

Captive Slave 373

Chapter 373

Behind her, the sound of swords being drawn filled the room as her three bodyguards closed in.

The slavemaster blinked, his beast receding, the yellow draining from his eyes.

"No, go on. Summon your beast," she said angrily. "Oh, mighty predator who likes to prey on powerless girls." Then she turned to Amie, who stood trembling, tears streaking her face. "Why didn't you tell me this was happening?" She was not just angry but hurt.

"I'm sorry, Princess," Amie sobbed. "He warned me. Said if I spoke, he'd punish me worse-

"Seize him," Emeriel snapped to her guards. "Take him to the dungeons."

She turned to the slavemaster. "Good luck writing enough petitions to earn the court's interest. Maybe in a few months, they'll even read one. Until then, you'll rot in there."

The slavemaster's eyes widened in disbelief as the two Urekai males stood motionless at the door, stunned, but wisely kept their heads down.

"But I've done nothing wrong!" Kenta bellowed, guards dragging him toward the door. "I haven't even mounted her yet!"

That earned him another backhanded blow from one of the soldiers before they marched him out, leaving Emeriel with her remaining guard and Amie.

Emeriel crossed the room, gathering the discarded clothes from the bed. With a softer voice, she handed them to her. "Put these on. Let's get out of here."

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Back at Frostfall, Madam Livia tended to the bruises on Amie's wrists and cheeks. Thankfully, the slavemaster hadn't taken things any further. For that, at least, Emeriel was grateful.

Amie wouldn't stop thanking her. Over and over, she repeated her gratitude like a rhyme on replay, and when it came time to rest, she refused.

"No, I really want to go shopping with you, Princess." Amie smiled brightly, wincing from the ache in her cheeks. "I've been looking forward to it. I don't want to rest. I'm fine. Truly. Please, don't make me stay behind."

Emeriel didn't know what made her feel worse-how easily Amie had brushed aside what had just happened, or the realization that this wasn't the worst she'd endured.

In the end, Emeriel relented with a defeated sigh. "Fine. Let's go."

The shopping took longer than expected, and the sky had already begun to warm with the golden tones of evening by the time they returned. It wouldn't be long before Lord Herod arrived-if he wasn't already within the fortress walls.[www.Növe\(i\)\(w\)oRm.com](#)

"Has the former Lord of Agriculture arrived?" she asked one of the stationed guards.

"Yes, Princess. He passed through not long ago, on his way to the Court of Duty."

Emeriel quickened her steps, Amie right behind her, hoping she might catch him before he entered the grand chamber. She hurried through the west corridor toward the great hall. As they rounded the final bend, she caught sight of him, cloaked in formal attire, walking toward the court doors.

"Lord Herod!" she called.

He turned at the sound of her voice and smiled, lifting a hand in greeting. "My young friend!"

She smiled in return, took a step forward-then stopped.

The strange colors were back. Only this time... they floated beside him.

A sharp intake of breath sounded behind her. Emeriel turned.

Amie stood rigid, her eyes wide, locked on Lord Herod.

The same impossible swirl of unnamable shades sparkled around her, too-five distinct colors, twisting and merging in the air. The exact same blend surrounded both of them.

Emeriel blinked. She looked between

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them, then back again. Something heavy and charged was going on here. Lord Herod was staring at Amie,Curious and transfixed. And Amie too, couldn't seem to look away. [swnovel](#)

Emeriel's voice was quiet. "Amie... are you alright?"

The girl startled, catching herself, her cheeks flushed. "Y-yes, Princess."

Lord Herod closed the distance, finally tearing his eyes away from Amie to look at Emeriel. His warm smile returned as he embraced her. "There's my dear friend. How are you doing today?"

"I'm well," Emeriel returned the hug before pulling back. "I'm glad to see you in the Citadel. You made the right choice."

Lord Herod nodded. "Thank you, Princess." His gaze shifted down to her belly. "And how is the little one faring?"

"Fine..." she said distractedly. Because now, the colors were changing. The two sets had floated closer-interwoven into a single, larger hue. As one.

Compatible.

The thought startled her. Where had that come from?

"Are you alright, young Princess?" Lord Herod asked, brow creased with concern.

"Yes. Don't mind me," Emeriel said softly, blinking a few times to clear the haze— yet the colors remained. She kept her smile warm. "I still can't believe you're a Dragaxlov."

"Yeah... no one does." He chuckled self-consciously, scratching the back of his head. "I'm sorry I never told you. It's just... a part of my life I never thought would see the light of day again."

"There's nothing to apologize for," she said. "I understand completely. And more than anything, I'm so glad you chose to step into your legacy. To take on the throne."

He smiled back at her "I never thought I would. But... your male helped me see a

lot more clearly. Now, I'm actually looking forward to this new phase. I want to give

it my best shot."

"I know you will,"

Emeriel stated

matter-of-factly. "You're incredibly determined. I have no doubt you'll pass every test they put in front of you. You'll finish your training, earn your coronation-and you'll rule with wisdom." She reached out and touched his arm. "I have faith in you, my dear friend."

His eyes took on a soft light. "Thank you, Emeriel. That means more than I can

say."

She smiled, waving him off, motioning toward Amie. "Have you met my servant?"

Lord Herod's attention returned to Amie.[www.Növe\(w\)oRm.CO\(m\)](#)

"Amie." Emeriel stepped aside to give him a clear view. "You haven't seen her before, have you?"

"No." His soft eyes remained locked on the girl. "I would have remembered."

Amie dipped low into a bow, trying to hide her face, cheeks already a deep scarlet. "My Lord."

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Amie." He stepped forward and offered his hand. "You are a beautiful flower."

The girl hesitated, staring at his hand. Then, carefully, she placed hers in his. "Thank you for the generous compliment, my Lord."

Huh.

Emeriel still was not sure she understood all that was happening-but she was beginning to get the idea.[www.Növe\(w\)oRm.cOM](#)

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