

# My Pregnancy as a Dark Elf Concubine

**For Anonymous**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Nimue is finally pregnant with 'the kings' child as far as anybody is concerned. That doesn't stop her from seducing everybody she can and driving the queen up the wall at the same time.*

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I moaned, throwing back my head and revelling in the bliss flowing through my body. I was kneeling above my latest lover, a visiting courtier who thought he was committing some great taboo by sleeping with the king's personal consort. He had no idea that I slept with just about everybody and that it was an open secret within the castle walls; and I planned to keep it that way. My lovers were always so much more enthusiastic when they thought they were getting away from something.

My pregnant belly hung low, brushing against the man's smooth stomach and one of my swollen breasts bounced back and forth with the movement of their rutting as he thrust up into me. The other was held in place by his mouth, where he suckled eagerly, sending little bolts of pleasure throughout my entire body.

"Oh yes..." I moaned, "ohhhh it's so hard to stay quiet...we can't let the king find out."

A wry smile graced my lips as I spoke those words; feeling the man beneath her shudder and begin to thrust with even more gusto; it was almost too easy. That little extra friction and speed was all I needed to finally cum; the orgasm washing over me and making my eyes roll back into my head.

Since getting pregnant my libido had gone through the roof. Hendrake had a low sex drive at the best of times, so there was no way he could have possibly kept up with me now. I loved him, truly, but a woman had needs. Thankfully, the king understood; it was one of the things that I loved about him the most.

I was right on the cusp of another orgasm when one thrust away, my lover groaned and I felt his cock twitch inside me. The wet feeling that came with being filled made me groan with gratification and frustration all at once. So close too! What was it with men? Why

could they not hold their load with me long enough for more than one orgasm. This session probably wouldn't have gotten me off at all if it weren't for the fact my body was extra sensitive.

Back when I was a human man, living in the modern world, I remember watching some new show about how women's sex drives went haywire in the second trimester. So far, the same seemed to be true of Drow, if by second trimester they meant all trimesters. At first I had been worried that when my body started to change I would find love making difficult, the sheer size of my belly would make manoeuvring hard for a start. To my delight though; all it had done was force me to get creative.

Reluctantly I pulled myself off the courtier's cock as he went soft and limp below me. The sound of my nipple leaving his mouth made a sharp 'pop' sound that echoed about the stone room.

"That was...oh wow." The man panted, "Was it...good...for you?"

"Oh yes." I replied truthfully, rolling onto my back by his side, "But truth be told, I'm not totally satisfied yet. Think you could do a girl a favour?"

The man looked utterly spent but he was also young and desperate to please so he hid his exhaustion. Moving quickly between my legs to lap at my hole, licking at the cum that leaked out of me like a loyal dog. I could only see his head bobbing up and down as he thrust that tongue into my inner walls; my belly blocked most of the view but it was enough.

With a satisfied shudder I came once more, gushing fluids and the man's own cum as I squirted. He cried out in surprise and I couldn't help but giggle as he hastily cleaned his face on the bed sheets.

"First time truly pleasing a woman?" I teased and he turned bright pink.

I stretched my body out with a sigh; enjoying the post orgasm haze that always relaxed me so before waving the man off.

"You'd better go, before anybody finds out you were here." I whispered seriously, "remember, this is our little secret."

"O-of course. Thank you milady."

"Aw, so formal." I cooed, "you're adorable."

He quickly dressed himself and snuck from my chambers out into the late evening and I hummed in contentment, spending a few moments alone before a soft knock broke the silence. It was coming from the door to my servant's quarters.

"Come in, Xanthar."

"That was quite the show, my lady." Xanthar said as he entered, my dark elf servant smiling knowingly.

"I always put on a great show, you know that." I smiled, "Now, I believe my bedsheets need changing and I am in need of a bath."

"Of course."

I stood carefully, leaning on Xanthar for support. As much as I joked; I was beginning to feel the strain of my pregnancy and even a light round of love making such as that left me a little winded. Xanthar, of course, had seen me naked so often it was barely of any note./ Though I had noticed him looking at my heavy belly a lot more lately.

Not that I could blame him; I slept with so many men, including him, he must have been wondering whether or not it was his. It wouldn't make a difference either way of course, as far as the realm was concerned the child was Hendrake's and would be treated as such.

Xanthar ran me a bath and I sunk into the lukewarm water happily. I'd given up hot baths; turns out carrying a tiny person inside you basically made you run hot at all times. I leaned back and allowed Xanthar to wash my hair and skin, absentmindedly running my fingers over the round expanse of my stomach.

I'd never considered becoming a parent, let alone a mother. Yet I found myself looking forward to the experience. What would it feel like to actually birth a child and raise them, and a future prince or princess no less! Xanthar was just rinsing my hair and starting to apply the scented oils that I love to my skin when the door opened. I didn't bother looking up from my pregnant belly; there was only one person who opened the door to my chamber without knocking.

"Ah! At least put a screen up if you are going to bathe!" Charlotte cried in disgust.

"Perhaps if you learned to knock it wouldn't be a problem." I smiled, finally raising my face to meet the Queens.

My relationship with Charlotte had only grown more strained throughout my pregnancy. The queen hated seeing me parading around the castle with my belly on full display. Something I actively revelled in, and not just because it made her red with rage.

She glared down at me in my tub, coming to stand right above me as if that could possibly be intimidating. I may have been naked and low to the floor but she knew she couldn't hurt me. I smiled up at her smugly while Xanthar continued to oil my skin.

"Was there something you needed?" I asked after a few moments of silence, "I am sort of in the middle of something."

