

My New Life as a Dark Elf Concubine - Part 1

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 funny thing about reincarnation is that there is no real rhyme or reason to it. In my first life, a lot of people talked about karma and how if you were a good person you were destined for paradise or at least a good life next time around. Having now experienced it for myself I can safely say, that's all bullshit; it's luck of the draw. The only advantage I seemed to have was that whatever entity was in charge of it seems to have totally fucked up when it came to my go around the wheel. That, and they have a sense of humour.

Dying of a heart attack in my thirties was pretty embarrassing, but considering I basically lived as a shut in eating nothing but instant ramen it wasn't really a surprise. Dying sitting at my PC playing fantasy computer games though; that was the real embarrassing part. And maybe it explained why I ended up where I did; like I said, God or whatever it was that did this to me clearly had a sense of humour.

But the how and why doesn't really matter; you didn't come here to learn about my sad sack life as a freelance programmer in the boring old real world; so let's get to the point, shall we? It all started the day of the heart attack; one moment I was at my PC staring at the screen and the next I was somewhere else entirely...

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"Miss? Are you alright?"

Miss?

I blinked, my hand was still pressed against my chest; a moment ago my heart had felt like it was being squeezed by a vice but all of a sudden it felt fine. My vision was still blurry though and as I blinked I realised I couldn't feel the weight of my glasses at all; or see the frames in the corner of my vision. Which might explain what the hell I was looking at.

My computer, my dark room, it was all gone, replaced with what looked like a plush carriage, the mediaeval kind you saw in shows like Game of Thrones. A man with dark, purplish skin was looking at me concerned. His hair was silvery white despite his youth and his ears were pointed. His clothing was fine as well, embroidered cuffs and a high collar almost like some sort of fancy butler.

"Yes." I replied without thinking, I hated making a fuss.

The man cleared his throat and looked away from me somewhat uncomfortably.

"It's just...I am sorry Miss I know you hate when I mumble. I would never presume to tell you how to act but perhaps you should remove your hand before we arrive at the castle."

Did he just say castle? And what was wrong with my hand?

I looked down and saw that my hand was indeed still pressed to my chest; the softness I felt there was not the flab I was used to though. It felt slightly firmer and shaped and as my eyes finally adjusted I saw what could only be a pair of breasts looking back at me. The low cut, velvet dress I was wearing showed off ample cleavage which dispelled any idea that they could be anything else.

What?

The man cleared his throat again and I realised finally that my hand was gripping my left breast hard and I swiftly dropped it, feeling it jiggle slightly as it reoriented itself against my chest. My eyes were still locked on my hand though; it was that same dusky purple colour, my fingers long and thin with perfectly manicured nails and several expensive looking rings.

I could feel my heart beating furiously in my chest; what the fuck was going on? I turned to the window and took several deep breaths, trying to calm myself. I'd already had one heart attack today; I really didn't fancy another.

The window showed a rolling cobblestone street, and several stone buildings. The people who walked by turned to watch as the ornate carriage moved and I felt my jaw drop

as I saw them all. Short men with thick bards, tall, slender folk with pointed ears, all mingling with regular people.

“Are those...Elves and Dwarves?” I asked, my voice alien to me.

“Yes, Miss.” The man replied, sounding a little uncomfortable. “Candor is quite the metropolitan city, as the capital it is home to many different races. Not many Drow like us of course but I am sure that will make you all the more desirable to the king.”

I felt the back of my neck heat; I couldn't help but feel I just said something very, very stupid. Whenever or wherever I was, fantasy races didn't seem to be something out of place. Drow, that was a Dark Elf in most fantasy books I had read. It could explain the dark purple skin at least.

I focused on the pale reflection in the glass; the windows were spotless, making seeing out easy but discerning my own reflection somewhat hard. I could see a dark face and pale hair but nothing distinctive; I made a mental note to find a mirror as soon as possible.

“We will be arriving in a few moments.” The man announced, “Please prepare yourself, Miss.”

I nodded.

“Thank you...ummmm.”

“Xanthar.” He said smoothly, though I couldn't help but notice the twitch in his eye.

Clearly he was insulted. I'd 'forgotten' his name but didn't want to say anything about it. I bit the inside of my cheek; I needed to blend in here and figure out what the hell was happening to me. I was pretty sure mentioning that I had no idea who I was or where I was was a pretty bad idea, or that I was a man from the modern world and not this place, would go down poorly.

