The Dragon King's Seduction

4. A Memory

AGNARR.

I watch from the shadows as my future wife drops to her knees in despair, the strong front she portrays gone within seconds. I didn't think that werewolves were so weak.

I have no interest in her, but it's been years since I began searching, to no avail. Is she the one the Seer spoke of?

It's a pity one so young has to be married to the likes of me, but if she behaves, it might be favourable for her. After all, even the Silver Dragon was planning to reach out to the Alpha King himself.

I am not sure if she is the one, but if she is, then she is mine. I will trust the Seer's words and take her choosing to be the princess I marry as a sign...

Irritation flits through me as that same wolf who I had heard trying to stop her earlier encourages her to run away.

I turn away from them. I will return for her soon enough and if there is another man, I will kill him.

The dark memory of the screams of my tribe members as they are slain echoes in my mind.

"Don't do it, Nefzaan!" I warn, raising my hands in surrender.

Not my child...

A cold smirk crosses his lips.

"This is but a taste of what is to come..." He says and with those words, he drives the dagger into Friya's belly before he beheads her.

A roar rips through the air and I gasp, jolting up in bed, the image of him cutting her head off before she falls to the ground dead, flashing before my eyes, again and again.

I'm breathing hard, sweat coating my body and I wipe my forehead, running my fingers through my open hair and stare at the ceiling.

It’s a memory… just a memory…

It doesn’t matter if she hates me or not. I need all the power I can get my hands on, and with the Kingdom of Clair De Lune at my back, I won’t need to constantly look behind me for an attack.

I lift my necklace that contains one tiny dragon scale… the only remnant I have of my unborn hatchling. He would have been born within a week or two… he was strong… promising to be a powerful King…

‘Every time you think of him, you will remember my face, and remember what I have done. No matter what you do, you won’t be able to save yourself, your tribe, or continue your lineage. I am ready to bathe in the blood of any woman who will be unlucky enough to bear your child.’

I glare ahead, his words ringing in my mind.

‘Her blood will be like wine, quenching my thirst. I will await the good news that you have filled another woman’s belly with your seed and when you do, I will come for her!’

A roar leaves my lips as I smash my fist into the wall, causing the entire building to tremble.

“No, you will not. I will prove the Seer wrong. I will prove everyone wrong!” I snarl as fire spreads across the ground.

I hear shouts as I sit there, the burning fire licking the walls of the hut.

I will kill you, Nefzaan… I will take your throne and I will prove that I am far superior than you ever will be. I look at my hand, the large scar that goes across my right palm is a chilling reminder of centuries ago.

There was a time when I was naïve and thought words would suffice…

I am not the man I once was… we have laid in hiding for centuries… building our armies and tribes, and now… now is the time to take the Dragon Throne once and for all.

Kian stares at me, his eyes burning gold as he stands behind his desk, his hands behind his back. Despite his cold, emotionless exterior, I know he isn’t pleased.

“You gave us one week… it has only been three days.”

“Seven days or three, it’s merely a blink of an eye. I want to take my promised bride back with me tonight.”

He frowns slightly, hesitating. “Very well... but only if she agrees.”

“She will, or she knows the consequences if she does not.”

His eyes flash and he steps forward, a man who holds power, but he is nothing in comparison to me.

“Make sure she is not hurt, for if she even gets one scratch-”

“For someone who brought his queen to this kingdom by force and kept her prisoner... You are one to talk. I will treat her as I deem worthy...” I reply.

His eyes flash and he snarls.

“The treaty stands only if she is alive and well.” He warns.

As if you will even know what is happening in my kingdom.

“Indeed. If she is a good wife, she will live. Have the contract prepared. We will leave tonight. Oh, and this time I brought a few of my men.”

“The rule was no one else is to enter the kingdom.” Kian’s eyes blaze.

“Well, I couldn’t come all alone to take my queen, now could I?” I smirk challengingly. “So, shall we cut to the chase? Do we have a deal?”

He clenches his jaws. “Everything will be ready.”

“Good.”

The King’s courtroom is silent, a long table is in the centre and many wolves stand around it. It is time for the signing of the peace treaty.

When me and my men enter, towering over the wolves, I can tell they’re on edge.

“Look at them, I can smell their fear,” Hazran smirks, speaking in our own tongue as we walk down the centre of the hall.

“Now where is your Wolf Princess?” Dagnoth asks, making the others snicker.

“Yes, Agnarr, tell us. She hasn’t run away, has she?” The third says.

“Really, Kaizoran, it could be so. Maybe my presence was too much?” I smirk as they hoot.