Charlotte sneered for a moment before regaining her composure.

"I have come to talk to you about arrangements for my child."

It was my turn to snarl; I hated how she did that. Always referring to my baby as 'her' child. She would often speak about the baby to visiting officials and her court ladies, always speaking as if it were truly hers.

"What plans?" I asked, standing up as quickly as I was able, making sure to arch my back slightly so that my very prominent belly was on display. A not too subtle reminder of just who was having this child.

"You are due within the next month or so, it would be best if we organise new quarters closer to my own." Charlotte said those words as if they tasted bitter.

Neither of us wanted to be anywhere near one another. That would be obvious.

"And why is that?"

"Once my child is born I shall want to be close to them, of course, as the wet nurse you will need to be close by when feeding is necessary. Do not worry, once the heir is weaned you can come back to this chamber and go about your business."

I blinked, my jaw actually dropping a little at the sheer gall of this woman. Of course I wasn't a fool, I knew that officially, Charlotte and Hendrake were king and queen and that meant my

child being raised as the heir to the throne but did the Queen seriously expect me to give up all other contact?

“You may be the queen but I will always be this child's mother and I expect to be able to raise them.” I scowled, holding out my arms so that Xanthar could pat me dry.

“You will birth and feed them.” Charlotte said coldly, “After that the nannies and tutors will take over, as will Hendrake and I. Remember Nimue, this is my child you are carrying, you're a concubine, it's your job.”

I seethed.

“Frankly,” Charlotte added cruelty, “once the heir arrives we won't have much need of you, perhaps a spare child for safety but after you have provided those we may no longer need your services.”

“Hendrake will never let you send me away.” I hissed before haughtily adding, “he loves *me*.”

“Love is nothing when it comes to political power, Nimue, remember that.” Charlotte turned and headed straight for the door, “he might love you, but that doesn't mean he can do whatever he wants.”

She slammed the heavy wooden door as she went and I bit down my rage; what a bitch. We'll just see what Hendrake has to say about that, won't we?

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“What do you mean she's right?!”

Both my hands were balled into fists, resting on my now even wider hips. Hendrake sat by the edge of his bed, we had just finished our love making for the night, which had been wonderful of course, but now the mood was spoiled.

“Charlotte is right, just because I love you doesn't mean I can protect you from tradition.” Hendrake sighed, “at the end of the day, I cannot simply remove my queen from

power without due course and unfortunately 'my concubine doesn't like her' is not considered due course to most people."

"Most people don't have to deal with her trying to *steal* their child!"

"She isn't, if anything you are stealing hers. At least as far as the rules go." Hendrake pointed out, "I thought you knew all this?"

"I knew the child would be officially yours and...hers I guess but I didn't think I would be cut out of their life entirely! I thought I was going to get to raise them myself!"

"Concubines are not fit."

I shot him a filthy look and he demurred.

"Perhaps I can convince Charlotte to allow you to be the child's nanny for the first few years." Hendrake offered softly, "but I am afraid the child will be calling my queen 'mother', that's simply how things are."

"But you're king." I whined, "Can't you change it?"

"A king who changes the rules to suit his idle whims often finds himself beheaded." Hendrake joked darkly, "these rules are in place for the better stability of the kingdom, to stop crises of succession and such. I cannot change them because you are the first to loudly proclaim their unfairness."

I hated that, to a certain degree, he was right. Hendrake was beloved by his people, in part because he didn't meddle with things that didn't 'need' fixing. As far as the law and stability of the kingdom was concerned, the rules for heirs and concubines were better the way they were. That didn't make it sting any less though.

"What if she turns them against me?" I asked tearfully, "What if she teaches them to hate their own mother, or doesn't let me tell them?"

"You're Drow," Hendrake soothed me softly, holding my face in his hands. "No matter the official story, I am sure one look will tell everybody who the child's 'true' mother is."

That at least gave me some comfort. Hendrake lowered himself to his knees before me, holding my pregnant belly with reverence before placing a kiss right to the centre. Which our child rewarded with a swift kick. I giggled and Hendrake chuckled.

“A little warrior, I think.”

“A spitfire, that’s for sure.” I joked as he stood and kissed me once more.

“If this child has even half your fiery spirit we are in for a hell of a time.” He said fondly, “Now, I know that as lovely as our love was, you’re still needy. Go find that servant of yours before you pop.”

I laughed; a warm, affectionate feeling flooding me as I slowly dressed. Hendrake knew me so well and the fact that he actively encouraged me to indulge myself with other men now was such a blessing. I had given him the same permissions of course but he’d simply shaken his head, I was more than enough for him. It was a rare man who didn’t let his masculinity get in the way of love. I admired it, both as a former man myself and as a woman.

My outfit was simple, but I took my time putting it on so Hendrake could admire me as I dressed. It was a simple loose skirt and over robe with the middle split open so that my pregnant belly was bare and on display; my engorged breasts barely covered by the two strips of fabric that looped around my neck and down my front. Hendrake gave me one last appraising look before I exited his chambers, eager to seek out somebody to give me a few more orgasms before the day was up.

Walking the castle grounds was one of my favourite ways to spend my time; the attention I garnered was addicting. I loved the way people looked at my belly; young women with jealousy, men with arousal and even older women gave me a fond, almost nostalgic smile. It was especially fun when people fussed over me around Charlotte. If only my ankles didn’t ache so much.

“Perhaps we should take a break from your walking?” Xanthar suggested as I began to slow down, “You need your rest, my lady.”