Alright; blending in. Easier said than done when I could count things I knew on one hand. I was a Drow, I was a woman and I was supposed to be appealing to the King. I was also pretty clearly rich so maybe I was supposed to present myself as a potential queen? That wasn't exactly appealing but what choice did I have.

The carriage pulled into a large castle courtyard and I glanced out the window to see a regal looking Elven man with tanned skin and golden hair standing on the front steps. The glittering crowd around his head made it obvious he was the king, what confused me was his partner. A similarly blonde, beautiful and finely dressed woman wearing a matching crown stood beside him, her face was pinched and angry looking though and I felt a sense of relief pass through me.

She had to be the queen which meant I wasn't here looking for a marriage proposal, thank God. I had enough on my plate right now. Xanthar got out of the carriage as soon as it stopped and opened the door for me, offering a hand which was sorely needed. Apparently heels existed here and I had no idea how to balance my way down the thin carriage steps on my own.

I wobbled and I heard the queen huff disapprovingly; great, wonderful first impression. Xanthar led me toward the couple and I immediately felt a sense of animosity from the queen. While her husband was dressed in what I could only describe as mediaeval fantasy fashion she was in something slightly more revealing. Bare shoulders with a low neckline just like myself; it seemed tailor made to show off her body; the long legs and curvy figure.

I would have accused it of being skimpy but compared to what I was wearing it was practically modest. My velvet dress was also low cut and sleeveless but far tighter and shorter than hers; my hem line only just reached my thighs and the fabric was tight. Now that I was standing I could feel it stretching over my chest and butt, which seemed equally well endowed as my chest. The golden lace that stretched up my chest also drew the eye and the long draw stings seemed to hang invitingly. I wondered if the whole thing would fall off if I were to tug them; perhaps that was the point.

My cheeks began to grow hot; what the hell sort of outfit was this? I was still coming to terms with even having a woman's body, an Elven one no less, why was I dressed so...provocatively?

The queen's eyes found my cleavage and I couldn't help but feel a small stab of satisfaction at the jealous look in her eyes. Her modest bust looked positively tiny compared to mine. Silence reigned and I realised they were waiting on me to formally introduce myself. Panic flared in my gut; I didn't even know my name! I was pretty sure it wasn't Richard anymore. Lacking any better idea I looked to Xanthar with what I hoped was authority; he worked for me, right? He nodded and stepped forward.

"May I present Lady Nimue Anrys," He bowed, "Third daughter of the King of the Night court of Arthay. She is honoured to accept the invitation of becoming your concubine."

Concubine!?

I grit my teeth to try and stop the shock showing on my face but I couldn't stop my whole body stiffening in shock. Being offered up as a wife would be one thing, but a concubine?! And what was worse, the way Xanthar spoke it seemed the deal had already been struck!

"We are honoured and thankful for her service." The king bowed gracefully, not sounding remotely grateful whatsoever. "It is lovely to make your acquaintance Lady Nimue."

He reached forward and took my hand, laying a kiss on the back of my palm. What was I supposed to say? What did anybody say when being offered up as breeding cattle?

"Charmed." My words came out clipped and short; the queen gave me another disapproving glare.

"My lady has had a long journey." Xanthar spoke slowly, "Perhaps I shall escort her to her new quarters and tomorrow we can meet to discuss the finer details of the arrangement?"

"Yes, that sounds preferable." I replied quickly, still not really used to the haughty, slightly husky voice I now possessed.

The king, for his part, looked relieved, taking his wife's hand and leading her back into the castle while several servants came to unload our carriage. Xanthar waved me forward and I followed him, wobbling slightly as I made my way up the stairs; I desperately hoped I had shoes that were not six inch heels somewhere in all those trunks they were unloading.

I tried to look dignified but it was hard when my newly acquired curves were barely behaving. Whatever weird universe this was, it seemed to be operating more on video game physics than real world ones because no matter how gently I tried to take each step my tits and ass seemed to bounce in response. I tried to distract myself by observing everything around me. My sharp elven ears pricked as we walked, picking up the hushed voices of the servants carrying my things.

"She doesn't seem very personable."

"I heard she is the haughtiest, most demanding princess in her kingdom. That's why her father was happy to have his daughter made a concubine rather than a full wife."

“She doesn’t even bother to learn her servants' names.”

