

# The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox

## Chapter 9

### #9 The First Night

Cassandra stared at him blankly, completely taken by surprise by the same question again and their sudden change of position. Having him linger over her was way too intimidating. And why did he always have to be half-naked? She tried to ignore it, to remember his question.

"I'm not trying to run away..."

"Are you not trying to leave right now?"

"I shouldn't be here! This is your bedroom, a slave is not supposed to be here. If someone sees me..."

"Who?"

His cold and imposing voice suddenly scared her, as if she was brutally reminded of who she was arguing with. It was hard to ignore his black eyes on her, but she tried to look away anyway, intimidated.

"I don't know," stuttered Cassandra. "The guards, the Imperial Servants..."

"Do you see anyone but us here right now?"

Strangely, they were indeed all alone. The Imperial Family members usually had a lot of attendants. They had people to take care of their meals, to take care of their clothes, people for everything they would need. Their servants even had higher statuses than common people, and certainly far higher than slaves.

Only Kairen didn't seem to have any attendants. Since she had been around him, Cassandra had seen absolutely no one but the Imperial Palace attendants. Unlike his other siblings, who were never alone, the Third Prince was never followed by anyone but her now...

... They will know," she murmured, afraid.

She was sure, even though there was no one there to witness, people would talk about the shameless slave following her master to his chambers. Too many people had already seen them. Kairen clicked his tongue, annoyed.

"And? So what if they know?"

Cassandra was helpless. Why did she have to explain everything? This man was either way too confident or way too unaware of the world they lived in!

Gathering some courage, she answered him truthfully, her emerald eyes still relaying her fear.

"I might get killed, or worse..."

"Worse?" he repeated with a frown.

"Beaten, tortured... Raped..."

Kairen's expression grew darker with each possible outcome she mentioned, so she stopped, biting her lip nervously. Cassandra was still unable to figure out how he thought. He always seemed either indifferent or angry.

And right now, he was pinning her onto the bed, holding her wrists, exposing her and looking at her like no one else ever had, it was too overwhelming. His eyes were sweeping down her body, ignoring the dress, but taking in the numerous scars it left exposed. His expression grew even darker.

"Who did this?"

"My...previous masters..."

Why was he interested in her scars all of a sudden? She had gotten so many over the years; the worst were the freshest ones. Lyria was horrible to people she didn't like and never spared her efforts in punishing her slaves. The dramatic, red lines still ran over Cassandra's limbs, threatening to tear open again at any moment. She could still vividly remember the feeling of the lashes of the whip where it had cut the deepest.

She had experienced way too much pain to not be scared of punishments again. It was much more terrifying than death...

"...What is your name?"

His question caught her off guard. Why would he be interested in her name? Most masters didn't even care enough to know if she had one! She was only called "you" or "slave" in her past years of servitude. Blushing a bit, she spoke it, that name she hadn't uttered in years.

"...Cassandra."

"Cassandra. Look at me."

It wasn't an order she could disobey. Gathering her courage, she looked up at his two obsidian eyes, like two voids she might get lost in.

"From now on, you are mine. If someone touches you, I'll kill them." 22

His expression was so serious she didn't know how to respond. Was that a promise? Or a threat?

But somehow, something in her heart mended from hearing those words. Could she trust this man? He was twice as scary as anyone else, yet she felt something indescribable when looking at him. Something that felt like... safety. She hesitated for a moment, then slowly nodded, still looking at him.<sup>2</sup>

"Say it," he ordered, his eyes dark.

"I'm... Yours," she whispered.

His expression changed slightly, his mouth opening with heavy breaths. She could feel the arousal build on his dark skin.

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"Say it again," he ordered, his voice getting deeper.

"I'm yours..."

The last word got buried under Kairen's lips connecting with hers. O

Completely unnerved, Cassandra felt his rough kiss before she could even react. What was going on? The Prince's hot mouth on hers was forceful, unpredictable, and ruthless. She tried to breathe as his tongue entangled with hers. She could feel his body pressing on her, overpowering her effortlessly.

When he finally retreated from her lips and descended to her breasts, she caught her breath. (2

"Ma... Master..."

She was entirely unable to think straight. His large, warm hands on her skin were exploring and invading everything. Like a wave, his strength was crashing over her, holding her under him while she was subjected to his caresses.

Cassandra had never experienced anything like this before. Her seventeen years of inexperience were cruelly showing, as she had no clue how to respond. Kairen was in total control of her body, his hands firmly holding her. All of a sudden, he tore her dress, exposing her bare chest to his gaze.

"My Lord! The dress..."