As much as I loved this pregnant body; it did come with downsides. I sat, sighing in relief to be off my feet. We were down in the garden; a few hedges behind us I could hear Charlotte holding a tea for other noble women. Normally, it didn’t bother me that I wasn’t invited to such gatherings but for some reason today it rubbed me the wrong way.

“Xanthar...could she really send me away once the baby is born?”

My servant bit his lip; his lips pressed into a thin line.

“Don’t make that face.” I snapped haughtily, “you always make that face when trying to figure out if you should tell me the truth or some version of what I want to hear. Well I want the truth, so spit it out.”

“It would be considered...rude.” Xanthar admitted after a while, “Foolish even, a monarchy is usually in need of more than one child just in case of accidents or illness. But once you have produced at least an ‘heir and a spare’ as they say...Charlotte would be within her rights to retire you.”

“And what does that entail?”

“It changes depending on the kingdom,” Xanthar replied, “Here, I believe it is customary to send you to one of the summer estates. You will be given free reign over your own small court of servants and provided with enough gold to live comfortably for the rest of your days.”

“An enviable position for many.” I replied through clenched teeth, “something I will look rude for fighting.”

“...yes.”

“And it will be a fine estate too, she’ll make sure of that. Spacious and very, very far away from her and my children.” I finished, digging my perfectly smooth nails into my leg in frustration.

All this time I thought I’d had a leg up on Charlotte; when really she’d just been biding her time. Sure, I had been a thorn in her side, she was just waiting for the right moment to remove me.

“Surely the king could argue for my staying.”



“I am sure he will.” Xanthar assured me, hesitantly reaching out before taking my hand fondly. “And if Charlotte manages to send you away I am sure he will visit you...and you will always have me.”

I smiled at him gratefully, tears burning at the back of my eyes. Stupid hormones. Xanthar looked at me reverently for a moment before averting his eyes and blushing.

“My lady.”

He let go of my hand and helped me to my feet.

“You are clever, my lady. I am sure you will figure something out to ensure your happiness. You always do.” Xanthar added, “making the best of an odd situation is your specialty.”

I smiled confidently; in that he was right. I’d certainly made the best of this new life I’d been given, this was just a road bump. A queen shaped one I very much wished I had a steamroller to fix.

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“You want...more duties?”

Hendrake fixed me with a stare that was half bemused, half concerned.

“Yes, political ones. Let me help with diplomatic missions, I have been helping behind the scenes since I arrived, you know I am capable.”

“But Nimue...you’re due in a matter of weeks. Now is the time for rest, not more work.” Hendrake replied softly.

I squared my shoulders and juttled out my chin.

“I can handle it.”

I’d been thinking about the situation for days and the best plan I could come up with was making myself more than just a concubine. If I could prove myself useful outside of

producing heirs, perhaps Charlotte would struggle to send me away. At the very least it would give the king more leverage for keeping me around, besides being in love with me.

“Are you sure, I don’t want you to strain yourself.” Hendrake’s brow furrowed in concern.

“Please, have some faith in me.” I implored, “I just want to ensure the best possible future for our child.”

I put an emphasis on ‘our’ mine and his, not Charlotte.

“I want to be here and be part of their life.”

“...alright.” Hendrake relented, “You’ve always been good at figures and something tells me you’d make an excellent negotiator.”

He grinned at that last part.

“There are a series of merchants who are supposed to be coming to the castle to renegotiate their deals in a week or so. Start with Lord Aston, he runs several acres of land dedicated to farming, see what you can do.”

I grinned widely at the chance to prove myself. While I never felt personal shame for being a concubine, I knew others in the castle looked down on me for it and my promiscuity. It was time to prove to them, and Charlotte, that I was more than just a baby machine. I put myself to work immediately and by myself, I meant Xanthar.

“Gather all the books you have on trade in this region,” I ordered, “As well as the harvest records and bring them to my chambers to read to me.”

Xanthar bowed low and off he went as always while I made my way through the castle and settled myself on a chair ready for my servant to sit at my feet. The babe kicked in my stomach, making it jolt slightly and I laughed; I wonder if they would turn out to be as comfortable as I was ordering people around one day?

Turns out, having memories of my previous life as a modern man helped immensely with trade negotiations. I'd played my fair share of grand strategy games back when I had the option to while away my days in front of a computer. That knowledge gave me the basics I needed to get started so by the time the merchants arrived later that week and I'd had time to brush up on my local history and customs they barely stood a chance.

Still, I was at a disadvantage; being a woman for starters but also the king's concubine. I could call Lord Aston was not pleased and even slightly offended that he wasn't dealing with the king or queen. No matter, I was an expert at acting as though I were entitled to anything now. That included his full respect and attention.

Well, getting his attention wasn't an issue, especially dressed as I was in my usual revealing attire. Xanthar had suggested summoning a tailor to loosen my clothes slightly as they are starting to straighten as my breasts swelled in preparation for birth but I'd denied him. I liked the way the formerly loose fabric now stretched across my chest and judging from the glancing most men gave me; so did they.

We were almost at the end of our negotiations when The lord cleared his throat awkwardly, averting his eyes from my own. Then I noticed the servants behind him doing the same and raised an eyebrow; the male one seemed especially uncomfortable. I watched him carefully for a few seconds, watching his eyes dart from the floor to my chest and back again. My bust was distracting at the best of times; I was used to that but something was different this time.

Then I felt it, something warm and wet on my chest, centred around both my nipples. I looked down to see two dark, milky stains on the silk, prominently on display for all to see.