“Did you see how she wobbled when walking? Do you think she is taken to drink?”

“Shush! She might hear you, with a temper as famous as hers. I really don't want to get on her bad side.”

I bit the inside of my cheek again; normally hearing people gossip behind my back wasn't great but this actually helped. So my name was Nimue and I was apparently, for lack of a better term, a total bitch. Great. Then again, that could help me.

My reputation seemed to have preceded me and my nerves before had obviously been interpreted as snobbery. This could work in my favour; if people expected me to be a rude, standoffish princess who was angry at being sold off as a concubine then I wouldn't need to talk all that much and could dismiss conversations with ease by just being rude. Considering I was likely to be rude without even meaning to since I had the social skills of a rock that was bound to happen; at least now it would be expected. Maybe if I did it enough the king wouldn't even try to sleep with me!

I straightened my back and tried to hold my head high; adopting the stance of the snobbish princess people expected to see. It was hard, considering I had to concentrate so hard on walking without falling on my face in those damn heels and tight dress.

I had a plan now; act like a snob, rebuff the advances of the king and figure out how to get myself back to the real world and a proper body. Even as I thought it I knew it was probably futile; that was a lot easier said than done. Then again, if this world had Elves and Dwarves, maybe it had magic. I could only hope.

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The first thing I had done upon being shown my rooms was dismiss Xanthar and start going through all my clothes in the hopes of finding something less revealing. No luck; it seemed Nimue dressed exclusively in short skirts and low cut necklines. Perhaps not super surprisingly considering she, well, I, was now a concubine.

If anything, the velvet dress was the most conservative option I had. A few items I pulled from the trunks were little more than strings and metal bras. Were these normal here? Or just because this new body was expected to get pregnant as soon as possible? Was I supposed to change for dinner? That was something fancy royal people did right?

At least I had a night to try and figure out as much as I could about this world before I would be forced to face the king. Or so I thought. The wooden doors of my room suddenly opened and there was the Queen, face still pinched and lips pressed thin with irritation.

"I do not know how things work in your court," She said after a moment, "But it is customary to bow before your queen."

"My mother is my queen." I replied shortly, that seemed appropriately haughty.

"Not anymore, you are a part of our court now and while being head concubine is a...respected position. You will show your due deference. I am not above asking my husband to replace you." The Queen sneered.

Maybe that had been a bit much. I bowed, curtsied really, not that my skirt allowed for the movement much.

"That's better." She said coolly, "Queen Charlotte, I am here to let you know the truth of things."

"I thought we were going to discuss this all tomorrow." I replied nervously, doing my best to keep my voice even and detached.

"Yes, well, things need to be discussed as far as my husband is concerned." Charlotte clicked her tongue. "I suppose you know why you are here."

Working on it.

"Well, seeings as I am to be your husband's concubine, I assume it's because you are having trouble...conceiving?"

Was that too blunt? The way she scrunched up her nose certainly made me think so.

"Yes." Charlotte hissed, "The truth is...all signs speak to my husband being the issue and frankly, I do not care for any other woman, especially a Drow, having their filthy fingers on him."

I couldn't help but feel offended; yes I had only been a Drow woman for less than an hour but still.

"I propose a deal." Charlotte said, "You are free to sleep with whomever you need to in order to produce an heir for my husband, just make sure your partners will produce children who can at least pass for him. You will not need to be chained to him and I will not have to sleep next to a man with your stink clinging to him each night. I assume this arrangement will work, I have heard your tale of your, what did that one informant call it? 'voracious sexual appetite'."

Maybe it was the confidence boost that came from knowing everybody expected me to be rude. Or maybe it was just the stress of having been suddenly thrust into a new body and new life with no prior warning; either way I had no way to control the indignant rage that was building up inside me.

"I'll do whatever and whomever I please." I sneered, "I have just travelled a long way to solve your problem and you come into my room, uninvited, insult my race and call me a whore."

Queen Charlotte smirked.

"Isn't that what you are?"

Fuck this bitch. Maybe I would sleep with her husband just to spite her. Masculine pride be damned.

"Just know, my husband has no interest in you anyway, so do not expect any of those little whorish moves to work on him. Just get yourself knocked up and produce a baby and we can all go back to the lives we want."

She turned on her heels and walked out while I struggled to get my jaw off the floor. The nerve of that woman! Her comment did make me pause though; going back to the lives we wanted, what would that even mean for me now?

