

Chapter 6

The man was grimacing, trying to hold it in. Half a dozen people were watching, as Cassandra was slowly stitching, explaining each movement and proceeding carefully.

“Here. If you make it as even as possible, the scar will be neat and healed in just a couple of weeks. No need to bandage it as long as you make sure it stays clean like I showed you.”

The soldiers nodded, some even taking notes, but all of them were impressed. She turned to her patient, who was observing the stitches on his arm with a frown.

“Thank you, Lady Cassandra...I hope my fiancée won’t mind this.”

“I promise, the scar will be thin and neat. If she’s marrying a soldier, this should be fine, right?” said Cassandra with a soft smile.

The man blushed a bit and nodded. Lady Cassandra was becoming prettier and prettier as the days went by. She had already won the hearts of many soldiers with her gentleness and hard work.

No one feared the Mountain Hospital anymore, as it had been renamed recently. The Red Room was forgotten and now people willingly came over to get treated or volunteered in their free time. Seven of the rooms were constantly busy, though a lot of changes had been made in just a few days.

More and more soldiers now knew the first aid gestures or basic treatments for small wounds, and to Cassandra’s surprise, it had spread naturally among the troops. Fewer and fewer people came to get treated, unless they were at a loss on what to do, or seriously injured. The soldiers who had volunteered a few times had become knowledgeable in their own units, and helped their peers learn about hygiene or tended to them before they needed to go to the hospital. The number of volunteers was steadily growing. As word spread about the changes in the Mountain Hospital, more men came to help, and much to Cassandra’s surprise, some of the unit Captains even sent men who had forced labor punishments to her. But the most impressive difference was how much the attitudes of the men around Cassandra had changed tremendously in such a short time.

Before, she was only seen as the only woman in the camp, a nameless slave that the Commander-in-Chief had brought for his own entertainment. Nowadays, things are

very different. Anywhere she went, Cassandra was saluted and welcomed, as the men had started calling her “the Lady of the Mountain”. They talked to her with respect, and her reputation grew fast among the ranks, as the new female doctor of the Camp. If a man dared to leer at her or disrespect her in some way, he was soon scolded by his peers. She was untouchable as the Commander-in-Chief’s woman, but she was also seen as a respectable Lady.

“Lady Cassandra?” called a man who had walked in while she was tending to someone’s cut. “The Head Accountant is here to see you, Madam.”

“Oh, thanks, I will come soon.”

Cassandra finished tending the wound, which had signs of early infection, and got up. As usual, she was closely followed by Evin, silent as a shadow but very efficient. He always had her cloak ready, made sure she ate her meals no matter how busy she was, and scolded the soldiers who got too familiar with her.

“It hasn’t been ten days already Evin, has it?” she asked, a bit worried about this sudden visit.

“No, Madam. We still have two days to go before the deadline.”

“I hope he hasn’t changed his mind,” she sighed.

As they walked through the mountain’s tunnels, Cassandra was saluted many times by the men who hadn’t seen her yet this morning, and some of them also stopped her to ask questions about which herbs to use for this infection, or how to address a large burn. It took her longer than she thought to finally reach the mountain’s entrance, and meet with the Head Accountant. It was starting to snow rather heavily outside, and the man already had a white layer on his shoulders and hood. Despite that, he didn’t seem to mind. In fact, he was waiting with a younger accountant, and two large closed bags at his feet.

“Good Morning, Head Accountant,” she said while Evin was busy adjusting her cloak and the hood on her hair.

“Greetings, Madam.”

“Is everything all right?” asked Cassandra, unable to hide her nervousness.

Even if she still had two days and worked hard, her stock in herbal medicine was getting dangerously low. Cassandra was afraid the Head Accountant had found a way to cancel their bet and leave her to deal with it on her own.

The man seemed quite displeased too, and let out a big sigh.

“Truthfully, I hate making mistakes, Lady Cassandra. However, I am not sure if this can be called one.”

“I’m sorry, what is this about?”

