

Chapter 57

EMERIEL

The air was filled with anticipation as the celebration of the bountiful harvest commenced. The hall, adorned with lavish decorations, overflowed with lords and the privileged class, indulging in an abundance of food and drink.

Outside, the common folk gathered in the arenas, reveling in the festivities. The fortress teemed with a joyful crowd, within the grand high court and throughout the compound.

Emeriel found himself serving drinks in the High Court alongside the other slaves who hadn't been introduced. Laughter and cheers filled the air as the joyous lords celebrated, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the grand kings.

Lord Gaff, the overseer of Ceremonial Affairs, addressed the gathering while they clinked their glasses while some lords were already indulging in sexual acts with their slaves, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"This year's harvest may not have matched the abundance of the previous year, but it still provided us with more than enough. Let us drink to the prosperity of our realm while we await the arrival of our grand lords," Lord Gaff announced, and the crowd erupted in cheers, raising their glasses in unison.

Emeriel tried to conceal his anxiety, which had been building since the gathering of the crowd and the commencement of the ceremony. He longed for all these to be over already.

His eyes sought out Lord Herod, who was smiling and enjoying a drink while engaged in conversation with another lord. Herod's slave sat dutifully at his feet.

"Slave, bring more wine!" a lord barked at Emeriel, interrupting his thoughts. He quickly obeyed the command, rushing off to fulfill the order.

If you avoid drawing too much attention to yourself, you should be fine. Blend in with the crowd. Mingle with the other slaves.

The pep talk wasn't helping much, but it aided in maintaining focus. He caught sight of Aekeira in her green garment, serving food at the far end of the court to the privileged families who had been invited to partake in the harvest celebration.

The slaves who had been introduced were stationed in a different corner, clad in green attire, while Emeriel and the others like him donned red garments.

At least Aekeira would not be subjected to harm in the court today.

The familiar sound of trumpets signaled the arrival of the rulers, and a loud shout followed, "All rise for the arrival of our esteemed rulers.

"His Majesty, Grand Lord Zaiper, the almighty second sovereign ruler of Urai and the sole leader of Greyrock. The northern wings!

"His Majesty, Grand Lord Vladya, the almighty third sovereign ruler of Urai and the sole leader of Blackstone. The western wings!

"His Majesty, Grand Lord Ottai, the almighty fourth sovereign ruler of Urai and the sole leader of Mabblewood. The Eastern Wings!

"All hail the grand rulers!"

Everyone in attendance performed a deep, full bow as the grand entrance opened and the rulers made their way in. Emeriel dutifully bowed along with the rest, joining in the chorus of "All hail the grand rulers."

"You may all rise," announced Grand Lord Zaiper after they had taken their seats, and everyone straightened up. The lords sat down, and the slaves resumed their duties.

The grand entrance opened once again, and the mistresses paraded in. There were at least ten of them, some daughters of the lords, others belonging to the grand lords, and amongst them were bloodhosts.

Emeriel recognized one amongst them—Mistress Sinai, the bloodhost to Grand King Daemonikai. She was the lady who had ordered him to be whipped.

As if on cue, Mistress Sinai's gaze locked onto Emeriel, glaring at him with intensity.

Emeriel averted his eyes. He didn't know why the mistress seemed to hate him, but the feeling was very mutual; Emeriel didn't like her either.

Nevertheless, it was best to avoid her completely, and steer clear of her path.

"You're such a pretty boy," remarked one of the lords when Emeriel dropped off some orders. The lord's large hand cupped his buttock and squeezed.

Like all the other slaves, Emeriel tried not to react. Hastily, he placed the drink down and moved away before the lord's hand could wander any further.

A few feet away, Emeriel stopped as Arang, one of the male slaves, was being ordered to his knees, before the lord proceeded to stuff the slave's mouth with his sex organ.

Another lord glanced meaningfully at Emeriel and smirked. "That's what pretty boys are made for."

Emeriel swallowed hard, feeling a surge of fear, and quickly hurried away, before that lord decided to use him the same way.

When he returned with the wine he had been ordered to deliver, he dropped it on the table and turned to leave.

"Hey, pretty boy. Come here," a voice commanded.

Emeriel froze, his hand clutching his doublet tightly. It was the same lord Emeriel thought he had escaped.

He could choose to keep walking, pretend he hadn't heard anything, but that would be unwise. The lord would likely persist, drawing the unwanted attention of other lords to Emeriel.

Reluctantly, Emeriel turned and walked toward the lord, keeping his head lowered. However, a large figure suddenly blocked his path.

"I chose you first. What are you doing serving drinks when you should be serving me?" a deep voice growled, low enough not to interrupt the political discussions but loud enough for the other lord to hear.

Emeriel glanced up and saw Lord Herod.

Relief washed over him, almost causing his knees to buckle. He forced himself to remain composed, not wanting to reveal his familiarity with Lord Herod. Lowering his head again, Emeriel spoke, "I apologize, my lord."

Lord Herod firmly grabbed his arm and led him away, back to his seat at the roundtable.

Emeriel sat on the floor at Lord Herod's left, while his slave sat at his right, both heads lowered like dutiful servants awaiting their master's command.

"I want to officially announce my intention to eliminate the feral beast of our grand king," Grand Lord Zaiper declared, drawing Emeriel's attention back to the court.