

A teenage Love Affair

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My story of King Edward's daughter. If he had lived past the age of 13 in real life, and had a daughter with Jane Grey. In this story, his daughters name is Marie, and her aunt is Elizabeth I, who she is very close with.

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1 - A teenage love affair

My life, filled with adventure. One might say so, but I...disagree. I must do everything I'm told. I can only have "fun" at court, which isn't even that *amusing*. Dancing with cousins that step on my feet and playing the perfect role as princess, doesn't describe my idea as fun.

"All of them look at you" my favorite lady-in-waiting Cassie says. I smile at her lie. They don't look at *me*, nobody does. They only see a connection to two thrones. That's my job. Connect alliances. I'm 15, so I already should be married. But marriage hadn't even come up yet. Until one day at court.

2 - Biting My Tongue

"Maire, you should look your best" Cassie says as she's braiding my hair so tight I could have sworn she was going to pull it out.

"And why... must... you... say that?" I ask her in between hair pulls.

"The french prince Francis will be there" she winks at me through the mirror.

"So my father wants to have an alliance with France now?" I say with a solitude face. I didn't like the fact that I was just there to connect two countries.

"You know you mustn't say that about the King of England. King Edward the great" she smiles. Everybody loves the king. Truly. Mainly because he was a protestant King. Unlike his sister Mary, who was a catholic Queen and was hated.

"I actually don't think what I said was an insult. I like the French." I smile. The smile that I'm told to put on at court. The fakest smile you will ever see.

"Oh don't hand me that, I know how you feel about marriage"

"Marriage should be about love! Love like the pheasants!" I almost shout.

"Miss, not to step out of line, but you should bite that tongue of yours. Love like a pheasant? You are a *princess*. You will love like a princess." she whispers close to me while holding my arms.

"And how must I do that?" I break away from her grasp.

"A prince does not love his wife, he loves his country. A princess must do the same." I cannot love the way I want to. It is not allowed. I sit back down. Cassie grabs and pulls my hair again. I sigh and close my eyes to dream of being a pheasant who is able to love and be loved in return.