

The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox

Chapter 10

#10 The Red Dress

When she woke up the next morning, Cassandra's whole body felt completely sore. Blushing at the memory of the intense sex with her master, she pulled the bedsheet over her naked body.

But, looking around, she realized that she was alone in the large bedroom. Did her master leave early? She got up, keeping the bed sheet around her. The Prince had torn her only dress, so she felt a bit helpless, naked, and alone in the Prince's room, with no clue what to do. She didn't even know how late in the day it was.

Suddenly, there was a little knock at the door. As a servant entered, Cassandra recognized the young woman as one of Princess Shareen's, the one who had advised her the previous day.

She was carrying a little parcel which she promptly unwrapped before Cassandra.

"Good Morning. His Highness requested a new dress for you."

"Oh, thank you," said Cassandra.

It was a new, dark red one this time. Cassandra frowned upon seeing the color. Didn't servants in the Palace commonly wear green?

"That color..."

"It is the color worn by low-ranking concubines. You'll be wearing this from now on"

Cassandra blushed. So they would all now be aware that she had slept with the Third Prince! It seemed unreal that this information was already known as soon as the very next morning. Were they seen? Or was it because she had slept in the Prince's bedroom all night?

"But this..."

She raised a hand to the slavery collar still hanging around her neck. Could a slave really be a concubine? She didn't think it was possible! The young servant girl gently smiled at her and shook her head.

"Do not worry, it's not like there hasn't been any precedents set for Princes and Emperors taking slaves as concubines. Your life will most likely get a bit easier if you wear this, even if you are still a slave. But you cannot be treated the same as high-ranking concubines or taken as the official wife." 2

Cassandra nodded. Even to be taken as a low-ranking concubine was too much for her, she couldn't imagine anything more! She looked at the dress again, wondering if her master had known this would happen.

"What is your name?" she asked the young servant.

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"Dahlia." 5

"Thank you for the dress, Dahlia..."

The young woman bowed with a smile and swiftly left the room, leaving Cassandra feeling odd. It was the first time someone had ever bowed to her.

Still a bit hesitant about what to do next, she started by washing herself at the little water basin. She thought of last night again, making her blush once more. The Prince had been so... fierce! She hadn't expected that having sex required so much stamina. She had some mild bruising on her arms where he had held her a bit too tightly. Thankfully her wrist wasn't as painful as before, so she didn't have any trouble putting the dress on – the deep red dress... Cassandra didn't know much about the Imperial Palace's protocols, but she recalled seeing the concubines in various shades of red and pink. Was pink the color reserved for the high-ranked concubines then?

The Prince suddenly came back into the room, his eyes immediately finding her.

"You're up."

"Yes, Your Highness..."

He looked over and Cassandra followed his gaze to a little table, where she hadn't noticed a large tray of food. There were fruits, meats, cheeses and wine. The Prince frowned,

"Why haven't you eaten?"

"I hadn't noticed..."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes."

How could she not be? The last time she ate was more than two days ago! She might have been starving but she was used to the painful sensation of hunger. Upon seeing those delicious looking plates, however, she couldn't repress the hungry growl emitted by her stomach.

“Let’s eat then.”

He walked over and sat in a large armchair while Cassandra followed and, like she would have done with her previous masters, knelt on the floor next to him, but Kairen frowned.

“What are you doing?”

He grabbed her arm and pulled her up onto his lap without warning. Cassandra was suddenly straddling his leg, facing him, dangerously close. The swift action brought her attention to his bare chest, causing her to blush!

“Master, I can’t!”

But he ignored her and took a slice of meat from the table. His other hand was still firmly holding Cassandra in place, and she had to put her hand on his shoulder to keep herself steady. What kind of embarrassing position was this? She hoped he would let her go, but Kairen just kept eating, ignoring her pleading eyes.

“Eat. We have a long journey ahead.”

“A long journey?” she asked, a bit lost.

“Going home. The Festival is over.”

She suddenly realized it was the eighth day! The Festival had ended this morning and the Princes were now free to go back to their respective lands. So he was bringing her back to his castle then? She wondered what kind of place it was.

Kairen brought a grape to her lips and Cassandra had no choice but to take it. She was a bit embarrassed, but was distracted by the amazingly sweet taste! She remembered eating dried or rotted grapes, but never fresh ones. She took her time eating the little fruit while he watched her with a slight grin. She blushed again; it was her first time receiving something close to a smile from him.

