

My New Life as a Dark Elf Concubine - Part 3

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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"The king has summoned you." Xanthar announced as soon as I was done changing out of my muddy heels.

"I'll bet he has." I smiled. "Very well, take me to him."

I walked into the king's chambers without knocking to find his bed empty; Hendrake was behind his desk, working and my brow furrowed. I had been sure he was going to jump me the moment I appeared and yet...he didn't seem to have noticed I was here at all. I cleared my throat and crossed my arms, tapping my foot expectantly.

"Are you going to strip for me or do you want me to do it for you?" I asked coyly, getting a roguish smile in response and to my surprise I felt my heart flutter.

"I didn't ask you here for sex."

"Oh."

I blinked, maybe I needed to dom him a little harder? No, after this much time I knew when a little extra push was all it would take. Today was not one of those days; if I was going to get laid, Hendrake wasn't going to be the one to do it. I sat myself down in the chair and waited, clicking my tongue in that way I knew irritated him until he finally put down the quill.

"So...why am I here?" I asked.

“Is it so hard to believe I could have another reason to call you here, besides sex?”

“Yes.”

I was a concubine, what other reason could the king possibly have for my company. To my surprise he twiddled his thumbs and looked awkward, like a child who caught half way through a plan they hadn't thought through.

“I thought perhaps we could go for a walk.” he said lamely after a while and I had a stroke of realisation.

“Hendrake...are you jealous?” I grinned, “You saw me flirting with Sir Henry today didn't you! And now you're all jealous.”

His lips thinned and I cackled.

“You are! If you're jealous, why don't you just bed me before he does, eh?”

“I don't want to talk about Sir Henry, let's walk.”

“Oh fine.” I sighed, “At least then I can burn some of this energy if you're not going to let me ride you.”

The king smiled softly and turned pink at the cheeks; I couldn't help but notice a sense of relief cross his features as he rose. We strolled the castle grounds, awkwardly at first before I finally broke the silence by asking about what he was writing. It was a matter of state, of course, and to my surprise I found listening to him speak of it quite interesting.

The passion and devotion he had for his kingdom was clear in every word and I could feel the underlying pressure on his shoulders as he spoke.

“I don't resent the stress.” He added, clearly reading my concern, “I was born and raised for this. It is my purpose and it gives me pleasure to do it well.”

“Is that why you never want to have sex? You get off on statecraft?” I teased and Hendrake just sighed sadly.

“Must everything be about...that with you? I like it when we talk about other things.”

I felt knocked off kilter for the first time since I arrived; the king wanted his concubine to...not talk about sex? I felt my cheeks heating; I really had become a horndog since arriving in this body; when I wasn't having sex I was planning a way to get it. It was...sort of pathetic really. But what else was I supposed to do?

“What else can I talk about?” I asked quietly, “I’m a concubine, nobody here wants to talk with me about anything else. Plus, it’s fun, it fills my time and frankly, I have quite the sex drive and getting enough satisfaction to distract myself is difficult.”

“...Is that why you want to bed Sir Henry?”

“Well, yeah.” I shrugged, “It’s fun having a little chase but frankly if somebody doesn't get between my legs soon I may just pick one of the eager ones for the sake of it.”

Hendrake sat down on a stone bench by a window and looked conflicted.

“I have never felt the same level of urge others do.” He admitted quietly, “It is fine, I enjoy it in the moment but going multiple times a night, or even a week just...doesn't interest me.”

“Especially when your wife just lays there.” I elbowed him a little and the king chuckled; that set off the fluttering in my chest again.

“Yes, Charlotte does not believe in indulging baser instincts, she takes great pride in trying not to enjoy the act.”

“No wonder she has an entire tree up her ass.”

That really set him off, I'd never heard the king laugh so loudly, nor so freely. Given the shocked look on his manservants face; neither had he.

“Yes, she can be a little...”

“Irritated? Catty? Frigid? Awful?”

Hendrake covered his mouth and cleared his throat trying to hide the laughter before nodding slightly.

