

The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox Chapter 71

The Rain Ceremony

Cassandra laughed nervously. Though it was meaningful to her, their tribe's union ceremony would have absolutely no legal recognition in the Dragon Empire, it would only be something symbolic. Now he was interested in that too?

"That's... ahem... We did say that getting married is..."

"Actually," said Shareen, "you shouldn't get married yet under our Country's law, but... I guess a foreign ceremony should be alright. Mother?"

Kareen seemed to think about it, to Cassandra surprise. Were they seriously considering that? The Imperial Concubine took a couple of minutes for her reflection before nodding and grabbing a biscuit.

"Mh, Shareen is right. If my son is so stubborn about it, I suppose a little ceremony would be fine, as long as it's kept a secret. We have yet to hear what this whole ceremony is about, though. It depends on what it involves."

Cassandra was speechless. Really? It would be like some secret wedding, but it still had a deep meaning to her... She turned to her Prince, a bit confused.

"Do you want to do that? It would have no legal meaning, here..."

"It would have meaning to you, right?"

"Of course. It was one of my tribe's most sacred rituals..."

"Then we can do that."

Was it really enough for them? A secret ceremony, while they couldn't get married in the Dragon Empire until her son was born, or they were more secure about the future? Indeed, for now, too many things were involved in the balance. First, the heir to the Emperor was yet to be named. While he had limited interest in the golden throne of his father, Kairen would be obviously the best fit among his brother. If not him, Sephir or Varhen would most likely get the throne, and things could go worse from there... The Third brother would definitely take back the

newly acquired slaves' rights, for example.

They couldn't marry legally, Cassandra was against it. It was a bit selfish of her, but she would rather stay the War God's Favorite than his wife, for now. She didn't want him to have another concubine, but she couldn't predict what was going to happen to her or their child either....

2

"Cassandra, dear, don't think too much," said Kareen. "My children are too stubborn. If this is enough for my son to hold on to your wedding and if you're fine with it, let's just go for that."

"Mother, you're just happy to organize this in Father's back, aren't you?" Sighed Shareen. 2

"What are you talking about. I don't need that man's permission! Anyway, we are organizing this secret ceremony, aren't we? Cassandra, dearie, what is it like exactly?"

"Hinue!" Protested Missandra. "Are you sure?"

Cassandra sighed and stood up.

"Can I have a minute with my sister?" She asked.

Kareen nodded.

"Of course, dear."

Cassandra took her sister's hand, guiding Missandra into the Garden. The area was wide enough for them to walk where they'd be far enough for the others to not overhear them, even with the Prince's enhanced hearing. Once she felt they were in a good place, Cassandra gently let go of Missandra's hand, facing her.

"Missandra, I understand your doubts, but..."

"No, you don't understand. Hinue... We just found each other a couple of days ago. We missed almost ten years together, but now you're... you're almost like one of them."

"How so?"

"You act like them, you speak like them... I don't know, I just thought everything would be different when we got reunited again. I dreamed about it so many times! But now, you're carrying a baby, and you're

talking about getting married to some Prince... To a... a War God... I feel like I'm going to lose my sister again. I don't like these people taking you into their schemes and everything.”

Cassandra sighed.

She often acted more mature than her age, but Missandra was only sixteen. Girls her age in the Dragon Empire were all about meeting boys and having fun. However, no matter how she had grown up, Missandra was different. She had experienced hardships in the Dragon Empire since she was seven. Being sold to one brothel after another... She didn't have a nice childhood or grew up with her family. She probably made a few friends if any,

The only thing she probably held on to was their past, the memories she had from her childhood with the Rain Tribe. It was probably the best way she had found to deal with all the craziness going on around her. Holding on to the idea that, maybe, she would have some way to go back there again. That idea had probably been implanted deep inside her, along with that memory of her older sister. Cassandra could tell how much Missandra still missed the Rain Tribe, after all those years, by the way she used a language she had learned when she was young and had no one to talk it with since then...

Cassandra sighed, and, gently, took her younger sister's hands.

“Missandra, I am not going to leave you alone again.”

Her sister seemed surprised by her words, looking at her with wide eyes. After a few seconds of silence, something in her expression changed and, slowly, tears appeared in her eyes. The little emerald got awfully red and teary, and Missandra broke into a sudden burst of crying.

Cassandra pulled her into her arms, letting her younger sister cry out against her shoulder, without stopping. She must have been holding it in for a long time... She gently caressed her hair, soothing her and whispering to her.

“I promise we won't go separate ways again. Because I will become a mother or someone's partner doesn't mean I won't love you... I'll be by your side, anytime you need me, I promise, Missandra. We'll be

together.”

Her sister kept sobbing, like a child, showing her weakness for the first time in years, and the flow of tears didn't show any sign of stopping. Cassandra hugged her for as long as Missandra needed, but after a while, she gently pushed her shoulders, making her younger sister look at her. “Missandra, I am sorry, but our tribe is gone. What you remember from our childhood... It is fine to hold on to those memories, but you also have to let all your anger go. What happened to us was a tragedy, but you can't just blame everyone for it... You have to grieve, and let it go, slowly. Our mother, Paba, all our friends... They are gone, Missandra. I am really sorry, but Linue, you need to accept it now...”

Missandra cried some more, but despite her runny nose and puffy eyes, she nodded, trying to calm down her sobbing

“I know... I know it won't... won't be like before, but...” she stuttered.

“I just... hoped... I don't know... I was afraid... You had left it all... And forgotten... and didn't care...”

“I haven't forgotten anything, Linue. I carry them all with me, in my heart, and I treasure each good memory. I have sung many times, in my head, our people's old priers. I feel happy when I feel the water on my body, I still eat as we ate in our childhood. I won't forget all that. But I won't be able to enjoy the present if I still hold on too much to the past, Missandra.” 10

Her sister nodded again, trying to wipe her tears clumsily. It was a bit embarrassing for a teenage girl to cry so much, but it was high time she let it out. Cassandra gently helped her get rid of her tears and brushed her hair past her ear.

“We need to look forward to the future... You're no longer a prostitute, and I'm no longer a slave... We can look forward to it. It's not all bad. You just take a look at the past and think about where you want to go from now on. I know I want to have my baby, a healthy baby, and stay with this man.”

Missandra pouted a bit.

“He’d better treat you well...”

“Do you think he doesn’t?”

Both sisters glanced quickly at the breakfast area. Shareen and Kareen were chatting, but Kairen had his eyes on them, watching them from afar like a hawk. Missandra sighed.

