The Dragon King's Seduction

3. First Meeting

XENDAYA.

"Yes, welcome to Clair De Lune, King Agnarr," Dad replies to the Dragon King, holding his hand out to him.

Agnarr looks at the offered hand for a second before accepting it.

"Thank you... Now where is my promised bride?"

How shameless.

I see Mom clench her jaw, her eyes filled with the anger she's trying to control.

"She is here," Dad says, looking for Morwenna, who is approaching the dais with Niko.

"I hope she is, because if I am not given what I was promised..." he leaves his threat hanging.

"We will keep our side of the promise," Mom says, as Dad places a hand on her arm to calm her. "I am Morgana, Queen of Clair De Lune." Mom says, holding out her hand.

Agnarr arches a brow as his eyes rake over Mom, but he does not take her offered hand.

"The Vampire Princess who brought peace to this kingdom and the Sanguine Empire. I heard you were once nothing more than a slave."

Dad's eyes flash. "You will do well not to disrespect my mate," he says coldly.

"And you will do well to respect me, for your daughter will be my wife."

His threat is not subtle, and before Dad can reply Niko steps forward, introducing himself and exchanging a look with Dad, diffusing the situation between the two kings.

Maybe if Dad saw what a dick he was, he wouldn't agree to this.

Niko turns, motioning Morwenna forward, offering her a hand.

"I am Alpha of the Midnight Eclipse Pack and the son of the Alpha King. This is my sister, Morwen-"

“Wait!” I shout, my heart thundering.

All eyes turn on me as I hurry through the group until I’m right in front of the dais, realising now that the Dragon King is an entire foot taller than Dad...

“Nik- Alpha, allow me a moment, please,” I say clearly, signalling with my eyes that I will handle this.

“I’m Xendaya Araqiel, the eldest daughter of Alpha King Kian Araqiel and Queen Morgana Araqiel of Clair De Lune,” I pause, doing my best not to tremble. “Your bride-to-be.”

Morwenna gasps as all eyes turn to me.

‘You don’t need to, Xenie.’ she says through the link.

‘No. It’s the right thing to do.’ I reply, my eyes fixed on the giant in front of me.

His sharp yellowy green eyes snap to mine, before his gaze trails over me slowly, lingering for a moment on my breasts.

Animal.

A whispery murmur crosses the room, but everyone is quiet, not wanting to risk angering the Dragon King.

“Xen...” Mom murmurs as she wraps her arms around Morwenna, who is watching me with sadness in her eyes.

“My daughter, Princess Xendaya Araqiel, your bride-to-be,” Dad says quietly.

I don’t spare him a glance, I will never forgive him...

“Ah... My belated prize. She’s beautiful. I think I will accept this marriage.” He says, holding his hand out to me. “Will you not greet me, Wolf Princess?”

I will never bow to you nor accept you.

I will never yield to your wishes or desires...

My heart is thundering as Dad’s voice comes into my head, urging me to offer my hand.

I raise it, placing it in his, the coarse feeling of his fingertips is proof of the life he lives and he raises my hand to his lips, his eyes locked with mine as he kisses it softly.

“Tonight, we dine in celebration of this union between The Obsidian Dragon, King Agnarr the Ruthless and my daughter, a treasure of the Kingdom of Clair De Lune; Princess

Xendaya Araqiel! May their marriage bring peace, power and prosperity to our kingdom and its people!”

There’s no turning back.

Everyone claps and raises their glasses. The happiness of many at the cost of one... It’s a good deal, but at the cost of my own freedom, happiness and future...

Am I selfish to hate my heritage? To wish I wasn’t a princess?

A price that I have to pay for my people.

A wicked smirk crosses his lips as he draws himself up and looks down at me.

“So... We meet again, Wolf Princess...”

“Meet again?” I ask, confused, but he chooses not to reply.

“I heard the Wolf Kingdom is blessed by nature. Perhaps my future wife can show me around.” Agnarr says, his voice dangerous and cold.

I’d rather not.

“Xendaya... accompany the King for the evening, show him around the palace and its gardens. Perhaps you can get to know one another in this time,” Dad says, looking between us.

His eyes are burning gold, and I wonder if Thanatos, Dad’s wolf, can feel my pain. He always said I was his favourite.

“Excellent. Let’s hope you don’t bore me,” Agnarr says, and I take a deep breath.

I am not your entertainer.

No one approaches us, as the aura of the man beside me scares everyone away. He heads out of the hall and leads the way to the garden, clearly a place he prefers.

