

The Duke's Passion

Chapter 6 - Taking Everything In Literally.

"Were you born stupid, milord?" I scoffed, grinding my teeth as I felt he was merely making fun of me. I wouldn't be in a suicidal state if not for you!

My question took him by surprise and his eyes blinked countless times as he processed my question.

"Can't you understand that I'm not a masochist? Being seen as prey wouldn't make anyone happy." I tried to be as courageous as I could but my voice broke and I felt the corner of my eyes well up. Still, I fought the tears from falling. I balled my fist tighter as my lower lip trembled.

"I just want to die now if I'm going to die anyway. I don't indulge myself in the superficial happiness you expect me to have. I've been asking you to kill me if that was your plan from the beginning."

I failed. A teardrop rolled down my cheek upon finishing my statement. Neither of us spoke. The soft whistle of the morning breeze brushed past my ear.

If this man didn't show up last night, I could imagine myself enjoying the morning breeze. But right now, I couldn't enjoy anything because I had to endure this overwhelming fear.

After a long silence, the silver-haired man placed his smallest finger inside his ear. He then moved it with a light, quick motion. "You know, you should've asked not to be born if you didn't want to die." he lectured in a nonchalant tone.

Slowly, he pulled his pinky finger from his ear and glanced at it. The next second, he blew away the dirt before shifting his gaze back to me. "Instead of begging someone to kill you, enjoy life! So, when you die, you have memories to take with you." He shrugged, casting me a nonchalant look as the light of the sun shone brightly from behind him.

This was the very first time I had seen his face clearly. He had hair akin to the color of wood ashes, unruly swirls in its tip, and his crimson eyes glinted brightly and appeared darker during the daytime. Narrow nose, lean cheeks, with lips that were thin and somewhat pale. Momentarily, his appearance mesmerized me and his features screamed nobility. I had seen countless nobles and most of them were extremely good-looking, especially those who had vampire genes.

Was he one of them? Obviously, he was probably one of those odd nobles who abused their power. Huh... nobles... I'm abhorring their existence, Father. "But, you're not like everyone else," I blurted out without looking away from him.

He was different. Hence, he couldn't understand what I was feeling.

For a vampire like him, they could enjoy life as long as they could. They could throw it away easily once they had enough.

As for me... I just wanted to live peacefully. Even if it was impossible to have peace, that's how I wanted to live.

Upon hearing my last remarks, I saw him freeze for a moment. Slowly, the side of his lips curled upward subtly.

"I know," he said in a rather unusual tone. "I've been walking in a long tunnel for a long time without wonderful memories to recall."

For some reason, hearing him speak caused my shoulders to ease up while I breathed smoothly. I couldn't understand, but my heart warmed up.

"That's why..."

I swallowed hard, biting my lower lip as my sympathetic heart ached for him. Perhaps I was too harsh? I may be human and it might be hard for him to understand my feelings. However, wasn't it the same for me?

He was a vampire. Therefore, I couldn't see his perspective because I've never been in his shoes, and I've never walked in them.

"That's why, I told myself I would surely devour the best of the best as my last meal. At the very least, I'd die happy."

Just when I expected something more emotional, I was wrong. Slowly, his subtle smile gradually grew wicked. "And only I can make that meal perfect with remarkably juicy meat drizzled with cream... creamy blood." He licked his lower lip before wiping the corner of his mouth with his arm. He was actually drooling with just the thought.

"..." I couldn't articulate my thoughts.

I never thought I would feel utterly defeated by his unreasonable logic. My father used to tell me I was stubborn. But, if Father ever met this man, he would surely feel proud of how obedient I was.

"Right? So, let's live our time making memorable memories together!" After he recovered from his food fantasy, he faced me with a twisted grin. "I swear I'd be gentle, you wouldn't feel pain and I would devour every inch of you."

Was that supposed to reassure me? I shook my head lightly, looking away from him as I let out the heaviest sigh I could. If only I had the guts to take my own life, I would. But I couldn't. In other words, I could only let this man claim my life. I just hoped he wasn't lying when he said I wouldn't feel the slightest pain.

"You have my word; I would be very, very gentle," he repeated, grinning from ear to ear.

Was he that happy just thinking of me as his meal?

"If it's settled... shall we go in and start making... memories?"

The longer I stared at his wicked grin, the more I felt terrified inwardly. How could we make memories inside this shack? Was he only saying that because he couldn't stand the light anymore?

My last thought brought courage within me. "I'm afraid I can't, milord. I have to help in the field and sell in the town."

Hurriedly, I got back to my feet and after casting him an awkward smile, I trudged away while steadily hastening my pace.

'Go and make memories on your own. I will make memories for myself!' I scoffed internally, taking large strides away from him.

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As Lilou stormed away, the silver-haired man, Samael, laughed as he watched her leave.

"What a silly little girl..." Samael shook his head lightly, biting his bottom lip as the corner of his lips stretched wider.

"Taking everything in literally."