“I’ll admit he’s doing fine so far...”

Cassandra chuckled. Her younger sister was as stubborn as ever. She grabbed her hand.

“You can keep watching him from now on, okay? But please, try to go a bit easy on him, and his sister and mother, too. They... He saved my life, Missandra. For real. And since I met him, I’m happier than I’ve been in a very, very long time. I want to keep it that way, and I would be happier if you could be happy with me, too.”

Her younger sister nodded, again, grabbing Cassandra’s hands with a bit of a sorry expression.

“Hinue, I’m sorry... I should have congratulated you on your baby... But I just was too upset. I really am happy you are pregnant, though. I want you to become a mom...”

“You’ll be an auntie, too.”

Missandra smiled, blushing a bit, nodding.

“I’ll make sure to protect them! Him. It’s a boy, you say? How do they even know that?”

Cassandra chuckled and explained the whole situation about Krai’s egg as they were taking their walk back to the breakfast area. Just as they were midway there, the sky was suddenly covered with a big shadow.

A loud growl later, Krai softly landed right next to them, making Missandra scream and hiding behind Cassandra, terrified.

“Missandra... He won’t do anything...”

“You can’t be sure!! He eats humans...”

“He eats pigs!” Yelled Shareen from the table, as they were now close enough.

“I saw him eat a man just yesterday!” Missandra retorted back.

“Isn’t that exactly what I said!” Said Shareen, laughing.

Cassandra’s young sister frowned, upset. However, to their surprise, Krai kept sniffing and wiggling closer, actually interested in Missandra. She kept hiding behind Cassandra, however, making a comedic scene of the Dragon and her circling around the young concubine for a while.

“Why does he want to sniff me!” She cried.

“He’s just curious,” Cassandra guessed. “Here, scratch him there, he loves it.”

“I am not scratching him! He could chop off my arm for his breakfast”
“I promise he won’t,” said Cassandra, suddenly pushing her younger sister in front of her.

Missandra was trying hard not to scream, but Krai’s body was circling her, as the Dragon seemed indeed all curious about her. He kept sniffing and gently pushing her arm with his snout until Missandra had no choice but to give him a shy scratch in the spot her older sister had shown. Immediately, the Dragon was, even more, acting up, growling softly and moving his head so she’d scratch some more.

After a minute, Missandra’s frowning and terrified expression weakened a little.

“O...Alright... I guess you... might not be so... dangerous after all...” she said.

Cassandra chuckled and left her and Krai to get to know each other, walking back to the breakfast table. Shareen and Kareen were chuckling at Missandra’s awkward introduction with the Dragon, but surely they hadn’t forgotten the previous matter.

“So?” Asked Kareen with a smile.

“Alright, we can do a Rain ceremony,” said Cassandra. “But we need to prepare a few things, we will have to do a simpler version... And we need a rainy day, too.”

“Oh great! The next rainy season is due in months here!” Growled Shareen..

“Stop fussing,” her mother scolded her. “We’ll do this at the Diamond Palace, my City has much more rain days. What else, darling?”

“We will need some Borean ink, purified water, a silk thread, ...

“The water flowers, too!” Shouted Missandra from where she was.

“Yes, and we should find green outfits...”

“Green? Like servants?”

“It’s a color of happiness for our tribe. We usually make traditional wedding clothes with green fabric, and embroidering prayers and symbols with a white thread, but I guess we can skip for that...”

“What are you talking about!” Protested Kareen. “Even if it’s a secret ceremony, a ceremony is a ceremony! We will go by the book, so tell me anything you need for your Rain Ceremony, and I promise this old woman will get you everything you need exactly in time for the next rainy day in the Diamond Palace! You’ll see!”

The War God’s Favorite by Jhonny Fox Chapter 72

The First Prince’s Concubines

They resumed breakfast after that, Kareen asking a lot of questions to Cassandra about the Ceremony, making sure she knew absolutely anything they’d be needing. It was obvious she was only too happy to organize all of this, and Cassandra started to suspect Shareen was right when she said her mother was happy to have something to do in their Father’s back. She repeated several times that it would be of her responsibility to gather everything Cassandra had mentioned to have the perfect ceremony possible once they’d be back in the Diamond Palace. They were still a few days away from that, though.

The New Year Celebrations had to go on. For the next few days, Cassandra felt like there was nothing to do but watch shows, eat, and sleep. She was surprised by how the guests did their best to attend as much as they could, despite being obviously tired. The Concubines attended if their man attended, but anyone who had a chance to improve their status made themselves seen. However, there were very few unusual

events after that. It seemed like the second Prince had found his perfect excuse to not attend any more of the celebrations, while Shareen was back.

Cassandra however, had something extra to attend to. As promised, she visited the First Prince's apartments and examined him. If she wasn't an Imperial Physician, it would have been inappropriate for another Prince's concubine to go into another Prince's chambers. It was obvious no one could be suspicious of her for visiting the first Prince, however. His poor health was no secret, and the Emperor had personally approved of Cassandra examining him.

Sadly, she had no good news for him or his worried concubines. Even after chatting quickly with Missandra, who was still hiding her appearance under a veil and cloak, the sisters had reached the same conclusion. She turned to the Prince, who was sitting in his bed, waiting for her to speak.

"His Highness suffers from a chronic respiratory disease called the Sickness of Dust."

"The Sickness of Dust?" Repeated the only concubine wearing pink.

"Yes. It's something that makes his lungs extremely sensitive to any sort of dust, smoke, bacteria... Unfortunately, it's a birth condition that can never be fully treated. His Highness needs to be in a very clean environment, dry and not cold. Also, you should avoid going out in the next few weeks."

"The next few weeks?" Asked the first Prince, frowning. "Why?"

"With the New Year Celebrations, a lot of smokes are going to be in the air for a while. Also, the pollen will be back soon, and may make you worse..."

"Can't you do anything about it?" Asks one of the concubines.

"The tea you had him give us yesterday helped a lot!"

"There are several medicinal herbs that will help improve his lungs condition, I'll write them out for you. If you feel like coughing again, you should put them into a pot and breathe them until you calm down."

Just sit down and inhale until it goes away.”

The concubines looked disappointed, but the Prince raised his hand before his women could speak.

“Thank you, Lady Cassandra. None of the previous Imperial Doctors were able to give a name to my condition or speak to me honestly about its gravity before you did. At least now I know how to do better.”

“You’re welcome, your Highness,” said Cassandra, bowing politely. “I will be taking my leave now, but I will definitely come back and visit you before leaving if you’ll allow me.”

