

Under The Oak Tree

Under the Oak Tree, Chapter 6 – Behind His Piercing Gaze

Max mustered her courage to look towards the man filled with eyes she could only fathom to be filled with enmity. Her father's voice echoed persistently in her ears like a haunting melody, "Make it clear to Calypse that you can't annul your marriage! Once again, if you insult the family, you'll pay heavily!"

But her lips only clung tightly to one another as if an invisible glue were applied on it. What should I say? To her, she was just another intimidating man but her husband.

"Stop trembling!"

The man suddenly raised his voice, making her step away reflexively out of fear. As soon as her foot touched backward, the man came closer, his muscles visibly straining from tension.

"Stop looking at me as if you've seen a disgusting thing! Am I some kind of despicable monster to you?" Riftan's words unexpectedly caught her off guard.

"I, I..."

Riftan cast her a fierce glance, only to sweep his hair a moment later from exasperation. Max eyes dimmed; in less than five minutes of their reunion he was already displeased. And to think she still had to persuade him to reconsider a divorce.

Her lips were trembling against her will. Please, just say something. She urged herself in silence.

"I, I... it's just... I'm s-so, so nervous... wha-I d-don't know what to say..."

She could feel her cheeks burn and the unmistakable burning pain in her eyes that signaled her incoming tears. But she couldn't make him see that, to cry like a child in front of him. Desperation clawed at her immediately.

"I d-don't think y-you are a monster, a monster, not a thought... I, I, I'm nervous... yes... huh, trembling, stop..."

Her tongue didn't listen more than usual. She felt intense humiliation and couldn't bear to look him in the face anymore. It was too much of a feat in the first place; it was impossible for her to persuade him when she could not even speak properly.

Max bowed her head instead, the blush from her cheeks travelling all the way to the tip of her ears. She might as well keep her mouth shut, she mused dismally. A mature woman wouldn't stutter like fool. In the end, she felt as if she were standing naked in front of him.

“S**t...”

Her shoulders flinched at the gentle voice that contrasted with the curse word. Her father was right, no man in the continent would ever want her as a wife. How could she even dare ask this man to refuse to marry a daughter of royalty, who was miles better than her?

The helplessness that surged afterward did little to keep the tears at bay. At that moment, she felt the touch of cold skin on her cheek and was instantly frightened. A hand wearing the hard iron gloves used by the knights held her face with an uncanny tenderness.

“Open your mouth,” he mumbled, almost too soft for her to hear.

””” ”

Max didn’t understand what was going on and stared blankly at Riftan’s dark eyes like night in front of her. The man sighed, as if his patience was being tested. Then he slightly lowered her chin, forcing her lips to part.

Soon, he deftly moved his hot tongue inside her mouth. Max caught his arm in surprise, and she thought the man mumbled irritably because of it.

He bit her lips, yet another startling remark coming from him. “F**k... I should have taken my armor off first...”

Max couldn’t come to her senses; she was unable to understand what was happening out of the blue. Her thoughts still hazy, Riftan pushed her back. From where they were standing awkwardly, the next moment they were resting on sofa, with him stooping on one knee next to her thigh. With practiced ease, he flung his gauntlet off in one motion.

His long, hard fingers that slipped out of the silver gloves softly wrapped around her face. Instinctively, she grabbed at him by the hem of his clothes. Without another second, he locked his lips with her again, taking off the gloves on his other hand. His now free hand wound into her hair, his hot palm squeezing her head nearer him.

His tongue scoured her mouth ferociously, not sparing her teeth or tongue from his onslaughts. With his every move, Max found herself out of breath. When she felt dizziness descend from the lack of oxygen, she finally pushed his chest out, and the man nibbled on her bottom lip.

“Just a little more...”

Her heart throbbed at his low voice. His hot hand once again pressing against the back of her back impatiently and moving past her face and neck to settle on her chest. As

she twisted away in embarrassment, he pulled her back and made her lie on the sofa. Without the least hesitancy, he pulled her skirt down, exposing her skin to the cool air.

“Ri, Riftan...!” Max cried out.

Having already experienced it one time, she was immediately aware of what was his actions meant. Max stared at the door of the drawing room in puzzlement. She could only think fervently, what is he doing in broad daylight, in the drawing room of all places, where anyone can go in and out freely?

But it seemed that the man didn’t care about propriety at all. He dived for her neck in urgency, tracing kisses on her skin as he pressed his hardened body between her legs. Max let out a surprised shriek. Whenever the man slowly rubbed himself on her, his protective gear wrapped around his thick thighs grazed her legs, the touch of cool metal making her skin erupt in goosebumps.

Max felt embarrassment at the intimacy she couldn’t stand and shut her lids tightly. Suddenly, Riftan leaped up, hurriedly covering her almost nakedness with his large cloak. Only then did she realize that there was someone watching them. A man dressed like Riftan stood stiffly outside the door with a perplexed face.

“What are you peeking at like a rat!” Riftan bellowed at once.

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