“Our bet. I had an interesting talk with the three Generals this morning. Since you took over the Mountain Hospital, it appears thirty-three men were sent back to the Cavalry Unit, twenty-six to the Infantry Unit, and seventeen to the Artillery Unit, and only nineteen men in total from all the units died. You obviously won.”

Cassandra was speechless. She had worked hard for the past few days, she hadn’t even realized how much she had done. Moreover, with so many volunteers, she didn’t even see everything that was going on in the Hospital, and how many men were sent back healed.

“Congratulations. It appears I misjudged your abilities. I also got scolded by the Generals for, and I quote, ‘being a scoundrel and a stingy rat’.”

The young Accountant behind him almost chuckled, trying hard to repress a laugh. Cassandra repressed one too. To hear the stern and stubborn Head Accountant had been scolded like that was quite funny to imagine.

The man showed the two bags.

“Here is all the herbal medicine we can provide at the moment. You may see my assistant for more. I will listen to your request and decide on a monthly budget after hearing it. The Generals also suggested they can provide money from their own budgets to help, if you send a request for them to do so.”

Cassandra was astonished.

“Really? But...”

“They were extremely satisfied with their soldiers being sent back in full health and the recent significant reduction in leaves for sickness or injury, Madam. Hence, they said that the Mountain Hospital was worth investing in.”

This was truly quite an achievement. Not only at the Hospital, but the changes were also starting to be visible in the camp. The men could now take care of any small injury by themselves, and look out for diseases and infections. The morale in the camp had been boosted by this new teaching and talk was spreading as the men were sent back to their units.

“Thank you for this...” said Cassandra, her eyes on the bags.

The Head Accountant nodded, and after a little silence, turned his eyes to the bags too.

“To be quite honest, Madam, soldiers like the ones in this army are not found easily. I am also in charge of recruiting more, and counting the deaths. Each loss is significant for this Army. Your work has been...a great relief, if I may say so. I may not understand your abilities, but I see the results. Those medicinal herbs should be used by people who can value them properly. Though, I suspect this may also bring you more trouble.”

Cassandra had already thought about that. Her unique ways of healing would soon reach the Army doctors’ ears, even faster if she was given actual goods and a budget to pursue. This would probably bring some disputes with them.

“Thank you for your appreciation, Head Accountant.”

He bowed respectfully, and gestured for his assistant to go to her side. The young man nodded and carried the two bags over.

“I will now take my leave, Madam. In the future, feel free to reach out to me or ask my assistants if you need anything. I won’t make the mistake of underestimating you again.”

Cassandra watched him turn around and leave, a little smile on her lips.

“Didn’t it sound like an apology to you, Evin?”

“I think that is the best you will get from him, Madam.”

She chuckled.

“You’re probably right. Come on, let’s bring those inside and check what we got so we can order more as soon as possible.”

“Yes, Madam.”

With the assistant accountant's help, Cassandra and Evin dragged the two bags all the way inside, to the stockroom which had been rapidly depleted in a few days. Two men who were boiling herbs immediately hurried to take over and sort them into the different pots and baskets on the shelves, while Cassandra discussed with the assistant accountant about more stocks.

Suddenly, a loud ruckus was heard at the entrance, making everyone in the room turn heads. A young man came running in.

"Lady Cassandra, could you come? There's a bit of a dispute outside."

Cassandra sighed and followed after him. What now? She didn't even have time to undo her coat and she was going back outside again. With such weather, she would rather stay inside.

It turned out that said dispute was actually taking place right at the entrance, by a large snow-covered hill where a dozen men were assembled. Cassandra had already got a hold of what was going on, before she got there, from all the yelling.

"I am not going, you damn skunks! Let me down right now!"

"But Captain, you cannot stay like this! You will lose your leg if it goes on."

"Lady Cassandra is very skilled! She can definitely help!"

"I do not care!" yelled the man on a stretcher. "I'd rather lose a leg than be healed by a woman!"

"We can arrange that," said Cassandra.

The men turned to her, two of them running to her as soon as they recognized her under her hood.

"Lady Cassandra! Please help the Captain! His leg was injured days ago!"