“Of course, of course. Enjoy the celebrations.”

With that, Cassandra turned around to leave, Dahlia and Missandra following closely behind her. She let out a little sigh. She felt sorry for the first Prince. There truly was no cure for his condition, none that she knew of. He

would have to live with it his whole life. If he took her recommendation seriously, he could at least potentially avoid any life-threatening crisis, but even her medicinal herbs had their limits.

“I wish I could do so much better here,” sighed Cassandra as they were about to walk out of the First Prince’s Apartments. “There is such limited knowledge about the properties of plants...”

“The doctors here are rip-offs,” said Missandra. “I sold my unguents to the girls for much cheaper and with better effects back then.”

“...Why don’t you continue?” Asked Cassandra.

“What?”

“You wanted to make a living for yourself, didn’t you? Why did you sell tea instead of medicine?”

Missandra sighed, shaking her head with a little smile.

“Hinue, you overestimate me! I don’t have your knowledge or your patience. I wouldn’t treat people, I would just fight with them continuously. With tea, people can just come, order what they need and leave. With medicine, people while arguing, tell you you’re wrong and women know nothing about it. The only customers I ever had were

prostitutes who knew me well. But even when I did start to sell, I had some concurrence, you know. Those jerks of retailers just don't like competition, they made a fuss so I would stop."

Cassandra stopped and turned around, surprising both of the girls behind her who almost ran into her.

"So you.... You know the people who sell the abortion potions in the Red District?"

"Of course. I lived there for years! Why that question, though?"

"I..."

"Lady Cassandra!"

To their surprise, two of the first Prince's concubines were trying to catch up to them, walking hurriedly despite their long dresses. Cassandra wondered if anything had happened, but the two girls bowed.

"We wanted to thank you deeply for treating our Lord," said the lady in pink.

"Oh, you're welcome..."

The two of them stood straight up.

"I'm Berissa, and this one is Chiara. The two of us we hoping to get closer to you, Lady Cassandra, and if... You'd accept to have some tea with us later on..."

Cassandra was a bit surprised, and it took her a few seconds to understand.

"Yes, of course. Please let me know when you'd like to spend time together."

The two women's faces brightened, and they thanked profusely before Cassandra insisted she had to leave, after which both went back.

Missandra and Dahlia exchanged glances, both confused by what had just happened.

"Hinue," said Missandra. "Why would these women be interested in having tea with you? They are already concubines with their own Prince..."

"I think they were acting on the first Prince's behalf," said Cassandra. "If

his concubines are close to me, his pregnant concubine, it could show he his close to his brother, and supports the third Prince as an heir to the throne...”

“Maybe they were just looking out for themselves,” said Dahlia. “It isn’t rare for Concubines to befriend

concubines with more power than they do, just to increase their chances to survive in the Imperial Palace. With the news about His Highness the first Prince’s health being bad, maybe those two thought it would be good for them to get close to you ahead, just in case anything happens...”

“What? I don’t want them to use my older sister like a stepping tool!”

“It’s okay, Missandra,” said Cassandra. “I actually hoped to befriend some concubines within the Imperial Palace. So far, the Emperor and first Prince’s concubines are the only ones who haven’t been mean to me.”

It was the truth. Cassandra felt like Kairen and her couldn’t have only enemies within that Palace. The differences between all six Princes were obvious, but there were definitely some who were close to one another. While Varhen

· and Kairen were clear enemies, she still hoped they could find some support among the other brothers...

“Oh right, Hinue,” said Missandra as they were walking back. “Did you want to ask me before? About the abortion portion or something?”

Cassandra realized she was so lost in her thoughts about the first Prince’s Concubines, she had almost forgotten! She nodded, and talked softly, as they were walking down several corridors and could easily be heard.

“Yes... Someone got one of those, and I wanted to know who they got it for. I thought there would be no way to know...”

“Of course you can!”

“What? Really?”

“Sure,” said Missandra with a nod. “You know, the people who sell such stuff in the Red District have to keep a strict record, because the establishments’ owners want to know if the girls get pregnant, in case the

father is someone rich, they can make them pay for it. Also, if someone outside of the Red District orders one of those, they need to know, they want to avoid trouble.”

“Trouble?”

“You know, from rich families. If one’s daughter or wife orders one of these, the Head of the House has to know. But if the girls don’t say a thing, what do they do? They run to the Red District to make a scene and threaten to behead the seller if they don’t give a name. Trust me, I’ve seen this situation happen so many times. Any wise shop owner keeps their buyers’ list as tidy as they can!”

Cassandra was speechless. She didn’t expect her sister would help them in such a way! However, Missandra seemed sure about what she was saying...

“So, who was it?”

Cassandra explained to her the whole situation as they were going back to her apartments, her younger sister nodding and frowning all this time. Once they reached Cassandra’s new private garden, she knew about the whole situation.

“I see. Of course, I could know! The only problem is I risk my life if I go back there, though...”

“Could you go with Princess Shareen?”

Missandra frowned.

“Mh... I don’t know if I could endure her for so long...”

She sighed.

“Can you let me send a few letters, actually? I still have friends there. They could definitely ask for me, and I wouldn’t have to leave the Palace!”

“Of course. I think my Lord has ink and parchments in our bedroom, though he never uses it...”

“Alright, I’ll go and borrow it then!”

Missandra left the garden like that, leaving Cassandra with Dahlia, who looked a bit upset, watching Missandra go. Cassandra was a bit surprised.

What was wrong between Dahlia and her sister? They had barely met... She took a few leaves she needed for the first Prince's decoction, watching her young female servant.

"Dahlia?"

"Yes, Lady Cassandra?"

"Do you perhaps... not like my sister?"

Dahlia immediately blushed, looked down in embarrassment.

"It's nothing like that, my Lady! I don't... Hold any hard feelings against your younger sister, really, I just... I... I'm a bit jealous of her."

Jealous? Cassandra was perplexed. Was it because she had taken her younger sister as a servant? It seemed like a rather foolish issue for Dahlia to be jealous of, though...

"Jealous of Missandra? Why...?"

Dahlia blushed a bit more, looking down on the basket she was holding for the leaves, blushing.

"It's that... P...Princess Shareen seems very interested in Lady Missandra, and... I... I like Princess Shareen very much..."

Cassandra was completely caught off guard. So that's what it was! She had almost forgotten Dahlia said she liked someone in the Imperial Palace. But of all people, it was Lady Shareen!

The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox Chapter 73

The Lowly Servant

Cassandra was completely caught off-guard. She hadn't expected that...