“I should let you go to Sir Henry.” He said after a moment or two, “I saw him wandering the gardens below us a few windows back, he’s probably looking for you.”

A thrill passed through me; the potential of finally being bedded was exciting. Though, not as exciting as it should have been for some reason. I gave the king a quick courtesy with what little skirt I possessed and turned to leave when he called out.

“Is it...just physical?”

“With Sir Henry? Of course, I barely know the man.”

Hendrake smiled and for the first time I realised that perhaps I had more to offer than just this body. Maybe the king valued me, not just the skin I wore.

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Sir Henry, as it turned out, was quite the virile man, for a human. What he lacked in Elven grace he more than made up for in sheer brawn. I spent hours tracing my fingers down the scars of his body, running my tongue along them and making him shiver like a blushing maiden. He let me ride him three times to completion before he was finally spent and for the first time since arriving I felt fully satisfied. Who knows how long it would last but for that moment at least, my mind was finally clear.

As glorious as the sex with the knight was, I couldn’t help but miss Hendrake of all people. I knew that had I spent the night with Hendrake I would have been left wanting, at least physically. Yet part of me wished it was his bed I laid in. So I was glad when he called me to his chambers. Once again, it was not for sex but for that was starting to sting less and less.

“I have heard your servant has been reading to you, I found a book I thought you might like.”

He handed me a thick tome with a leather cover.

“Great Fables of Candor.” I read, brushing my fingers across the cover.

“You have been so interested in our culture, something that should be applauded. I thought something lighter but still informative would be of interest to you.”

I'd given up trying to find a way back to the 'real' world, but with little else to do and no TV to watch reading had been the only thing to fill my time with. Fables were probably a bit childish but as I flicked through I saw that these were more like Grimm fairy tales, rather than the sugary Disney stuff of my world.

“This looks fascinating, thank you.”

“I have to meet with several dignitaries from Ruuse but perhaps we could dine together tonight and discuss it?”

“That sounds great!”

It actually did. I hurried back to my room and quickly ordered Xanthar to his knees to read the stories to me. They were wonderfully dark and thrilling; classic tales of brave knights fighting dragons to save princesses' and the like. Though in this world, there was probably a lot more truth to them than in my old life. I wondered if dragons really existed in this land.

“Xanthar,” I ordered as soon as we were finished, “Go to the library and get me a book on the fauna and flora of Candor and the surroundings. Several if need be.”

I spent the whole day lounging on my silken bedsheets in a comfortable loose fitting dress having Xanthar read to me. I sighed, closing my eyes and relaxing, letting the afternoon sunlight warm my skin. After a few moments I realised Xanthar had stopped reading. I opened my eyes and noticed he was staring and giggled.

“Aren't you supposed to be reading?”

“Oh! Sorry My Lady.” He blushed, “You just looked so lovely laid out like that.”

“Like a feast?” I teased.

“Yes.”

I chuckled again, I'd gotten to know Xanthar's tastes pretty well over the last few weeks and I could always go for a roll in the hay with him.

"C'mere, darling." I purred, "Why don't I give you a little challenge? Hm?"

"Challenge?"

I pulled him down onto the bed and quickly rolled atop him with a grin. I was still dressed but thanks to my skimpy attire that was barely an impediment at all. Xanthar took a sharp breath in, his eyes wide. I could feel the bulge in his pants and gently ground down on it a few times before reaching down to lower his breeches. Xanthar lifted his hips allowing me room to grind my bare pussy against him and bit back a whimper.

"Keep reading." I ordered, handing him a book with a wry grin.

"Yes m-miss." He swallowed, "Dragons are n-nearly never seen outside of the highest peaks."

"Ahhhh..." I sighed, raising myself up to poise above the head of his cock. Xanthar's eyes were darting frantically between the book and me above him.

"They uh...ummmm."

"Yes?" I grinned, "I'm listening."

"Common habitats inclu-ahhhh!"

I sank down on him with no warning and began to slowly roll my hips, enjoying the look of ecstasy on his face mixing with his desire to keep reading.