"It's getting bad!"

"All of you shut up! Bring me back! I do not care for that witch's methods! A woman healing is absurd! Women should be confined to the household and stay quiet!"

A bit annoyed, Cassandra crossed her arms, both from the cold and her impatience.

“I have many patients waiting for my help and not so many beds available. If you are yet to make a decision, do it quietly, please. Some of them need silence.”

The Captain glared at her, even more pissed.

“Shut up, woman! I shall not take orders from you! And do not look me in the eye, impudent little...”

“I suggest you watch your words in the presence of His Highness’ Concubine...” started Evin, but the man interrupted him.

“I will not allow a low woman to talk to me! And a slave, at that! The Commander-in-Chief may have been seduced by this wench, but I... I...”

The man suddenly lost his words, as he had caught a movement behind Cassandra. The snow-covered hill suddenly started moving and growing under his eyes, which opened wide in shock and fear. The snow fell in large chunks, revealing black scales and two glowing red eyes. Evin sighed.

“As I was saying, in the presence of His Highness’ Concubine and Dragon.”

As the large black dragon was eyeing the group, it lowered its head to Cassandra’s side, where she gently scratched under its chin.

Krai was obviously glaring at the man, though. Could a dragon have understood his words? Was he upset about the words used toward the Commander-in-Chief’s concubine just now? It couldn’t be, right? The Captain swallowed slowly.

“If you do not wish to be healed, I suggest you see another doctor in the camp. But please don’t be so noisy in front of the hospital or I’ll have you removed.”

“Re...removed?” said the Captain, though he had lost most of his voice.

Cassandra nodded, still scratching Krai’s maw. The dragon was chewing some snow, some of its back still white. The men around the Captain, despite being impressed, tried to convince him again.

“The Lady of the Mountain is very skilled, Captain! She stitched the Lieutenant’s arm and now he is fine! Please, Captain, at least let her examine you. ”

As the Captain was still frowning and glaring at Cassandra, one of his men walked to her, pleading.

“Please, Lady Cassandra, our Captain is very stubborn, but he is a great soldier and like a father to most of us! If he loses his leg, he will be sent back!”

“What happened?” finally asked Cassandra.

“He twisted his leg while training a while ago. We thought it might get better, but now it’s been two weeks now, he can’t even walk, and the area is all black and blue!”

She sighed. This was probably only a muscle contusion, but if that man was this stubborn, he probably hadn’t taken any rest for his leg to heal. Two of the men pulled up one of their Captain’s pant legs to show her the large bruise that had spread up his thigh. The Captain immediately became red.

“You little scums! How dare you undress me like that! You’re all going to regret this!”

“How is it, Lady of the Mountain? Is it bad?”

“Don’t you touch me you vicious...!”

But before he could end his sentence, a loud, angry dragon growled at him. The men ran in all directions, just before Krai’s paw landed on the Captain, pinning him on the ground. He lost all air in his lungs in a funny expression, the beast crushing him to the ground.

“Hey, Krai, no. No, no, get your paw off. Here.”

Krai was still growling, but Cassandra’s calls managed to distract the dragon enough. She kept making gestures until the red eyes looked her way instead of the Captain’s. Her voice was as gentle and calm as usual, yet every man was shocked to see the dragon attracted to her like a moth to a flame. Krai kept growling, unhappy, and the Captain was still being crushed under his humongous weight.

“Let go, come on. Come here,” said Cassandra, stepping away so the dragon would follow.

Eventually, Krai turned around, its paw finally lifting from the man’s body, who painfully tried to breathe again.

“Good dragon,” said Cassandra. “Come here.”

While she was scratching and petting Krai, Evin rolled his eyes and walked to the soldiers, helping their Captain up.

“You idiot. Insulting the Concubine in front of His Highness’ Dragon.”

“The dragon listens to the Lady of the Mountain!” said one of the men, impressed.

Evin clicked his tongue.

“His Highness’ Dragon listens to His Highness only. He just likes to act as Lady Cassandra’s bodyguard...and pet, apparently.”