"Really?"

"I know it's shameless of me to be thinking about one of the Royal Princesses in such a way! I just... I've always admired her since I was a little servant. Lady Shareen is such a strong-willed woman, and she knows how to fight, too... I swear I am fine with admiring her secretly! It's just... I was a bit surprised by how quickly she seemed to like Lady Missandra..."

It was rare for Dahlia to open up her feelings like this. Cassandra felt a

bit sorry, as since she had found Missandra, she hadn't paid too much attention to Dahlia. She chuckled and took her hand gently.

"It's fine, Dahlia... I wish you'd be more open to me like this. I'm glad I have you as a friend here."

"A friend... Lady Cassandra, do you really think of a lowly servant like me as a friend?"

Cassandra was taken aback. Not because of Dahlia's reaction, but because her words echoed her own, not too long ago. A lowly servant, or a lowly slave... It was something she would say often about herself, notably when her Prince tried to get his feelings across to her. Now that she was thinking about it, their relationship had been so awkward and unprecedented from the start... Back when she was sitting against that throne, with some of his fur cloak covering her, she would have never guessed the position she would be standing in today...

"Dahlia, don't call yourself that. You are no lowly servant. You are a servant, and my friend, if you'll accept."

The young woman's eyes immediately got filled with tears, and she bowed profusely.

"Thank you, madam! I'll treasure our friendship!"

Cassandra still felt like this was a bit different from what a friend should say, but she understood Dahlia's long years of service in the Imperial Palace prevented her from saying what she wanted or changing her habits in a few days. It would be a gradual change, most likely...

Self-confidence couldn't be built in a few days after years of serving others.

"About Missandra and Shareen..." said Cassandra. "You know, I don't think they see each other in a romantic way. My younger sister is a bit stubborn, I think Princess Shareen just enjoys watching her because she is entertaining. She rarely sees someone of a lower rank rebel like Missandra does. Princess Shareen is someone who enjoys strong characters, but from what I have seen, her lovers are more... submissive types."

Cassandra felt a bit shy talking about Shareen's tastes, but after all, she had seen it first hand. Their first meeting had left quite a strong impression on her, not necessarily in a good way. However, since then, she had learned to understand Shareen a bit better. The Princess was stubborn and hated when someone resisted her. She enjoyed most teasing people she liked, like her brother... And lastly, she had very low standards of decency.

"I see..." said Dahlia, blushing a bit more.

"I don't think my younger sister would be interested at all, either," added Cassandra with a sigh. "They bicker non-stop... Plus, though neither of them looks like it, Missandra is half Shareen's age."

Indeed, sometimes, Cassandra wished her younger sister wouldn't act so defiant when she was just a sixteen years-old girl. Missandra had grown too mature and stubborn, but if it wasn't for Cassandra, she wouldn't have survived in the Imperial Palace with such a behavior...

"I feel a bit bad for being jealous," said Dahlia. "I'm already well aware that Princess Shareen has taken many lovers... The servants talk, you know. I know she likes to play around, but somehow, since Lady Missandra was different from them all, I just got... a bit worried."

"I guess it can be helped. We feel jealous when someone gets close to our loved one..."

"Is it the same for you, my Lady?"

Cassandra nodded. They were slowly tending to all of iver plants, as Cassandra didn't really feel like going to the Celebrations yet. Moreover, her Prince was busy at the moment, and she didn't want to go there without him. So, she was just taking her time, taking care of her garden and collecting some leaves in the basket Dahlia carried for the first Prince's decoction. (2)

"Yes... I guess one can never feel at ease," she sighed.

"You shouldn't! His Highness the Third Prince obviously only has eyes for you!".

Cassandra chuckled, picking another flower.

“Thank you, Dahlia.”

However, Cassandra somewhat discussing her personal feelings with someone else... It was part of her personality, she was still incredibly shy about her own relationships. She felt like Kairen and her shared something she wouldn't have been able to share with anyone else.

Cassandra liked thinking of their bond as something... special.

A little while later, Missandra came back with a little smile.

“Alright, I sent it! I hope they can answer soon.”

“I hope so too,” said Cassandra. “We planned to leave to the Diamond Palace as soon as the New Year Celebrations are over.”

“So soon?”

They turned around. Immediately, Cassandra frowned, pulling her younger sister.

Phetra was standing at the entrance of her indoor garden, with a nasty smirk. She was wearing a very revealing purple dress, and a little golden diadem.

“I believe you have no right to be here, your Highness,” Said Cassandra.

“No right? If a slave can be in the Imperial Palace, why can't a Princess be?”

Cassandra tried to remain calm and composed. Phetra wouldn't be stupid enough to do something to her in the third Prince's apartments, would she? Moreover, was she ever going to let go of the slavery thing? This was really getting old, even for her...

“Ah... I guess my older brother really went the full way for you,” she said, glancing all over at Cassandra's garden.

Calmly, she stepped forward and pushed one of the plant pots onto the floor, making it break on the ground. Cassandra clenched her fist. There really was no end to that woman's childishness...

“Have you just come to mess around, Princess Phetra?” She asked.

“Well, I was bored... And hearing that you didn't have your usual pet around... I couldn't help but come and visit...”

She stepped forward, breaking yet two other pots.

“Please stop!” Yelled Dahlia. “Those plants are important to my Lady!”
“Shut up, servant,” retorted Phetra, crashing another pot onto the floor.
“I wonder if his Highness the Second Prince knows of your presence here?” Said Cassandra.

Phetra froze. Cassandra had hoped her brother’s name would somewhat make her react, and she was right... She had noticed long ago how Vrehan was cold to everyone, including his concubines and sisters.

Phetra probably only had a very limited amount of trust and liberty from him, too. Moreover, from what she had witnessed, the second Prince hated confronting Kairen or Shareen directly. He had abandoned one of his concubines to her death because she had acted on her own with that snake. Though he probably wouldn’t want his sister dead, he certainly wouldn’t see her actions in a good light either. Any time Phetra had stirred up trouble or fought with Shareen, the Second Prince had stayed out of it, leaving Phetra in her mess.

“Don’t you dare talk about my brother!” Growled Phetra.

Cassandra was scared of her, but not to the point she would step back and let Phetra act however she wanted. Not in her garden, and moreover, this part of the Palace was part of Kairen’s apartments. Half-siblings or not, she knew no Princess or Prince who wasn’t Kareen’s child wasn’t allowed here.

“Those are my Prince’s apartments and my garden. Please go back,” said Cassandra.

