

My New Life as a Dark Elf Concubine - Part 2

For Anonymous

By TheSpiralledEye

One moment Richard is a shut-in sitting at his computer with a pain in his chest; the next moment he's a beautiful Drow woman, about to be sold off to a neighbouring King as his concubine. Now Richard has to not only deal with living in a fantasy land but also with his rising hormones and the fact that he is expected to bear the king's child!

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I woke slowly; the first few days after my arrival Xanthar had insisted on throwing open the windows at first light each morning to start the day but I'd soon put a stop to that. Since my only job was getting the king into bed, something neither of us seemed eager to initiate, I had nothing to do all day, so what was the point of getting up early?

Instead, I had him wait on me in the corner of the room each morning until I woke on my own. Once I stirred he opened the windows and let the warm sun spill in. I smiled, stretching my naked body across the satin sheets; I'd never experienced luxury like this before. This new life was just getting better and better.

"Good morning Miss, would you like to bathe before dressing for lun-I mean breakfast?"

I looked out the window to see the sun high in the sky, it was closer to lunch than breakfast, but oh well.

"Yes, that sounds delightful, make sure the water is nice and hot." I ordered, not bothering to cover up at all while Xanthar rushed around preparing the bath.

I'd gotten used to being waited on hand and foot in these last few days; it was quite nice. I stepped into the wooden tub and allowed Xanthar to wipe me down with soft cloths. I sighed in contentment, feeling the hot trails move across and into my body. Xanthar was pink in the cheeks, so was I, but I at least could blame the steam.

I'd been experiencing more of those flashes of desire lately, but hadn't been able to bring myself to act on them. The idea of touching this new body myself was almost scary let alone somebody else. But each day I denied myself the feelings only got stronger, I knew it was only a matter of time.

Xanthar dressed me in yet another scantily clad dress with only a few draw strings keeping it in place and of course, no underwear. From what I could tell I did not own any, though that seemed to be amore a Drow thing than the norm for this world in general.

"Another day spent wandering the gardens and library?" I asked Xanthar, already bored.

"No sorry Miss, the King has requested you join him as soon as you wake...in his chambers."

"Oh."

One didn't have to read between the lines to see where this was going. My palms turned cool and sweaty; was I ready for this? Did it matter? I didn't think I had much of a say regardless. I had to try though.

"It's the middle of the day." I argued, "Surely this could wait until tonight."

Xanthar shuffled uncomfortably.

"The king was very insistent."

"He's barely even looked at me since I arrived, surely he can't be that desperate." I tried, feeling my heart start to race.

Nimue may have been some experienced concubine absolutely dying to have his babies. I didn't have the faintest idea how to have sex as a woman, I barely even did it at all in my last life! Bossing Xanthar around was one thing but surely a king would want me to be supplicant? The idea made me cringe; the combination of my new confidence and my old life mixed together. The idea of a man atop me, acting all dominant while he took me...it just felt wrong.

Xanthar gave me a strange look, half sympathetic, half confused before simply indicating to the door.

“I think it would be best if we don't keep him waiting.”

He stopped himself from saying the words ‘any longer’ but I saw the way his eyes flicked to the noon high sky. I just huffed; how was I supposed to know the king would finally show an interest today? If anything, if he had been waiting a long time it was his own fault.

I focused on my irritation, trying to let it fester and build. Maybe if I acted even more haughty and rude he would turn me away. Hopefully, not turn me out of the castle entirely but at least put things off for another day to give myself more time to prepare.

I was led down several corridors before Xanthar knocked on a large wooden door flanked by two heavily armoured guards. A moment later the muffled sound of a voice called us in and Xanthar opened the door for me, motioning me inside. My heart was beating wildly out of nerves but I kept my face neutral; years of trying to blend in and not do anything to draw attention had prepared me for keeping a blank face no matter the situation. Granted; this was testing me a bit.

