

The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox

Chapter 13

#13 The Onyx Castle

Climbing the stairs in front of her, Nebora didn't dare raise her head. She could still feel the burn of Cassandra's slap on her cheek, but the most painful thing was her wounded ego. Now that she had calmed down, she indeed realized that her actions from earlier were too childish.

She stole glances at Cassandra as they went up the stairs, intrigued by the young woman. They were probably around the same age, but Cassandra's body was marked from her years as a slave. She had scars all over her pale skin. The oldest ones had turned white and faded with time, but Nebora could see there were also more recent ones that were still red and fresh.

That and her skinny body aside though, Cassandra was obviously very pretty. She had gorgeous green eyes and long brown hair, with a reddish tint. Nebora, on the other hand, was quite average; she had brown hair, dark eyes with sun tanned skin, and was too tall. Her only assets were her ample breasts and curvy hips. For a long time, she had hoped these would help her get a husband and a comfortable life as a housewife. However, no one had gotten serious with her and she became bitter as the years passed.

She had thought herself lucky when she was picked to be a servant to the Castle, two years ago, and appointed to deliver the Prince's meals. What woman wouldn't want to be close to a Prince! With every tray she had carried, she had held on to that little hope inside her that maybe, just maybe, the Third Prince would finally see her.

When they finally reached one of the higher floors of the Castle, the walls subtly started to change. Cassandra hadn't noticed before, but the Castle's walls were black, not white or grey like those of the Palace. They emitted a unique smell, too; something acrid and smoky, like charcoal.

As the two women kept climbing, the matte black suddenly turned into a shiny, smooth texture. The area felt colder, too. If her hands weren't busy carrying the tray, Cassandra would have touched it. She could almost see her own reflection in the millions of little facets!

"What is this...?" she asked in a whisper.

"Onyx stones. According to legend, this Castle must always be black, tainted by the ashes of battlefields, the home of the War God... It was built on a sleeping volcano, the previous owners added those black gemstones when they expanded the Castle," explained Nebora.

"The home of the War God...?"

The servant nodded.

"For generations, only the best fighters and generals in the Empire have lived here. It is said the Castle will collapse, or the volcano underneath will burst in anger if the owner is unworthy. It can even stay empty for years if the Imperial Dragon believes no one merits the title. The Castle was gifted to His Highness four years ago after his victory against the Eastern Republic and the Barbarian Tribes. Before that, the Castle had been empty for nearly sixty years."

Sixty years! No wonder it looked so empty and desolate. With no one to live here, most of the rooms they passed through didn't even have the most basic furniture, or if they did, it was old and covered in dust.

Did that also explain why these lands seemed so... uninhabited? Cassandra remembered the vast empty fields they had flown over. She had been surprised by how few villages and houses she had seen. The weather wasn't the best, but it wasn't bad enough to justify the lack of people. Though without a Lord to watch over the area, and govern and regulate it, no wonder the locals had been forgotten about and left on their own.

"These are the Prince's apartments."

The two women stopped in front of a set of large doors. Nebora hesitated a bit, but Cassandra's hands were obviously busy with carrying the large tray, so she stepped forward to push open the large doors.

It wasn't what Cassandra had expected at all.

It was a vast tower, with a roof so high nobody could reach it. There were only two windows, but each was so large that the light was radiating into the room. This chamber was also the one with the most furniture by far. Quickly taking a look at her surroundings, Cassandra noticed a desk, several chairs, two tables, a chaise covered with Kairen's fur cloak, a large canopy bed, a couple of bookshelves, and at least three or four chests.

When the women walked in, Kairen was sitting on the bed and raised his head. From his messy hair, Cassandra wondered if he had just been resting until then. Or, was he reading? There were scrolls and documents scattered on the bedside table.

"Where were you?" he asked abruptly.

“In the kitchen, helping, my Lord”

Nebora frowned slightly. Cassandra’s calm tone and slight blush while answering their Master was totally unexpected. She gazed at the Prince, but it was obvious he was only addressing Cassandra and wasn’t sparing her a single glance. Once again, jealousy pinched at her heart and she looked down, angry. Cassandra’s actions earlier had made a strong impression on her and now she was only left with her bitterness.

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Third Prince was an impressive, strong and muscular man. His face was rather handsome as well, but stern with his dark eyes. It was like looking at a tiger – dangerous and beautiful. Despite his coldness, Nebora couldn’t help but find him attractive, but he was not a man she could just approach when she wanted. All those times before, she had brought every tray, every bottle, with the slightest hope he might look at her.... He never did. (3)

Yet, that

untouchable man was looking at Cassandra, talking to her and listening to her as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Nebora had a hard time understanding why this was happening. The only thought she was left with was that Cassandra was on a whole other level than her. 2

Stepping forward, Cassandra silently put the tray down on the table closest to Karen. As she was doing that, the Prince suddenly grabbed her wrist, pulling her to him without even acknowledging the food.

She was brought between his knees, still standing while he was sitting, his face level with her breasts.

“My Lord, your food...”

“Later,” he growled.

Indeed, he didn’t even look at it and instead placed his hands on Cassandra’s hips, drawing her even closer to him. She gasped in surprise at his sudden movement. She recognized the same glimmer of lust in his eyes as before. As he gazed intensely at her, his hand moved down her leg to the end of her skirt, before sliding back up underneath, caressing her skin. Cassandra trembled. It was still the middle of the day, yet he was already intent on touching her!

