The Dragon King’s Seduction

2. His Arrival

XENDAYA.

It's the following night and the banquet is already in full swing. The Obsidian Dragon will enter these very halls tonight.

I look across at Morwenna, all dressed in her pale pink gown. The innocence on her face makes me angry. She doesn’t deserve this.

She’s trying not to tremble as the Omegas style her hair.

“You’re shaking Morwenna. Are you sure you want to do this?” I ask quietly.

“Of course, I’m just nervous,” she gives me a smile that does not hide her true feelings.

“You know you can refuse this stupid marriage? They won’t force you to the altar. If we both say no, there’s nothing they can do.”

“I can’t do that. This marriage can save our people...” Morwenna says, frowning slightly. “I have to, Xenie.”

“No! You don’t!” I say, running my fingers through my hair agitatedly.

The doors open and we both turn as our parents enter. Mom is in black and I can tell she’s upset, whilst Dad is unreadable.

The Omegas take their leave, granting us privacy.

“Morwenna. You look beautiful.” Dad says as he walks over to Morwenna and embraces her. I see Mom hiding her tears quickly and smiling at us, but I know her heart is breaking.

Morwenna smiles, “I’m alright,” she reassures Mom, but I heard her tossing and turning last night. She’s scared, as anyone would be.

I refuse to look at either of my parents, as they stand there in formal attire looking like the perfect power couple. I have been giving them the cold shoulder since last night.

I now turn and glare at the moon. Even the Goddess can’t protect our people, or we wouldn’t need to resort to such measures.

There's silence before Mom sighs, "We should head down."

'Don't go.' I say through the mind link, looking up at Morwenna, begging her silently to refuse.

'Xenie...' Morwenna whispers, 'I can do this. I will be alright.'

I don't respond. How do I explain to you that you shouldn't have to?

"Xenie, will you attend the banquet, then?" Mom asks.

"I won't watch my sister be given away as collateral," I reply coldly.

Mom sighs, frowning deeply.

"I understand what you mean. I'm not happy with this either," she says.

Dad glances at Mom and Morwenna to signal them to leave first.

"Xendaya, you have been ignoring me since yesterday. Look at me," he says quietly, yet there's a command I cannot deny in his voice. My eyes flash as I turn my attention to him.

"I have nothing to say to you, aside from one final thing."

"And what might that be?" Dad asks.

I stand up and look him in the eyes, "I hope you are ready to perform the final rights of one of your children, because the moment she leaves this kingdom the countdown to her end will begin, and you will soon be hearing the news of her death."

I see pain and fear flash in Dad's eyes, something I've never seen in his eyes and it scares me even more, but I want him to feel it, I want him to feel our pain, my pain. "This is all we are to you," I add softly.

"Xen-"

"And when that happens, consider yourself the father of only sons, because you will lose me, too."

I turn my back on him, and I hear him sigh. For a moment it's silent before the door shuts and I spin around, realising he's gone, leaving me alone in the large bedroom I used to share with Morwenna.

'Why do you act like this when you have already made up your mind?' Shayara's strong soothing voice comes. 'Dad needs to be swatted.'

I smile a little at that, but the truth is if she isn't going to refuse, then I will have to do something.

'I'm still upset... and you know I can't let her do this. If one of us is to die, it should be me.'

'Then what is your plan?'

'The only thing left to do.'

I ball my fists as I walk towards my closet and take out a deep red gown, my mind made up...

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The grand banqueting hall is decorated with such extravagance one would not think there is internal and external unrest in the kingdom.

One could get lost in the opulent luxury of the night, drinks are being served to the high-ranked guests, delicacies on golden platters and music is playing in the background.

The atmosphere is pleasant, but the countless guards that line the hall are a dark reminder of the true reason behind this feast.

"I thought you weren't attending?" Lycus asks, concern in his eyes as he walks over to me.

I look at him, frowning slightly before averting my gaze. What happened that day never should have happened.

"I changed my mind," I say, smoothing my dress. I'm wearing a deep red gown with a plunging neckline and my hair is braided, with a tiara crowning my head.

"Don't do anything reckless, Xenie..." he says quietly as he reaches up brushing my cheek tenderly.

Since last night, things have been different between us. Tense even.

"I'm not going to... I just need to do the right thing." I say, slowly removing his hand from my face.

For this kingdom, but moreover for Morwenna.

"Rethink it, Xenie," he murmurs quietly, his voice blending with the music in the background. "What happened last night-"

"Never should have." I cut in, glancing around. 'Don't mention it again.'

“I didn’t mean to, but listen to me Xenie, you don’t need to do this.”

I open my mouth to speak when the large entrance doors to the hall suddenly fly open, slamming off the walls behind them, making silence blanket the hall.

Filling the entrance is a tall man. His aura demands attention and the power that exudes from him makes me suddenly feel small. His black hair is short on the sides, the middle braided and left open over his shoulder. That’s all I can see from this angle.

He has no weapon, but I know he doesn’t need one... He is far more deadly than a blade dipped in nightshade and wolfsbane...

He spots Dad, who now rises from his throne and crosses the room swiftly.

He towers above everyone, and the crowd parts, allowing him to pass.

“Alpha King, Kian Araqiel... We finally meet in person.” His voice is like rich velvet. Deep and seductive, and I shake my head to clear it. He has a thick accent, and it’s noticeable in every word he speaks.

I close my eyes before opening them and I see Niko already making his way to the front.

“Don’t do it, Xenie.” Lycus murmurs, taking hold of my wrist.

‘I have to.’ I know that moment’s rage and emotions got the better of us the other night, but we both know it was just that, an emotional reaction to the fear of the unknown.

I tug free and make my way through the throng of people, leaving him standing there...