“Don’t you give me orders, either! You know what? Actually, this gives me an opportunity. I could have your head for acting up and thinking you can order an Imperial Princess around!”

“I am his Highness’ The War God’s Concubine,” retorted Cassandra in the coldest voice she could. “Don’t think your threats can intimidate me any longer, Princess Phetra. The Emperor...”

“Oh? You want to go and cry to my Father now?” Said Phetra.

She took the diadem she had on her head and threw it to Cassandra’s feet

with a smirk.

“See ? I have dozens of those. Do you think you’re special because my father gifted you one ? Don’t you realize ? Concubines like you are replaceable. Do you think wearing a pink dress makes you even remotely close to an Imperial Princess ? You’re wrong. You’re a low-born, good for nothing...”

“Good for nothing ?” Repeated Cassandra. “I think you keep misunderstanding something. I am an Imperial Physician. I contribute to this Kingdom’s well-being. One of those pots you just knocked over contained a plant to heal the First Prince’s cough. Shall I tell his Highness Prince Sephir that I can’t heal him now ? Because Princess Phetra came over to act up in my herbal medicine garden ?”

Phetra got red, staring at the mess at her feet, and glancing at Cassandra, unsure.

“You’re lying...”

“The first plant was blue limonea, a plant to improve blood flow,” suddenly said Missandra. “The second one was demonis Helebor, a plant than whitens any fabric, and can be used as makeup. The third one is wild chloriane, its flowers produce a perfume that helps clear the lungs’ impurities. You’re a Princess and you don’t even know this much ?”

While Phetra, in awe, looked down at her feet, Cassandra turned to her sister.

“Linue, stay out of this,” said Cassandra in their mother tongue.

“As if I’d stay put and watch this snake woman insult my sister!” Replied Missandra, annoyed.

“How dare you talk to me, you low servant!” Yelled Phetra, pissed off.

“This low servant is more educated than this Highness,” Missandra shout back. “Next time you can think about that before you come and destroy someone else’s precious medicinal herbs on a whim!”

“I want that servant’s head!” Yelled Phetra, furious. “I will kill you now!”

She took out a little dagger, furious, and started walking towards them. Cassandra was totally panicked. She was no fighter, and anyway, none of them could injure a member of the Imperial Family without being punished or worse, executed. Krai couldn't enter the garden, and Kairen was busy elsewhere. She pulled Missandra and Dahlia behind her, hoping Phetra wouldn't dare attack her, a pregnant concubine.

As she kept stepping forward, Cassandra reacted by reflex. She took one of the buckets at her feet and threw its content to Phetra's face. It was full of dirty water, one she had prepared with fertilizer for the plants.

As soon as the water hit her face, Phetra stopped and screamed horribly. She tried to wipe the dirt off of her face, and in this short time, Cassandra slapped her hand for her to let go of her dagger. The blade fell, and Missandra immediately took it away, dropping it in one of the fountains. "You..." Hissed Phetra, having managed to wipe some off of her face. She lifted her hand to slap Cassandra, but the young Concubine wasn't going to stand still. She was scary when she had a weapon, but without it, Phetra was nothing but a woman who was about Cassandra's size, and certainly didn't have any fighter's reflexes or speed. In a hand movement, Cassandra pushed her hand away. It was still a bit painful as Phetra slapped the back of her hand, but it was better than taking a slap in the face and doing nothing.

As her move had been blocked by Cassandra, the Princess looked even angrier, pointing a finger at her.

"You're dead! You're as good as dead! You won't get away with this!" She screamed as she stormed off.

A few seconds after she was gone, Cassandra let out a long sigh of relief and fell down on her knees. Both Dahlia and Missandra jumped to her side, worried.

"Hinue!"

"My Lady, are you unwell!"

"It's fine... I just got a bit too agitated. I didn't think she'd go away..."

“Lady Cassandra... we will be in trouble... Lady Missandra, you shouldn't have gotten involved! What if Lady Cassandra is in danger because of you!”

“In danger? That crazy Princess was here to stir trouble anyway! I wasn't going to stay still and watch her insult my sister calmly! Do you think it gets better if you let them mistreat you? It just gives them an excuse to be worse the next time!”

“Enough, you two,” sighed Cassandra. “Help me go to Lady Kareen's apartments. It will be safer before his Highness comes back...”

The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox Chapter 74

The Nephew's Fate

All the way to Kareen's apartments, Cassandra couldn't shake off those worried feelings inside her heart. What if she had pushed it too far? What if Phetra took her revenge on Missandra, or even Dahlia? The girls were bickering non-stop behind her, but she just headed right to Lady Kareen's apartments, trying to get there as fast as she could.

“This was foolish and reckless of you, Lady Missandra! What if Lady Cassandra gets blamed for what happened?”

You went too far!”

“You didn't do anything to help my sister!” Missandra retorted back. “So what, I should have let her be insulted? That woman had no right to come and pick on her! I can't stand bitches and bullies!”

The girls just kept going at it until Cassandra reached Kareen's place. Her argument somewhat made her panic even more and, when she finally spotted the Imperial Concubine, who was taking tea in her garden, Cassandra ran to her, falling at her feet, in tears.

“Cassandra, dear! What happened?”

But Cassandra had given too much of her strength in that little confrontation with Phetra, and for some reason, her nerves couldn't take it. She had been so scared for her sister, for Dahlia, scared for herself and

her baby and angry at once...

“Servants! Get some fresh water!”

“I’ll prepare...”

“Don’t you two dare move from here!” Roared Kareen, furious. “You two girls better not move an inch before telling me what in the world happened!”

Kareen was glaring at both Dahlia and Missandra, making the girls white with fear. The two of them were experiencing the Imperial Concubine’s wrath first-hand for the first time.

While several servants helped put Cassandra on a deckchair and brought her fresh water and dried fruits to help her recover from her emotions, Dahlia and Missandra told Kareen what had happened, bickering a bit in the process. She seemed to be caring for Cassandra more than listening, but Kareen wasn’t losing one word from them.

When they were done, Missandra was angry again, frowning while looking at Cassandra.

“I can’t believe that Princess dares to pick on my sister like this! She...”

Before she could end that sentence, Kareen stood and slapped her.

The noise resonated loud and clear in the little garden, making the servants run away like scared mice. Dahlia, too, had her eyes open wide in shock.

“I’m fed up with your reckless attitude!” Yelled the Imperial Concubine.

“You are not in the Red District anymore! This isn’t some girl’s fight where you can talk back and get away with some light punishment! You are in the Imperial Palace! When are you going to realize that your childish attitude is putting your sister in danger?”