*Oh.*

Most women would have blushed and excused themselves; but I am not most women. Instead I smiled coyly; I knew an advantage when I saw it and I planned to use it. Instead of getting embarrassed I squared my shoulders and smugly leaned forward so that my breasts pressed into the table.

"I believe you were about to make a new deal for the castle's grainery?" I hinted.

"Uh yes, it's just that the uh, the current yield you see, it's been high and um..."

The man was flustered now, not thinking straight.

“That’s wonderful.” I purred, “If the yield has been high I am sure you wouldn’t mind putting some aside for extra storage in case of a poor harvest in coming seasons, free of charge. For the good of the people?”

“Well, I was going to say that trade with other kingdoms would be far more profitable unless...unless...”

More milk was seeping through now, my nipples now clearly visible as the wet fabric stuck to my chest.

“If I make it worth your while?” I said innocently, “I am sure we can work something out, I am very amiable when it comes to special negotiations.”

“I’ll bet, I mean uh, that sounds good!”

I smiled demurely, pressing the contract parchment across the table into his waiting hands where Lord Aston signed, trying very hard to hide the excited shake to his fingers. Lord Aston was married with several heirs already; his wife was a notorious shut-in who barely ever left their estate, something he complained about regularly. I smirked; something told me he would not be hard to please.

We concluded our negotiations and I handed the signed parchment to Xanthar to take to Hendrake.

“Xanthar, I believe Lord Aston has had a long trip, make sure his attendants have a good rest and bring us some tea to my chambers will you?” I smiled knowingly before turning back to the lord, “I have so enjoyed your company, it would be lovely to talk without all this business in the way don’t you agree?”

“Oh yes.” He replied a little too quickly.

“And my servant will be with us to ensure nothing improper happens.” I added, “not that there is anything to suggest, you are a married man after all.”

I took Lord Aston’s arm and allowed him to take the lead as we walked, Xanthar and the others turning the opposite way almost immediately. I made sure to draw out the walk as much as possible, taking smaller, dainty steps under the guise of my pregnancy slowing me down.

“It’s just such a big baby.” I sighed dramatically, “feeling so full all the time really is exhausting.”

I then leaned in close and whispered.

“Of course not so tiring that I can’t fulfil our little bargain, I did say I would make it worth your while.”

I felt his whole body shudder and I was sure that beneath those robes he was hard. Power flowed through me and I smiled. I kept waiting for the day where my charms didn’t work so readily but it never happened. Everybody, man or woman, was powerless against me. I hugged him close, pressing my breasts against his arm and feeling more milk dribble from the nipples, soaking through the fabric of his shirt.

We reached my room much faster after that; I wasn’t even sure if the lord knew he was speeding up. I pushed open the doors to my room with a wry grin.

“Why Lord Aston, how ever did you know which room was mine?” I asked coyly and watched as his cheeks went red.

“When I arrived and was informed you would be leading negotiations I uh, asked to see you but you were out.” He replied awkwardly.

Perhaps he’d had his mind on sleeping with me longer than I realised. If I’d known that I would have pulled out the hard flirting a lot earlier, it would have saved us some time. We walked inside and almost immediately Aston was removing his shirt.

“We best be quick, before your servant returns.”

I laughed airily.

“Xanthar? Oh no, he won’t be back for quite some time, tea is a code word for us you see. He knows to take his time.” I walked over to Aston slowly, letting my hips sway and wrapping my arms around his neck. “So feel free to take your time with me as well.”

Lord Aston’s eyes lit up with excitement and I pressed my milky chest to his own, letting the liquid soak in.

“Perhaps you could start by helping me out of these wet clothes and cleaning me up?” I suggested.

Aston’s hands were trembling as he unclipped my dress, letting the top spill open and catch around my wide hips, leaving me totally exposed from the waist up. He spent a few moments just looking, not that I could blame him, my breasts certainly were something to behold. Especially when they were shiny and wet from milk.

Gently I took hold of his face and forced his eyes to meet mine, which were hooded and flirtatious.

“Get cleaning.” I whispered, before lowering his face down and arching my back as much as my pregnant belly allowed.

Without hesitation Aston began to lick at the sensitive skin of my tits, lapping up the milk before latching onto one of my nipples and sucking a few times. The pleasure hit me like a lightning bolt; it was hard and fast enough to take my breath away. Just when I thought I knew the marvels of this dark elf body inside and out, it had a new surprise for me.

I moaned and wrapped my arms around Aston's head, holding him tightly to my chest so he could keep sucking and kissing there before guiding him to the other breast to do the same. His hands went to my hips, struggling to get the rest of my dress over the wide bones but succeeding after a while.

“You...you don't wear undergarments.” He gasped, finally breaking free of my grasp.

He took a step back to admire my full naked, pregnant form. I was all curves; hips, belly, butt, chest, even my lips were full and curvy and I eagerly posed for him.

“I find they get in the way. I like as little between me and the open air as possible.” I replied in a sultry voice.

Now even the layers couldn't hide Aston's hard on. With a giggle of excitement I rushed forward pressing him backwards till he fell onto the bed, eagle spread and ready for me. I made a show of slowly climbing up his body, undoing ties and buttons and slowly pulling off his clothes. Making sure to drag my slightly sharp nails down his exposed skin as I did so. By the time he was fully naked he was practically mewling and his cock was ramrod straight in the air, practically begging to be mounted.

I crawled up the lord's body, letting my belly hang and drag against his cock, then his stomach as I moved and lowered myself down as much as I could to kiss him, hard. He moaned and I swallowed the sounds down as I began to lower my hips. Slowly engulfing him until he was fully sheathed inside me. He was a bit smaller than I would have liked, but thick and I sighed happily as he stretched me.