His torso was bare, and she had no choice but to put a hand on his shoulder when his hot hand suddenly made her shiver.2

“Are you cold?” he asked, in his raspy voice.

“A bit...”

Indeed, the room, being the highest in the Castle, was quite cold. Cassandra's milky skin could barely handle it, but it may have also been the contrast with Kairen's seductive hands that made it even worse. He smirked and suddenly pulled her on the bed and into the folds of a thick fur blanket. With Cassandra lying across the bed, he leaned over her, placing his hands on either side of her head.

She started blushing uncontrollably, with his face so close and the memories of the previous night coming back to her.

"My... My Lord... It's still early..." she stuttered.

Kairen obviously didn't care at all. He started kissing her, licking and biting her lips, while his hands were pulling her skirt up. He kissed lower on her jaw, down from the high part of her neck, but frowned when he met the cold metal of her slavery collar.

"Get this damn thing off," he growled.

"W...what?"

"Your collar, take it off."

But Cassandra shook her head.

"My Lord, I can't."

"You refuse?"

"No, I really can't. Look..."

She turned it a little, showing the complex lock that was keeping it closed. There were some very small words and numbers engraved under it...

"These collars can only be taken off by our masters, with a special key... It cannot be simply opened like a clasp."

Kairen was unhappy upon hearing that. She had to keep the damn thing on? From the looks of it, it couldn't be forced without injuring her. It was too thick, too large and too close to her throat. Annoyed, he glared at the collar.

Under his arm, Cassandra saw Nebora timidly gesture something at her before leaving and closing the doors behind her. She sighed, feeling a bit less shy now that they were alone. Yet, she couldn't endure Kairen's anger about her collar. Was it really so upsetting for the Prince? Did he even realize what taking off that collar would mean for her?

He probably didn't care... He just wanted it off, simple as that. Had he ever cared that she was a slave, anyway? Cassandra felt her heart

warm a little at that thought. This man was truly too hard to understand. He was a part of those who ruled this world, this land, yet he was oblivious of its most basic rules. Slave or not, he didn't seem to give a damn... And she couldn't help but like him for that.

Slowly, Cassandra put a hand on his cheek and approached his lips to kiss him softly. The surprised look on Kairen's face was a first. He finally forgot the collar and looked at her, obviously baffled by her gesture. But it was over in a second as he kissed her back right away. He pushed it further, using his tongue and kissing her deeply and forcefully like he always did. His hands, too, became more pressing as he struggled to lift her skirt up. When he finally reached her undergarments, he swiftly got rid of them.

His fingers on her clit made Cassandra gasp. He immediately started caressing her, his fingers looking for her entrance and enticing her. The sensations unleashed hot waves inside her and she couldn't hold her moans as Kairen's skillful hand gave her shivers of pleasure. How could she like this so much already? She bit her lip, trying to hold it in as she grabbed the fur around her, but his fingers penetrated her, going in and out, faster and faster, and had her wet and excited immediately. She closed her eyes, too embarrassed to look at him any longer.

She hadn't thought it would make things more intense, but she could now focus only on this devilish rubbing inside her. Cassandra couldn't hold her voice back anymore. Her moaning was echoing in the room and she just couldn't stop it.

When his fingers finally stopped and slid out, she could barely catch her breath. Her pussy was still trembling and soaking as the sensation lingered.

Kairen leaned over her again, and she felt him suddenly pushing inside her. She whimpered briefly, as it took a few seconds for her to get used to him, so thick and hard inside her, filling her to her core.

Unable to wait, Kairen started moving, thrusting his hot member at a steady pace. His large hands were firmly caging Cassandra in place, submitting her completely to his rhythm. He slid in and out, without slowing down, taking so much pleasure in it already.

She was perfectly hot and wet, yet just tight enough to squeeze him and he loved it. The way she felt and her moaning voice crying out with each thrust, knowing that she was feeling it intensely too, was almost as satisfying as the sensations around his cock. He could thrust fast, hard, and deep, making Cassandra's voice resonate in unison with his own movements.

He straightened and wrapped her legs around his sides, grabbing her hips more firmly as he increased the speed of his thrusts, unable to stop. She was wailing loudly, her eyes closed and her mouth open, her thighs shaking. The bed started crea

king under his wild moves and Cassandra suddenly grabbed his shoulder to hold onto, her other hand trying to cover her mouth.

He didn't let go of her, and kept going, showing no sign of slowing down. Cassandra was going crazy, unable to hold her voice or stop her hips from shaking against his. She could tell her pussy was soaking, hearing the carnal sounds of his penetration. Her body was hot, so impossibly hot. She could feel her extremities going numb and her stomach going wild. She began to moan even louder, as she felt her climax coming on. She liked it, she liked it so much she just couldn't believe it.

In a raspy voice, she started begging, unable to control it anymore.

"Yes, yes... Please... Yes..."

She didn't even realize what she was saying as the words continued to flow, feeling her orgasm coming. Suddenly, it exploded inside of her. Her whole body quivered as she felt stars bursting in her head and stomach.

She involuntarily tensed her legs around Kairen's waist, and he slowed down, kissing her without pulling out. His slow rhythm made the sensation linger even longer. Cassandra had a hard time coming back to her senses and catching her breath as he kissed along her jawline.

"Did you come?" he asked in a whisper.

It was a rhetorical question, meant to be a bit of a jest, but she blushed. He chuckled as he kept moving slowly, stirring her up inside again.

"M...Master..."

"I'm not done yet," he whispered.

She bit her lip, helpless. They had been going at it for so long already. When was he going to finish?!