# The Dragon King’s Seduction

## 1. A Tense Dinner

XENDAYA.

The mood around the dining table is extremely tense tonight, and I wonder if it’s due to the civil unrest within our kingdom or the war that wages across our borders.

Where once this table was filled with amusement, happiness and friendly banter it is now as silent as a graveyard.

I glance across at my parents, the Alpha King and Queen; Mother’s lost weight and Dad looks tired. The weight of the threats taking their toll on them.

“Will either of you tell us why you are so troubled?” Niko, my older brother asks sharply.

Dad is still the Alpha King of our Kingdom, Clair De Lune, for that is a title that goes to the strongest Alpha.

Two years ago, Niko took over as our Pack Alpha, making it easier for Dad to mind the kingdom and Niko to handle the Pack.

Things must have gotten worse, I can sense it in the air.

It all began when we first heard of movement in the east more than a decade ago and the whispers of the rise of a Dragon King. The rumours are more than true. Not one, but two Kings rose from earth and with them, the rebirth of a race that we thought had died out long ago came to be.

A species that are far more ruthless and powerful than us werewolves.

“Things are getting worse, Niko, you know that,” Mom says quietly.

“I have invited someone into our kingdom to try to solve the issues on our eastern borders,” Dad says quietly, gripping his fork and knife tightly.

I exchange looks with my younger sister, Morwenna, who is sitting opposite me, worry etched on her face.

“Who exactly have you invited? Is it good news?” Lycus asks.

He is the son of Dad’s late Beta, who was killed in battle before Lycus was even born. Mom and Dad ended up adopting him.

Mom huffs, slamming her cutlery on the table.

“Of course it isn’t, we’re going to-”

“Not now, Morgana,” Dad warns, his voice ice cold as he looks across at Mom.

They’ve argued.

I hate it when they argue.

Mom looks away, clenching her jaw. Her pale skin is even more white as she glares at the decanter on the table as if it is the cause of her rage.

“Dad, who have you invited?” Niko asks sharply.

Dad is silent as his hazel eyes bore into the oak table, “The Dragon King.”

His reply makes unease flood me.

“Why?” I ask.

“Yes, do share, Kian. Why?” Mom says venomously.

“Exactly which Dragon King, Father?” Niko pushes.

“The Silver Dragon, I’m presuming,” Lycus replies, the two are best friends and Lycus is also Niko’s Beta.

“No. The Obsidian Dragon.” Dad’s words send a chill down my spine and Morwenna gasps.

“What?” The Obsidian Dragon is the worst of their kind. Why would Dad invite him? “He is a monster who is said to eat the hearts of those he kills and drain their bodies of blood. Even his own kind, he spares no one.”

“I know… It’s hard to take in, but I had to attempt a treaty… I know that he is not the rightful king of the Dragon Empire that he claims he is, but he is the greatest threat to us. If we don’t do this, they will destroy Clair De Lune.”

“At what cost does this treaty come?” Niko asks quietly.

“A hand in marriage between one of my daughters and the Dragon King.”

My breath hitches, my heart thumping as I look across at Morwenna. I’m two years her senior and neither of us has found our mates, but we’re still young… I can see the fear in her eyes, the terror at the thought of being married to a beast.

Fear is clawing inside me, but I keep my emotions masked.

He'll kill us, one way or another. We will be dead. We can't do this, but if I refuse, does it mean Morwenna will have to make the sacrifice? She is far too innocent and gentle to be destroyed.

"You can't be serious, Uncle," Lycus says quietly.

"Oh he is, he will sacrifice his daughter for the peace of this kingdom!" Mom says, rising from the table.

"Morgana! For the sake of this kingdom's people! How many more mothers am I going to ask forgiveness from? How many more children will I watch being murdered?!" Dad growls as he stands, his eyes blazing gold as his wolf comes forth.

"At the cost of your own  daughter?" Mom sneers.

"Exactly." Thanatos- Dad's wolf growls. "We don't give our pups!"

So, he doesn't agree with Dad either...

I see Dad struggle to push him back before he succeeds and his eyes return to their usual hazel.

"They are strong... they are your daughters after all, my Blood Rose... please, understand," he whispers, cupping Mom's face.

I look away, seeing a single tear spill from Mom's eyes before she turns her head away.

"But the Silver Dragon, aren't we on neutral terms with them, father? Why is this necessary?" Niko asks quietly. He's shaken by this too.