He stammered over his words, repeating phrases outright multiple times before he realised and moved on. I rose and fell, enjoying the bounce of my ass and breasts as he stretched me till I was right on the edge. Normally I would let myself tumble over but I wasn't about to let my servant off that easily. I started to squeeze harder, ride faster until he was barely speaking legible sentences.

"What was that, Xanthar? Can you repeat it?"

“I uh...oh fuck! I c-can't I'm-Ahhhhh!”

I felt him cum deep inside me and I shivered, following suit, a playful smile still across my face as I finally pulled away.

“You’re a lot of fun, Xanthar.” I giggled, “Whatever it was I did to buy your loyalty, I am glad.”

Xanthar breathed out a sigh of satisfaction, clearly still basking in the afterglow. Perhaps that was what let him lower his inhibitions enough to reply.

“You have always treated me kindly, miss.” He whispered, “To be so submissive as a male Drow...it is not looked upon kindly.”

“Well, I think it’s a turn on.” I replied matter of factly, “Plus, nobody else could manage my extensive wardrobe with such efficiency.”

He seemed to glow with pride and a warm feeling blossomed in my chest; it felt good bossing him around, but it felt doubly good to know he liked it. Perhaps Xanthar could be more than just a servant, perhaps he could even become the one thing I was still missing in this new life; a friend.

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At dinner that night I was shocked to find the seat next to the king empty and Hendrake waved me over.

“Quick, sit down before Charlotte arrives.” he whispered, “I am keen to talk about the stories you read this afternoon.”

I did so with gusto, enjoying the small smile shared between Xanthar and I at the mention of stories. I had just started to recount my favourite when a cold voice appeared over my shoulder.

“Why is she in my seat?” Charlotte asked haughtily.

“I wish to discuss something with Lady Nimue tonight.” Hendrake said sternly, “I know how much you detest people speaking over you, this will be more convenient.”

She opened her mouth to argue but then shut it again; even as queen Charlotte would never dare speak back to her king, not like me who could get away with it. I gave her a coy smile and turned back to the king. I leaned closer to Hendrake, balancing my chin on the back of my hand. I could feel the irritation emanating from the Queen on my other side. I could feel all the eyes of the court on me but I couldn't care less. Hendrake was speaking in that passionate tone that made my heart flutter and the stories he told were interesting; or perhaps it was just that he was the one telling them.

The meal passed by quickly and before I knew it, the plates were being cleared away. I felt a weight in my chest; I didn't want to go back to my lonely room again, but I didn't feel like going hunting for a partner either.

“Walk me to my room?” I asked boldly, gratified when Hendrake smiled and offered his arm. Charlotte's thunderous look was just gravy.

I took my time, taking long languid steps as I tried to prolong the trip as much as possible. Hendrake didn't seem to mind; he was in no hurry. We didn't speak, yet the silence didn't feel awkward in fact it felt intimate, not sexual, just intimate.

“Did you want to come in?” I asked when we finally reached the door and to my surprise, Hendrake nodded, stepping in and silently dismissing both Xanthar and his own manservant.

The room was dark, save for the candle light, Xanthar no doubt had read my intentions at dinner and done his best to ensure a good mood when I returned. I made a mental note to thank him later.

“Shall we?” I asked with a flirtatious smile, eyes flicking toward my immaculately made bed.

Hendrake removed his crown and his shoulders relaxed.

“Lead on.”

My mind leapt to a thousand different degrading things I could say to the king to get him in the mood but in this candle lit atmosphere they almost didn't seem right. Instead I silently unclasped my dress and let the fabric fall to the floor around my feet. I took a moment to pose, giving Hendrake time to admire me before I stepped out of the puddle of fabric.

"Undress yourself." I ordered, but the worlds were soft, it was almost a question; *almost.*

I giggled a little, watching him struggle for a moment with the clasps and buttons; he never had to dress or undress himself and I could see him blushing with embarrassment as I watched.

"Your garments are a lot less complicated." He argued only for me to shush him.