I needed a plan. I paced, trying to calm my boiling blood; my skin felt hot and uncomfortable under the tight velvet dress; the fabric was hot against my skin and made me painfully aware of all the new physical changes I had undergone. I could feel my nipples beneath the fabric, rubbing against it, as well as the absence between my legs. It was

unsettling and did nothing to help calm my irritation at that bitch of a queen. Instead, I let the anger fuel me.

“Xanthar!” I yelled, stamping my foot like the arrogant princess I now was.

The man appeared through the door in a moment.

“I want a book on Candor customs. I don’t want that Queen to have a single complaint she could possibly make about me.” I said, “Now.”

“Yes, Miss.” Xanthar nodded, disappearing as quickly as he’d come.

My lips quicker into a smile; it felt sort of good to order people around like that. The idea that I held so much power that I need only give an order to get what I wanted...I could see now how easy it was for rich kids to become brats.

While waiting for him to return I turned to the full length mirror standing in the corner of the room by the dresser; may as well find out exactly what I looked like now. I stepped out in front of the glass and blinked in shock, not really prepared for what I saw.

Silver hair cascaded over my shoulders, catching the strange light in a mesmerising shimmer. There were several elaborate braids threaded through the loose hair as well, each finished with a gemstone clasp. I reached out with tentative fingers, running them over my dark purple skin. It was smooth to the touch and didn't seem to have a single imperfection.

Violet eyes stared back at me, holding an otherworldly depth that seemed to pull me in. They were large, striking, and slightly slanted to match my pointed ears. I traced the contours of my new face, my fingers brushing against the delicate features; the full lips, the sharp cheekbones and elegant neck.

My figure was something to behold as well; a perfect hourglass, with huge breasts and the ass to match. I blushed, remembering the mods I had downloaded to make the female elves in my games more...attractive. I could give them a run for their money here.

My eyes once again landed on the golden thread that seemed to be what was keeping my dress so tight. My lower stomach turned warm; this body didn't feel like mine yet and well, I was sexy, I couldn't be blamed for feeling a little turned on. Or wanting to take a peak.

With a soft tug the dress turned loose and within moments was in a pile on the floor around my ankles. I could see the rest of my beautiful elven body in all its glory, apparently Nimue didn't believe in underwear which would explain why I felt my body moving so easily.

At least to some degree; as I cupped both my new heavy tits and dropped them back they seemed to bounce far more than was necessary before settling back against my chest.

I had my work cut out for me if even the physics worked differently here. Still, it could have been much worse. While ending up in a woman's body wasn't exactly desirable at least it was a hot one, and rich. If I'd ended up peasant down in that crowded city I would have had no idea what to do. Coding wasn't exactly a skill that linked back to anything I could do here.

There was a knock and Xanthar reappeared with a thick leather tome in his hands. His eyes immediately went wide with shock as he spotted my naked form but to my shock he simply looked away.

"Did you want my assistance changing, miss?"

A small smile curled at my lips; apparently Xanthar wasn't entirely unused to seeing his mistress naked. That was interesting. Desire swirled in my lower stomach and a new sense of playfulness and power surged through me. Instead of dressing or covering up at all I walked towards him casually, schooling my features into a cool mask of disinterest.

"Not yet." I said, "Have you got what I requested?"

"Y-yes miss, here." He handed the tome over.

I opened up the book and was immediately met with a page full of elaborate calligraphy. I could barely read cursive as it was, trying to read this and understand everything about the culture I was now expected to already know was way too much to take in after the day I'd had. Luckily, Xanthar was still standing there.

"Read it to me." I ordered haughtily, shoving the book against his chest.

"Yes, Miss."

That felt nice, those little words of deference. I sat myself down in a plush armchair and lazily crossed my leg over my lap and laid my head in my palm. Xanthar cleared his throat and I gave him an expectant smile.

"You may begin, focus on the role of women in the royal household and concubines."

Xanthar was still as red in the face as a Drow could get and seemed eager to have an excuse to look anywhere but my naked body. That warm tingling feeling between my legs grew as I basked in the power this body had granted me.

“W-well, concubines are usually used only when a king cannot produce an heir...”
Xanthar began.

