

# The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox

## Chapter 4

### #4 A virgin Slave

Cassandra gasped.

Her fingers stopped moving, as she realized her master's cock was completely erect and standing tall under the water.

"Don't stop."

She jumped in surprise, as her master opened his eyes and caught her staring. She blushed and resumed massaging, but her hands were not as steady as before. The embarrassing silence and Kairen's staring were completely disarming her. No matter how much she tried, it was impossible to ignore both his dark eyes and his erection.

Cassandra kept her head down and tried to concentrate on her hands, but touching him didn't have the same meaning as before. The massage had become totally indecent no matter how you looked at it! She tried to stop and step back, but Kairen's voice caught her.

"Stay where you are."

She had no choice but to obey as she blushed and tried to steady her trembling fingers. He was obviously doing this on purpose. The fire in his eyes could have consumed an entire forest. He didn't even smile or speak, he just kept his eyes focused on her, the young slave girl who was uncomfortably embarrassed.

Without warning, he moved his hand under her dress, causing her to yelp in surprise.

"Ma... Master," she protested, trying to pull her hips away.

"Don't move."

She opened her mouth in shock, but didn't know how to respond. The Prince's fingers ventured farther, reaching past her panties. From under her dirty dress, he forced his way to her slit, caressing the innocent slave with no trace of shame on his face. Surprised by the warm, intrusive hand between her thighs, she gasped, unable to hold her tongue.

"My... My Lord..."

She meant to ask him to stop, but the words wouldn't come out. Her stomach was filled with something intense as his fingers caressed

against her opening. Cassandra had no idea how to react. She was completely inexperienced, and he was just playing with her!

"P...Please..."

"Are you a virgin?"

Already dying of shame, she couldn't even bring herself to answer. But her red cheeks and flustered expression were enough of an answer.

ON 57% 10:10 P The Prince tilted his head, his face still completely unreadable. It was as if he was merely testing her, yet his fingers left her unable to answer. She tried

hard to suppress her moans, but his large hand was pressing and rubbing against her most sensitive spot, driving her crazy. She knew he could feel her getting wet and she wanted to die of shame. She was standing on her toes now, her hands on his wrists, trying to discreetly move away.

Cassandra was panting when he suddenly pushed one finger inside her. Taken by surprise, she let out a startled moan. She tried to muffle her voice with her hand, but it was useless as he started moving and stirring his finger both inside and out. His thumb pressed on her clitoris as his middle finger repeatedly penetrated her, causing her to cry out. The worst part was that he seemed completely casual while he was subjecting her to this! She desperately wanted to step away, but he held her close to the tub with his hand confidently moving between her thighs and leaving her no chance of escape.

"Do you like this?"

His composed voice had her feeling like a little pet he was toying with. She had never even been touched by a man before, and now he had her fluids running down her thighs. Why was her body reacting to this man's touch after seventeen years of innocence?!

Cassandra couldn't contain her moans, and he was enjoying it. He found her desperate state, and vain attempts to hide it, extremely tempting and sexy. She was dripping wet, and obviously enjoying his finger, so why was she trying so hard to hide

what her body seemed to enjoy so thoroughly? He wanted to see her cheeks flush with color, the sweat pool on her skin, and her legs tremble under his skillful touch. He inserted a second finger, making her cry out. She was definitely a virgin...

How had she remained untouched until now? She was young, beautiful, and very alluring. He kept going, pushing his fingers to make her moan even more. She was covering her mouth, trying to stay quiet. He pressed his thumb on her little buttock, teasing her to get

a reaction. Under her dirty, once white, thin, and ragged dress, her nipples had started standing out. Did she have any idea how alluring she was at that moment? Her hands gripped tightly onto the bathtub, as she could barely stand on her own anymore.

Accelerating his fingers in and out of her, he pushed her further to the edge. Cassandra's thighs quivered as she whimpered.

"Ma... Master, p... please..."

Her eyes were teary, she couldn't take any more of this torture and embarrassment. She wanted to beg for him to stop, but her voice was no longer under her control. Instead, she was moaning and panting heavily. She felt a fire raging from her intimate parts to her stomach, overwhelming her with new sensations she couldn't handle anymore.

"My Prince?"

A servant had knocked on the door, waiting for permission to enter. Kairen let her go, much to his annoyance, his fingers wet with her juices, and Cassandra immediately fell to her knees. She was dazed and trembling, her entrance throbbing as if she could still feel the Prince's fingers inside her. The wetness between her legs was impossible to ignore as she tried to compose herself and move her dress back into place.

"Come in."

Completely ignoring her embarrassment, Kairen called the man in. The servant didn't seem to realize she was there on the other side of the bath, still reeling from what had just happened.

"The buffet is about to begin, my Lord. The Emperor looks forward to your presence."

"I'll get ready. Leave."

"Yes, my Lord."

The servant left promptly, leaving the two of them alone again. Cassandra had no idea how to react, but Kairen left the bath as if nothing had happened. He grabbed a towel and started drying himself, and she wondered if his... member had gone back to normal, but didn't dare to look. Instead, she pulled herself together and grabbed his clothes to help him dress. Though she remained silent as she assisted him, her mind was in overdrive, trying to comprehend what had just happened.