King Hendrake was wearing simple, loose fitting robes. His golden hair was long and loose around his shoulders and all his finery had been stripped away. He almost looked normal; well, as normal as an Elf could look to me at this point. He was sitting back behind his desk, eyes finding me lazily.

I realised that this was the first time we had ever been alone together, and even those other times we had met he had been terse. I had no idea what to expect.

“My queen has insisted that I get on with bedding you.” He sighed, sounding bored and for some reason that irritated me more than anything.

I'd been trussed up like a prize pig, forced to endure a body that was hellbent on exposing itself at every turn and he didn't even want me?

“Am I not to your liking?” I asked through gritted teeth.

I'd been fretting so much about the idea of sleeping with a man that it hadn't actually occurred to me that he wouldn't want to. I mean, I was objectively the single sexiest being I had laid eyes on since arriving in this world. Even I got turned on looking at myself in the mirror and yet somehow, I wasn't good enough for this prick?

“Funny.” I replied coolly, “Your wife seemed very against the idea of me sleeping with you at all. Funny, considering I am a concubine and that is literally my job.”

“I have been married to Charlotte for almost a decade and we are yet to have a single heir.” Hendrake replied, “Something must be done, concubines are the obvious choice since one of us is clearly not able to produce.”

“Your wife thinks it's you.” I jabbed, lips curling into a somewhat cruel smile. To my surprise, Hendrake did not seem to care about the slight.

“It may very well be. The truth is, I do not particularly care for sex most of the time. It is dull, my wife is dull in almost every way.”

“So what, I am here to spice up your life so you can get a boner?” I placed a hand on my wide hip and watched as the king's eyebrow raised.

It was foolish, but I couldn't help but add.

“Aw, what's the matter kingy? Not used to people digging at you? I suppose it's all yes sire and no sire of course not. Gosh we love you sire.”

His lips quirked into a smile

“Yes, for the most part.” He admitted, “But as for your previous comment, no. You are simply here to hopefully conceive a child; if it could be mine, that would be spectacular of course but if you come to be with child another way...I shall not mind.”

I blinked.

“Do you really hate sex that much?”

I didn't think there was a man alive who could find the idea of sex with this body boring.

“I do not hate it, the act or at least the finality of it, is quite enjoyable. I am simply busy and frankly do not find lying above a woman thrusting into her while she lays ramrod still for several minutes any more appealing than my own hand.”

Now, in my first life sex wasn't exactly something I did often...or at all for the most part. A few fumbled dalliances years ago were really the only notches on my belt but what I did have

extensive experience with, was porn, enough to know that this poor guy had barely experienced anything at all.

“That’s the only way you’ve ever had sex?” I raised an eyebrow and for the first time the king looked embarrassed.

“It is a man's duty to be in charge in the bed chamber.” He said simply, in a way that told me he was obviously repeating something told to him many times.

It took a few moments and then it dawned on me.

“Oh my god you’re a sub.”

“A what?” The King asked.

“Nothing!” I said quickly, mind racing, that warm feeling was coming back between my legs at the realisation I’d just made.

After denying myself for so many days perhaps this was my breaking point; it was time to indulge. I didn't really know what I was doing but fake it till you make it, wasn't that the old saying?

“I think I know a way to make this more enjoyable for you.” I smiled, narrowing my eyes playfully. “You’re so used to everybody doing what you say, I bet the idea of taking orders instead of giving them will really get you going.”

A multitude of emotions crossed Hendrake’s face; humiliation, rage, suspicion, curiosity. Oh well, in for a penny. I walked across the room, enjoying the sway of my hips as I got closer and the way the king’s cheeks began to turn pink.

I shivered with anticipation as I reached over the desk, feeling my breasts hang low with gravity as I brushed a hand over the king's sharp cheekbones. I traced down before sharply grabbing his chin and pulling him closer to me, lips barely an inch apart.

“Just for now, while it’s the two of us, I am in charge. Understand?”

Confusion and arousal passed over his face, both replaced with a coy smile and a look of curiosity.

“Alright.” Hendrake cooed, “Let’s try it.”

