

Chapter 31

EMERIEL.

Master Gaine had gone out to oversee the other slaves working in the backyard, assigning Emeriel the task of unloading the new drinks that arrived that night.

Thus, Emeriel found himself alone in the cellar, unpacking and arranging the beverages accordingly.

The door creaked open, and Master Boris entered.

Holy hell. Emeriel had avoided the slave master all evening. Unease filled Emeriel inwardly, as he greeted the slave master before resuming his duties.

"Well, well, well, look who I finally have all to myself. Come here, Emeriel."

Emeriel reluctantly rose at the command and approached Master Boris as the slave master locked the door behind them, his face inscrutable.

As Emeriel drew near, Master Boris grabbed him roughly and slammed him against the nearest wall, using his body to pin him there.

Fear surged through Emeriel, and instinctively, he began to struggle.

But the slave master tightened his grip on Emeriel's waist, his hold so firm Emeriel knew it would leave a mark.

Emeriel cried out and fought harder.

"Stop that!" Master Boris barked, the yellow flecks in his eyes dilating, almost swallowing the gray. "You have been running from me, but you can't hide."

His beast was close to the surface. Emeriel stilled instantly, trembling.

"Let me tell you how it's going to be. You cooperate, and I will only take what I want without causing excessive pain. Oh, it will hurt, but if you're compliant, I might spare you torture. Do you understand me?" Master Boris's voice had deepened.

Terrified, Emeriel vigorously nodded. "P-please, don't do this."

The slave master completely ignored his plea, forcing Emeriel to kneel. Then unfastened his own breeches, pulling them down to his ankles.

His organ sprang free. Large, rigid, and erect, precum glistening at the tip.

Emeriel did not want that repulsive thing anywhere near him. It disgusted him.

He was not completely defenseless; he knew he could hold his own against another human. But against a Urekai? He stood no fighting chance.

"I b-belong to Grand Lord Vladya. He will kill you—kill us both when he finds out," Emeriel stammered, glaring at the penis.

It was nowhere near as large as those of the beast, but he was still a Urekai, and it was still imposing.

"I used scent suppressors; he cannot smell me on you. So, he will not find out." Master Boris gripped his hair, forcefully tilting his head back. "Not if you keep your mouth shut."

His grip tightened. "I can make your time here as a cellar slave pleasant or a living hell. The choice is yours."

With that, he forced Emeriel's mouth toward his manhood, using his other hand to guide it forward.

Emeriel found himself with no other choice but to reluctantly close his mouth around the repulsive member.

His stomach churned, and he gagged, coming dangerously close to throwing up, especially when that phallus hit the back of his throat.

A commotion broke out in the distance. The sounds of breaking objects and male voices shouting curses filled the air.

"Motherfuckers! They are fighting again," Master Boris cursed, pulling away from Emeriel.

Hastily, he fixed his pants, muttering angry curses under his breath. "This is not over," he hissed at Emeriel before he turned and stormed off.

Emeriel had never felt such relief. He glared at the door as he wiped his mouth clean.

The door swung open, and Amie entered. "Are you alright, Prince Emeriel?"

"Could you please not call me that?" Emeriel snapped angrily.

"Sorry," Amie lowered her head, chagrined. "It's a habit, and I'll w-work on it."

"Sorry, sorry, I shouldn't have snapped at you. It's not your fault. It's just..." Emeriel shook his head, his shaking hand smoothing out the wrinkles in his clothes.

"It's alright, I understand. I'm not even of royal lineage, and yet sometimes I feel that anger too. After they hurt you, force themselves upon you, you try to plead, but they laugh. Because you're a plaything, you're not supposed to beg." Amie's voice cracked a bit. "After that feeling of utter helplessness comes the anger. All-consuming. Overwhelming."

She understands.

The fact that someone understood brought tears to Emeriel's eyes. Impulsively, he pulled Amie into a hug, and the girl's arms wrapped around him. "I'm sorry. And thank you, Amie."

"It's alright, Prin—Emeriel. It's alright. I understand more than you think," the girl muttered.

When Emeriel withdrew from the embrace, he tried to hide his fear. Back in Navia, he was not so easily overcome by fear.

Perhaps it was because, although Navia was equally dreadful, it was somewhat better. There he could fight. He could defend himself. But here, he was as physically weak as his circumstances.

Struggling to quell the fear inside him, he ran his hands through his disheveled hair. That was a close call. Too close.

Emeriel swallowed tightly. He was so tired.

All of a sudden, the urge to see Aekiera became a living thing inside him. He needed to see his sister. To ensure she was alright.

When their day's work finally came to an end, Emeriel and Amie walked together into the fortress. They parted ways in the slaves's quarters, and Emeriel set off to find his sister.

Although Aekiera had been assigned to work within the fortress, her status as the beast's sex slave remained unchanged. Therefore, she still had her chambers in the main area.

Emeriel opened the door to her bedchamber to find Aekiera in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. Her head snapped toward the door when it opened, and relief filled her eyes.

"Em!" she exclaimed, rushing towards him. Emeriel met her halfway, and they embraced passionately.

"I've been worried sick. It's been over a week." Emeriel pulled back and scrutinized his elder sister, searching for any signs of bruises or harm.

"I've been worried too, Em. I've tried to make a conscious effort to visit, but I always end up so exhausted by the end of the long days that I fall asleep as soon as my head touches the bed." Aekiera looked guilty, but Emeriel understood. Most days were like that for him as well.

"How are you doing, Keira? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. Fetching water and emptying basins have their advantages. They keep you so busy that the slave masters don't get the chance to act on whatever wicked thoughts they have. It's an advantage that comes in handy." Aekiera settled back into her chair and Emeriel stood behind her, taking the brush from her. Then gently ran it through her blond locks.

"I'm glad to hear that."

"What about you, Em? I loathe the fact that they do not assign you a specific duty. They constantly change your tasks. It would be better if you had a consistent role, even if it meant enduring some stress. You would be at less risk of working for wicked slave masters if you only interacted with a few of them," Aekiera expressed her concern. "Perhaps the cellar would be best."

"Not the cellar," Emeriel countered fast. Too fast.