"No... I thought so, but I was mistaken, he is behind many of the attacks in and on the borders. We won't be able to fight them, but with The Obsidian Dragon on our side... It's the only hope we have or else all of Clair De Lune will suffer."

"Then ask Orrian for help! Or my nephew's kingdom!" Mom shouts.

"The Fae are already at war with both their kingdoms. I am unable to help them. How can I ask for help?!" Dad growls.

Their shouting is giving me a headache.

"Enough! The both of you!" I shout, standing up, my heart beating wildly, but I can't take anymore.

“I-I’ll do it. Please, everyone, just... calm down.” Morwenna whispers, making everyone turn to her. “It’s part of my duty, and if marrying this... Dragon will help our people, I’m happy to do so.”

She’s terrified, but she’s braving a smile.

Mom sits down slowly, the fight gone from her as Dad looks at Morwenna with sadness in his eyes.

“The Dragon King will be here tomorrow night, and at the banquet in his honour we will decide on the next step,” he says, picking up his fork. “Sit down, Xendaya.”

I don’t move, refusing to obey him. My clenched fists are trembling as I try to calm my emotions.

“I refuse to dine with the man who is willing to send his daughters to their deaths to make his own job easier,” I say bitterly.

His eyes widen in shock, and a flicker of hurt passes through them, but I don’t care. I am not going to stay here and pretend this is ok!

Turning, I accidentally knock my chair to the ground, the sound loud in the silent room, but I don’t look back.

My wolf is struggling to come forward and I know I’m about to lose all self-control and say a lot more than I have if I don’t get out of here right now.

“Xenie!”

I don’t turn back as I shift into my wolf, knowing Lycus is doing the very same as he tries to keep up with me. My wolf’s sadness is clouding my mind. She hates fighting with Dad. Yet she’s also upset over what’s happening.

‘Xenie, stop, it’s about to rain!’ Lycus says through the mind link.

‘Then turn back. I need to comprehend how my father is willing to throw one of us to a monster.’ I reply harshly.

‘I understand that. After all, everyone knows that Agnarr the Ruthless, the Obsidian Dragon, is a monster.’

‘I know.’ I reply, glancing over at his wolf, who is keeping up with mine with ease.

I’ve heard he’s killed more people than one can count. He has a massive harem. He is selfish, greedy, and ruthless. He drinks the blood of other species and is said to be a murderer.

I'm glad Lycus doesn't bother me, because right now I don't want to hear anything.

We've reached the outskirts of the city, and Lycus slows.

'We need to turn back. It isn't safe out here, Xenie.'

'You can go.' I reply, leaping over the wall and picking up speed.

'You know Morwenna will accept, she'll-'

I growl, cutting him off as I slow down and pull him into one of the many cobbled alleys of the outer city and shift back into human form, not caring that I am naked.

"So you think I should just let my sister suffer such a fate? I'm older than her, Lycus! If either one of us has to do this, it has to be me! I am not letting my sister get killed, no matter how much I don't want to take her place!" I say as he too shifts. I don't miss the way his eyes skim over me before he quickly averts his gaze.

"It's not fair on either of you, age is just a number, older or not," he says as he walks closer to me.

"But her heart is too good for the likes of him," I whisper, turning back and looking up at him. As the words leave my lips, my heart squeezes with the crushing realisation that this may just be my fate...

"I don't want you to go," he says so quietly it takes me a moment to comprehend.

I frown. "You don't need to worry about me-"

"I do worry, Xenie. I..." he closes his eyes, frowning deeply as he runs his fingers through his hair.

"I hate it, I wish I had a solution, but we are on the brink of civil war, not to mention war with the Dragon Kingdom," I say quietly.

He grips my arms, pulling me closer, "And yet Uncle is throwing you to an outsider of his own kingdom? I don't want to lose you." There's a possessive tone in his voice.

"Then I will just have to do my best to survive," I reply softly.

Our eyes meet, far too many emotions coursing through the both of us. He suddenly bends down, crashing his lips against mine.

I know it's wrong. We are not fated. We should not do this, but does it matter?

The rain begins pouring down and I embrace it, leaning against his naked body as I kiss him back. For a few blissful moments I'm lost in his touch, pleasure rushing through me, but it's only for a few moments before reality returns and I pull away.

"We shouldn't have done that," I say quietly.

"Xen..."

Turning, I shift and run into the darkness of the pouring rain. It will hide my sorrows for none to ever see...