“Ah ah ah, I am in charge, remember? I get to decide what we do, more specifically...” I reached down and took his hand, pressing it to one of my hanging breasts, “what you do to me.”

A thrill passed through me, sparks flew across my skin at feeling another person's bare skin against my own, the dress easily moving aside so that Hendrake could grip the soft, supple flesh there. It felt so much better than my own hands, and knowing that I had somebody, a king no less, hanging on my every word, fuck it made me hot.

I’d come here fully intending to try and put the king off me and yet here I was seducing him and loving it. It wasn’t every day I was the most experienced person in a bedroom. Not that I had done much, but all I had to do was act the part and copy all those videos I’d watched back in my old life.

Hendrake’s hand wandered slightly, fingers brushing across my dark nipples and I sighed, it was like water after days of thirst. His thumb and forefinger rolled the nipple between them, far too softly.

“Harder p-harder.” I only just stopped the please from escaping.

“Are you su-”

“I said harder, Hendrake.” I ordered and oh, the look he gave me.

This guy was totally sub and didn’t even know it; this was going to be fun. I leaned into my new persona fully, letting the act take control as I ordered Hendrake to feel me up.

“Come around here and undress me.”

He did so and I had to bite my lip to avoid moaning as his fingers brushed against my skin. They were surprisingly rough; years worth of writing with a quill perhaps and the soft calluses made me shiver.

Hendrake moved to kiss me and I weaved out of the way, instead latching my mouth to his neck and sucking gently, running my teeth along the bare skin and drinking in the sounds he made; half shocked, half aroused. My nimble fingers made quick work of his tunic as well; revealing a fit, tanned chest and wiry frame. An elf from all the fairy tales. Feeling

daring, I reached my hand into his loose breeches and found his length, curling around it and gripping tight enough to hurt just a little. He squeaked, actually squeaked and I giggled.

“This is going to be fun.” I purred, “Now, no noises, understand, I want you silent as a mouse.”

He scoffed but said nothing; challenge accepted.

I had an advantage of course, I remembered what it felt like to be on the other side of this arrangement so I knew exactly how to touch to drive a man wild. With one hand I slowly stoked up and down his length, bringing it to full hardness as my other hand gently massaged his balls, swiping one finger back and forth along that sensitive line of skin between his balls and ass.

His body started to tremble, I could hear his teeth grinding together as his chin rested on my shoulder and his grip on my arms getting tighter.

“W-we are supposed to be getting you pregnant.” He moaned.

“Shhhh, I told you not to talk.” I cooed, “And we will, unless of course you are already close, funny, I thought you’d last longer.”

“I will.” He hissed through clenched teeth.

He sounded so desperate to convince both me and himself, the sound made my whole body shudder with pleasure and wetness began to drip down my legs. I’d expected being a woman to make me feel more vulnerable yet here I was feeling more powerful than I ever had before.

I led him back towards the bed and I could feel his whole body tensing in anticipation as I continued to tease him. In one strong motion he attempted to push me back onto the bed but I planted my feet and held my ground. I clicked my tongue like a disapproving school teacher and pulled back.

“I’m in charge, remember, kingy?”

And then I moved, with Elven grace that surprised even me. I was behind him leaving him bereft of touch for the barest of moments before giving him a shove with my butt. He was off balance already and tumbled down onto the bed where I promptly crawled up and over his

body. His eyes were wide, his mouth hanging open in awe as I raked my fingers through his golden hair.

“You’re incredible.” He whispered, “I’ve never...sex has never been like this before.”

“You just didn’t know what you liked.” I replied, “Now, if you talk one more time I will have to punish you. So shush.”

I pressed a finger to his lips before claiming them myself, grinding my new pussy down over his manhood lengthways so I could feel the fullness of it against me. It felt incredible, my body sung with approval and I felt my inside begin to coil as I coated him in my juices.

Small desperate moans escaped his mouth but I swallowed them down before finally raising my hips up and allowing his cock to stand upright. Our eyes met for a second before I descended and I swore I felt something, some kind of energy, pass between us. There was no time to focus on it though as I sunk down, taking his whole cock in one full motion and his eyes rolled back into his head.