Missandra was completely speechless. She put a hand on her burning cheek, unable to say one word, staring at Kareen. The Imperial Concubine was absolutely infuriated with her.

“You can’t be stupid enough to provoke an Imperial Princess and think you’ll get away with it! Your sister has done her best to survive so far, you’re here for two days and you piss off an Imperial Princess! Do you think everyone here will let you get away with it as my children do?”

Kairen and Shareen are only putting up with your attitude for the love of Cassandra!”

“But she... that Princess is the one who came...”

“Yes, she did, and you should have let it for Cassandra to handle! If you hadn’t provoked her, Phetra wouldn’t have dared to pull out a weapon in my son’s apartments! Now you put a target on your back, and there is no one we will be able to save you! Do you think it was smart to retort back if you’ll lose your head for it? This isn’t a child’s game! Stop acting like a brat and thinking you’ll always get away with that attitude! Whether you like it or not, this is a Dragon’s Den! Our Palace, our rules! Stop trying to apply your logic here, before you get us and your sister all killed!”

Missandra was on the verge of tears, now, and took a few steps back before running away, crying. Kareen gestured for a few servants to follow her, making sure she didn’t leave her apartments. She sighed, sitting back by Cassandra’s side.

“I didn’t say anything until now, Cassandra, but that sister of yours needed to hear it sooner or later.”

“No, I’m the one who should be sorry,” sighed Cassandra. “I should have been harsher with her earlier...”

“You just found your long-lost sister. It can’t be helped that you didn’t want to scold her too much. I hate having to fight with my children, too.”

Cassandra still felt sorry for Missandra. Somehow, she regretted forcing her younger sister to come to the Imperial Palace when she wasn’t prepared for it.

She couldn’t stop worrying. What if Phetra really managed to kill Missandra? She would never forgive herself.

“Do you think... Phetra will...?” She asked, not even able to bring the words to her lips.

“Don’t worry, Cassandra. That little bitch won’t get away with threatening you and my grandson this time. Just you wait until my son hears of this, he won’t sit still... Just because he seems so calm, those people shouldn’t forget he is the War God.”

Cassandra nodded, despite not feeling much better. However, she knew she needed to calm down. So much worrying was not good for her baby. Truth was, she had such a fright earlier... She tried to relax a bit, drinking the tea brought by the servants, but nothing could chase away the darkness in her heart. Kareen stayed by her side, caressing her arm gently.

To their surprise, Krai arrived first. The big black Dragon showed up all of a sudden, popping his head above one of Kareen's walls with a growl. "Where have you boy been!" Scolded Kareen.

Cassandra would never get used to the Imperial Concubine treating a humongous beast like Krai as she would a mischievous child... The Dragon ignored the mother, and scooted to Cassandra's side, sniffing her frantically. She sighed and put her hand on his warm scales, feeling a bit better by its contact.

"Where is your master..." She sighed.

Krai growled softly, lying down next to her, though he was big enough for Cassandra to still caress his head. As she was waiting for her Prince to arrive, Cassandra remembered something she had meant to ask Kareen.

"Some of the first Prince's concubines approached me earlier..."

"Did they?"

Cassandra explained their brief exchange to Kareen in a few words, looking for her opinion on the two Concubines. The Imperial Concubine stayed silent a few seconds, but she didn't seem too surprised.

"I don't think those two don't have any ill intentions..." she said. "They are aware Sephir is weak, and could die in the upcoming years. If it happens, those women will need someone's protection in the Imperial Palace. They are probably thinking you might be the next Empress, and are taking an early start on befriending you."

"Why would anyone want to attack widows?" Asked Cassandra, confused. "No Concubine can get on the Empress throne without their Prince becoming Emperor first..."

"They may lose their Prince, but those two have children. When a new

Emperor gets on the throne, he often gets rid of the potential competition as much and as fast as he can. That includes his brothers' male descendants.

Those women are probably hoping you'll watch out for their children if anything happens..."

Cassandra hadn't thought of things that way. Kairen's nephews were also potential rivals... If she remembered correctly, he had seven of them already. Prince Sephir had one son and two daughters so far, but he could still have more. Those concubines were probably seeking her protection just in case... However, Cassandra doubted Kairen himself would take any action against the children unless he had a good reason too.

Cassandra realized she had never seen any of the Princes' children. Were they all staying with their mothers, out of harms' way? Maybe in different locations than the Imperial Palace? She knew she wouldn't want her son here unless she had no choice. It was too dangerous for a young heir. Moreover, just like her son, Kairen's nephews probably each had young dragons, too...

"How many Dragons are there in total?" Asked Cassandra.

She had just realized, not only the young Princes' dragons, but also, like Srai, some Dragons had probably outlived their masters as well!

Kareen seemed hesitant.

"As far as I know, about twenty... There are only seven adult dragons, that I know of for sure, but the old schmuck might be hiding more."

Cassandra realized Kareen was right... The Emperor could have kept some of his dead brothers' dragons, or some of his nephews'... No wonder the Dragon Empire was so strong compared to other countries. Not only they had Dragons, but their enemies couldn't even know how many there really were! 2

She wondered if all the rumors she had heard about the army of Dragons were true. Cassandra couldn't help but think it would be a truly beautiful sight to see all seven flying together...

"Cassandra!"

She sat up at the Prince's call.

Kairen came in like a storm, headed right her way, looking half-worried, half-furious. Shareen was behind him, but Cassandra only got a quick glimpse of her. Her Prince immediately grabbed her in his arms, carrying her like she weighed nothing once again.

"Are you injured?" He asked while scanning her all over.

"No, no I'm fine, I just got a bit of a fright..."

"That sister knows when to get her in trouble," said Kareen.

In a few words, Cassandra tried to explain what had happened, from the moment Phetra had appeared in her garden. At each sentence, the War God's eyes darkened scarily. Cassandra was worried he would get mad at Missandra, while she thought Kareen had already scolded and scared her enough.

"So?" Said Kareen. "What are you going to do now?"

"That bitch Phetra needs a lesson", hissed Shareen. "A real one."

"Wait, Missandra provoked her," said Cassandra. "What if she gets punished?"

"Actually," said Kareen, "your sister could use some punishment."

Right after that, she walked off, leaving the siblings and Cassandra alone in the garden. She was worried.

"I know I shouldn't have let Missandra provoke Phetra," she said. "But I just couldn't stop my sister, and things got out of hand so fast..."