I was already soaking wet so it was easy to glide up and down on the cock for a bit before my belly began to ache and I was forced to lean backwards and brace myself on his legs in order to stretch my back. My breasts and belly bounced as I moved, my full, pregnant body on full display as we fucked.

The look on Lord Aston's face was utter ambrosia; he'd clearly never had a dark elf woman before, hell, at this point I was beginning to wonder if he'd ever had satisfying sex. He moaned and groaned loud enough that he was practically shouting. So much for propriety; half the castle could probably hear him. Not that I cared; anybody who heard a man making these sounds would know I was responsible. There was simply nobody else with my skill for sex around.

I leaned back even further, facing the ceiling so that his cock rubbed against my G-spot. Oh yeah, that was the spot. I felt my own pleasure mounting until finally it crested and I let out a loud, erotic cry. That sound and my pussy tightening around him was enough to finish off Aston. I was impressed he lasted as long as he did in all honesty. He came hard enough that I felt it inside me and quickly turned limp.

I got off him with a satisfied giggle and sat at the foot of the bed.

"Did I make it worth your while?" I teased, knowing full well I had even before he nodded.

"Will you...be handling trade negotiations in the future?" Aston asked while trying to catch his breath.

"I hope so."

"Me too."

After recovering he bade me farewell and a moment later the door to my room opened; Charlotte again.

"Why is it every time I visit you are naked?" She asked with a sigh.

“Just lucky for you I suppose.” I grinned, Xanthar was yet to return and what was I supposed to do? Dress myself? No thank you, those days were long behind me.

“I’ll have you know I could hear that display from down the hall.” Charlotte chided, “I know I gave you permission to be promiscuous in order to secure us an heir but that is no longer needed and especially not so brazenly.”

“Jealous?” I grinned, “I just secured a wonderful deal for our kingdom and got to have fun doing it. Judging by how quickly you got here I’d say you were listening pretty closely...”

Charlotte’s face turned bright pink with a mix of embarrassment and rage and she turned on her heels and walked away.

“I do not know why I bother with you.” She hissed, slamming the door behind her and I laughed to myself.

I made a mental note to have sex as loudly as possible in the hopes of pissing her off more.

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The sun was warm on my skin as I stretched out on the soft grass. In all the games and lore I’d read before joining this life, Drow had always hated sunlight. Perhaps this world was an anomaly, or perhaps there was a shade of my old human self shining through because for whatever reason I loved sunbathing. Especially when I got to do it with Hendrake.

Convincing him to take a break and simply relax with me had been much easier as of late. In fact, I had noticed a very distinct correlation between his willingness to put down his quill and the size of my bump. For a man who insisted on having a low libido Hendrake seemed almost obsessed with my pregnant body. Even when we weren’t being intimate he was constantly stroking my stomach and staring at it. It seemed to utterly captivate him and he looked at me as if I hung the moon.

It made me feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. I was, at least as far as I had seen, but it still felt nice to have it reaffirmed from time to time. Xanthar had gathered us a picnic lunch which we were enjoying in the private section of the castle grounds. I’d taken the opportunity to divest myself of clothing completely and laze in the sun with a sigh of relief.



“If this is a hint, I am afraid I am not quite in the mood, sorry Nimue.” Hendrake chuckled and I rolled my eyes.

“It’s not a hint, I love being pregnant but it does come with a few downsides, skin sensitivity is one of them.”

“You don’t seem to mind it when we’re in bed...”

I grinned and raised an eyebrow at him.

“I thought you said you weren’t in the mood.”

“Just because I am not up for sex does not mean I can’t flirt with the woman I love.” The king said matter of factly, he’d taken off his crown and let down his hair. It seemed to glimmer in the sunlight.

He truly was magnificent. The feeling was mutual, judging by the way he was looking at me. I felt my heart flutter a little. It felt so wonderful to have found proper love in this life. Between the amazing sex and Hendrake I barely missed being a man at all.

“You know we could call a tailor to make you some new clothes.” Hendrake suggested, “With softer material, something that won’t irritate your skin so much.”

“You spoil me.”

“You love it.”

“I do.” I giggled, “I certainly won’t say no to a new wardrobe.”

I sat up, ready to kiss him in thanks but the king pulled away with a cheeky grin.

“One stipulation.”

“Oh?” I purred playfully, “What’s that?”

“You get to wear whichever piece is my favourite to the ball at the end of this week.”

I'd almost forgotten about the ball; it was held in honour of all the merchants who made trade and prosperity within the kingdom possible. Now that all their agreements had been solidified for another year it was time to celebrate. With each bringing their best wares to make a spectacular ball; the best food, fabric for new dresses and gems and gold of course. It was to be a decedent affair.

"After all, who could blame me for rewarding you after you did such a good job with those trade deals?" Hendrake smiled, "I don't think anybody will bat an eye."

"Charlotte will." I grumbled but Hendrake patted my shoulder soothingly.

"Charlotte will be decked out in a fine new gown herself, don't you worry. She'll have no reason to start anything with you, so please Nimue. Don't throw the first blow?"

He turned serious for that last part; I knew that while Hendrake didn't love his queen, he did respect her and our constant bickering weighed on him. I suddenly felt guilty for always putting him in the middle of us. He was right; I could swallow my pride just a little for his sake.

"Alright, but I want the fanciest dress."

Hendrake just laughed.