"That's a funny way of saying you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth."

"Says the princess."

"No talking back."

The banter was playful, less harsh than usual and yet it was getting me just as wet. By the time the Elven man was naked before me I was positively dripping. It had been far too long since I'd had Hendrake and there was something about him, something other people had yet to satisfy.

I considered riding him as usual but decided against it; instead pulling him down atop me on the bed. For a second he looked disappointed but then I gave him my trademark flirtatious smile and whispered.

"Trust me, I'm not going to just lay here like your queen."

I wrapped my hands around the back of his head, tracing the pointed tips of his ears before kissing him. Hendrake groaned, leaning into me and easily positioning himself at my entrance. I raised my hips and he easily slipped inside allowing me to wrap my legs around his hips to control his speed.

At first I rolled my hips in time with him but then, as he started to get closer I tightened my grip, forcing him to stay inside me longer and longer each time before drawing out again and keeping him on the edge.

“Nimue...you tease.”

“You love it.” I giggled, kissing him again, “and if you don’t, you’ll learn to.”

He groaned again, tasking one of my nipples in his mouth and sucking gently in an attempt to distract me. It was tender, loving almost and I felt a different kind of pleasure mingling inside me as orgasm loomed closer. I loosened my grip and allowed him to plow into me hard, rocking my hips in time and raking my sharp nails through his hair.

Hendrake’s tongue licked across my nipples and chest and I let myself flop back, not bothering to hold back the moans so he knew he was doing a good job. All the while rhythmically squeezing my legs around his hips to force him as deep as possible. With a deep groan I felt his seed begin to pour into me and I shivered as I followed. My body hungered for more but my heart was content.

As he flopped down on my chest, cheek pillowed on my breast I realised what that fluttering feeling I’d been experiencing was. Affection, no more than that...love. Was I...falling in love with Hendrake? My heart raced with panic at the realisation; sex was one thing but falling in love with a man? A married man no less; that was something else entirely.

“Can I stay here tonight?” Hendrake asked, sounding utterly at peace and oblivious to my panic.

“Of course.” I replied without thinking, “But won’t people talk?”

“I am king and you are my concubine, I am supposed to spend my nights in your chamber.”

I’d almost forgotten that. We curled around one another and despite my racing heart, fell into a deep, peaceful sleep.

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Months flew by, it was strange but my new identity as Nimue was now as familiar to me as my old one as a man. More even, that sad sack life seemed so dull now compared to this one. With the king's favour I got to attend grand balls, never in the spotlight of course but still, I got to dance and seduce my way through leagues of men. On one occasion I even managed to entice a visiting noblewoman into my bed, much to the chagrin of Charlotte who

almost caught us. I don't know what annoyed her more, my 'impropriety' or the fact that she didn't catch us fully red handed so that she had an excuse to get rid of me.

Pissing off Charlotte was fast becoming my favourite pastime, right behind seducing random courtiers and spending time with Hendrake. I'd stopped feeling disappointed when he called me to his rooms just to talk, which was almost every day. We still slept together but it had taken on a less urgent part of our relationship. Sometimes I used it to help him relieve stress, other times it was just for the closeness of the act.

It had taken me a while to figure it out but I finally realised his lack of interest had nothing to do with me; he just had a low libido. It was there, but like a volume button turned all the way down. That combined with the fact that Charlotte was completely rubbish in bed probably accounted for the lack of heir.

Despite this, Hendrake seemed to be getting increasingly jealous when he heard whispers from his manservant of my additional bed partners. He called me to him almost constantly to make sure I couldn't bed anybody else and it was starting to strain at me. My libido was as high as his way low and without proper relief I was growing irritable.

"Again." I ordered, trying not to make it sound like I was begging.

"Are you sure, Miss?" Xanthar croaked, his fingers still between my legs as I soaked in the bath. "You are getting close to overheating in this water."

"Since when do you question me?" I sighed, "Hendrake hasn't had me in a week, and these baths are the only times he gives me away from him to get some relief."