He went on to explain the inner workings of the court, the borders with other countries including Arthay, the mountainous land to the north where I apparently hailed from. As with most fantasy worlds in fiction, it was patriarchal but with one interesting rule. Women usually dressed to show off their bodies as soon as they were of age. A bigger bust and wide hips were corvettes for pregnancy and child rearing; wearing high necklines and longer skirts was usually reserved for those not well endowed.

No wonder I'd been dressed so provocative; I was basically presenting myself as the most available woman there was. It also explained the Queen's instant dislike of me; while she was pretty her beauty had nothing on my natural sex appeal. I was essentially overshadowing her without even trying.

By the time he was finished reading the sun was beginning to set. Xanthar closed the tome and laid it down on the table, unsure of where to look now.

“You should be getting ready for dinner. The King has requested you join them since the Queen already spoke to you.”

“Very well, pick an outfit and dress me.” I ordered, trying to sound bored. Secretly I was glad to have somebody to help me; I didn't have any idea how to even start putting on any of my new clothes.

Xanthar selected a long black dress with a plunging neckline that basically came to my waist, the only thing stopping it from falling totally open and exposing me entirely was the belt around the middle. The skirt, if you could call it that, reached the floor but only covered my middle, leaving my hips and part of my ass bare whenever I took a step forward. I could feel Xanthar's finger scrambling slightly as he slowly helped me into the garment.

The heat of his hands brushing against my skin sent a thrill through me I couldn't explain. There was a part of me that wanted him to keep going but the part of me that was still Richard held back. I wondered if Nimue's sexual appetite really was as voracious as the queen had implied. Considering how easily I was getting turned on I was inclined to believe it was.

Idly, I wondered if Xanthar was used to servicing his mistress in any other ways; it was tempting to find out but I held back. I'd only just got here after all, today was overwhelming enough without indulging more...carnal urges.

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Dinner was an awkward affair; I was glad to see I wasn't the only woman dressed in revealing clothing; it really did seem like the norm here. Many of the court nobles snuck glances at me and I couldn't help but flush with pleasure each time I caught somebody looking. Weird situation or no, it felt nice to be desired for once. If anybody looked at me before it was with derision or disgust.

Much like the Queen.

She was gripping her silverware hard enough that her knuckles turned white. Her golden dress showed off her bust and clavicle and while she was beautiful, no eyes found her at all. Not while I was sitting right beside her. Something I was sure she did not request.

I lifted the spoon of rich broth to my mouth and sighed in delight at the taste; at least the food here would be good. The sound echoed slightly in the room; nobody was talking, it seemed everybody was afraid to break the silence.

The king, whose name I was told was Hendrake, seemed eager to be done with it. He didn't even glance in my direction, nor his wife's and excused himself immediately after he finished eating. It was silly, since I didn't *want* to sleep with a man but the fact that he didn't even give me so much as a glance stung. That latent desire swirled in my lower stomach and I spent the rest of the night ignoring the burn between my legs.

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At first, I woke each morning with anxiety building in my stomach. Sure that at any moment I would be summoned and forced to sleep with the king. Nimue was supposed to be a master seducer and I was whatever the opposite of that was. Yet, the call did not come. I was mostly thankful but there was a part of me, located mostly between my legs, that was disappointed. It seemed that along with Nimue's body I had also been blessed with her sex drive, which was high.

I wanted to test out this body but the idea also intimidated me somewhat; in fact, this whole place did. The one good thing about being mostly ignored was that I was free to do what I wanted. So I chose to read; Nimue hadn't stuck me as a particularly learned woman

so I sent Xanthar to fetch books on Candor and the surrounding lands and then had him read them to me, seated at my feet. That way, if anybody questioned it, they would simply see a haughty woman exercising her power. I'd be lying if it didn't feel nice having a man literally on his knees at my beck and call as well.

I learned that Candor was a large, prosperous region surrounded on most sides by mountains; inside which were many mines which provided the country with gold aplenty, a splendid array of jewels as well as metals for swords and armour. To the North, over the highest of the peaks was the mountainous region of Arthay; my home kingdom. Home to near constant storms that kept much of the population underground in hollowed out mountain cities; which suited them just fine as most were Drow and not partial to sunlight.

Then to the south were the rolling plains of Ruuse. A smaller but highly xenophobic kingdom with several large orc and goblin clans constantly warring for leadership. Candor had basically given up on diplomacy and simply fortified their border against them; otherwise leaving them to their own squabbles.