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As usual, I waited until the ball was in full swing before appearing, I preferred to make a grand entrance, all the while keeping my look demure and humble. I would giggle when people mentioned it, saying it only felt right to come in later after all, I was just a concubine. I didn't want to steal anybody's thunder. When of course, arriving later just meant more eyes on me as the doors opened.

Tonight was no exception and I felt the crowd hold its breath as I entered with Xanthar a few steps behind. I had 'accidentally' timed my entry between songs so everybody heard the sound of the doors opening and felt compelled to look even before they laid eyes on my stunning new gown.

It was midnight black, made of some of the finest silk Hendrake could buy and embroidered with diamonds and onyx. The gown cascaded like black ocean water catching the ambient glow of the grand hall's chandeliers. It was short of course, with a low plunging

neckline as per usual and a silver band just under my bust to both lift and support it but also ensure my belly was on full display despite being fully covered.

My eyes found Hendrake who was looking at me in utter wonder, Charlotte sat next to him with her lips pressed tightly together. She was also decked out in a beautiful blue and silver gown; her own meagre bust pushed up as high as possible and her hair elaborate decorated with golden chains and gemstones. Even I had to admit; she was stunning. Were I not here she would be the most beautiful woman in the room hands down. But I was here and we both knew that now nobody would be talking about her outfit.

“Lady Nimue, you look lovely.”

“Such an...interesting look.”

“She’s almost due, can you blame her for wanting something a bit more free?”

“I hear she dresses like that all the time...”

The whispers bounced off my like water off a duck’s back. Hendrake couldn’t take his eyes off me and that was the most important thing. That and I could see Lord Aston trying desperately not to stare while his wife was right there next to him. Boldly I invited a single courtier to dance and he almost fell over with shock. It was slightly improper, asking a man to dance but I didn’t mind. I let myself sway to the music, enjoying the way my curves subtly moved as we circled the floor and my new dress swayed. I could tell by the looks the king was giving me he couldn't wait for the night to wind down so he could dance with me himself.

As usual I scanned the crowd for a bedfellow but in the end I found myself drawn back to Hendrake again and again. He was worth waiting for tonight at least. When we sat down to eat I could feel the tension passing between us and from the sour look on her face, so could Charlotte. I shot her a quick wink when Hendrake wasn't looking and she narrowed her eyes at me. I got the very distinct impression she was resisting the urge to throw her drink in my face.

The meal ended and the dancing continued but my ankles had decided enough was enough. Heels may not be the most practical thing for an expectant mother to wear but I refused to wear anything but. It just felt wrong. Such lovely, delicate feet as mine should be on full display at all times, even if it did mean sitting by the sidelines for a bit.

Not that sitting out of the dancing was boring; I had a never ending parade of admirers; many of them the merchants who had worked with me the last few days. I smiled at them and batted my eyelids, which earned me the stink eye of more than one wife. I just

smiled at them innocently; if they were any good in bed their husbands wouldn't have been tempted away.

I could see Charlotte watching me jealously as I lavished in all the attention but there was something else in her gaze. Jealousy yes, as always but something else. A bitterness and envy that seemed deeper than just being outdone in the wardrobe department.

Eventually the night came to a close and Xanthar led me back to my chambers. I hadn't been able to pick up a lover for the night, my mind kept going back to Hendrake and how much I wanted him. Luckily for me it seemed the feeling was mutual tonight as when we entered my chambers, the king was there waiting for me.

With a wave of his hand Xanthar was gone and I found myself pressed up against the wall, my belly and breasts sandwiched between me and the king as we kissed. I'd never seen Hendrake like this; so...possessive and desperate. Normally I took charge in the bedroom, it was just what he liked but tonight it was as if some sort of wild beast had been awakened within him.

"Watching you tonight was torture." He growled, kissing at my neck so hard I could feel his teeth scraping against the hollow of my throat. "Watching all those men dance with you..."

"Getting jealous all of a sudden?" I teased.

"Never." He growled, pulling me toward the bed, "Because as far as anybody is concerned I did this to you."

He placed a gentle hand on my belly.

"It makes me feel so...territorial."

"That I am pregnant with your baby?"

"Yes."

I grinned, loving this new, wild side to my love. I allowed him to undress me, standing still as he took the time to kiss and stroke over every part of my body. Despite how much I had grown I still had perfectly smooth skin, no stretch marks to be seen. Just gorgeous, soft curves that Hendrake lavished attention on.

I felt myself getting wetter and wetter as he went on. My nipples tightened and a few drops of milk seeped out and began to roll down my breasts where Hendrake eagerly lapped them up. My whole body felt like it was on fire and melting at the same time. Other men could satisfy me physically. It was true but there was something special about having sex with Hendrake, the man I loved.

His touch seemed twice as gratifying as anybody else's and I let myself fall into it, moaning and shivering under his touch until I simply couldn't take it anymore. I pushed him away, back onto the bed and began practically tearing off his clothes. Hendrake arched his back and groaned.

"Watching you like this is so...so...I don't even have the words."

His pupils were blown wide watching me strip him down and when he erection was finally free it was already leaking and waiting for me.

"It's a good thing we don't enjoy missionary as much as this." I grinned, "Since I have to ride you now, my belly is simply too big."

I rose up on my knees so that my hole was pressing against Hendrake's cock while the king reached up and cupped my belly, holding it gently as I slowly sunk down. We both groaned; it had been too long since we did this and Hendrake was practically worshipping my body as I rode him. His touch was firmer than usual, not painful at all, just strong. I could tell he was feeling that primal instinct to claim what was his and it turned me on so much.