The sensation of being penetrated was...indescribably good. All the words in the world could not do it justice; not only was it physically satisfying but it gratified some primal part of my brain. The part that told me this was exactly what my new sinful body was made for.

I rolled my hips a few times, studying Hendrake’s face to see what really drove him wild. Then deliberately avoided it only to repeat the gesture three or four times in quick succession until he was a shuddering mess.

“You wanna cum?” I teased.

He opened his mouth then shut it before nodding.

“Good boy, remembering the rules. Maybe I will let you...after me of course.” I grinned.

I felt drunk on my own domination, bouncing up and down on his cock so hard that my breasts bounced with me. I could see him watching them as they rose and fell with hungry eyes.

“You can touch them.”

He didn't hesitate, grabbing great handfuls of my bouncing tits and pressing his thumbs into my nipples. That was enough. I felt the tightness that had been building between my legs reached a zenith and I came, hard and fast. The sound that ripped out of my throat was something purely pornographic and was enough to send the king over the edge as well.

I could feel something flooding my womb and for the first time I considered the consequences of my actions; would this get me pregnant? I knew that was the point but I still wasn't sure how to feel about it. Our orgasms ended and my pussy burned; still hungry, desperately wanting more even though Hendrake was going soft inside me.

"That was...something else." He groaned, gently pulling me off him. "I actually wouldn't mind doing that again in a few days."

"A few days?!" I gaped; that had been some spectacular sex if I did say so myself, I had been expecting him to beg for more just like my body was.

"Yes I know you probably want to wait longer," Hendrake sighed with a dismissive wave, "But that was quite enjoyable and the sooner you are with child the better."

"No, I want to go again, right now!" I blurted out before biting my tongue.

The king gave me a funny look, did it seriously not occur to this man that women could get horny too? He opened his mouth before closing it again, hiding whatever it was she was going to say before simply dismissing me like a common servant. Rage boiled under my skin; how dare he! After all that? I threw on my dress as best I could and walked out with my head held high, ignoring the odd look Xanthar gave me. Had he heard everything? Or had the thick stone walls prevented anything from escaping? Either way, I couldn't bring myself to feel shame for it.

My body ached, desperate for more and I felt something inside me shift. If this was to be my new life now; at least for the foreseeable future, I planned on living it to the fullest and that meant being actually satisfied. I would show that king a good time until he was begging for me to come to him every night.

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I continued to spend my days researching, having Xanthar bring me books in the hopes that I could discover a way home. At least that is how it started. The longer I stayed here; being

waited on hand and foot by servants, dressing in beautiful clothing and living a life of luxury the less interested in returning to my old life I became.

Did I really want to go back to being a lonely slob, one who was in all likelihood dead and buried anyway? Already forgotten? As the king's consort I was already in the history books in Candor and I could get anything I wanted with a click of my fingers.

Well, almost anything I wanted.

Despite several more rolls in the hay the king's libido remained frustratingly low. I had assumed that frigid bitch Charlotte had just convinced him sex was boring and now that I was here to spice things up he'd turn into a classic horny man. But he didn't.

He clearly enjoyed our times together; especially when I degraded him a little. Yet he was never up for more than a single round at a time and it was beginning to take its toll. This Drow body of mine ached for more. This constant tease of one round of sex every few days at best was torture. By the time he finally summoned me to his chambers I would cum in seconds from sheer deprivation and only get a second one if I was lucky.

I'd considered trying to coax Bella back into my chambers but it seemed word may have gotten around and she was doing everything in her power to avoid me for the sake of her reputation. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little hurt, I had hoped for at least one friend in this place since I no longer had the luxury of talking to people online. But I couldn't really blame her, I had come on quite strong.

Fortunately for me, there were no signs I was yet with child, which meant I could insist the king and I at least try twice a week, something Hendrake seemed reluctant about.