I also learned that while magic was certainly a known quantity in this world, it was not particularly common. People knew it existed but those blessed with 'the gift' were few and far between. A wizard seemed to be about as common as a brain surgeon in my own world; so there went any hopes of casually happening upon some sort of court wizard in these halls I could slowly ingratiate myself to.

"The king does not have any magic users in his court at all?" I asked, only for Xanthar to shake his head as he placed the book down in his lap.

"No, Arthay is far more blessed by the gods when it comes to magical arts. If you require something I can write a missive to your father to see if his sorcerer would be available for travel?"

"No, that won't be necessary." I waved, trying not to sound disappointed; having another Drow travel all this way would raise questions, not to mention I would be expected to explain what I needed in the letter.

"Do you wish for me to keep reading?"

"No." I groaned, "What am I supposed to do all day, Xanthar? I'm *bored!*"

My days were becoming dull, crazy as that seemed. The thrill of being in this sexy body could only last so long and when my daily routine was the same. Wake, have a luxurious

bath at the hands of my servant, be dressed, fed and then laze around the castle until it was time for another meal and finally bedtime. It was strange, having somebody else bathe and dress me, strange but not unpleasant. In fact, it was wonderfully relaxing. Xanthar was nothing if not thorough and eager to please.

“What do the ladies in this castle do for fun?”

“I believe most of the ladies spend time with their ladies in waiting out in the garden or in sewing circles hosted by the queen.”

I made a face; sewing circles? Really? This was a mediaeval fantasy land that was almost surely working on some sort of video game logic judging from my outfits and build; surely there was something more interesting to do than sew.

“Find me something to do.” I ordered, “I want to get out of this room.”

“Yes miss, let me pick out something suitable to wear around the castle and we shall go at once.”

I could tell by the nervous twitch across his face Xanthar was trying to buy time but redressing me. I wondered if Nimue was the sort to throw tantrums when she didn't get her way? I figured she was and a small smile quirked at my lips; I'd grown quite accustomed to having my every need met, well, almost every need.

Watching Xanthar scramble to find a good outfit while trying to plan something to entertain me sent a warm thrill through my body. He really was so eager to please, handsome too. With that same dusky purple skin I possessed and sharp features. He wasn't a power house by any stretch of the imagination; instead being lanky and tall but those hands looked surprisingly soft considering he spent all day working with them. I couldn't help but wonder what they would feel like moving across my folds.

“Here, if you could stand before the mirror, miss.” Xanthar bowed, a smooth length of silk stretched between his arms like an offering.

I stood, allowing him to undress me with ease. He knew where the few buckles were and the dress I'd been wearing slid off without any issue despite my large breasts and ass. They were curvy enough that the fabric should have snagged, but somehow, it flowed off my like water.

The new gown was short and reminded me of something Grecian; all silver flowing fabric and golden accents. A belt of golden rope cinched my waist further and two gold metal heart clasps held the twisting fabric in place. The hemline only reached halfway to my knees and the chest was long and plunged to show off plenty of cleavage.

“Perhaps if the king sees me in this he will show more interest than he has at dinners lately.” I mused.

“I am sure he is simply intimidated by your beauty, miss.” Xanthar replied, eyes lowered. I could see the slight darkening on his cheeks; the Drow version of a blush.

“Are *you* intimidated by my beauty Xanthar?” I asked with a wry smile, enjoying having the upper hand in flirtations for once.

For a second he looked bewildered; clearly trying to figure out what answer would please me more. Fuck it made me wet; even now, he was trying to tell me exactly what I wanted to hear. That’s how much he wanted me to be happy.

“Yes, miss.” He swallowed, “You are strong and beautiful, any man, any person, would be a fool not to be at least a little bit intimidated. I am sure that is the reason the ladies of the court have not come to introduce themselves.”

“Well then, I’d better go introduce myself.” I announced, “Take me to them.”

“Yes, miss!”

Xanthar led me through the halls, stopping to ask a few other servants what the other ladies of the castle were up to today while I stood a few paces behind tapping my foot impatiently. My silver heel made a very satisfying click against the cobblestones. As we walked, my sharp Elven ears pricked at the whispered conversations that we passed.

“Why does she have only a male servant? No lady in waiting?”

“I heard it was at her request; in the Night Court it is not uncommon.”

“How...unusual.”

“Unseemly, more like, they do not practise faithfulness. I hear her mother has several dozen male attendants whom she takes to bed.”