"Stay here...and clean yourself, too."

Those were his only words before he left for the banquet. As soon as she was alone, Cassandra let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding.

What had just happened? She knew some men kept their slaves to have sex with, but... that was not quite the same, was it? The War God had surprised her, almost as if he had done it completely on a whim. But for her virgin self, this had been the most impossible experience. Within only a few hours, her status had changed from that of a sacrificial nobody to a Prince's slave!

She pushed her hair out of her face, trying to gather her thoughts. Until now, the Imperial Family had never been something that she would have dreamed of seeing, even from afar. Yet somehow, she found herself sitting on the floor of the Third Prince's chambers, trying to recover from his little playtime with her most intimate parts.

She looked around. Why did the Third Prince not have any attendants? He seemed to be the only one without anyone to serve him. Did he come alone and just leave them all at his own Palace?

The room wasn't messy though, proof that the Palace servants were still doing some chores in here. What was she supposed to do now? The banquet would most likely last a few hours. Cassandra suddenly remembered his order to clean herself. Her eyes fell immediately on the tub. Would it be alright for her to use it? No one would punish her for using the Prince's bath, right?

Cassandra jumped. Two Palace servants had entered the room just as she finished dressing. Before she even had a chance to explain herself, one of them violently grabbed her by the hair and dragged her the ground.

"You wench! Who is your master? Speak!"

"Lord... Lord... the Th...Thi...Third Prince..." she stuttered, despite the pain.

"You liar! Do you take us for fools? The Third Prince didn't bring any attendants with him, you lying whore! Show us your identification!"

The first man ruthlessly slapped her face, before jerking her up by the collar around her throat. Cassandra cried out in pain as she was strangled by the iron while he read the inscriptions engraved on it.

"Lady Lyria of the Green Narcissus Family... Isn't that one of the Fifth Prince's new concubines?"

"It is. She belonged to that old Minister who was beheaded three days ago. I've seen her wearing the red dress. She's quite a looker."

"You little wench, did you really think you could escape your mistress while you were in the Palace?"

They slapped Cassandra again, continuing their insults as they dragged her out. Holding her between them, they ignored her fearful pleading as they forced her through the corridors of the Palace, slapping her mercilessly to stop her gasping sobs and feeble pleas. She tried hard to hold back her tears despite the pain and agony she was in. They had no pity for a runaway slave.

After being brutally hauled through countless corridors, she was suddenly thrust out into the Imperial Garden, where a few concubines not attending the Imperial Banquet were drinking and partying together. Tables were set up for a moon-viewing, and a handful of servants were pouring wine for the ladies present. The concubines all wore elegant dresses paired with expensive and glittering jewels, each determined to outdo the other. As they ate and sipped wine together, they showered each other with backhanded compliments behind beautiful, fake smiles.

The servants violently hurled Cassandra to the ground, at Lady Lyria's feet.

Cassandra was petrified. Lyria had been her mistress for five long and torturous years, since the day she had entered the Minister's House. Though that woman was stunningly beautiful, behind the alluring face she was a cruel and malicious bitch. She never hesitated to whip her slaves, even without a reason. She threw tantrums whenever she didn't get attention, and cried fake tears to manipulate any situation to her benefit.

The Minister had fallen for her graceful beauty when she was only fifteen, raising her from the mode position of her birth, to that of noble status, and she had been ridiculously arrogant ever since. She was truly as ugly on the inside as she was beautiful on the outside. Cassandra knew her wickedness had no limits, recalling how she poisoned one of her rivals merely because she was jealous, and how that same jealousy had led her to physically disfigure another.

Being brought back into the presence of Lyria was a nightmare for Cassandra. The concubine glared down at her with disgust and turned to the servants.

"What is this?"

"We found her in a Prince's chambers, my Lady. She lied to try and escape us, but we saw her identification collar and brought her straight back to..."

"Why would I care about that bitch?! She should be dead! I was tired of her, so I gave her as a tribute to His Highness! How the hell is she still alive?! Where was she?"

The two dumbfounded servants looked at each other, both left feeling ill by the concubine's unexpected reaction. Lyria, on the other hand, was absolutely infuriated to have been disturbed while she was gloating about her new status to the lower-ranked conc

ubines. Seeing Cassandra alive fueled her anger. She had hated the slave from the very beginning, and had sent her to her death to finally be rid of her once and for all.

“She... she was in the Third Prince’s chambers...”

Cassandra was trembling in both fear and pain. Lyria’s unpredictable anger was something that scared her more than anything.

Her fear was justified when, without warning, the concubine suddenly hurled her full glass of wine at Cassandra’s head. One of the concubines screamed as the glass shattered on the ground. A shard reopened the bruised gash on Cassandra’s temple, courtesy of one of the Palace guards earlier that morning.

“You slut! How dare you! How did you even survive The Offering?! And then, to hide in one of the Prince’s chambers! You unworthy little leach! I will finish you myself. You won’t escape death again! You...”

She fisted a handful of Cassandra’s hair and started jerking her head violently, as she screamed at her. But she suddenly froze. Everyone in the garden had heard it too.

A dragon’s angry growl, right above their heads. (3)