It was a rainy day and I was bored and horny; so as usual I made my way to his study where I found him looking over thick books and stacks of parchment.

"Hendrake," I used his first name in that hard tone I knew drove him wild, "It has been almost a week since you have had me."

"Yes I know." he said without looking up from his scribblings, "But I am not in the mood today."

"Well, get in it." I ordered, trying my best to activate that submissive part of his brain. "How can those dusty old papers be more interesting than me?"

"Yes well, unlike you I have a lot to do each day." He snapped.

“Well whose fault is that? It’s not like I have anything else *to do*.” I snapped right back, “You brought me here to make you an heir and then just dumped me in a room for the most part. It’s not like any of the other ladies in your court want to spend time with me, not with Charlotte digging her claws in.”

Hendrake actually looked up at that.

“I’d not considered that.”

“Of course you didn’t” I said flippantly, “Too busy with your...papers.”

“They are gold budgets for the castle guard.” Hendrake explained, “The harvest was low this year so grain stores have to be used, which means some of the gold usually set aside for paying knights will need to be used to trade with the countries to the south where the spring was milder.”

I leaned over to look at the figures.

“The grain stores seem to be at a fine level anyway? Why use the money to buy grain we don’t need?”

“Because a mild spring is one thing but paired with a hard winter it is quite another. If next winter is harsh we may need to distribute it to the common people and without adequate stores we risk starvation.”

He went on explaining the complex trade routes and issues of the kingdom to me and I found myself genuinely interested, and impressed. It was actually starting to make sense why Hendrake thought so little about sex; he had a million other things on his mind.

“Don’t kings usually have a bunch of ministers and advisors to do this sort of thing?”

“I do, but unlike my father, who was content to simply let other people rule his kingdom and take what they liked off the top, I like to keep my fingers in all the proverbial pies.”

That was...actually pretty admirable.

“I have a pretty good head for figures, why don’t I help you out?” I suggested finally, sitting myself up on his desk and crossing my leg over.

“You know how to balance budgets?” He smirked, unbelieving.

“Just you watch.”

With my former programming skills, doing some basic maths was easy and with a few bits of help here and there when it came to outside influence like neighbouring trade ledgers, we soon had everything sorted. Hendrake looked at me with even more awe than he did in the bedroom.

“Incredible.”

“I am more than just a pretty face, my king.” I whispered, cupping his face and kissing him briefly.

“I’m beginning to see that.” He muttered.

My eyes slid to the bed in the periphery of my vision.

“Come, I helped you, I think it’s time you took a break.”

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Things with Hendrake were going...well. After three months we’d fallen into a good routine; sex once a week, twice if I was lucky but I still spent several hours a day with him. Walking, talking, helping him with the ruling of the kingdom or simply being an ear for him to sound ideas off. I found myself actually enjoying spending time with him even if we weren’t having sex. He was interesting and what’s more, he actually seemed to like me as a person, taking time to get to know me. Which helped because I wasn’t really sure who I was yet; it helped keep me grounded. It did not occur to me that I was stepping on Charlotte’s toes until I started to hear the gossip.

“Everybody thought the king was being diligent about having an heir but it turns out they are discussing kingdom matters!” one scullery maid whispered to another.

“I know, people are saying she’s more queen than Charlotte!”

“No wonder the queen hates her, not only does her husband prefer another woman in his chamber but now she’s doing queenly duties as well!”

Charlotte had never been warm to me; unsurprisingly. After that first meeting she mostly ignored me, though lately things had started to unravel. I no longer sat at the royal table at meal times, at her request. Instead I was being seated with the other noble ladies of the court, all of whom despised me in order to get on the queen's good side.

I didn't mind really; I found Hendrake's company far more interesting than the idly prattle of noble women and with Xanthar at my beck and call I had no need for other servants. But this talk was slightly worrying; once I got pregnant and gave the royal couple an heir there would be no reason for Charlotte to keep me around. I would have to be on my guard.