“Do you think that’s why they picked a Drow to be the king’s concubine? So that she would sleep around and nobody would question-”

“Shhhhh! We cannot gossip about the king’s virilism! He is a king, he is most virile as all kings are and that is that!”

Interesting. I remembered the way Charlotte spoke when she came to visit me; perhaps my being a Drow really was why I was picked to come here. Eventually, Xanthar brought me to a small garden where several women were sitting in a circle, attendants held trays of tea and snacks while others held crafting equipment. I grimaced noticing how most women seemed to be cross stitching or otherwise making some small handicraft. How dull.

“Lady Nimue.” One blinked in shock, “I did not think you would be the sort to enjoy these activities.”

The woman was right of course but the fact that she just assumed made my blood boil; Nimue had a temper. I’d spent my previous life kowtowing to other people, always trying to be as forgettable and leave as little impact as possible. That meant never rocking the boat. Filled with the confidence this new body gave me I smirked.

“What a bold assumption to make, tell me, what activities did you imagine I used to fill my day.”

The woman’s mouth opened and closed like a goldfish and I cackled.

“Oh go on then, your queen has already made it quite clear what you all think of me.”

“Enough.”

The queen stood, looking thunderous.

“You are a guest in my home, you shall act with graciousness and respect.”

“I will as soon as you do, madam host.”

A noble woman in a green dress choked on her tea trying to hide her laughter.

“My ladies and myself choose to spend our time bettering ourselves, through craft and art.” She replied coolly, “Unlike some who lay on their backs all day.”

“Well maybe if you laid on your back some more I wouldn’t have to be here.” I crossed my arms beneath my full chest.

“Um, your majesty?” The woman who laughed before whispered, “According to my lady in waiting, Lady Nimue has spent the last few days reading.”

“Yes, reading all about Candor.” I added, “I wanted to learn all I could about your culture and customs, to better ingratiate myself.”

Several of the women whispered; they looked impressed and I felt myself growing excited. I’d never spent much time among women in my last life, now I had a golden opportunity to have as many female friends as I wanted; perhaps some that could be more than friends. Sleeping with a man still sounded intimidating, perhaps starting with a woman would be easier. Though, I had no idea how accepted lesbian relationships would be in this world so openly propositioning one might be hard.

“Regardless, this sewing circle is for appropriate chatter only.” Charlotte replied, “You are here for a job, go complete it.”

“Are you asking me to fuck your husband?” I cooed, “Maybe I will, if you say pretty please with sugar on top.”

I didn’t know it was possible for a person’s face to go so red. Charlotte looked about ready to blow steam out of her ears as I snickered and pouted at her. The giggling woman from before could no longer hide her laughter and almost fell off her seat.

“Excuse yourself Lady Bella!” The Queen ordered, “And you as well, I do not want you tainting my ladies with your vulgar language and vulgar ways!”

“Fine.” I shrugged, “Off I go then.”

I turned, making sure to swing my hips sensually as I went, flaunting what none of those frigid bitches had. Xanthar, who had been standing silently behind me the whole time, rushed to my side.

“M-my lady I am so sorry they were rude, I find another-”

“Oh shuush!” I giggled, “I asked you to find me some fun and you absolutely did, well done.”

His eyes went wide and I swore I saw a shiver go down his spine at the praise. Still drunk of the power of winning my first little catfight I reached over and pressed my fingers to his chin, forcing his eyes to meet mine.

“You like it when I praise you, don’t you Xanthar?”

“I live to please you.” He whispered, “I am happy to know you are happy.”

“Well, know that I am very, very happy with you now, my good boy.” I whispered and chuckled, watching a small bulge appear momentarily in his pants.

My pussy quivered again and I dropped Xanthar’s chin; I wonder what Nimue did to inspire such loyalty in him. Perhaps he was simply a simp for her beauty, either way, teasing him was slowly becoming my favourite pastime.

“What else is there to do? Surely there is more happening in this castle than sewing circles.”

Xanthar took a moment to gather himself after my praise and cleared his throat.

“Perhaps we could watch the knights train?”

Watching half a dozen muscly men bashing each other with training swords; sweating, grunting and showing off their bodies? Yes, I liked the idea of that very much.

~

Watching the knights of the castle train was even more fun than I'd imagined. Not just because my body seemed to shiver with want each time I saw those broad shoulders and thick corded muscles but because I learned just how powerful I was.

