

[b][center][u]Chief Harris - New York City[/u][/center][b]

[i]One two. One two. One two. Focus.[/i]

Sweat dominated Chief's face, each salty bead barely a rivulet before it merged with another and then another. Her face was less skin and more water, still she kept her hands up, body bouncing on the balls of bruised feet as she hopped and parried around the dummy stood before her. Quick as a flash, her leg shot out and landed a solid blow to the side of the dummy's head, nearly toppling the entire thing over. Tauntingly, it teetered on the edge of falling before righting itself again. Chief's eyes narrowed, nearly in offense, as she resumed her dance. Salt stung her eyes and she did not blink.

[i]Useless idiot. Weakling. Never going to win tomorrow's match. No. Focus. One two. One two.[/i]

The bandages on her knuckles had long since turned red. Each blow sent a dull, familiar pain shooting through her limbs, barely noticeable underneath the heavy numbness that had long since settled into her bones. Chief clenched and un-clenched her jaw in rhythm with the steps. Her eyes saw nothing but the target - [i]the head, the head, knock it off[/i] -; not the people gathered around the training room, watching with wide eyes and pictures waiting and ready to be signed. She heard nothing but her own heartbeat pounding in her ears - [i]One two, one two[/i] -, obscuring even the sound of her heavy, steady breathing. The bulbs flashing did nothing to dilate her pupils.

[i]Again.[/i]

Teeter.

[i]Again![/i]

Totter.

[i]AGAIN![/i]

The noise that tore through Chief's throat was far more than primal or animalistic. There was a hunger to it that nearly startled even herself and hushed the crowd down to their heart beats. In a burst of powder and fabric, the dummy dismantled against the floor, and Chief followed closely behind. She was out before she even realized she was falling.

[center][img]<http://i.imgur.com/E9nqEsQ.png>[/img][/center]

[center]**Character:** The Knave of Hearts

Servant and secret lover of Iracebeth, the Queen of Hearts. Ally to The White Rabbit. He resides in the Red Keep, located in the Crims. Other areas he is permitted to enter include the Salazen Grum, Tulgey Wood, and the Fungal Forest.

His enemies include The White Queen, March Hare, and The Dormouse. He is arch enemies with The Mad Hatter.

[/center]

[i]What the hell?[/i]

Chanler woke to the smell of roses and a head of soft red hair pushing its way into the crook of his neck. Soft snores filled the room along with the soft purple light of the barely rising sun. A routine familiarity guided him out of bed, with softer movements than he was known to make, and towards the closet that lay

open and waiting. He usually woke far before the guards and the field mice, early enough to grab breakfast and still catch the sun crawling over the top of Tulgey Wood - which was all for the best considering the body lay splayed across his bed, half-covered by the sheets. Having an affair with the Queen was no easy business. No time for sleeping in, though even now the sheets softly sung his name.

Iracebeth's call was louder, and though he knew it was time to wake, the temptation to watch her through dawn was nearly too strong to ignore, as it was every morning he found her gracing his bed. Still, he approached the bedside and ran a hand through her tangle of curls, rousing her gently from slumber.

"My Queen, morning approaches."

In reply, she simply pulled him closer. It took every bit of Chanler's waning willpower to resist her. He could hear her complaints before she even fully processed them herself and shushed them with a kiss.

"I must insist, my love," he threw in the latter mostly to regain her good graces. "His Royal Highness will be up earlier than usual this day. And there is business to be attended. As you know-"

"Fine. Enough of this..." At a loss of words, the Queen merely waved her hand dismissively and rose easily from the sheets. As she stretched, Chanler could see the last traces of [i]his[/i] Queen fading into a memory on Iracebeth's face. By the time she reached the door, any hint of last night or even those brief moments earlier were far gone. And he, too, was re-born. All tender nature vanished and his posture was left rigid and hard; any kindness in his eyes dissolved into a hard black slate.

[i]Where am I?[/i]

[i]What the hell is going on?[/i]