# The Dragon King’s Seduction

## 5. The Dragon King's Home

XENDAYA.

The journey to the Dragon Kingdom is one I will never forget. Agnarr had shifted into a huge, magnificent dragon. I have not seen one before, but compared to his men, it is obvious. He is far more superior, and his dragon is breathtaking.

Something I won’t admit to him.

His black scales hold a green shine, and those intense eyes of his retain most of their greeny hue, even in dragon form. The power that emanates from him is vast, and at times, I feel I couldn’t breathe. He allowed me to climb onto his back with the help of Dad and Niko.

Goodbye was emotional. Mom had tears in her eyes, tears she refused to allow to fall and she had thrust a small package into my hand, telling me not to open it until I was alone.

Morwenna was a sobbing mess, and Dad’s last words echo in my mind.

‘You are your mother’s daughter. I believe the next time we meet you will greet me with a smile on your face.’

That isn’t happening.

I had to hold onto Agnarr's back as he soared into the sky, the kingdom spreading beneath us looking beautiful yet equally terrifying. We are but a small spot in this vast world. A world that is not even fully explored...

Trees change to plains, plains change to rivers and sea... and with dread, I realise that it will at least be a few weeks by the time Lycus gets here.

Night comes and goes, and at one point I fall asleep.

Soon the sky changes, and a heavy smog seems to be hovering over the lands. I can see glimpses of fire beneath us, but despite it being late afternoon, it’s extremely dark.

“What is that?” I ask sharply. I’m sure through the smoke I can see something burning below.

‘Another village destroyed by our enemies. Get used to it.’ his voice comes from around me and my heart thumps.

How is he doing that? I wasn't expecting a reply. He has not said a word to me since we left Clair De Lune.

I don't reply after that, and we soon reach the fortress of the Dragon King.

The moment we land in the courtyard, two men step forward and help me down.

He says something in their own tongue, his voice filling the air around us.

"What did you say?" I ask, turning to him.

'I said you are my new bride and to have you ready for the feast tonight. I'll see you soon, Princess.'

Before I can reply, he soars into the sky, making me shield my face.

"Come, Princess, we'll take you to your quarters." One of the tall men says.

He has a thick accent, but it's not hard to make out.

I follow them silently and the fortress doors swing open. A woman dressed in a revealing outfit, laden with a lot of jewellery stands there. She's tall, at least six feet, if not taller. Her white, blond hair is pulled back and styled in several braids, but it's the crown upon her head that makes me curious as to who she is.

She's far too young to be Agnarr's mother and she doesn't even look like him.

She's assessing me too, looking me over with barely masked distaste, her eyes flashing with jealousy. "So, you are his new bride."

"And you are?" I ask.

"Agnarr's wife, and queen consort," she replies challengingly.

My stomach sinks at her words. Queen...

"I didn't know he had a wife..." I reply.

"I didn't know he was bringing another woman home. Shall I show her to the harem?" She asks the two men.

"She is King Agnarr's wife, Your Majesty." They bow to her and she clenches her jaw.

Oh, she knew that.

“Oh… I see. Many have come before you and many will come after you. Welcome.” She says with a smirk.

I smile despite the emotions that are swirling within me. I will not give her the satisfaction that her words have shaken me.

‘She is probably not good enough! That’s why he has us.’ Shayara tries to comfort me.

‘Really? I don’t think so, after all… he’s known for having far too many women.’ I reply not wanting to discuss it, ‘I just hope they are enough to satiate him so the two of us need never be intimate.’

I hear her sigh before she recedes to the back of my mind. At least even in this place, I have her…

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AGNARR.

My anger knows no bounds. He knew I was gone and had attacked our villages… I will get my revenge…

This meaningless wedding celebration holds no importance. I’m sitting on my throne in the great hall with Aslantha on one side and my new bride on the other.

My two queens.

Xendaya looks ravishing, wearing an outfit that now compliments that figure, a red skirt wraps around her hips and the slit in it reveals her thigh. It’s paired with a matching red wrap that only covers her breasts and I can see beneath those jewels she has a tattoo under her breasts. Her hair is braided, and a crown sits upon it.

“You look beautiful, Wolf Princess,” I say, leaning over the arm of my chair.

She looks at me with her hazel eyes, almost as if she wants to attack me, but decides against it.

Mmm, she smells good.

“Thank you.” She says, her eyes dipping to my body. “Did you forget your clothes?”

I’m wearing black pants and boots. “This is enough clothing, it’s hot, isn’t it? Get used to it.”