"I'll never complain about getting to service you miss but, you look a bit light headed."

I sighed; it was getting late anyway. Hendrake would be pacing the length of the room waiting for me.

"Very well, let's go. Put me in that red silk dress, the one with the shorter hem and no straps."

"Yes, miss."

Being fingered by Xanthar had taken the edge off at least a little but I still had a small amount of annoyance burning under my skin when I reached Hendrake's room. As usual he was sitting at his desk furiously scribbling at something. Normally I would sit my ass right

next to his hand on the desk and join him and give advice; I didn't feel like it today. Instead I flopped down into a chair in a huff and crossed my arms, bored.

“What’s gotten into you?” He asked, looking genuinely worried and for a second my affection for the man overrode my irritation. Then my netheres began to burn and it returned with a vengeance.

“Why do you do this? Stop me from sleeping with other people?” I exploded with frustration, “You know how high my sex drive is compared to yours and it’s all but confirmed that you cannot produce an heir. Isn’t the whole point of me doing this to get pregnant?”

Hendrake bit his lip and to my surprise, he looked guilty. I expected anger, a king's righteous wrath but instead he just sighed and placed his head in his hand. He looked...tired.

“I’m sorry, Nimue. I just...get jealous.”

“But you don’t want to sleep with me all the time anyway.”

“I’m not jealous of that. Frankly, you sleeping with other men, even women, has never been the issue.”

“Then what?” I asked, flabbergasted.

“I worry you might...fall in love with one of them.”

I blinked; taking a few long seconds to digest the words I’d heard.

“I do not love Charlotte, I never have.” The king sighed, “I didn't have a problem with that, arranged marriages are rarely love matches. But then I met you, you seemed actually interested in the ruling of my kingdom and me.”

“You’re in love...with me?” I gaped, my heart felt like it was about to burst out of my chest.

“Yes.” Hendrake looked away from me. “Other people can have your body, but the idea of anybody but me having your heart...it destroys me.”

I didn't know what to say, all my wit, my clever comebacks; they had all abandoned me.

"I know you don't see me the same way." Hendrake continued, "If I am fortunate I am a friend to you, I know Drow do not practise love-"

I slammed my hand down on the table hand, making the King jump.

"Drow do practise love!" I seethed, "At least...this Drow does."

I demurred.

"I love you too." I whispered. "You're the only person here who sees me as more than my sex drive or body. Don't get me wrong, those things are fabulous but I am more than that."

"I know, Nimue." He smiled warmly.

He reached up and cupped my face and I felt a familiar warmth bloom in my stomach. Love. We loved each other; for a few moments as we kissed in the morning light everything was perfect.

"So long as you promise not to fall in love with anybody else, you can sleep with whomever you like." Hendrake chuckled. "I do need that heir after all."

"That's very gracious of you." I raised an eyebrow and we both broke into giggles.

We spent a few moments simply looking into one another's eyes and I did my best to memorise everything about the Elf's features. I'd never been happier to have been reborn in this world than that moment.

"Well then." I sighed happily, "Shall we get down to business?"

I picked up his quill and indicated to the pile of paperwork waiting for him; Hendrake nodded but to my surprise, took the quill from my hand and instead placed my hand on his hip. I smiled; gripping it hard before kissing him again, more forcefully than before.

“You’ve caused me a lot of stress lately.” I purred, “I think it’s time I take the reins and you make it up to me, kingy.”

He chuckled, pupils dilating.

“Yes, ma’am.”

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“They say she bewitched the king, he is wrapped around her finger.”

“He spends more time with her than he does his queen.”

“I heard Lady Bella whispering that she has bewitching powers, she can make you do anything she wants.”

These whispers followed me everywhere I went in the castle but they didn’t bother me much. Between Hendrake’s love and Xanthar’s loyalty and friendship, I found I wasn’t wanting for company. Of course there was also Sir Henry and Lady Bella, as well as a variety of other bedfellows. All of which swore up and down they’d never been with me, but the rumours persisted. There was only one, admittedly true rumour, that was causing me any grief.

