

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Sevvì livin' that maid life~

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Sevvi... had a problem. A Thomas-shaped problem, to be exact. She'd thought she was settling in. She'd thought she was finding her place among the humans she'd found herself attached to. The situation had been simple enough. She'd fucked up and deserved to be punished. Everyone she'd cared about had died because of her and since she was too cowardly to just end it all, she'd put herself under the command of the human she owed a life debt too.

That should have been the end of it... but then Thomas had to go and praise her and Sevvi's entire world had turned on its head. It wasn't just that he'd referred to her as 'Sevvi' instead of 'Sevinarya'. It was the words 'well done' that had very nearly done her in.

Because... she knew he was being sincere. She knew he was pleased with her... that he was *proud* of her. It shouldn't have had the effect on her that it did. She was nearly one hundred years of age. Being praised by a human who had barely been alive for two decades, regardless of their relationship, should not have made her as happy as it did.

And yet... ever since, Sevvi had found herself looking for other opportunities to earn more than just her lord's approval. She wanted him to show his appreciation of her again. She wanted him to tell her she'd done a good job.

That was why she'd ultimately set aside her armor to wear servant's attire crafted by the humans of Last Hope. Her and Eloise matched one another at this point, and she hoped that maybe Lord Thomas would see something of value in her efforts to conform.

Hiding her altogether once they reached the human city would have been difficult but not impossible. However, relying on refuge in audacity, on her just

being an exotic servant... that allowed for more nuance. It allowed them to hide her skills without hiding her completely.

Which was good because Sevvie doubted she would get many opportunities to seek more praise from Thomas if she had to remain out of sight all the time, flitting from shadow to shadow and ensuring she wasn't seen. No, this was better.

Except... as they stop in another human town on the way to their ultimate destination and purchase two rooms at another human tavern, Sevvie can't help but purse her lips. Because the one place she still wasn't welcome... was Lord Thomas' bed.

Perhaps that was to be expected, all things considered. Back home among her people, it was the lowest servants who wound up warming beds more often than not. However, things seemed to be the opposite way around here in the human lands. Instead, it was Eloise or Camilla who received Lord Thomas'... more amorous attentions.

N-Not that Sevvie wanted such attention on herself- ah, who is she kidding? She does want it. She wants it quite badly because it seems to her like it might just be another way to receive praise from Lord Thomas. She would gladly submit to him if it meant hearing him tell her she'd done well again. She'd do anything for that.

But of course... she's a coward at heart. Approaching Thomas about this and being rejected... she's not sure she could take it. And so she's stayed back, trying her best not to be a bother, trying to do everything she can to make herself useful.

It's not enough though. She wants more in spite of her cowardice. And... she finds herself reaching a breaking point.

"... Eloise..."

The mousy brunette she'd once terrorized turns to give her a curious look. The two of them are supposed to be Lord Thomas' servants even if Eloise is just 'pretending', and so they're currently washing his clothes together in the tavern's washroom.

He's had to shed his own armor in recent days as they'd gotten further and further into human lands and instead wearing similar attire to what Sevvī remembered the other human noble wearing. Apparently, Thomas had always had such clothing, he'd just tucked it away for the vast majority of his time at Last Hope, certainly as long as Sevvī had been spying on him.

Still, these opulent noble clothes are clearly not meant for travel and they require constant cleaning each night if he's going to spend the next day sweating through them in the wagon. But that's perfect for Sevvī's purposes because it gives her this chance with Eloise alone.

In the face of Eloise's silent curiosity, Sevvī nearly second guesses herself. Finally though, she takes the plunge.

"What must I do... to earn a place in Lord Thomas' bed?"

Eloise's eyes widen and Sevvī can feel her own face heating up at the human's surprise. It's embarrassing, isn't it? To have to ask like this. Mere months ago, Sevvī was teasing and mocking Eloise for being stuck on the outside looking in as Thomas and Camilla took sweet succor from one another.

Now she is the one stuck on the outside looking in. She is the one who finds herself kept at arm's length. Still, Eloise managed it... so Sevvī could only hope that the brunette could help her.

Slowly, Eloise stops what she's doing and turns to give Sevvī her full attention, staring at her quietly for a long moment. Sevvī squirms under that gaze, feeling unaccountably abashed. To think she'd once had such an excellent façade around the humans. But that façade broke with the deaths of Gruda, Liselle, and all the others. She lost the right to pretend when her arrogance got her friends killed.

“... You know that Lord Thomas does not expect that type of service from you, right? He’s not the kind of man to demand such things... he prefers his women willing and without obligation.”

Sevvi’s ears twitch as she scowls.

“Of course! I’m not dim, nor am I blind. I said ‘earn’, did I not?”

Eloise slowly nods, not seeming all that put out by Sevvi’s caustic response. Sevvi, meanwhile, regrets it immediately... she can’t well expect Eloise to help her if she can’t even hold her tongue for half a minute, now can she?

“You did. I just wanted to make sure. Still, to earn a place in the lord’s bed... it might be as simple as asking, really.”

What? Sevvi gives Eloise an incredulous look at that.

“Don’t be ridiculous... are you trying to sabotage me? I have done much to make *him* hate me... to make you hate me. There is no world in which it could be as simple as asking.”

Again, Eloise doesn’t get upset. Instead, she just shrugs.

“I cannot guarantee it... but he forgave my transgressions against him easily enough. And when I finally asked, he and Camilla welcomed me with open arms in *that* way all the same.”

Sevvi opens her mouth... and then closes it. Her ears twitch wildly for a long moment before she scowls again.

