

The Duke's Passion

Chapter 14 - That's The Answer, Silly.

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

Huh?

Still, I was baffled. Someone could make me from a girl to a woman?

Aren't I was a girl and now a woman as I aged? Old Olly said I'm at the rightful age to marry. Thus, I'm a woman now, correct?

"Your expression tells me you still didn't understand." He smirked as we both exchange gazes.

"But, that's alright. I can just show you."

He added. And then he laid his hand that was initially holding my chair.

"Come, stand." He adjusted his fingers, asking me to take it.

Was it truly alright to hold him? I wondered, hesitant to take his hand as mine were dirty.

However, as I darted my eyes from his hand to his pair of crimson eyes, I gulped. Without a second thought, I placed my hand on his.

The next moment, he pulled me up like without exerting much effort. I didn't know if it was because I was malnourished or he was just that strong.

Perhaps, both.

Before I knew it, I was standing on my feet and in front of him. He was still leaning against the edge of the table.

His hand holding mine. While his gazed fixed upon me.

Would he show me sorcery? Does vampires could do that as well?

Obviously, he was the Duke. The nobles had special powers hidden up their sleeves. The Duke would be no exception.

"Silly girl, I'll let you have a taste how to become a woman." He whisper, moving his fingers as they smoothly slipped through the gaps between my fingers.

My heart started racing as soon as I felt something different from his touches. As he held my hand, his other hand traced my jaw once again.

Using the back of his fingers, he traced my jaw up and tucked my disheveled chestnut brown hair behind my ear.

I pressed my lips into a thin line, shivering internally. I've been shaking out of fear ever since he came into my life.

But now, I was shivering, not from fear. I couldn't pinpoint this foreign sensation his touches sent within me, but my throat felt utterly parched.

"Even without the privilege of the nobles, you still stand out among them." He muttered under his breath.

Slowly, I watched him look down to my collarbones.

"Your clothes... they're old and easy to rip apart."

Immediately, I jolted away out of instinct. However, just as I did, his foot tripped me from behind, which caused me to lose balance.

I'm falling...!

"Ahh..!" Instinctively, I stretched my arms and held on the nearest object I could.

It was him. I unconsciously held onto his chest to stop myself from falling.

Alas, even when I avoided myself from falling, it was not because I held onto him. His swift reflexes saved me as he caught me by his arms.

Now, I was in this awkward position, with me bending while he was holding me steadily midair. He didn't even need a support as his arms were steady.

"Mi — milord?" I called out in a shaking tone. My hands clasping his chest shook as I loosened it slightly.

Falling was better than staying in this awkward position. He was too close and we're having too much physical contact; it was terrifying.

"Silly girl, do you know that vampire's sex drive is the same as when we craved for blood? It could make us lose our minds."

He said, staring straight at me. My mind immediately went into a blank state upon hearing his remarks.

"What?"

"And, I will not lie, the thought of tainting that innocence excites me." He added, licking his bottom lip as he looked at my neck with... passion?

My racing heart pounded louder against my chest. Before I knew it, I was breathing heavily as my body temperature steadily rose.

I couldn't understand why my body was reacting this way. However, I felt this sudden urge of wanting and needing something I couldn't discern exactly what.

Slowly, he traced my collarbones delicately. It was traveling at a slow pace, affecting me to hold my breath.

"Ah... this drives me crazy." He whispered.

I could feel his insanely heated breath kissed my skin. My body told me it wants it.

But what exactly does my body want?

My body seemed to understand something my mind couldn't comprehend. I was breathing slowly and heavily, and his touches made my position less uncomfortable.

"Do you know if I touched you down here..." From tracing my collarbones, his slender fingers carefully traveled down.

His fingers hooked on the hem of my clothes, guiding it down as it revealed more of my skin.

My father told me my bosom and other private parts of me shouldn't be touched by anyone. Thus, I was alarmed as his fingers inched closer to my chest.

His fingers only needed to proceed deeper, and he could touch my precious breast. But... I couldn't stop him.

I wanted to stop whatever spell he was casting on me. However, my body wanted otherwise.

Deep down, my subconscious mind wanted it as well. Not only I have to think about everything, it seemed I also lost control of my body and jumbled emotions.

I don't want to be a woman if it was this... appalling.

Or... do I really abhor it?

Unconsciously, my grip on his chest tightened as I clenched my teeth. I felt like falling into a spell, liking his every touch, and felt disappointment when he stopped midway.

"If I touch you there, nothing can stop us anymore. Neither logic nor morals, it wouldn't matter."

With his fingers doing circular motions above my chest, his eyes locked with mine. I felt my face heating as I bit my lower lip.

"Don't do that. I'm barely sane." Under his breath, he muttered.

He sounded like struggling more than I was. Why?

I watched as his crimson orbs glinted as the sunset finally set. Gradually, our surrounding came into nothing but darkness, but his eyes were brighter than ever.

I felt like losing my mind just staring at those pair of crimson eyes. It was slowly drawing me in. They looked dangerous, but deep within me, it thrilled me.

I'm nothing but a coward, and that was a fact. But, right now, I didn't know where I got this ridiculous courage and thoughts.

I'm not thinking straight, am I?

"Do you want it, though?" He asked, pushing the responsibility on me.

"N — no, milord." Through my gritted teeth, I helplessly answered what I felt was right.

However, with me indulging in this phenomenal sensation, I felt like a liar.

"But your actions tell me otherwise." He smirked, his eyes never left mine.

I know, milord.

"Do you know what will happen if you keep arousing me?"

He asked, and I shook my head sideways.

"The answer is obvious, silly." He chuckled weakly, inching closer as he slowly closed his eyes.

Soon, the apex of his narrow nose touched my cheek as I heard him suck air through his gritted teeth.

I gulped as the sensation that struck me was too tempting to lose. I held onto his chest, shutting my eyes tightly, and indulge myself with how his fiery breaths tickled my ears.

"I'll end up fucking you... hard; that's the answer, Silly." He whispered in front of my ear, sounding oddly pleasant in my ear.