"Don't worry," whispered her Prince. "You don't have to apologize. I shouldn't have left you alone."

Cassandra could have argued she wasn't alone, but in that case, it probably wasn't what he actually meant. Kairen seemed relieved to see her fine, as he kept gently caressing her, refusing to let go of her for one second.

After another minute, Kareen suddenly returned, followed by Dahlia and Missandra. The younger sister looked deeply sorry, looking down and with her eyes all red and puffy. It broke Cassandra's heart to see

Missandra in such a state, but she couldn't do anything at that point. She had no choice but to let the Imperial Family deal with it.

"Let's go," said Kairen.

"What? I am not going there!" suddenly claimed Missandra. "You said this woman would have me dead!"

"Missandra, enough!"

It was the first time Cassandra got mad at her or even raised her voice. The younger sister was speechless. However, she saw in Cassandra's green, angry eyes that this time, she wouldn't idly sit by and let her act however she wanted. Missandra finally understood. She had gotten too far, and she couldn't oppose her sister or anyone there.

She nodded, defeated.

The War God's Favorite by Jhonny Fox Chapter 75

The Trial

To Cassandra's surprise, Kairen carried her out, and even refused to let her walk by herself as they left the Imperial Concubine's apartments.

"I'm fine..." She said, trying to convince him.

"Cassandra, you barely could stand earlier," Kareen reminded her.

Cassandra felt embarrassed nevertheless. Thinking about, she thought she probably hadn't eaten properly earlier. With all the discussion about their secret ceremony, she had barely touched breakfast, and her appetite was unpredictable those days. Plus, with the earlier fright, her nerves had too much for one day...

As usual, Kairen was getting more protective of her any time something happened. His eyes had a murderous glare on since Phetra had been mentioned earlier...

Their little group, including Missandra, Dahlia and some of Kareen's servants, walked quickly through the Palace towards the Imperial Chamber. Seeing Kareen, Kairen and Shareen altogether were away to make any servant on their way turn around and leave as quickly as possible.

For a while, Cassandra thought they were going towards the garden where the New Year Celebrations were still held, but she soon realized she was wrong. Their group was heading to the inner part of the Palace, where the Emperor gathered all the ministers, generals and scholars to officiate and discuss the country's future. Despite the ongoing event, the upper ranks probably still had to work and make sure everything in the country was going smoothly...

Once they arrived, Kairen finally put Cassandra down, letting her stand by his side, and brutally opened the large gold doors.

Everyone inside the room jumped in shock, and all eyes converged their way. There were at least fifty people inside, all men. All of them looked shocked to see the War God, making such a brutal appearance, and their glances went back and forth to the Emperor and his son, trying to figure how bad this situation could turn out to be.

The Emperor was probably the most wide-mouth opened of them. His eyes went to Kairen, Shareen, Kareen, Cassandra, and Kairen again, as his son was leading the group.

"Son, what is..."

However, the War God made his way towards the men gathered, and without warning, grabbed one of them by the collar. Cassandra recognized a bit late the second prince, Vrehan, struggling to get away from his younger brother's grip.

The strength difference was painfully obvious. Kairen held him by the collar, at his arm's reach, well above the floor. Despite his pitiful attempts, Vrehan didn't manage to make him move one bit.

"Where is your damn sister!" Roared Kairen.

Even Cassandra had never seen him that furious. As if to support his master, Krai made an appearance with a terrible growl, making the whole building shake. The terrified scholars went white, as the black-scaled head appeared above, in the usual open roof.

The Emperor had absolutely no control over the situation. His eyes went from Kareen to her son, again, and he tried to step forward, looking

unsure.

“Kairen, son... What is...”

“I said, bring out your damn sister!”

“Let me go,” hissed Vrehan.

“Your sister. Now.”

He didn't even need to precise which one he was talking about. With an annoyed look, Vrehan gestured for two servants to run out of the room. Meanwhile, Krai was trying to get inside, his growling getting louder and louder. The room wasn't exactly too small for him, but the room opening definitely wasn't made for a Dragon to squeeze in. He could only get one of his front paws inside, and with that enough, he was dangerously scratching the closest wall.

The Emperor slammed his hand against his throne.

“Kairen, enough! Put your brother down this instant!”

“I'll put that vermin down as soon as I get his sister.”

Everyone was shocked. No one ever discussed one of the Emperor's orders, but apparently, that rule did not apply to the War God. Kairen's wrath was blindly aimed at Vrehan and his sister, enough to completely oversee his father's authority.

The Emperor, maybe, didn't seem as surprised or angry as he could have been. Putting his hands on his hips, he turned to Kareen and Shareen, who had been patiently waiting to the side.

“May I know what this ruckus is for! Kareen, dearest, I'm glad to see you, but...”

“Oh, don't worry, you'll soon be very aware of the situation, dear.”

Apparently, Kareen's cold smile and use of a pet name were enough to have the Emperor blush and distract him completely from the current situation. Cassandra wondered exactly how much influence the Imperial Concubine could have on him...

A short while later, the servants returned, looking a bit embarrassed and bowing.

“Her Highness Princess Phetra re... refuses to come, your Highness...”

The Emperor rolled his eyes, annoyed. Meanwhile, Kairen's grip on Vrehan's throat, who was already getting red from behind held like a ragdoll, got tighter.

"Your sister better change her mind quickly, or I swear you'll pay in her stead."

"Tell Phetra to come here immediately!" Yelled the Emperor. "Since when does she dare ignore us!"

The servants left again. Cassandra was speechless. The Emperor had taken things personally, already? He sighed, and waved his hand, dismissing most of the high-ranked official immediately.

The little crowd was only too happy to leave, as Krai had been raining some grated marble on their heads for a little while already. None of them wanted to stay in the area when the War God was that angry, either. As the time started to get long when neither Phetra or servants were coming, Shareen took her sword out.

"Shall I go get that bitch myself, brother?"

"Shareen, enough! Put that thing away, you know I hate when you use weapons inside! And will someone finally explain what is going on here, by the Great Dragon!"

"It appears, dear, that your seventh daughter thinks she can threaten the War God's Favorite, an Imperial Physician, and get away with it by not coming here," slowly explained Kareen.

The Emperor immediately frowned, his eyes switching from Kareen to Cassandra, who was standing next to her. His face turned red.

"What! What is Phetra thinking! Someone go get her! Right now!"

Of course, the Second Prince had already sent two servants prior, but two more Imperial Servants swiftly left the room. If Phetra didn't come after all that...