“I heard it’s worse than that. The king is in love with her, truly. You know that no magic can make people fall in true love.”

It seemed that while Queen Charlotte was content to let me bear the realm an heir, actually owning Hendrake’s heart was another thing entirely. Hendrake would recount their raging arguments to me the morning after they happened and sigh; it wasn’t as if he could get rid of her, he had married her as for a political alliance with her wealthy noble father’s estate. Besides, even if he could somehow divorce her, he could hardly marry me. I may have been a princess, but since being reduced to a concubine I could never be considered queen material.

That and being queen sounded downright awful; my every move would be watched. There certainly wouldn’t be any more sneaking around with knights and porters. Instead I would have to spend my days surrounded by seething ladies of the court who hated me and hosting parties. Such as the one I was suffering through now.

At first, when Charlotte had started insisting I join the rest of the court ladies for their various activities, I thought she might have been extending an olive branch. A naive, foolish thing to even consider. No, she just wanted me too busy to indulge myself with anybody, including her husband. Instead I was stuck here at this awful garden party, eating finger sandwiches and trying not to take the bait Charlotte was constantly flinging my way.

“I try to include her.” She sighed dramatically to some visiting noble women, “but she is just so unsociable.”

I tightened the grip on my glass and continued to look at the rose garden as if it were the most fascinating thing in the world.

“She acts as though she was a proper princess, when everybody knows she was the third born, barely needed. Why else would her father agree to make her a concubine? A king’s concubine of course but still. Not that she is very good at it.”

“I heard from some of the other ladies that she is...quite voracious.”

“Oh yes, incredibly so. Like a proper whore, she doesn’t endure sex like a proper lady, she seeks it out and howls like an animal. Which would be all well and good if she could do the one thing a concubine is supposed to and conceive.”

My teeth were starting to ache from gritting them so much, the words burst from my lips before I could stop them.

“That’s some mighty talk from somebody as barren as a desert.”

A hush fell, I’d meant to mutter the words but they’d come out sharp and short. Oh well, in for a silver, in for a gold I supposed. I turned around, a haughty smile on my lips; I refused to let this woman get to me.

“You are simply a cold, unloving woman who can’t stand that the king loves me more than you. Why it’s a surprise is beyond me, since I am superior to you in every way.”

“You are superior to me only in uncouth whorishness.” Charlotte seethed, “Without that disgusting body, you are nothing and would be noone.”

I smirked; I could see the glint of jealousy in her eyes; the way she had started to dress more provocatively since my arrival just to get some eyes on her. It was pathetic.

“I am smarter, more beautiful, better in bed oh yes, and more understanding.”

“That is it! Get out!! I will find another, more suitable concubine for Hendrake. I do not want our bloodline sullied by your filthy Drow blood.”

I laughed and she looked shocked; did she really not know how little weight she held?

“Hendrake will never send me away.” I said simply, “He is king, his word is law. So you’d better get used to watching this beautiful ass walking away, you’ll be seeing it the rest of your life.”

I gave my rump a good slap, causing one of the serving boys to drop his tray, before turning on my heels and walking away; putting on a good show as I went. I could feel the hatred emanating from the queen, but also the awe and inspiration from her ladies. Nobody stood up to Charlotte’s bullying; except me. I giggled to myself as I made my way back to my rooms; why had I been holding my tongue for so long? Hopefully my little outburst would inspire a bit more backbone in the other ladies of the court.

“That was...quite entertaining if I do say so.” Xanthar smiled softly as he undressed me ready for a pre-dinner bath.

“Thank you.” I replied smugly, “It felt delightful, almost as delightful as you feel my dear.”

He blushed.

“Let me fill the bath first, miss.”

“Very well.” I sighed dramatically, “I suppose I can wait a little bit.”

Xanthar finished undressing me and I watched as his brow furrowed in the mirror.

“What is it?”

“Your stomach ma’am, it seems...rounder.”