Something that would be easier to do if I wasn't so damn horny all the time. Once a week was simply not enough for me. I remembered what Hendrake and Charlotte said about using others in order to produce an heir; it was a concept that was becoming more and more attractive to me. But there was something holding me back.

A strange sense of...guilt? Loyalty perhaps? It didn't feel right to sleep with somebody who wasn't Hendrake for some reason, no matter how badly I wanted it. That guilty feeling was only going to last me so long though.

I woke on yet another late morning with my pussy already aching; no rest of the wicked. I'd taken to sleeping naked, the less cloth rubbing against my desperate body the better. It didn't do me any good of course; satin sheets felt like lovers' fingers all over my torso as I tossed and turned at night and by the time Xanthar opened the curtains I was desperate and wanting.

“A bath, miss?”

“Yes.” I groaned, “Hot.”

I should probably have ordered it cold for the sake of my needs but frankly people who did that were sadist. Who actually felt better after a *cold* bath?

I stepped into the hot water and sunk down with a groan, watching as Xanthar did his best not to look at me. His cheeks were red, as always and I felt a lump in my throat. I had permission, and I was no queen. Fuck it.

“Xanthar, you know you can look at me.” I smiled coyly.

“Oh no miss, it wouldn’t be proper.” He replied nervously and I felt that familiar stir of arousal as my dominant side reared its head.

I reached over the edge of the tub, taking his cheek in my hand and turning him to face me. His eyes met mine and were wide, I could see him trying desperately to keep his vision focused on my face rather than down at my naked body in the water.

“You can look, Xanthar, I don’t mind.” I whispered, “Do you like what you see?”

His eyes dipped down briefly, then again, then they stayed there, staring at my wet tits in the water.

“You are very beautiful, miss.” he whispered huskily and I scoffed.

“I am no blushing maiden, Xanthar, you can say *sexy*.”

He swallowed.

“They feel even better than they look.” I teased, removing my hand from his face and reaching out for his own.

The washcloth was gripped tightly between his fingers as I took hold of his wrist and moved it up to stroke at my clavicle. After a few moments he began doing it himself, eyes on my chest as his hand snaked lower and the cloth was dropped into the water, forgotten. I closed my eyes and sighed in enjoyment, his fingers were so soft despite all the labour he did, how was that possible? No matter, they felt wonderful gliding across my wet skin.

“Is it hard working for me?” I asked with a lazy smile, “Trying not to get hard watching me parade around naked.”

Xanthar swallowed.

“It’s an honour to serve a princess of the kingdom.”

His voice was shaky, his eyes still locked on my chest as he slowly rubbed his bare fingers over my skin, creating ripples in the water.

“Have you ever dreamt of serving me in other ways?” I asked, knowing full well that he must have.

“Is...that what you want?” he croaked.

He tightened his grip, pressing hard against one of my nipples which had gone hard despite the steamy heat.

“You want me to order you?” I teased with a naughty grin. “Very well, touch me, until I tell you to stop. And no touching yourself either.”

Xanthar groaned; I could see the bulge in his pants going painfully unattended as his hand sank beneath the water and found its way between my legs. The finger slid easily into my passage, the water mixing with my juices while his thumb found my clit. With a moan I ground my hips upwards against it, letting his finger slide in and out while his thumb pressed hard against that bundle of nerves. He'd done this before; I wondered who with. I would tease the information out of him in good time.

“You can do more than touch.” I whispered, “Ahhh...you can taste too.”

Xanthar whimpered and lowered his head without hesitation, latching his mouth to my nipple and sucking hard. He moaned and my eyes rolled back into my skull; I could feel the vibrations of his voice moving through my tits, making me see stars. It didn't take long for orgasm to build, then another and a third.

Xanthar didn't slow down until my entire body felt as though it were on fire; finally, pure and total satisfaction! When I had finally had my fill of delicious orgasms I sank back into the now cool bath water.

“That's enough.” I ordered with a gasp, feeling somewhat light headed.

Xanthar was breathing heavily, the bulge in his pants still obvious. I couldn't help but play with him a little more.