I don’t miss the way Kian and his closest men frown, but they will tolerate us as they need our protection.

I couldn’t delay the marriage any further. Word would have gotten to Nefzaan by now and I need to get her out of here before he tries anything.

We reach the head of the table and Kian motions for us to take a seat.

I scan the group of people here. None can take me, even their Enchanter is not strong enough.

“I don’t see my woman.” I remark, “She hasn’t tried to run already, has she?”

“She’ll be here,” Kian says as my men take a seat around the King’s table.

“Good, I wouldn’t want to have to burn the entire kingdom down.” Kian’s expression is cold, and I smirk slightly. “Don’t be too scared.”

“Here are the marriage certificates, with the conditions. Two copies, one for you to take and one for us to keep,” he says, motioning for the man opposite to place two scrolls before me.

“A paper… I am signing this as I promised, but a mere paper will not do much. A dragon’s word holds far more power.” I rip into my thumb, allowing my blood to pour onto the bottom of the scroll before Hazran pulls open the second and I do the same. “Now all we need is the Wolf Princess-” I’m cut off when the door opens and there she stands. She’s wearing wide pants today and a shirt.

Why she’s dressed like a man when she has such a ravishing body is beyond me.

She doesn’t spare me a glance as she walks over to the table and looks at her father. They seem to have a silent exchange, perhaps using that mind link that wolves do.

“Will you not say hi?” I ask as she takes the pen from her father.

“I’m not sure I should, especially as this is not what we agreed on.” She says quietly as she signs the paper.

Seems she’s upset. My playful demeanour vanishes and I sit forward.

“You will be careful, princess…” I warn her.

Our eyes meet, and she says nothing.

“And with the witnesses present, this marriage is complete,” Kian says, taking one of the scrolls, his eyes are tired, and I can tell this isn’t easy on him. Seems he’s a little too

attached to his daughter. Women are the spoils of war, bargaining chips, and created to birth children or be given away for the benefit of treaties and alliances.

“Is that it?” Kaizoran asks, surprised.

“I don’t think the wolves know how to celebrate a wedding.” I drawl.

“You made it clear that you will hold the festivity in your kingdom.”

“Of course. But I didn’t think your wedding was only a paper.”

“I’m assuming the Dragons don’t sign a marriage certificate.” My new wife replies, looking in our direction haughtily.

“No, I’ll show you tomorrow night how one celebrates a wedding,” I smirk coldly.

Her eyes flash, so defiant…

“And you will not forget it for several days.”

My men snicker, and her jaw ticks, her heart thundering, but she does not reply.

My eyes rake over her breasts. When I take her home, she’ll dress the way I like. There’s no need to hide those curves when they should be on display.

She scoffs as she turns away slightly.

Why does her anger and rage entice me? She’ll submit to me sooner than she thinks, and I might just enjoy breaking that arrogance she holds.

“Then, if the formalities are done, we shall take our leave,” I say, standing up.

“And how are we getting there?” Xendaya asks.

“You will ride on my back.”

The doors open and the queen, their two children and that man I’ve seen Xendaya speaking to enter.

Anger flares through me at the way his eyes are on her. I’m no fool. I heard the way he talked to her… saw the way he looked at her…

“She will be accompanied by a guard and a lady-in-waiting.” The queen says, looking at me, almost as if she’s challenging me to refuse. My eyes narrow.

“That was not the deal.”

“It’s only two people. Our daughter is important to us. Surely you don’t expect us to send her all alone?” Kian asks, his eyes flickering.

“Well, send whoever you want, but they will make their own way. Mere mutts will not ride on our backs.”

“I’m a mutt too, then,” Xendaya adds.

I look down at her, gripping her chin. “You, Wolf Princess, are my wife now… it’s not the same thing, and sooner or later you would have to ride me anyway.”

I smirk as Dagnoth hides a snicker behind his cough and Kian growls menacingly.

Our eyes meet and a small amount of my own power surges around me as we glare at one another challengingly.

“I will go, King Kian.” Lycus says, making me turn sharply.

“Lycus…” Kian looks surprised as Niko nods.

“I approve of his decision,” he says, looking at his father.

“Very well then, Lycus will accompany Xendaya,” Kian says.

“Why do you wish to accompany her?” I ask the man, doing my best not to rip him to shreds.

“To make sure she’s safe,” he replies defiantly.

Lie… it may be the partial truth, but that is not his incentive.

I simply smirk slowly. I will handle him if he becomes a thorn in my side or better yet, I’ll finish him before he even has the chance to.

The time to return to the Dragon Kingdom has arrived.