

## Chapter 58

Some lords instantly spat out their drinks.

Spoons hung mid-air, and those intending to take a sip froze with gaping mouths.

Even the lords getting all kinds of oral pleasures from slaves stilled.

All eyes turned to Grand Lord Zaiper, and the court fell into a sudden hush. But the silence was short-lived as murmurs began to ripple through the crowd. Slowly at first, before escalating into a cacophony of voices.

"Order in the court! Order in the court!" one of the court officials shouted, but the noise only intensified.

"Quiet, everyone," Grand Lord Zaiper commanded. The murmurs didn't cease immediately, as they would have if it were Grand Lord Vladya's orders. But gradually, it died down and Grand Lord Zaiper rose to address the court.

"I understand that most of us here did not expect to hear this, but I have given it a lot of thought. For the safety of our people, I believe it would be best to eliminate the feral beast. We all witnessed the events months ago when Grand King Daemonikai's beast broke free and went on a rampage, causing devastation. On that night, we lost forty of our own. Regrettably, it was not the first incident over the years.

"I am certain King Daemonikai would not have wanted this. To kill the same people he fought to protect for thousands of years. Our king is gone forever, and his beast must follow suit."

The court remained eerily silent.

The once festive atmosphere had transformed into one of sadness and melancholy. Some males swallowed hard, while some females were on the verge of tears.

Grand Lord Zaiper wore a saddened expression as he continued, "I understand that we may not feel prepared for this, but it has been five centuries. The truth is, we will never be fully prepared. And that is okay. We owe it to our great king to allow him to rest peacefully with our ancestors. For five hundred years, he has suffered, trapped between worlds. He has not taken physical form since he ran wild, and his mind is long gone. Yet, we keep him here. Causing him pain. Torturing him. He deserves better. He deserves to rest."

For some reason, Emeriel felt his heart constricting, as a profound sadness settled within him. He couldn't fathom why.

Killing the beast is a good idea, right?

His sister would no longer endure the excruciating pain of being mounted by the beast, and his own mind and body would stop playing tricks on him.

Even if he somehow belonged to that beast, its death would finally lay his strange feelings to rest, and eventually, he would stop thinking about the feral. So, the beast's death should bring him relief, shouldn't it?

So why did he feel such anguish in his chest? Like someone was shredding his heart.

Why did he feel on the verge of tears?

Grand Lord Zaiper continued, "He served us dutifully during his reign as our king. Now it is our turn to serve him and help him find peace. Let us end his suffering."

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VLADYA

Grand Lord Vladya felt a sickening sensation in his stomach. His heart was burned, as if someone had buried a sword in it and simply walked away.

He tightly gripped his writing quill until his hand trembled. Zaiper was a manipulative son-of-a-bitch, and Vladya struggled to resist the urge to rise and deliver a powerful blow to his face. It took all his willpower to restrain himself.

But everything he's saying is the truth. That's why it hurts so much, isn't it?

Vladya swallowed hard against the lump in his throat. Because even though Zaiper was a manipulative jerk who only wanted Daemonikai dead so he could ascend the throne as the ultimate ruler, his words were true.

Keeping the beast locked up in its feral state was a torture Daemonikai did not deserve. Simply because they were unable to let him go. Vladya knew this. The entire court was aware of it. And that is precisely why it hurt so much.

"I didn't bring up this topic to dampen the festivities, but to make my intentions known to all of us. Officially. However, since tonight is the harvest, let us continue with the celebration. We can discuss this further another day," Grand Lord Zaiper concluded, before retaking his seat.

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EMERIEL

Emeriel rubbed his bound chest, trying to ease the ache.

For a while, the atmosphere was filled with gloom. The joy extinguished.

It was well into the night before the spirit of merriment slowly began to return.

The introduction of slaves played a part in reviving the atmosphere. Truly, the Urekai did not jest when it came to their carnal desires.

By the time the naked slave dancers emerged to perform, the court was cheering, and the lords had returned to their sexual indulgences.

Emeriel's fears had finally dissipated. Throughout most of the night, he had remained safe at Lord Herod's side.

Even during the introductions, the lords glanced at him briefly, expressed regret, then proceeded to select other slaves. He was safe.

Suddenly, his eyes caught a movement.

Mistress Sinai rose from her seat and gracefully approached the podium where the grand lords sat. She stood beside Lord Zaiper, lowered her head, and whispered something to him, glancing at Emeriel several times.

Lord Zaiper's gaze shifted to Emeriel, settled, and narrowed. He locked eyes with Emeriel, piercing him with his stare.

Mistress Sinai straightened, smirked, and returned to her position.

"Lord of Trade, would you mind sharing that charming boy of yours with me?" Grand Lord Zaiper announced. "Hey, slave, get up and come here."

Emeriel's blood turned to ice.

He looked up at Lord Herod, their eyes meeting. Lord Herod sadly shook his head. There was nothing he could do.

Emeriel remained frozen, unable to get his body to move.

Zaiper straightened from his throne. "Do you dare defy my orders?" he barked, leaning forward with furrowed brows.

"I would never even dream of it, Your Highness," Emeriel rushed out, mustering the strength to stand on his weak legs.

As he walked toward the center of the room, Emeriel knew this time, he really was doomed.

This time, even Akeira could not save him. This time, no one had the power to save him.