His hands slid along my belly to my breasts, squeezing and even milking them slightly until I was suddenly taken by surprise; an orgasm washed over me hard and fast. My whole body tensed and more milk dripped from my nipples, landing on Hendrake's lips where he licked it up. That sight alone had me cumming again.

I rose and fell with gusto, fucking Hendrake with everything I had while he continued to milk orgasm after orgasm out of me until finally he too tumbled over the edge. There was nothing more beautiful than his face when he cums, I swear.

With a gasp we finally stopped; my whole body was aching from the effort and intensity of the session but it was well worth it. Despite being fully satisfied I was still sad to finally pull off his cock and snuggle down next to him. It wasn't often these days I would feel empty.

"That was amazing." I shivered.

“You’re amazing.”

We laid together for a few minutes, just enjoying one another’s company when Hendrake finally spoke again.

“Sorry, was I too rough?”

“Not at all, I love seeing you so wild for me.” I purred.

“We should be gentle, you are due soon.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not made of glass.”

Hendrake kissed my forehead, imbuing the gesture with all the protective love and affection I knew he possessed. I leaned into the touch and sighed happily; this was perfect. I almost wished things could stay this way forever. Then I felt a kick deep inside me and a different kind of excitement began to build. Just a few more days now and we were going to be parents!

~

My due date came and went and the castle held its breath. The knowledge that any day now, a new heir might arrive had everybody on edge. Everywhere I turned people watched carefully, treating me with reverence almost. It felt lovely, and I held my head high as I soaked up all the attention.

I made every excuse to stroll the castle grounds to show off as much as possible, wearing my shortest dress with the open belly and plunging neckline. While the attention was fun, even I had to admit I was starting to feel nervous; giving birth was not going to be a picnic, even in this body with its child bearing hips.

I wandered the rose garden, smiling at several older ladies as they cooed over my belly before moving on. The clinking of metal against china made me turn and my mood soured; of course Charlotte was sitting at the table and chair under the rose bush pagoda. She knew it was my favourite place.

She stirred her tea without looking up, pretending like she hadn’t noticed me until she was finished.

“Must you dress so...impractically?” She asked, taking a sip of her tea and forgoing the greeting at all.

I smirked.

“I am due any moment, I don’t want long hems or complicated layers getting in the way should the healer need quick access.” I replied, it wasn’t even strictly untrue.

“You always have an answer, don’t you?”

“You always have a comment.”

We stared one another down for a moment before, to my surprise, Charlotte sighed.

“I grow weary of this, Nimue. Why must we dance around one another?”

“You started it.” I replied petulantly, signally for Xanthar to go find me another seat.

“I think not, you parade yourself around like a whore.” Charlotte sneered, “you haven’t a single shred of grace in you. It is an embarrassment.”

“You’re just jealous, if you had a glow and a pregnant belly you would be acting just as I am .”

I expected another sharp retort but once again the queen surprised me.

“You are probably right.” She admitted, finally putting her cup down. “I may be queen Nimue but have you ever considered that perhaps this has been hard for me?”

I hadn’t.

“I am queen, my husband does not and has never loved me, I am unable to have a child, likely because of him and unlike you, I cannot simply play around with whomever I want for fun or to find love. I cannot take another lover, I cannot even be touched. And yet you can parade around, sleeping with whomever you choose and being celebrated for it.”

I blinked in surprise; Charlotte's voice was still as calm and controlled as ever but there was a rawness underneath it all that seemed...genuine. A deep undercurrent of hurt flowered though her.

"I do not love Hendrake, do not misunderstand me there. But I admit I am...envious, that you had both love, physical satisfaction and the child I will never be able to bear." She finished, picking up her porcelain cup once more and taking a deep drink.

"I think perhaps you need something stronger than tea." I joked and Charlotte actually chuckled.

"Oh, there is alcohol mixed in, I assure you."

That actually made me giggle and Charlotte joined in. It was almost surreal; laughing with her of all people as if we were old friends. The mood faded quickly though and we were left in lingering awkwardness.

"I understand you want to be a mother." I said finally, "but if you were in my position, would you give up your child totally to another woman to raise? Would you give them to *me*?"

"Not a chance." Charlotte said without hesitation, "but our positions are quite different. Don't think I haven't noticed what you've been doing with these negotiations."

I raised an eyebrow.

"You want to make yourself more useful, so I don't have recourse to send you away once the heir is born."

I supposed I had been quite transparent but what of it?

"And you disapprove?" I dared, crossing my arms beneath my chest.

Charlotte had always been jealous of my bust and I made a habit of subtly showing it off whenever she started to piss me off. Well, subtle might not have been the correct word since with their sheer size that was impossible. I watched her eyes narrow slightly and I grinned; we knew each other's games well by now but that didn't stop us playing them.



“Not at all, on the contrary I think this will help us make peace. So to speak.”

Charlotte did have a point; being at one another’s throat, while fun for a bit was starting to get tiring.

“I do not want to be your friend.” I replied honestly.

“Nor I yours, but I think we can make some arrangement that will give us both the least amount of grief.”

I stood, arms crossed still and waited. My stomach churned with nervousness; something about this moment felt important. Charlotte was not one to bargain lightly, if I messed up this chance I may never get another.

“You will have children,” She started simply, “they will be mine and Hendrake’s by law, however, I will allow you to nurse them and be a part of their lives. They will know you are their mother and you shall be welcome in this castle for as long as you wish it. But I shall be in charge of their education, they shall refer to me as ‘mother’ in public, and I shall have just as much right to love and care for them as you.”