Even so, all the men were watching the scene of the young woman, standing in the snow to cuddle and pet a dragon that was about a thousand times her size. Krai seemed to have already forgotten about them, only focused on Cassandra.

At some point, she had the dragon walk away, though they had missed how she did that. Had she thrown something away to play catch? That death machine just acted like a dog around this woman...

“You should have him rest and apply fresh snow on his injury. It will most likely heal by itself as long as he doesn’t overdo it,” she said to the men.

“Thank you, Lady Cassandra!” said some of the men in unison.

“You better take him out of here, though. Next time, I can’t guarantee His Highness’ Dragon won’t bite him on the first try.”

The men left swiftly, taking away the Captain who was still acting grumpy. Evin turned to Cassandra.

“You did a good job preventing His Highness’ Dragon from eating him.”

“Did I?”

“Yes. Even dragons can get sick from rotten meat.”

Cassandra laughed. Sometimes, Evin really surprised her. Was he ironic or really trying to crack a joke? Either way, it was amazing to see how his facial expression never changed one bit.

“The weather is getting worse. I suggest you go back now, Madam,” said Evin, looking at the sky.

“All right. Let me give some instructions to the men in the hospital and then we can go.”

Indeed, a few instructions were sufficient for the men to know what to do even if she was absent. Cassandra had been surprised with how fast some of the younger soldiers were able to learn from her. Many were very proactive and curious too, always asking questions and coming up with suggestions.

They obviously held her in high esteem, as she was always called “Lady Cassandra” or “Lady of the Mountain” by the men. Some were coming daily, even for a few hours, just to learn more from her and spread the knowledge about first aid around. She didn’t feel too bad about leaving the mountain a bit earlier than usual that day, knowing she was leaving it in good hands.

Since the wind was too strong, Krai stayed on the ground, walking beside her, its huge body actually shielding Cassandra from the snow during the whole trip back.

“This is going to be a storm,” said Evin.

“Are the storms bad here?”

“They can be, but the men only need to stay confined in their tents. If it lasts several days though, it can be problematic.”

Cassandra nodded, and looked up. It was all grey and white in the sky. How long would this last? Evin was probably right, as the snowfall was getting heavier. Snow was piling up on Krai’s back. As they progressed in the camp, many men warned her to take cover, too. Cassandra was looking for the Prince though, and was directed to one of the training grounds. Despite the name, it was in one of the buildings.

A very large room, like an interior stadium, was conceived for men to train and attend meetings inside. It could easily contain thousands of men and their steeds. There weren’t any horses when Cassandra got there though, actually most of it was empty. On one side a group of men were practising movements all together and on the other some were doing physical exercises. The center was the busiest, twenty soldiers in full armor were all fighting against one man, Kairen, alone with two swords. Immediately, Cassandra couldn’t help but worry about the obvious difference.

“Is this okay?”

“Probably not. I hope His Highness remembers it’s a pain to replace soldiers.”

Cassandra frowned. Was the Prince still at an advantage, despite the numbers? He didn’t even have his armor on!

Yet, after a few minutes of observing the battle, she had no choice but to admit Evin was right. The Prince had no need for armor. With his two swords, he effortlessly dismissed any attempt the soldiers made to get to him. He didn't even seem to get tired, or put any effort in. Each movement was perfect and precise. Despite his broad frame, he moved with the agility and speed of a tiger. His muscles' hard at work were showing with each gesture, under his tan skin.

Cassandra couldn't help but slowly start blushing after a while. The lines of his body were just dancing perfectly, the Prince's perfect form revealed. Cassandra felt a slight fever coming up inside. She could have used some more of the snow.

She was just watching from the side, but Cassandra was hypnotized by the fight, as if it had been some dance. Her heart fluttering with each of the Prince's moves, she reacted to every action, fearing for him when a soldier seemed to stand a chance, relieved when he pushed them back, excited when he attacked himself.

As Cassandra didn't bother him and stood silently, Kairen hadn't noticed her entrance. Yet, the fight was over after only a few minutes. Each of the twenty soldiers, no matter how good they were, ended up butt or face in the sand, full of aches and muscle pains. Kairen was unscathed.