“This kingdom is very different…”

“You will learn to love it,” I reply.

“To our new Queen, Xendaya Araqiel, wife of Agnarr the Ruthless, our King!” Dagnoth says, raising his decanter as everyone in the hall cheers and raises their glasses.

“To you both,” Aslantha says, forcing a smile.

“Thank you,” Xendaya says, pursing her plump lips.

Women...

The music gets louder and I down my alcohol before I slam my empty cup on the table.

“Shall we?” I say to Xendaya as everyone begins cheering.

She swallows hard, her breasts heaving, and I stand up and offer her my hand. She takes it hesitantly and rises from her seat.

Smirking, I lift her up, throwing her over my shoulder, satisfied when a shriek leaves her lips.

“What are you doing?!”

Seems like she’s not as composed as she likes to act.

“I am taking you to bed.”

I cross the hall to the exit as the cheering and hooting continue.

“How mortifying!” she hisses, the moment the doors shut behind us and head to the quarters that are made for her. All my women have their own and hers seems to be closest to mine. Hmm, was this all they could find?

“Put me down!” she growls, and I do, throwing her onto the bed.

A sliver of pleasure rushes through me at the sight of her on that bed, her breasts bouncing, her skirt slipping back, revealing her legs before she slowly sits up and glares at me, her heart pounding.

“Undress.” I command, my eyes raking over her breasts.

She swallows hard, and a sliver of irritation rushes through me.

“You heard me,” I whisper menacingly, gripping her chin and forcing her to look up at me.

“Why the rush? We don’t even know-”

“I’m not asking to have a relationship with you, Wolf Princess. I’m commanding you to undress so I can take my new wife.” I snarl, stepping back and gripping her top. I tear it off her body.

The sound of tearing fabric fills the room and she gasps, covering herself with her arms.

She’s perfect in terms of looks. Warm brown skin, ample breasts, wide child-bearing hips with thighs and an ass that is larger than the women of the Dragon Kingdom... yet... I like it.

I circle her as she stands there, doing her best to control the anger I can sense radiating off her.

“They really do make them different in the wolf kingdom.”

Those words do it, and she spins around, her eyes blazing green.

“How dare you! I am not a piece of meat!”

“No, you are an item of pleasure,” I say coldly. “I don’t need you, nor do I want you. Even marrying you was for my own gain. Don’t give yourself so much importance.”

I push her back onto the bed, grabbing her jaw as I straddle her. She writhes beneath me and it’s the first time any woman has defied me... I grab her throat instead, pushing apart her legs, and she freezes.

Her heart is thumping wildly and there’s a glimmer of fear in her eyes that now glitter with unshed tears of anger.

She doesn’t know me, but then again, no one does.

“I will make you a deal. I will give you twelve months. In twelve months, if you are able to bear me a child, then once the child is born, I will set you free. You will be free to leave the child and walk away from me...”

“And if I don’t give you a child?” She asks quietly.

I tilt my head, looking down at her body. “You will become one of the many slave women of my harem. Do we have a deal?”

She’s silent and I know she’s thinking it over.

“Deal, but it will be when I say,” she says, pushing me back. This time, I oblige, climbing off her.

“So you will honour it?”

“Yes.”

She’s lying.

I hide my rage as I watch her sit up slowly.

“Excellent then… so you have twelve months…” I say as I turn away. “But here’s the catch.” I turn back to her, twisting my hand into her hair as I look into her hazel eyes.

“And what is that?”

“I will not touch you, not until twelve months are over and when you will no longer be my queen but my slave, I will do whatever I wish with you.” I push her back onto the bed, turning and leaving the room.

And that will be her punishment for refusing me, I will make sure she never carries my hatchling.

She is nothing. I don’t need her.

I walk down the halls of my dark fortress when Aslantha steps into my path.

“I knew you would come to me… It’s been months…”

“Step aside,” I say, not bothering to spare her a glance.

“Ag-”

She obeys, and I head to my harem. It’s on the western side of the fortress. A place that is always ready to serve me…

I push open the doors and the chatter fades.

“My King,” the murmur as the women clad in next to nothing bow down to me.

I can tell from their surprised expressions they were not expecting me tonight…

I walk into the room, grabbing the woman closest to me by the arm. Her cheeks burn as she smiles coyly and I lead her into one of the adjoining rooms, push her face down on the bed and rip off her underwear.

I don’t need that arrogant princess. I can have anyone I want…

I push all thoughts of her out of my head and unzip my pants, slamming into the woman beneath me and making her cry out...