

Captive Slave 389

Chapter

389

Three Weeks Later

"By the power vested in me as Grand King of this court, and in the presence of these witnesses, I hereby declare all Bonds of Human Enslavement broken. From this day forward, you are no longer the property of Urekai but allies. Free people under the protection and respect of this kingdom."

The court was overflowing. Humans filled every space, trailing from the dais down the carpeted aisle, pouring out the doors, and spilling into the hallway beyond. Every human in Urai was present.

At the front of it all, Emeriel stood tall beside her king, heart brimming with emotion. Her gaze drifted across the sea of faces, landing on her sister. Aekeira was smiling through tears. Just like so many others.*www.novelsWorld.com*

Grand King Daemonikai continued, voice firm but warm. "I have already sent word to the twelve human kingdoms, informing their kings that the humans here are no longer captives, but allies of Urai. From this moment, no harm shall befall you- not by royal decree, nor by custom, nor by whispered prejudice."

He scanned the crowd. "Any human who wishes to return to their homelands may do so without restriction. Those who wish to stay will not be slaves, but citizens- with full freedom and the rights that come with it. You may work for wages. You may own land. You may build homes and raise families and live among us as equals."

Tears fell freely now.

He went on, detailing the legal rights, social changes, and protections being enforced. And when he finally paused, the entire chamber erupted.

"Long live the Grand King!"

The cry reverberated like music, rippling from lips to hearts, rising to the high ceiling, until even the stones felt like they vibrated with joy.

The Dragaxlov throne still stood vacant, but Lord Herod was doing very well in his rigorous training. If the people's prediction held, he would rise to his role within two centuries or less.

Emeriel had not told him, nor Amie, about their compatibility. She followed the Oracle's guidance, allowing fate to unfold naturally. Pushing it, the Oracle warned, could disrupt the natural order.

And so far... the Oracle was right.

Even without her intervention, the two had gravitated toward each other. Amie often found excuses to slip away from her duties, hiding just to watch Lord Herod train. On more than one occasion, Emeriel caught her sneaking food from the royal kitchens to bring to him.

It was endearing, to say the least.

Perhaps it's time to enroll her in etiquette school. If she was to become a grand lady in the far-off future, it would be wise to start preparing now.

As celebration filled the halls and music spilled into the courtyards, High Lord Jakal hurried toward her, beaming like a giddy youngling.

"Beautiful Princess!" he exclaimed, his face alight. "Forgive me for the interruption, but I never thanked you properly for what you did for me." Without warning, he pulled her into a tight hug, brief but genuine. "You are a blessing to mankind."

Emeriel smiled warmly. "You are welcome, my lord."

Since news of her being a bond seer went wide, the high lord had been the first to camp outside the Royal Residence for days, refusing to leave. Even when told she wasn't accepting visitors due to her recent delivery, he was relentless. Eventually, she agreed to see him.

And thus began his journey. He came back four more times, each with a different woman-hopeful, wide-eyed, asking her to read their compatibility. On his fifth visit, Emeriel had finally seen his match.

High Lord Jakal had been glowing like he had swallowed the stars themselves since then. He had once told Emeriel he would kiss the ground she walked on for eternity, and it seemed he was determined to make good on that promise.

He wasn't the only one she had helped.

Unfortunately, the two other couples did not have joyful endings. In both cases, Emeriel had to tell the heartbreaking truth: They were not compatible. No matter how in love they believed themselves to be, it was better to end things now than endure the devastation of a failed bonding ritual later. It was never easy.

They rarely took the news well in the moment. There were tears, even anger. But time brought clarity, and eventually, they always returned to her with gratitude.

So it was safe to say the people of Urekai treated her like a treasure.

Lord Ottai had once told her his great-grandmother was revered for being a bond seer. But Emeriel had never truly understood what that meant until now. As each day passed, the reverence shown to her became clearer. It humbled her deeply, making her feel cherished and blessed.

She would never take it for granted.

....

In the days that followed, many humans chose to return to their homelands. Caravans departed from the Citadel gates, guarded by Urekai troops, bound for the human kingdoms. But others chose to stay.

Emeriel's heart warmed most when Madam Livia and Amie came to her, announcing they would remain. She officially employed them in the Citadel and enrolled them into formal study houses.

Madam Livia declined to attend etiquette school—"I'm too old for dainty manners," she'd said with a laugh—but joined Amie in the academic halls.

Amie, on the other hand, threw herself fully into both programs. Emeriel was quietly pleased.

Prince Daviel had written her a few days earlier. His father was gravely ill-his health deteriorating rapidly with the arrival of winter. Daviel had begun assuming more duties, preparing for the inevitable.

Emeriel had sent her condolences. But truthfully, she could not care less if the tyrant king was dying. It had been a long time coming.

Daviel, for all his faults, would be a far better ruler than his father ever was.*www.novelsWorld.com*

Mistress Sina's funeral had taken place a week earlier. Her body had been found in the border woods, mauled by ferals during the eclipse moon Theories suggested she had attempted to flee to the werewolf territories but was viciously

attacked. Her remains were recovered and buried in the Citadel.

Emeriel didn't know what it said about her, but... she was glad the woman was gone for good. Hopefully, Daemonikai's next bloodhost would be a good female. Someone like Lady Marilyn-kind, stable, devoted. Until then, Emeriel would feed and nourish him herself.

She had even adapted her diet for it. While her blood never fully satisfied his needs the way a bloodhost's would, he was never truly hungry either-so he was

safe.

With his bloodlust kept in check, and his sexlust naturally dormant after her childbirth-as was typical of his kind-he hadn't had a feral episode since the last one. Some days he got restless... occasionally, the voices even rose to a murmur. But overall, he was doing well.

Sina's letter had led to the discovery of the hidden den where Zaiper had imprisoned females to breed during their heats. Some were found too late, lives already lost before the rescue could come, but many were still alive. Malnourished and scarred, but alive.

Some days, her grand king went to the dungeon to see Zaiper.

He would return hours later, blood staining his clothes. He never spoke of what he

did there. Just bathed, changed into fresh robes, and came to spend the evening with her and the children.

Emeriel didn't ask, she didn't need to.*www.novelsWorld.com*

With Lord Vladya's soul restored, her sister was glowing. Their son, Aleksian, was

as fussy as her Heraxiolia, but that was more than okay. Their children were the highlights of their days.

She was the happiest she had ever been. And so was Aekeira*@www.novelsWorld.com*