

The Duke's Passion

Chapter 13 - The Duke's Confession

"...Do you want me to prove that?"

His last remarks completely rendered me speechless. The Duke liked me? He fell in love with a peasant?

He fell in love with a dirty, malnourished, and a coward girl? How the bloody hell did he think I'd believe that?

It was impossible.

All my life, I've just been a part of the background. I was someone who would kneel before the nobles. Someone who begged for my life, and someone whose dreams would just remain as dreams.

Never once in my life I've thought what kind of future was there for me. I was too busy surviving every day.

Now, he's telling me he wanted me not just as a servant? Was he trying to trick me?

I looked at him in disbelief. Unlike usual, he didn't seem he was deceiving me. I would be more glad if he was.

My heart was racing faster than ever. My breathing was growing slower and heavy.

I felt sick.

This was too much for me to handle. Speaking with the Duke, sharing a meal with him, and now hearing him confess.

It just felt surreal.

"Huh, you didn't expect that, did you?" After a long silence, he sighed and shook his head.

"I knew it. Your imagination is too restricted."

He added, casting me an apologetic look. Did he just indirectly call me stupid again?

"I'm not stupid, milord. It's just that..." Before I could finish, I pressed my lips together.

I was aware I was uneducated. However, I was not stupid. I never limit my imagination, reality did.

Hence, this occurrence was only heard in those lovely tales. There was no such thing as love between a peasant and a noble.

Not just an ordinary noble, but a royal blooded vampire. Samael La Crox... as far as I know, he was the third son of the King who was banished from the Capital for unidentified reason.

"Its just that its ridiculous?" Once again, he finished the sentence I failed to finish.

It's not just ridiculous, but unbelievable.

I watched him nod in understanding, and I heaved a sigh of relief. The next moment, he slowly rose from his seat.

Slowly, he walked over to the side and trudged towards me. When he was a step away from me, he leaned on the edge of the table.

His right palm rested on the rough surface of the table, while the other was on his waist. His eyes locked with mine as I was looking up.

"Ridiculous? I asked you, do you want me to prove it?"

Upon asking, his eyes glinted as his visage solemn. I swallowed once again, feeling a sudden knot inside my stomach.

No... was my answer. But I failed to relay my thoughts aloud.

Slowly, he tilted his entire body as he leaned closer to me. Instinctively, I drew back to create distance.

Unlike him, I know I smelled bad. To be truthful, I didn't know how bad I smell, but nobles hated us for our odor.

Hence, coming close or touching a noble could cost a peasant's life. Not that I'm worried about that now.

I was just... I felt a little self-conscious; I didn't know what for.

"Do I have to repeat my question?" He asked once again.

I already answered, milord. However, I couldn't relay my thoughts aloud!

As I wept inside my head, I didn't know I was continuously drawing back until the chair I was sitting on nearly flipped back.

Fortunately, he held on the chair by his other hand. He held it still, and I couldn't create more distance.

"Hmm?"

"N — n — no, milord." I stuttered in great difficulty.

"Tsk. That's too bad, then." He clicked his tongue, but he didn't seem he would stop.

The next second, my shoulders flinched when he retracted his hand from the stool. Slowly, his fingertip caressed my shoulder.

"You're so thin..." He whispered as his fingers brushed my neck and traced my jaw.

I gulped as drops of sweat trickled down from my temple. I didn't dare move, feeling his cold yet sensual (?) touches.

Soon, my breathing grew slower and heavier. Slowly, I raised my gaze, and he locked his eyes on my lips.

What was he thinking?

I wondered internally. He had been silent, caressing me while studying my face.

Unconsciously, I was clasping my hands. The uncertainty of what he could do terrified me.

Perhaps he was thinking how to fatten me since he noticed how thin I was. Do I need a lot of work to become a perfect meal?

"You're all covered with dirt and smells awful." He added airily.

Do I really smell that bad? Then why wasn't he creating distance?

"Yet, I wanted to taste every bit of you."

I stiffened upon hearing his last remarks. I knew it! He was surely thinking what kind of meal he would cook me to!

"Mi — milord," I called out, my voice shaking.

"Hmm?"

"Are you thinking of making me a stew?"

Stupid question. However, I already blurted out before I could ask the real question I've forgotten what.

"Haha!" As soon as he heard my question, Samael chuckled.

I awkwardly chuckled along. But, deep down, I feared his answer.

I imagined myself being boiled. It was a scary thought.

"Your innocence in your age fascinates me." He muttered, shaking his head.

Huh? What did he mean by that? What does my innocence got to do with this nearly one-sided conversation?

"You're like a girl trapped in a woman's body, Lil. You haven't been with a man before, have you?"

Slowly, he arched his right brow before narrowing his eyes. His gaze still on me, while I unconsciously cocked my head to the side.

"Of course, you haven't. I would've broken all his bones and skinned him alive the moment I woke up." He grinned, patting my head lightly.

What a psycho.

As usual, his remarks horrified me. Although I could not truly understand what he was saying, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I was with a man before; my father. But he died after contracting a deadly disease.

"I'm not talking about your father, if that's what you're thinking." As if he could read my thoughts, he corrected whilst shaking his head lightly.

"Not that kind of relationship."

And my eyes widened in disbelief. "Then, what are you talking about, milord?"

Before I could realize it, I blurted out.

"I'm talking about I wouldn't forgive someone who could've made you from a girl into a woman."