I looked down and blinked in surprise; he was right. Despite my massive curves, I had a perfect hourglass figure and normally, a flat stomach. It was a small change but that flatness was slightly more round now. I ran my hands over it curiously, breath catching in my throat.

“I shall go to the herbalist.” Xanthar said seriously, “wait here miss.”

I paced nervously, naked but for my heels until Xanthar returned with what looked like a small, unbloomed flower which he handed to me along with the chamber pot.

“If the flower blooms afterwards...you are with child.” He explained, “I will wait in my chambers.”

I did the test and waited, unsure of what to hope for. The idea of being pregnant was terrifying but at the same time, the longer I went without bearing Hendrake an heir, the wobblier my position became. Charlotte’s threats of sending me away were hollow for now, but would they still be so hollow a year from now if I wasn’t pregnant?

I waited what felt like years in agonised silence until slowly, the petals of the flower began to open. Once they started, they sped up until I held a beautiful yellow, fully bloomed little blossom in my hand.

“Xanthar!”

The servant rushed in and I turned to him, tiny flower in hand.

“Congratulations my lady!” He beamed, “We must send for the physician to examine you at once!”

“Yes, okay.” I felt like I was in shock.

Xanthar reached out boldly and touched my arm in a gesture of comfort.

“Do not worry miss, you were born for this. And with the heir on the way Candor will celebrate you.”

“Do you think it is the king’s?” I whispered.

“Of course. There is no other option.”

“It could be Sir Henry’s, or the chef’s, or that noble who came visiting the other month. Hells, it could be yours Xanthar!”

“It is the king’s.” Xanthar nodded, “The whole world will agree on that.”

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The castle was in a complete flurry of activity; not that I could see it now that the physician had confined me to bed for the rest of the day while he and his healers figured out how far along I was. Soothsayers and fortune tellers came to predict the gender and proclaim great prophecies about the child. I felt like I’d seen every servant in the castle over the past few hours, and not the one man I yearned to.

“The king must be kept away until we can determine the health of the child.”

“I and the rest of the serving staff are to bring you any food you wish that the doctor does not forbid.” Xanthar beamed before leaning in to whisper so that only I could hear. “He is very eager to see you, the second the doctor allows it, he will be here.”

It felt like an age but finally, all the tests had been conducted and it was confirmed that I was two months pregnant. Drow women carried for ten months, so we have roughly eight to plan. The sun was setting before I was finally allowed to stand and the door opened to reveal the king. A second later his arms were around me and I melted into the embrace.

“Well done.” he whispered, holding my face close, “I am so proud, Nimue.”

“Well, I worked very hard at it.” I joked and we both laughed.

“Charlotte is trying to appear joyful to the rest of the court but just looks constipated.” Hendrake chuckled. “It has been a frightfully amusing afternoon watching her squirm.”

“She’s the worst.”

“She really is.”

We sat on the bed in silence for a moment.

“Will...she be the one to raise the child?” I asked.

“Traditionally, yes.” Hendrake admitted, “Legally speaking, she will be their mother. But your bloodline will be recorded alongside ours.”

“I don’t want that bitch being my baby's mother.” I hissed but Hendrake soothed me.

“I am king, I will do everything in my power to ensure the child knows their true mother.” He said gently, “You will not disappear once they are weaned, I promise.”

“...You know this child is likely not yours, right?” I said, not wanting to ignore the elephant in the room.

“I know, they may not have my blood but I am their father.” He said firmly, “I shall love them and teach them all they need to take the throne one day.”

My heart soared; this man was truly something incredible. I rested my hand across the small stretch of my lower belly and his hand joined mine. I had no idea what the future had in store for us; Charlotte was sure to do everything in her power to use this child against me but I vowed to protect them. I was the true mother of the heir and I planned to make sure history remembered me as such.

Hendrake reached over and kissed me and I sighed happily; this new life isn't what I would have picked but now that I was living it, I couldn't imagine ever going back to my old one. There were going to be road bumps along the way but with Hendrake at my side I knew we would make it through, together.