"How impressive," whispered Cassandra.

"Of course. His Highness wasn't named this Empire's War God for nothing," said Evin.

She couldn't even hear Evin, her green eyes still stuck on her Prince. Kairen's skin was barely sweating despite all this exercise, but it was shiny and lustrous, making her blush even more. She could vividly remember the feel of his skin under her fingers.

"Shall we go get His Highness?"

Just as Evin suggested that, Kairen's eyes suddenly turned to them. Cassandra immediately blushed even more from having his eyes on her. Just as the Prince turned to walk up to her, Cassandra saw one of the soldiers aiming a knife at him.

"My Lord!" she yelled, a bit too late.

Though Kairen's shoulder movement to dodge was near perfect, it was a second too late. The blade scratched his shoulder, before falling on the ground. A vivid red line appeared on Kairen's skin, before he turned to the man who had done this. Cassandra's heart was worried for a moment. Was he going to kill the soldier? Or get

mad for attacking from behind? And injuring a member of the Imperial Family? But contrary to all her thoughts, Kairen talked to the man, calmly, something she couldn't hear. They exchanged words briefly.

“What’s going on?” she asked Evin, confused.

“That man managed to injure the War God. His Highness is asking for his name and unit, for him to be rewarded.”

“Rewarded? Isn’t wounding the Imperial Family something to be punished?”

“Things are different on a training ground.”

Cassandra nodded. So it did seem. The Prince’s talk with the soldier was short, though. As soon as he was done, he turned around and walked to Cassandra. She found herself unable to stop blushing again as he came closer.

Once he faced her, as she was on some stairs that put her at the same height as him, he put his arm around her waist and leaned in for a kiss. Despite Evin being there, Cassandra couldn’t resist him, putting her hands on his chest to respond. His smell was even stronger after training, enticing her. Their kiss lasted a while, as Kairen kept playing with her tongue, caressing her hair and holding her close.

When they parted, Cassandra had to catch her breath a bit.

“Why are you so red?” he asked his concubine with a frown.

“I was...watching you,” she admitted, unable to answer any further.

“It made you like this?” he asked with a little smirk, his hand noticeably going down her back.

Cassandra felt ashamed that his hands were exciting her even more, and in the presence of Evin, too! She was about to burn away if things kept going.

“My Prince, a winter storm is coming... Can we go back to our tent?” she asked shyly.

Kairen frowned a bit, turning to Evin, who nodded. Then, without adding a word, Kairen lifted Cassandra, carrying her effortlessly against his shoulder. Since she knew there was no use in protesting against this, Cassandra held on to him until Kairen brought her back to the tent, inside which Evin didn’t follow.

Once inside, Kairen put her down, and she put her fur coat aside.

“My Lord, let me look at your injury, it...”

“It’s fine.”

Cassandra didn’t listen and got on her toes to take a look at it. Immediately, she wondered if her eyes were going crazy. Instead of the injury from earlier, on the Prince’s shoulder she could see a line of... little black scales?

She had never seen anything like it before. Not on a man’s skin...What were those? Little black scales appeared on the injury, covering it. She could only see a darker shade where the blood was visible before. Hypnotized, Cassandra slowly caressed the scales. They had a similar feel to Krai’s, she thought.

“What is this?” she asked softly.

“The Dragon’s Blood. Our blood reacts anytime we are injured and does this.”

A trait of the Imperial Family...No wonder they were seen as gods. To have this kind of heavenly capability was unimaginable for common folk. Yet, from just a scratch, Kairen had little scales immediately blooming to cover it up. The scales were a dusky black color, was it because his dragon was black, too? Did his brothers have similar abilities? This was so fascinating.

As she kept brushing the scales with her fingers, Kairen grabbed her hand, bringing her attention back to him. They were finally together and alone after a long day. And with a winter storm raging outside, they would surely be alone for a while longer.