All I needed to do was lean against a fence, my heavy breasts dangling over and the men turned into a bunch of drooling monkeys. All trying to sneak glances at my body as I stood there, ass in the air humming to myself. A giggle could break even the staunchest concentration and in the end the captain of the guard had to ask me to leave. I pouted and sighed dramatically but did so, the truth was I was getting so turned on by all that teasing and power it was starting to get unmanageable. Perhaps it was time I finally explored this body a bit more, maybe I'd even get Xanthar to watch.

I walked briskly toward my rooms, eager to experience my first orgasm as a sexy Drow, only to notice a visitor outside my room. The woman from the sewing circle who'd been dismissed; Lady Bella.

"Oh, there you are." She smiled nervously. "I've been waiting. I just wanted to say I am sorry for not coming and greeting you formally."

I raised an eyebrow; she seemed...sincere. Nervous, but sincere.

"Queen Charlotte told us all that we were to stay away from you so as to not distract you from your duties..."

I snorted and crossed my arms.

"Oh yes, I am sure she has only my work in mind."

Bella blushed.

"Queen Charlotte...is beautiful. The most beautiful queen we have ever seen. I don't think she is used to somebody else having the attention of her husband."

"Well I don't yet. The man barely looks at me."

"He barely looks at anybody, least of all Charlotte."

That at least brought a smile to my face. Then I noticed something else, Bella was struggling to look me in the eye; her gaze kept drifting towards my chest and beyond. I felt temptation

tug at me; it had been so long since I'd had a girlfriend or anything close to that. Sleeping with a man was intimidating but starting with this blushing, probably virginal maiden was...tempting. It was time to see just how much of Nimue's seductress powers I could muster.

"Do you like my dress?" I asked coyly, "I couldn't help but notice you looking at it quite closely..."

Bella blushed.

"Oh yes, it's uh lovely. The dress I mean." She turned an even deeper shade of red after the addition.

"Why don't you come in?" I offered graciously, "I would love to get to know you better. Your servant can wait outside."

She swallowed, her lady in waiting looked stricken but to my delight Bella followed me inside my chambers, leaving her woman outside. Xanthar kept his eyes down and without a word, moved to his adjacent servant's chamber, closing the door softly behind him. He knew exactly what I was planning without us even having to discuss it; lovely. I reminded myself to praise him more later.

"Um, shall we call for some tea?" Bella asked quietly, she seemed so skittish, poor thing.

"No, I'd rather keep things more...intimate." I whispered, stepping into her personal space, "My dress, would you like to touch it?"

"T-touch... it?"

"Yes, since you were admiring it so much, perhaps you'd like to feel just how soft the fabric is."

Bella swallowed again before nodding, her dainty hands reaching out to smooth over the curves of my breasts, along the thin strips of fabric. Oh it felt wonderful and there was so much for her to explore.

“We’re not supposed to do this.” She whispered. “If anybody finds out...my marriage prospects...”

“Shhhh, don't worry about that now.” I cooed, reaching under her own skirt to press at her undergarments, “Focus on this.”

“Oooohhh...” She moaned.

Her hands copied my motions, reaching between my legs, unlike her though, I had no underwear to speak of so her fingers met only wet skin. She shivered and I saw stars; this was better than any sex I’d experience as a man, and it was only a pair of *fingers*. I pulled Bella’s undergarments aside and began to stroke in tandem, swirling around her clit so that she would do the same for me.

It was ambrosia, after days of denial Nimue’s body, my body, was finally getting the pleasure it craved. We were both getting off on the tabooess of what we were doing as I was already so wet from watching the knights train it didn’t take long.

A pressure built inside me, growing stronger and stronger until finally I couldn’t take it anymore. With a breathy moan I came, tumbling over the edge Bella came almost immediately afterwards and jumped back, red in the face from embarrassment. She looked genuinely guilty, poor thing.

“Don't worry I won't tell.” I grinned. “It’s just a little fun.”

“Yes I...wow that was...”

“Lovely?”

“Yes.” She admitted, “I should go though, I hope we can-”

“Do that again?” I suggested teasingly.

“Become friends.” She corrected, but I saw the sparkle in her eye; tempting her back to my bed wouldn’t be too difficult.

As she slipped out of my room I let myself flop down on the bed; this new life certainly wasn’t the one I would have picked for myself but at the very least I was making the best of it.