“You did not bring guards?” I ask, wondering what would happen if we had just ended him.

“Planning my demise, Wolf Princess?”

“No.”

His deadly gaze turns on me, and he grabs my jaw tightly. “I can smell a lie...” he whispers menacingly.

“Unhand me.” I snarl, trying to push his hand away, holding my ground despite the thrumming in my heart.

His eyes blaze, shifting to reptilian-like, and I can feel his fury as his grip tightens on my jaw.

“You are a mutt. Remember that you werewolves are nothing compared to the regal dragons. I’m doing a favour to your father to even marry the likes of a lowly species. Don’t you dare insult me again!”

“Let’s be honest, King Agnarr, you wouldn’t have agreed to this marriage if it did not benefit you, too. You might consider us inferior, but we are a powerful thorn in your side and you know it. You need our cooperation to win your personal rivalry with the Silver Dragon. Correct me if I’m wrong, fiancé dear.”

He glares at me. There’s a look in his eyes that I cannot make out.

“When I take you home, you will see how delusional you are... We Dragons are far more powerful than you know.”

“Oh? I heard your number is not even a tenth of what we have... despite your long life, I heard that dragons struggle to birth young. You were said to be a dying race, and that has not changed.” I whisper.

His eyes flash with rage, but I seem to have hit a nerve.

“I have a harem of over a hundred women. Do you really think I have no children?”

My heart thuds at the realisation that I wouldn’t be his only woman... I swallow hard, some people have more than one woman... but my father has always been loyal to my mother.

It doesn’t matter, we will be nothing more than a political marriage.

“Well, that’s good, yet if you have a harem, then why do you need me?” I ask defiantly, not knowing why the thought irks me! No woman should have to share her husband! “Besides, I will not be bearing you any children,” I say, turning my head again.

“And why is that?” He asks, gripping my chin. “We are to marry, Wolf Princess. Of course, you will bear my children and if you give me powerful sons, I will protect you. It won’t be so bad.”

“I don’t think so,” I say quietly.

“Is there someone else?” he asks, but when his eyes turn to me, I feel as if he’s reading my mind.

Does he know about what happened with Lycus? I hope not...

“Let me make one thing clear to you, Wolf Princess. I will be your husband and I don’t care if you like that or not, but you will be mine and if any man touches you, I will burn down the entire Kingdom of Clair De Lune.” His blazing eyes meet mine and I almost see the flames dancing behind his pupils.

“What do you want from me?” I whisper. “Gold? Diamonds?”

“I don’t value promises, gold, diamonds, nor glory... I value loyalty, Wolf Princess. Cross me and you will find yourself praying you were burning in the flames of hell.” He looks away for a split second before his gaze once more bores down on me. “You will find out what I want from you when the time comes. One week from now, I will come for you, until then... Remember, you belong to me too and if you remain loyal, you will, perhaps, survive another night.”

“You-”

“You will be my queen, Wolf Princess... no longer the daughter of the Alpha King... and...” He cocks a brow. “Tell your father I accept this marriage.” He takes my hand, kissing it softly. Despite his arrogance, my heart races at his touch. “Farewell, feisty one... behave well... or I will take your sister, whom you so desperately tried to save.”

With those parting words, he turns and disappears into the darkness.

I let out a shaky breath before collapsing to my knees.

“You need to leave before the wedding.” Someone says quietly from behind me.

I turn to see Lycus step out of the shadows.

“I can’t, Lycus,” I whisper, looking at the cloudy skies.

“He will end up killing you.” He warns sharply.

“I know... but if I run, it only means Morwenna will have to take my place.”

“But-”

“There are no buts!” I say as he kneels beside me.

“Maybe there’s another way... There has to be something...”

“There is no other way but to marry him.”

“Will you be able to handle it, Xen? They say dragons are not like us, and he has a harem. Can you deal with that?”

I almost chuckle despite the dire situation. “I don’t know, Lycus. I don’t want him nor do I care if he has a harem. I’m sure they will be enough to fulfil his sexual appetite.”

They are possessive creatures…

“Are you certain?”

“Yes. I am.”

He will return for me in one week… and there is nothing I can do to stop him…

I run my fingers through my hair as I stare into the darkness, a cold wind blowing.

No, I won’t let him threaten me. I am my mother’s daughter, and I will survive.

But the future looks dark…

‘There is always light’ Shayara says within my mind ‘Have faith.’

She’s right, there’s nothing I can do but await his return and be prepared to forsake everything as promised, and become the Dragon King’s Possession.