“That’s clearly different. Your transgressions were my transgressions. I coerced you into betraying him. But nobody coerced me into doing the things I did. Everything I did... I did of my own volition.”

Eloise seems to take this in for a second before tilting her head to the side curiously.

“Why did you do it then? Everything you did... extorting my father and then me for ‘protection’ and then making me spy on Thomas for my father’s cure. Why did you do any of it? What were your true motives?”

Sevvi freezes up at the question. She was not expecting this to come of her asking Eloise for help in how to best seduce her way into Lord Thomas’ bed. Maybe she should have though. She’d wronged the human woman after all... and while Eloise hadn’t taken her revenge nearly as much as she could have, it was foolish to think she’d been forgiven yet. She didn’t *deserve* forgiveness, after all.

The problem is...

Sevvi lowers her head, eyes on the swirling sudsy water in front of her, hands still washing Lord Thomas’ clothes. Her ears press flat to her head as shame wells up inside of her. It’s not like she’s completely lacking in self-awareness. Her eyes have been wide open to her own numerous flaws for weeks now. She knows exactly why she did the things she did...

“If I tell you, you will only think worse of me...”

Eloise shifts at her side, something Sevvi can barely see out of the corner of her eye. Then, suddenly, she bumps their shoulders together, startling the Dark Elf quite badly.

“Tell me anyways.”

Looking at the human woman sharply and incredulously, Sevvi furrows her brow in consternation. But Eloise is serious.

“We’ll be at the Capital soon. I’ve never been before; I lived my whole life in Last Hope. But I know enough to be worried, especially considering the circumstances surrounding our departure from Last Hope.

That was... fair. Of the four of them, it was only the female knight who had any experience with the human kingdom's largest city. Because as it turned out, Lord Thomas was an Otherworlder. That had, admittedly, been both surprising and not. On the one hand, Sevi had never heard of a Human Otherworlder before. On the other hand, it made the entire mystery surrounding the human man's impossible growth make sense.

"We might very well be beset on all sides by enemies from the moment we arrive at the Capital. I think it's fairly safe to say that you, me, and Dame Camilla are the only three people that Lord Thomas can truly rely on."

Sevi straightens up subconsciously at being included in that number. Eloise smirks, clearly noticing.

"As such... it only makes sense that we do our best to rely upon each other as well, doesn't it? And if we're going to rely on each other... we might as well be honest with each other."

Her point made, Eloise returns to her own handwashing, silence falling over the room again as Sevi considers Eloise's words. The human is right, she eventually decides. There is no point in holding anything back anymore... not at this point. And frankly, she wonders if Eloise's opinion of her can truly fall any lower anyways.

"... I have no good reasons. I know that much. My only reasons for the things I did to you and yours were petty and self-serving. My mother... she was constantly pressuring me to return home and I did not want to do that. So I had to come up with excuses for why I wouldn't. At first it was subjugating your human town."

Eloise jolts at that, shooting Sevi an incredulous look at the word 'subjugating'. Sevi huffs in response.

"Obviously I wasn't actually planning to take over your town or anything like that. I was simply pretending to go through the motions of potentially annexing your

town and the border of the Darkwoods in my mother's name. If I had actually done so, however, she would have had reason to send more of her people to try and start a proper settlement nearby, as well as guards to begin patrolling the new territory. Which of course, I did not want to happen."

Slowly, Eloise nods, clearly taking a moment to process all of this. Meanwhile, Sevi continues on.

"Then, when Lord Thomas arrived... he intrigued me. He was easily the most interesting human I'd ever met and now I know why. He is not of this world... and his potential is seemingly limitless."

The Gift of Potential... even Sevi had never heard of such a thing in her own people's histories. But she had heard rumor that the Gifts of Otherworlders tended to always be far more ridiculous than the Gifts of those born to this world. Why that was, Sevi couldn't even begin to say. But it did explain why Thomas was the way he was.

"I see. So you terrorized us all those months because you needed to make it look like you were making progress to keep your mother from recalling you. And then you held my father's cure over my head for months more simply because you were curious about Lord Thomas."

Sevi winces as Eloise lays it out like that. There's certainly no better way of stating it though...

"Yes. As I said, I had no good reasons, only petty and self-serving ones. I risked much, including your lives, to ensure my own independence first and foremost. And in the end... m-my arrogance resulted in the deaths of every member of my own species that I have ever found tolerable."

She would not cry. She would not shed a single tear in front of the human girl. She wouldn't-

Sevi's eyes bulge as Eloise suddenly wraps an arm around her, pulling her into a half-hug of sorts. She freezes in the side embrace, looking over and staring at

the other woman incredulously as Eloise *smiles* at her for some inexplicable reason.

“Thank you for being honest with me, Sevi. I’m proud of you for opening up.”

... O-Oh. It seemed it wasn’t just Lord Thomas whose praise she craved after all. Heat rushes to Sevi’s face in greater amounts than ever before. So great that it rushes all the way up to the tips of her long ears. She doesn’t know how to respond to Eloise’s words... she doesn’t know what to say. Luckily, in the end she doesn’t have to say anything at all.

“Let’s finish up here... and then we’ll go to Lord Thomas and ask together if you might be allowed to join him in bed.”

Sevi squawks.

“W-What? But... what if he says no?”

Eloise’s eyes twinkle as she grins a little.

“Then he says no... and you work on further earning enough of his esteem that he’ll eventually say yes.”

Surely it couldn’t be that simple... could it?

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A/N: Next time... NSFW with Sevi and Eloise!

Please let me know what you think either on Patreon or Discord! Your feedback, suggestions, and ideas for this story are keeping the inspiration flowing in a big way!