He grasped her lips, kissing her slowly, enjoying her sweet taste. Cassandra’s lips were always soft and a light, delicious pink. He played with them, his tongue imposing a rhythm she was now used to.

Even if the Prince’s kiss got a bit more forceful, Cassandra liked it and knew how to respond. Actually, she was maybe liking his forcefulness a bit too much. The strength of his hands, even as he caressed her gently, warmed her up. She put her hands around his neck, closed her eyes, and let herself go in his arms. Kairen, too, was growing hungry for her. His hands got lower, caressing her hips, pulling her dress up. That day she was wearing a white dress, he thought this color looked better than red on her.

As soon as she was left bare-chested and in her panties in front of him, he grabbed her and lifted her up, holding her a bit higher than him without interrupting their kiss. His

bare torso against her skin was warming Cassandra up alarmingly fast. She loved the feel of his warm skin and the strong masculine scent that came from it. With Kairen's hands holding her butt Cassandra held on to his neck, kissing him some more, feeling her arousal as much as his. She wasn't even doubting her own desires anymore. She wanted him. She wanted this man to make her his.

Cassandra whispered those words into the Prince's ear, and after a second of silence, he landed her back on the bed, exposed with her legs split open in front of him. As she blushed, Cassandra watched him quickly undo his belt, getting rid of her last piece of clothing, and she closed her eyes just as the Prince penetrated her. She let out a long sigh of relief as he slowly went farther, feeding her with his warmth and hard rod. They both had no patience this time. He started moving immediately, in and out, rubbing her insides and feeling her around his cock. Cassandra was reacting to each move, crying out, moaning, letting go and taking pleasure in his assaults. She liked his forceful, strong strokes that made the mattress jump and the bed squeak. The way it made her hot and gasping, the burn that spread between her legs. Cassandra held on to his shoulder and the bed sheets, feeling his thrusts become faster and deeper, making her all hot and fuzzy.

Kairen wasn't anywhere close to stopping either. He wanted more, always more. His hip movements became faster, loudly slapping against Cassandra's skin. Her white skin was getting more flushed as he kept going, and her exposed breasts were pointing up too. He grabbed one, fondling it without slowing down his thrusts. She was the perfect size for him, and soft under his fingers. He loved playing with them and seeing her react. Indeed, Cassandra was moaning louder, her head thrown back, her legs trembling under his forceful strokes. Her hand grabbed his wrist, but he barely felt the pressure.

"More?" he asked in a raspy voice.

"More, please, please..." she whispered, her eyes still closed.

Holding her thigh, Kairen kept going, tirelessly. His rod filled her to the brim, faster and faster, the sound of their flesh slapping together filled the air. She was tight around him, pressing against him, deliciously holding him in. He felt like he could keep going forever inside her, their bodies feeling insanely good together.

Cassandra was close to coming though. He could tell from her red cheeks, her erratic moans, and her quivering pussy. He wouldn't slow down. She would feel his cock again and again, going at it without rest. She had no way to stop her climax. Like a hot bomb exploding, she suddenly spasmed, her whole body trembling after one more push.

Kairen slowed down, watching her as she exhaled loudly, bending to kiss her breasts.

“You came...” he whispered.

She couldn't blush anymore, but the embarrassment was the same. Cassandra wished she could hide but no, she was completely exposed in front of her Prince. Gasping for air, she undid her hair trying to gather her senses. Kairen didn't pull out though, and she couldn't ignore his hot, and still rock-hard rod inside her. It was hard to calm down in those conditions. She inhaled deeply, closing her eyes, trying to evade her post-orgasm haze.

“I'm not done.”

His words took her by surprise.

Grabbing her by the hips, Kairen suddenly pulled out and had her turn over. She was butt naked in front of him, unable to see him. The Prince took her legs down, having her feet touch the floor, as she was bent over the mattress. Cassandra remembered this position from the hot springs and gasped.