She finally reached out her hand to take another grape and started eating with delight. This was so great, to be able to eat without worry. Before, she had to eat quickly and hidden from her masters, so that she wouldn’t be beaten for slacking off. And slaves could only eat what servants wouldn’t even want, leftovers and rotten food. Once in a while, she would be lucky enough to get some rice or dried fruits, but never fresh fruit, cheese or meat. This was all a first for her!

Kairen was silently watching her eat, one arm on the armchair and his other around her waist. He took some meat from time to time, but he was mostly busy observing each of his new concubine’s movements. Cassandra continued eating small bites like a little bird. It was obvious she was avoiding his gaze, blushing and looking down.

As she placed a little cube of cheese in her mouth, Kairen suddenly took her chin between his fingers and pulled her in for a kiss. Playing with her tongue, he stole the little cube, eating it before her stunned eyes. 2

"M... Master!"

How could he do that?! Cassandra was so surprised by his childish game she hadn't even been able to react. Kairen tilted his head towards the food.

"Give me some meat." @

Grabbing a greasy piece of beef, she handed it to him, wondering why he was suddenly acting lazy. But Kairen just looked at her, ignoring the food. She didn't really understand his strange behavior until...! That's when she understood – he wanted her to do it again. It was so embarrassing!

His forceful tone made her even more uneasy. She knew she couldn't refuse him, and it was just feeding him, right? She took the meat between her lips and approached him. This time, Kairen leaned in, grabbing it from her mouth while kissing her. The meat's juice dripped from their lips while their tongues entangled. Soon enough, the Prince had eaten the little piece but kept their deep kiss going. Not letting go of her, Kairen kept her close, preventing Cassandra from backing away.

Their kiss was so intense she could barely keep up with his lips. The taste of the meat lingered there, something sweet and sour. When he finally relaxed his embrace, Cassandra leaned back to catch her breath, a bit light-headed.

Without anything more, Kairen grabbed a new bite himself this time, eating the meat as if nothing had happened.

Cassandra was completely lost by his sudden change of demeanor. Still, she grabbed more food, hoping he would let her eat in peace this time. Kairen had apparently decided to oblige her unspoken wish as they ate in silence, Cassandra enjoying a bit of each food that was there. Her master was still holding her by the waist, only occasionally caressing her with his thumb, and only asked for food to be delivered by kissing a couple more times. Cassandra complied, but was just as embarrassed as the first time and was relieved when he finally stopped eating before her.

Even with his close presence and the embarrassing position, she found it impossible to ignore the delicious food and ate her fill for the first time in a very long while. Once she was pleasantly full and feeling much better than before, she awkwardly kept her stare on the plate of remaining food, not sure of what to do next.

Kairen leaned in to kiss her neck without warning, pulling her to face him completely.

"Are you done?" he asked.

"Yes..." she whispered.

Without adding anything else, Kairen got up and pulled Cassandra to follow behind him. He grabbed two fur coats, handing one to her as they headed outside. Cassandra was a bit surprised; a fur coat again? When Kairen opened the door of his chambers, two Palace servants suddenly rushed over and Cassandra instinctively hid behind him. She still remembered how she had been brutally dragged out the previous day.

"What is it?"

Kairen frowned at her strange behavior but she shook her head, only staying close behind him. The two servants didn't even bother to look at her as they bowed in front of the Prince. Those men weren't the same ones as before, and the Prince was there, but they still made her nervous.

"His Highness the Imperial Dragon sent us to remind Your Highness that your presence is requested in three months for the Spring Festival and he sends his congratulations on your new concubine. Gifts will be sent for the Lady to Your Highness's palace."

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Cassandra was speechless! Were they talking about her? Was the King truly happy his son had taken her for a concubine? And to send gifts too! She couldn't even begin to process what was happening, but Kairen just ignored the men and walked on.

She followed him closely, wondering where they were headed. If he wanted to leave, shouldn't he have headed for the stables? But instead, he was headed to

the large gardens of the Imperial Palace, ignoring all the servants who were bowing along the way.

It was only when they finally reached the end of a large, vined garden that Cassandra understood. A mountain of black scales was heading their way with excited eyes. They weren't going by horse or carriage, they were going to fly!