While waiting, Kareen even ordered a chair to be brought for Cassandra, insisting she should stand still for too long. She took one for herself, actually, installing herself like a queen in the middle of the Palace.

"How... How have you been, dearest?" Asked the Emperor.

Cassandra was still amazed to see a man his age blush so much when addressing Lady Kareen... The Imperial Concubine nodded and wiped off some invisible dust for her dress.

“I have been fine, aside from the children’s endless bickering.”

“I know, right? So tiring, so tiring!”

“...It would be better if their father monitored them better.”

After that, the Emperor’s mouth closed, looking a bit contrite. Cassandra couldn’t help but feel a bit sorry for him. Kareen really didn’t cut him any slack...

Finally, the servants returned, but they were followed by Phetra’s furious screams. Kairen put Vrehan down, who breathed out, readjusting his clothing with a bitter expression.

The War God’s anger had already shifted to Phetra, who barged in screaming.

“Vrehan, Father! Why are you summoning me! What is...”

She stopped when she saw Kairen’s furious glare. Her face went immediately white, her eyes displaying endless terror. She unconsciously took a step back, and Krai’s loud growl got her attention too. Phetra turned around, to try and leave, but the servants immediately stood in her way, and though they were all bowing, it was obvious she wouldn’t get through this way.

She turned around again, shaking her head.

“Third Brother was looking for you,” said Vrehan, still looking pissed. Cassandra realized he was angry at his sister as well. He probably didn’t like getting involved and having to face Kairen... (2

However, something felt wrong with Phetra, too. Unlike her revealing dress from earlier, she was covered in a purple shawl, covering her body and even a bit of her face. Cassandra wondered why she had put that thing on?

“I... I only...”

Kairen wasn’t going to show any patience with her. He walked the distance that separated them and grabbed her throat, just like her brother

earlier, making her scream like a pig. She panicked immediately, trying to free herself and screaming like crazy.

“Let me go! Let me go! You can’t hurt me! You can’t hurt me!”

“Phetra, will you stop screaming like this, it’s extremely disagreeable to my ears,” said the Emperor, annoyed. “Kairen claims you threatened his concubine, what happened.”

“Her... Her bitch servant insulted me! Father! That dirty servant insulted me, and the slave concubine attacked me!”

“Who attacked who?” Said Kareen, frowning. “Phetra, you lying little snake! Didn’t you draw a sword in the presence of a Dragon’s son!”

Phetra ignored her, still screaming, begging to get her Father’s attention and pity on her.

“Father, they disfigured me! Look what that witch did to my body! Father, you must have justice for me!”

Indeed, the shawl had slid down with Kairen holding her in the air, and now, everyone could see the large red rashes on her skin. Kareen sneered, visibly satisfied.

“What... What is that?” Said the Emperor, lost.

“An allergic reaction, I believe, your Highness,” sighed Cassandra. “I did throw some dirty water on Princess Phetra.”

“Why would you do that? Kareen, dearest, what was that about a sword?”

“Princess Phetra came to my medicinal Garden earlier, your Highness,” explained Cassandra, stepping forward. “She acted recklessly, and I got scared. My servant tried to defend me, but Princess Phetra took out a sword to attack me. I reacted and threw... ahem, some water on her, which certainly caused her... current condition.”

The Emperor took a minute to take it all in, but meanwhile, Phetra started screaming again.

“Her damn servant attacked me! She insulted me! I want her head, father! Father, you can let me be insulted like this! I am an Imperial Princess!”

Krai growled, and it was obvious he was trying to get to her. It only made her panic and scream even more.

“Father! Father! He will kill me! Brother! Brother help me!”

However, Vrehan remained silent, ignoring her as if this situation was completely unrelated to him. Cassandra hated that, he was abandoning his sister in such a situation...

As she kept screaming, Kairen suddenly tightened his grip, choking her a bit. He wasn't suffocating her, but at least she had to stop screaming if she wanted to breathe. Truth was, Cassandra hated seeing a woman mistreated like this, but Phetra had gone over a limit this time.

The Emperor shook his head.

“Kairen, son, enough. I don't want you killing your siblings in the middle of my Imperial Chamber!”

“She insulted and assaulted Cassandra,” hissed the War God. “I will not let this go.”

“Calm down, calm down, will you! Cassandra is fine, isn't she? She's just...”

“Since when do you know anything about pregnant women, you old man!” Roared Kareen, making the Emperor jump. “Fine? Do you know how fragile she is at the moment? What if she had lost her child? What if Phetra had injured her!”

“Calm down, dearie, I will handle this. But first, Kairen, let her go, please son.”

“Kairen...” said Cassandra, gently.

She was afraid things could go wrong if he ignored the Emperor's orders any longer, and killed Phetra in such a place.

Kairen opened his hand all of a sudden, and Phetra fell to the floor brutally. A crack sound was heard, announcing nothing good. She started screaming in pain, again, holding her injured ankle, but the War God suddenly grabbed her wrist, forcefully dragging her and throwing her to his Father's feet. The Emperor sighed his hands on his hips.

“Phetra, you unruly child. You never listen, do you? I guess I have been

too lenient with you. Attacking a pregnant Imperial Concubine! How could you be such an idiot!”

“They are the ones you should punish! Father!” She sobbed, trying to act pitiful, pulling on his clothing. “They made me like this! You can’t allow a servant to treat me like this!”

“Enough! Enough of you, Phetra! You really need a lesson! Guards!” Imperial guards appeared all of a sudden, but none of them actually dared to approach Phetra and the furious War God next to her.

“Take her to the Imperial Prison for her to stay... Mh... Fifty days! The prisoner’s treatment! Yes, fifty days sounds like enough for me to find her a husband.”

“A hus... husband?”

“Yes. You’ve annoyed me enough. Time to send you away, you can marry some scholar or whatever. You’ll be stripped down from your title as an Imperial Princess, too. I’ve had enough of you stirring trouble.”

“Father! You can’t do that! I was born an Imperial Princess, I’ll die an Imperial Princess!”

“Looks like you just expired your first life, Phetra,” sneered Shareen, satisfied. “Brother, if I remember correctly, the Imperial Prison is... this way.”

She was pointing a finger, and a second later, Cassandra understood what she meant. He was going to...

Kairen grabbed Phetra once again and, despite how much she screamed, hysterical, he suddenly threw her out of the window Shareen had shown. Cassandra and her servants were shocked, covering their mouths in horror.

“Don’t worry, dear,” said Kareen. “It’s only two or three floors’ height until she lands on the building.”

Landing wasn’t exactly the right word!