“Get me dressed, then I want you to fetch me something to read from the library.” I ordered flippantly, standing and stepping out of the wooden tub. “Once I have finished reading, perhaps I can take care of that for you.”

Xanthar had a hungry look in his eyes and I knew he'd do anything for me, even if I never returned the favour. The power was delicious. I let him dress me and then sat down at my desk to await his return. I already knew it wouldn't take me long to recover and be ready to jump him as soon as he got back. I was eager to feel what a Drow's cock would feel like inside me.

There was a flash of that same guilt which I swiftly dismissed. So what if thinking Hendrake made my heart race, I needed this and more importantly Hendrake needed an heir, even if it wasn't necessarily his.

I began doing a mental tally of all the handsome young noblemen in the castle I had passed by and smiled to myself. Wondering how long it would take me to seduce and try them all; between attending to my official duties of course.

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I set my sights on seduction; it wasn't as if I had anything better to do with my time. I spent a day wandering the castle grounds, picking out potential targets until I found one I liked the look of. Sir Henry Waynerite, an older, grizzled gentleman who had been serving as a knight for most of his adult life. He was from a small, practically nothing noble house who had everybody's admiration regardless due to pure skill. I couldn't help but respect the man, and the fact that he was ruggedly handsome in his own scarred way was a bonus. He was also the only man I was yet to distract on the training field.

I'd made a habit of visiting and watching the men train, so much so that I caught several of them glancing over their shoulders looking for me while I approached. They'd come to expect my presence and even the captain of the guard had given up making me leave.

“Teaching the men to ignore distractions on the battlefield is a valuable lesson.” He'd coughed, I think he secretly enjoyed watching me himself.

It was incredible, I didn't even need to do much really. Simply show up in one of my skimpy outfits and stand around, occasionally leaning over a fence or stretching in the sunlight and I had them all looking my way. All except Sir Henry. Perhaps it would have been easier to go

for one of the young, hotheaded recruits with more blood in their nethers than brains but I enjoyed the challenge.

After a few days of stretching and posing for him, always making sure I was in his line of sight I was starting to feel frustrated. He was yet to even approach me! I pouted in annoyance watching as he smashed his training dummy to bits; how could that sack of straw be more interesting than my fabulous self?

I looked around for inspiration and to my shock; my eyes met Hendrake. There he was, looking out the second floor window from the castle, right at me. I couldn't read his expression from here but I was filled with a sudden surge of determination. Hendrake had turned me away three times this week, it was time to make him *jealous*.

With a flick of my long hair I hopped over the short fence that surrounded the training ground, ignoring Xanthar's cries about my shoes getting dirty. Sir Henry turned slightly, spotting me and grunting.

"It's dangerous to sneak up on a man with a sword."

"I'm not sneaking." I pouted, "I'm approaching, did I seem like I was trying to be subtle?"

He turned again and raised an eyebrow.

"There is nothing subtle about you at all, my lady."

"Why thank you." I sighed, "I do try to be as eye-catching as possible, though, you are yet to take any interest." I sighed dramatically, "It wounds me so, Henry. I was hoping we could be friends."

"It is not proper for knights to mingle with ladies of the court outside of public feasts." He said simply and turned back to his dummy.

"I am no lady of the court. I am a concubine. The queen would argue that there is nothing noble about me at all."

"Yes well, Charlotte has always been a bit prickly." Henry grinned, then caught himself.

"So familiar," I cooed, "Are you and the queen...close?"

Henry swallowed and looked nervous for a moment.

“I think you should go.”

“Oh alright...such a shame, none of the ladies will talk to me thanks to Charlotte. I am dreadfully lonely...”

I sighed dramatically once more and turned to go, making sure to give my hips a suggestive wiggle as I walked. I didn't need to turn to know he was watching me go; not as successful as I would have liked but it was a start. As I walked back toward the edge of the field I looked up again to see Hendrake watching from the window and smiled. If nothing else, at least I had his attention.