

## Chapter 40

AEKEIRA

All the hands that had been hurting Aekeira suddenly stopped.

The finger inside her withdrew, and a cool breeze brushed against her aching breasts, leaving her feeling exposed.

Aekeira wondered what was happening, but couldn't look because Grand Lord Zaiper was still using her mouth.

While Aekeira considered herself fortunate that none of these lords had tried to mount her body yet, the sticky residue of cum on her belly disgusted her.

Grand Lord Zaiper's thrusting hips paused, and a smile echoed in his voice. "Look who decided to join us."

Strong hands gripped her thighs, spreading them wider apart, and delivered a harsh smack to her most intimate area.

The pain was sharp. Unexpected and agonizing.

Aekeira's cry of agony was muffled against the manhood in her mouth. When she attempted to pull back, Grand Lord Zaiper's finger curled into her hair and tightened, holding her in place.

The slaps continued, hard and punishing. Each strike relentless, leaving Aekeira in tears.

Her thighs trembled under the assault. The pain unbearable. Which of these lords was so cruel as to subject her to this torment?

"Fuck, that's hot. I'm going to come," Grand Lord Zaiper's voice sounded distant. Then his sperm came down her throat, and she forced herself to swallow to prevent choking.

His release was thick and plentiful, but at least it didn't taste as bitter as those of the lords King Orestus had lent her to.

Another slap followed, intensifying the already harsh pain.

Aekeira tried to close her legs, but strong hands held them apart as her vulnerable parts were spanked.

Her thighs twitched. Her mind became muddled, she began to go numb.

Just as Aekeira thought she might escape this harsh reality and drift into the comfort of her own mind, the spanking abruptly stopped.

"She is so alluring, don't you think? I wanted to entertain myself with, at least, three slaves tonight, but I will make an exception. Tonight, I will take her alone to my bed," Grand Lord Zaiper seemed to address another male as he withdrew his phallus from her mouth, but his fingers still held tight to her hair. "What is your name, slave?"

"Aekeira," her voice was small, tear-filled, and hoarse.

"Aekeira," he rolled the name on his tongue. "The name of royalty. Is it because of your royal descent that you feel so different?"

He angled her head and leaned closer until his face filled her blurry vision. "You are so exciting. I will enjoy spending the night with you. I have many plans in mind for you."

A wave of nausea rose in her throat. Oh dear lord, not him. Anyone else but him.

A hand on her thigh released its strong grip. "She will go to my bed tonight."

That voice startled Aekeira and she turned her head toward the source, despite the pain shooting through her scalp.

Grand Lord Vladya's hard eyes bore into hers.

A shiver of dread ran through her body.

The rage bottled up in his eyes terrified her. He would unleash that fury upon her, wouldn't he?

He was the one who had spanked her body.

Suddenly, Grand Lord Zaiper seemed like a better choice to spend the night with.

Grand Lord Vladya circled the table approaching them, and held Grand Lord Zaiper's hand, lifting it away from Aekeira's hair, untangling his fingers.

Grand Lord Vladya then grasped her jaw and tilted her head forward, forcing her to look at him. "Tonight, you will be in my bed, Aekeira. I may not be the grand lord you desired...I may not be the one you broke the rules to strip for, but I am the grand lord you will get. And before this night is over, you will wish it had never happened."

Grand Lord Vladya released her and turned to face Grand Lord Zaiper, his face hard as stone. "Do you have any objections, Lord Zaiper?"

The anger he expected to see in Zaiper's eyes was absent. Instead, he looked smug, confirming Vladya's suspicion that Zaiper had chosen Aekeira tonight solely to spite him.

"No objections," Zaiper raised his hands in surrender, grinning. "You can have her tonight. You need the relaxation more than anyone else in this room. There is always another day." He turned to Aekeira, "Until next time, sweet little one."

Grand Lord Zaiper walked away, pausing to select three female slaves to accompany him as he left the court, his soldiers trailing behind him. Without sparing Aekeira a glance, Grand Lord Vladya also departed.

Aekeira rose, her legs unsteady, and took in her surroundings. Slaves danced, some engaged in sexual acts while others performed oral services. Aekeira wiped her teary eyes and blindly reached for her clothes.

Someone pressed garments into her hand and wrapped an arm around her waist, leading her away from the central gathering.

"I'm s-so sorry. I'm so sorry," Emeriel cried, his body shaking with remorse.

Aekeira shook her head, choosing to remain silent. She allowed Emeriel to guide her as they moved further away from the court, weeping softly.

EMERIEL

Emeriel had no idea where he was going, but he knew he wanted to be away from court. His heart broke with every tear that left Aekeira's eyes.

Finally, they reached a secluded area, and Emeriel enveloped her in his arms. "You were right, we h-have to escape from here. I will n-never forgive myself for what they did to you." Tears streamed down his face as he held his sister close.

"This was not your fault, Em. It was bound to happen," Aekeira sniffled. "Besides, you were right. If we get caught escaping, we will face death."

"Is death such a terrible alternative? Our lives are already miserable," Emeriel mused, catching himself, realizing his words only added to his sister's despair. "I'm sorry. Here, let me help you."

Emeriel took the clothes from her and assisted Aekeira in putting them on. For a while, silence hung between them. Afterward, he used his palm to wipe his sister's tears, and Aekeira did the same to his.

"Come on, let's return inside before we face punishment. The ceremony is almost over," Emeriel suggested, managing a broad, tearful smile intended to lift Aekeira's spirits.

It worked, as Aekeira mirrored the expression with a watery smile of her own and softly agreed. "Okay."

Emeriel took hold of her hand, and they began walking back.

"What am I going to do, Em? Grand Lord Vladya has officially summoned me to his chambers tonight," Aekeira whispered.