Kairen's hardness was at her entrance, pressing again, and she exhaled loudly as he penetrated her once more. She was still plenty wet and he didn't hold himself back. The sensations were different, but the heat was the same. Cassandra couldn't withhold her moans as the War God took her savagely from behind, without rest. He was holding her by the hips, imposing his rhythm, pinning her down on the mattress. His cock filling her, ramming inside, Cassandra kept crying out, completely out of her mind. Her legs, still weak from the previous orgasm, were tensing and shaking.

She couldn't see, but she could hear Kairen's hot breath and his hips slamming against her backside repeatedly. The squishy sounds remained, as he kept going, and her own voice, hoarse and exhausted, yet still loud and out of control. She couldn't control anything. Cassandra was just taking him in, crying out from the pleasure, feeling his back and forth, unable to predict his rod's assaults.

“Huh... Ah! Pl... Please... Slow... Ah! Hn, hn...down...” she begged.

If Kairen heard her, he didn't make it known. He didn't slow down, instead, he intensified his assaults, thrusting harder. Cassandra couldn't say how long it lasted, or how her body held up. She bit her lip and kept moaning whilst still trying to breathe, feeling the burn between her legs, the waves of pleasure still tortured her restlessly.

At some point, finally, she heard his breathing get huskier. His movements suddenly became more erratic, brutal and deeper thrusts inside her, making her cry out again. The Prince unleashed his pleasure inside her with a groan, spasming and cumming profusely.

Cassandra had no more strength. Her legs completely numb, she lay there resting a bit on the mattress while the Prince slowly pulled out. This time, she was sweating too. How long had this been? Minutes or hours, she couldn't tell.

Kairen's lips flirted with her back, caressing her rosy skin, gently.

"Cassandra?" he called to her softly, pulling her to him.

She definitely couldn't stand, so she sat in front of him still in a bit of a daze. Kairen lifted her up though, and to her surprise, brought her to the large water basin that was in a corner of the room. She hadn't even noticed it.

He got in and sat Cassandra between his legs. The water that may have been hot earlier, was now lukewarm. If she wasn't resting against the Prince's torso, Cassandra might even have found it cold. The water felt good on her burning skin though. She closed her eyes, resting her head on Kairen's shoulder, feeling it calm her down. Her insides were still hot and a bit uncomfortable from so much sex, so she focused on something else, laying her legs in front of her and taking deep breaths.

Kairen gently put an arm around her in silence, kissing her shoulder. They could hear the snow storm, the wind blowing outside and the little fire crackling in the chimney pit. Only the War God could have enough warmth with such a little fire though. Cassandra knew she would have been much colder without him.

She shivered a bit as he gently wet her hair. The water running down her, she felt the Prince sliding the soap across her skin, gently washing her. Cassandra sighed silently. He was probably the only Prince to wash his slave. She couldn't refuse him though. Instead she made sure to do the same for him, washing the dust and sweat off him with lots of soap.

"I remember the first time you washed me," he suddenly whispered with a smirk.

Cassandra could remember it too.

"You were a bit too nasty," she replied with a little pout.

Kairen still felt playful. He caressed her hip in a gentle but enticing way. Cassandra was too exhausted for more sex, but she didn't push him away. She enjoyed his touch, the water around her, and this peaceful atmosphere around them.

“Let's go back.”

“Back?” she asked, a bit surprised. “To the Onyx Castle?”

He nodded.

“Once the storm is over. Let's fly back there for a few days. You need more stuff.”

More stuff? What was he thinking about? Clothes, probably? But Cassandra had another matter in mind.

“What about the hospital? I cannot abandon all the patients...”

Kairen frowned, a bit unhappy.

“They'll do fine without you.”

“How long will we stay at the Onyx Castle?”

“We'll see,” replied Kairen, visibly unwilling to say anymore.

Cassandra left her questions aside, thinking a bit. She would be happy to go back, see the girls again. They had only been gone for just over a week, but the Onyx Castle felt so far away. She felt a bit happy to go back. She wondered if she should think of anything to do while they were there.

Outside, the storm was raging. How long could a winter storm last? Actually, Kairen was probably right about the hospital. And she didn't mind waiting in this tent for a couple more days. It would be just the two of them in the tent, after all.