

# The Duke's Passion

## Chapter 11 - Why Me?

I didn't know how I returned to my seat, but I managed. After the revelation that unfolded before me, I don't think I still have the appetite to eat.

The Duke that was in his slumber for a hundred of years was now in my home. Being preyed upon by him, and the realization that my situation was worse than ever.

It felt like I was in a nightmare. This couldn't be real, right?

"Wake up, Lilou." Unconsciously, I spoke my thoughts through a whisper as I tried to wake myself in this never-ending nightmare.

"Sorry to burst your bubble, princess. You're wide awake."

I only snapped back from my thoughts when Samael sassed. I watched him slightly roll his eyes and clicked his tongue in annoyance.

He's real...

I'm not dreaming...

"What's so bad being with me, though?" He asked, arching his right brow.

What's so bad being with you? Huh, everything.

"If this is a dream, you should wish not to wake up from a very beautiful dream. Reality is bloody cruel."

He added nonchalantly before he sipped a tiny portion of the soup from his bowl.

I remained silent, pressing my lips into a thin line. Whether or not this was a dream, both are cruel.

Before he appeared in my life, my life was already cruel. However, I thrived and survived.

Compare to my current situation, my life before him was bearable. My only problem was food.

Unlike now, I may experience good things in life which I would never attain without him. But at what cost?

"Don't talk to me through telepathy. Unless, you want to do blood compact with me. Then, I can read your thoughts and I can defend myself."

As if he already invaded my thoughts, just like how he invaded my life, he uttered.

After all the shocks I've received today and last night, I could only let out a faint scoff. This was truly, ridiculously appalling.

"Well, our first daysary is not what I expected it to be." Receiving nothing but my silence, Samael frowned.

Slowly, he leaned back, crossing his arms under his chest while staring at me. He seemed he was pondering over something which I didn't care.

"Why me, milord?"

Without thinking carefully, I asked. Even I was surprised at myself where I was getting all this courage from.

"Huh? What do you mean?" I saw his brows knitted together as his forehead slightly wrinkled.

"You've been in slumber for a hundred of years. I could understand you're famished. But..." I paused, biting my lower lip as hard as I could.

"But?"

"Why me? I know I'm a peasant and questioning milord is rude. However, as your reserved meal, I'm baffled."

I tightened my fist's grip until they trembled on my lap. Deep down, I know it was a stupid question.

But I still asked.

"Baffled?" Once again, instead of answering me directly on a question with an obvious answer, he asked.

"Nobles would willingly sacrifice themselves to satisfy his lordship. Be it noble vampires or human nobles, they could surely satisfy his lordship."

I explained, hinting him there was a ton of option to be his meal, not just me.

Why bother fattening a peasant if there were fresh meat available to him? He was just making things more complicated.

"The bottom line is...?"

Yet, to my dismay, he still didn't get what I was hinting. Momentarily, I was rendered speechless.

Does he truly want me to say it aloud?

Once again, I dug my nails into my palm as I mustered my courage to speak bluntly.

"The bottom line, milord, is why of all the bloody people, you chose me to be your... prey!"

I stressed each word with conviction, hoping he would understand. I was uncertain if he was just feigning he couldn't understand me.

Surely, he was just pretending not to understand.

"Correction, My Lady. I didn't choose you." After a beat, he answered as he cocked his head to the side.

"You did."

He added, nodding in satisfaction as if he made sense.

I did? I scoffed internally. Would he truly twist my words just to feel good?

I had no words to him. I thought once the duke woke up, the life in Grimsbanne would be a ton better.

Alas, it turned out he was not what I expected him to be. He was far worse than other versions of the tale I've heard about him.

"Initially, I proposed to you, remember? However, for some ridiculous reason, you demanded death over and over I nearly lost count!"

Amid my silence, Samael spoke once again and explained his shameless vague remarks.

"I merely compromised, which I've never done before. Yet, you made me sound like an unreasonable individual who acts in a whim!"

He added, sighing heavily as he shook his head sideways.

"Hah! So, it's my fault now?" Out of utter dismay, I blurted out.

"Indeed."

"Ha!" I scoffed aloud.

I could feel my eyes heated up. This was aggravating in so many degrees.

Was he saying I put everything upon myself?

Did I ask him to intrude in my house?

Did I ask him to propose marriage in our first encounter?

Was it wrong to feel terrified in the presence of a stranger?

Which part of that was my fault?

I felt aggravated and livid hearing his ridiculous excuse. Yet, I could only rant inside my mind and bottle my feelings instead of exploding right now.

I hate myself.

I wanted to shout, scream, and cry at the same time. However, myself wouldn't allow me to.

I hate it. I hate myself. I hate I was ever born. I just loathed everything right now.

Above all, I hate it was when I couldn't help myself in this situation. A situation that slapped the reality of how powerless a peasant could be.

"I see, milord." Despite the anger building up inside me, I answered under my breath.

"This peasant now understand I'm wrong."

I hung my head low, staring at my knuckles on my lap. Obviously, I didn't understand. However, arguing would be pointless against him.

There was a long silence after saying my piece. Neither of us talked as I didn't intend to be his company.

"Hundred of years... for hundred of years, what do you think I'm doing? Just sleeping?" After the long silence, Samael suddenly spoke.

Unlike his usual carefree and arrogant tone, there was this gentleness and melancholy in his voice. His sudden change in tone made me raise my head ever so slowly.

When my eyes landed upon him, Samael was staring outside the unfinished window. I witnessed how the side of his lips curled into a subtle smile as his eyes softened.

"During that hundreds of years slumber, there's nothing but darkness. My consciousness was trapped in a very long and dark tunnel." He paused for a short while.

"It was a tiring journey. I thought of giving up because there would be nothing good even I wake up from that eternal sleep."

As I listened to him, I felt his sincerity and helplessness. I could relate a bit.

Living my entire life felt like I was stuck in a long dark tunnel. There were no lights to guide the path, and I already knew where everything would end: death.

Yet, I kept living just because... I don't know.

"Even when I was sleeping, I tried different methods to lose my consciousness. I ran, tried to leave my mental state blank, and tons of limited methods to kill myself. However..."

Again, he paused as he retracted his gaze away from outside. Slowly, he set his crimson orbs straight at me. My shoulders immediately stiffened.

"However, after centuries of nothing but silence and darkness, I heard a child's cry."