Zaiper positioned himself in her line of sight, obstructing her view. Then, he untied his robe, revealing his fat manhood, locking eyes with her. "Open."

She obeyed, and his length filled her mouth, reaching the back of her throat.

She gagged, but the grand lord showed no mercy, maintaining his hold. He remained lodged in her throat, daring her to pull back.

Tears welled in her eyes, her throat uncomfortably constricted, as if she were on the verge of retching. Aekeira struggled to suppress the urge to withdraw, knowing the punishment that would follow if she did.

Grand Lord Zaiper began to forcefully thrust.