“Mother Nimue in private.” I added.

Charlotte’s eyebrow twitched in irritation.

“Fine, but never in public. In court they shall refer to you as Lady Nimue, same as everybody else.”

My stomach churned again; it was less than I wanted but more than most in my position would get.

“Fine, deal.”

Charlotte smiled.

“And we shall act cordially with one another.” I added, it was only fair to return the olive branch.

“And otherwise stay out of one another’s way?”

“Agreed.”

I held out my hand and Charlotte took it, shaking it firmly. A weight I didn't know existed lifted from my shoulders; yes, this was just a word deal between us, nothing binding. But one thing I did trust about Charlotte was her word, in all my time living in the castle I had seen how she worked and not once had she gone back on a decision once it had been made. And oddly enough; I believed her when she spoke about her woes. If I were in her shoes and a hotter, more promiscuous woman stole away my husband’s love while also getting the sexual freedom I could never have I would probably act the same way she had.

The moment passed and my hands dropped to my sides again. Charlotte took another sip of tea and she opened her mouth to say something, perhaps she was even about to invite me to join her but I will never be sure. Because right at that moment I felt myself double over as my stomach tightened and a gush of fluid ran down my leg.

My jaw dropped in shock and with wide eyes I looked up to Charlotte from my bent over position and found she had a similar look on her face.

“You *would* go into labour with only me around.” She rolled her eyes and I actually grinned.

“You *would* be the only person about when it happened.” I shot right back and we both grinned.

Another contraction hit and wiped that smile off my face though as a pained cry rang out and Xanthar came running, having obviously abandoned his search for a chair.

“My lady!”

“Quickly, get her to her chambers, I shall inform the king.” Charlotte ordered, looking grateful to have any excuse to leave my side.

“Can you still walk, Lady Nimue?” Xanthar asked, placing his arms protectively around my shoulders. I nodded with gritted teeth.

It was time.

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Time had lost all meaning, it could have been minutes, or perhaps days when a small, crying bundle of cloth was gently pushed into my arms. I was exhausted, so much so that even feeding took it out of me, but I managed to force myself awake. For a few minutes at least; it was just me and the child; any second now Hendrake and Charlotte would be called in and I wanted to savour these first few moments with my baby alone.

Or rather, babies. No wonder I was so huge, I had been carrying twins.

The eldest was a boy, with dark drow skin and silvery blue tufts of hair atop his head. His eyes were scrunched closed but once or twice he blinked and I caught a hint of green. Or perhaps blue. The girl had a slightly paler purple hue to her skin and a tiny shock of white hair. Her eyes were just like mine and her ears almost sharp in how pointed they were. Who their true father was would always be a mystery of course, Drow genes were strong so it was inevitable that the child would look most like me.

I could see subtle signs that they weren't a pure drow though; whether the father be human or elf I couldn't tell and frankly, I didn't care. In my mind; they were Hendrake's and that was what mattered.

"How are you feeling, my lady?" Xanthar asked, hurrying to my side after being kept at bay for so long.

"Tired." I admitted, "but happy, just look at him, Xanthar. Aren't they perfect?"

"Utterly." My servant smiled before quickly stepping back as the doors opened and the king and queen entered.

Eager to meet 'their' children. Hendrake's eyes went to me first and I watched as the nervous tension left his shoulders before glancing down at the babies in my arms. To my surprise Charlotte reached for the male child before pausing.

"...May I hold him?"

The fact that she asked meant a lot, really and I handed him over. Charlotte held the baby with such reverence and her expression softened into something I'd never seen before, love. In that moment I knew, no matter what, even if she and I never got along, my children would never be used as a pawn. She was going to love my son and daughter as her own.

She passed him to Hendrake and the king's eyes actually welled up as he held his son for the first time. As tradition dictated, he was to name him and both Charlotte and I held our breath; would he give the child a Drow name?

"Alandaer." He said after a moment, "and Jasmine for the girl."

Both those names sounded perfect to me, even if they weren't Drow. Since I had come into this life after leaving my original 'home' I didn't really have much attachment to the culture anyway.

"Which will be your heir?" I asked.

"Alandaer of course, the male." Charlotte replied as if it were obvious, "but Jasmine will receive the finest education, she will be a welcome member of this family. We are truly blessed."

Charlotte picked up the girl and cooed at her, rocking her back and forth. I couldn't help but feel a little jealous until the baby began to fuss and settled immediately back against my shoulder when returned to me. They knew who their true mother was.

Still, a look passed between the queen and I; understanding. Something told me I wouldn't need to worry about being sent away anymore. After a few minutes Charlotte gathered the two children in her arms lovingly.

"I am sure you need your rest." She said shortly, "Hendrake why don't you keep her company and I will take the little ones for a walk round the castle, it will be nice for them to see their new home."

The twin nestled themselves into the crook of each of her arms and Xanthar bowed low, offering to accompany her which left Hendrake and I alone. He pressed a kiss to my forehead.

"Well done."

“They’re beautiful.”

“Just like their mother.” He chuckled, “did something happen between you and Charlotte? There seems to be less tension in the air, or is it just both your maternal instincts kicking in?”

“A bit of both.” I admitted, “I think everything will work out just fine.”

I snuggled myself against the king, taking the well earned opportunity to rest. No doubt my life was about to become far more hectic now that I was a mother as well. Still, I looked to the future with a soft smile on my lips. This may not have been the sort of fairytale ending I had always hoped for in my first life but it was happily ever after nonetheless. And I couldn't have picked a better life to be reborn into.