

# The Duke's Passion

## Chapter 4 - I Refuse Your Refusal

"Re-reserved meal?" My heart pounded loudly against my chest as I repeated his words. How was that honorary?

"Yes! I'll fatten you up and devour you once you're full of nourishment!" He assured proudly, nodding as he grinned mischievously.

Evil. What a vile, evil man...

"I... I..." I tried to speak, but I ended up stuttering.

How could my life take such a drastic turn?

As I stared at him with fear shrouding my soul, his crimson eyes suddenly glinted and gradually grew sharper. His gaze shifted away from mine.

"You should really take care of that," he murmured, hands still on my shoulders. "You shouldn't leave a wound unattended, especially around vampires, Reserved meal."

I had forgotten about it already, too used to dealing with small wounds because of work.

"Ahh... such a sweet aroma. You have no idea how enticing it smells." After staring at my trembling hand, the silver-haired vampire raised his gaze back to me.

As soon as our eyes met once again, my shoulders trembled violently. I felt the need to run once again. However, my body was too overwhelmed to even try. His deep crimson eyes were forcefully drawing me in. My breathing grew heavy, my chest moved in and out deeply.

I was panting just with his piercing stare. I already prepared myself to die, but deep down, he gave me a fleeting hope which seemed he would take away instantly.

Please... just end this already. I whispered these words repeatedly in my mind.

"I have had nothing for a very long time — I'm famished." He said menacingly, staring down directly into my eyes that pierced even my soul.

Famished? Upon hearing his threatening remarks, I voluntarily closed my eyes and turned my head to the side, tired of his antics. I might as well just offer myself. He would

kill me either way. Why would I have to let him fatten me up? It was just a way to prolong my misery. I'm not a masochist.

I clenched my teeth as hard as I could. I waited for pain to ensue.

However, none of what I expected happened. I furrowed my brows and opened my eyes ever so slowly. "You shouldn't do this," he said, shaking his head and clicking his tongue. "You're giving me mixed signals, I might think you're seducing me."

Huh? I'm the one getting mixed signals!

"I would take you right here and now, and start a romance that could move even the most callous heart. But you're too fragile and I'm too famished... I might break all your bones." He said languidly and seductively.

I gulped, his eyes were still the same. However, I could feel this strong suppression laced in his tone.

"I... I..." My lower lip uncontrollably trembled as I tried to speak.

His brows furrowed and he took a few steps back. He stared at me, a misplaced innocent look on his face.

"Hmm? Are you going to tell me a few broken bones will be alright? Aren't you na?ve?" he smirked, laughing at me.

"I would rather you eat me than give me hope," I said, mysteriously able to muster the courage to speak and clarify my side. He had been making fun of me for being dumb and I let him because I was scared. But... I'm tired of cowering in fear. I just wanted this endless night to end.

The silver-haired man arched his brows, tilting his head to the side. I witnessed a glint of amusement cross his crimson orbs.

I continued, "If you don't eat me now I will run to a very faraway land!" After dropping my warning, I was obviously astonished at my own remarks. I didn't know where I got such courage, but it was true. If he let me go now, I would run away. I would flee for sure.

Even if I die as I flee, at the very least, I would die the way I wanted to. Instead of waiting for the day he would devour me after feeding me.

Silence. Neither of us spoke for a moment as the whistle of the wind whispered in my ears. I could hear the loud beating of my heart as anxiousness engulfed me. As I kept my determined look despite my weeping soul, this man suddenly burst out laughing.

He laughed and laughed, holding onto his stomach as he hunched over in mirth.

As for me, I looked at him in utter dismay. Why was he laughing? What was so hilarious about what I said? I watched him laugh until he was wiping drops of tears from the corner of his eyes. When he recovered, he looked at me and smiled brightly.

"I refuse your refusal, reserved meal." He mused. "You're too fun to tease and I'm too... romantic. Do you think I would miss the chance to experience a forbidden romance?"

With the corner of his lips tilting into a devious smirk, he winked.

And I gasped in disbelief.