They had just borrowed it, too! Cassandra was mortified, thinking about what she had to do in order to get this dress and how it was now torn to shreds... But Kairen obviously didn't care. Without warning, he sucked on one of her nipples, and she couldn't hold back a surprised moan. She felt her body reacting, her stomach tingling with an odd sensation. Unable to think straight, she reached out for him, running her hands through his black hair, shivering under his tongue's

movements. He had grabbed her other breast now, playing with both at the same time.

“Hmm... My Lord...”

Cassandra couldn't hold back her moans as much as she tried. The hotness of his mouth on her pink extremities was unbearable. Though she didn't look, she could feel his tongue and his teeth grazing and sucking, biting softly. Moreover, he was pressing his entire body against her, and Cassandra could feel his hips compelling her legs to open into a new, awkward position for her. She could feel everything; the rustling of the sheets, their clothing, his mouth on her skin, and her own embarrassing voice, echoing in the room.

Without warning, Kairen put his hand between her legs.

“Ah! N...No...”

He frowned, his dark eyes on her made Cassandra blush. His hands weren't stopping, but his gaze was fixated on her, making her crazy with embarrassment.”

“No?” he repeated.

She blushed and bit her lip. Was she really so unable to control her own body? How embarrassing! She was breathing and moaning louder as Kairen continued caressing her. His fingers found their way to her slit, stroking it until they slid through to rub her entrance. Cassandra gasped, a seductive sensation spreading through her whole body. His movements were fast and insistent, going in and out, rubbing and pressing further into her.

Her legs were trembling, and she was struggling to breathe correctly. The fire raging inside was driving her crazy, and she wanted more. Without realizing, Cassandra had grabbed her master's shoulder with her free hand to brace herself.

“Hm... Ma... Oh! Mas... Master... hn...”

“What is it?”

Kairen's eyes were focused on her, considering each of her reactions to his touch. Occasionally, he leaned down to suck and lick her breasts again, but more than that, he was hypnotized by her cries and moans. Playing with her pussy, he was moving his fingers into her, subjecting her to new pleasures. He felt her juices moisten his hand, while his own body was already reacting to her.

She was his. He had thought this the minute his dragon had put her at his feet – when he had seen her from up close. He wanted this woman, no matter who she was. He wanted all of her.

“Say it again.”

"Hm... Wh...What?"

His fingers slowed down their movements, giving her a minute of respite so she could understand and

answer.

Catching her breath, Cassandra looked at him, his face so close she could see every small detail. This man was her new master. An odd, unforgiving, and ruthless Prince. A Dragon Lord and War God.

"I'm... I'm yours..." she whispered to him, with a breathy voice.

"Again."

His hands undid his buckle to remove his pants, and she heard the clothes falling to the floor. She trembled, a bit unsure and scared.

"I'm yours," she repeated the words, to also reassure herself.

"Again."

She repeated them again and again, while he positioned himself between her spread legs. As the blood rushed to her cheeks and ears, she felt his member against her entrance, and kept repeating those words, like a prayer.

"I'm yours, I'm yours... I'm... Ah!"

Cassandra whimpered in pain, feeling his cock pushing in. Kairen stopped, his hot breath against her ear.

"Breathe," he said to her soothingly.

She tried, wondering if it was supposed to be this painful. Once he thought she was getting used to it, the Prince pushed further in and she cried out again. His movements were slow, but she was so unused to the sensation, and he was also large. She tried to breathe, listening to his voice as he was groaning.

"You're... tight... 2

She held onto him tighter, pulling him in a little and catching his eyes.

"Slower," she simply said.

Her voice came out clear like a demand, the first one she had formulated in years. Almost an order, at this unexpected time. Kairen, a bit surprised, obeyed without

thinking. Gaging her reactions, he went at a slower pace, his back and forth matching Cassandra's labored breathing.

She tried to get more comfortable with his hard member inside her, focusing on the better sensations and pushing the pain away. She was used to pain, she could handle it. But behind it now, something much more pleasurable was waiting, and she wanted to reach it. Kairen moved inside her, and she

found herself slowly gyrating her hips to follow his rhythm, trying to share the control of their movements.

Cassandra felt him accelerate, his cock rubbing faster inside her, stirring her up. She wasn't even trying to hold her voice back anymore. She was flooded with too many sensations to concern herself with that.

"A...Aaah! Hm...Hm, hm..."

Her cries melded with Kairen's groans. It was painful, but it was good too. And she could tell he was not stopping anyway. The War God was on her, inside her, unleashing himself and moving wildly. Cassandra's moans grew louder as he went faster, holding her under him, his cock pounding...

With a final thrust, he stopped deep inside her, groaning hard. Something warm filled her insides and she moaned again, the sensation driving her crazy.

She trembled as she slowly regained her senses. She felt his lips press against hers and answered the kiss without thinking, too tired to consider anything else.