

## Under The Oak Tree

### Chapter 14 – Torn Apart (2)

“What?”

“I stripped it off of you and had torn it in the process.”

“Oh...uh, how? Did you, uh, take it off?” Max could not help but ask back.

The question sounded a little disconcerting to him. Turning his seat around, he faced her and watched her figure clutch the sheet like a shield, and then shouted.

“What am I supposed to do? You couldn’t breathe because—you were turning blue even, due to your drawers. I was trying to untie the knot because the terrible underwear was too tight! No matter how hard I tried, the knot didn’t come loose, so I ripped it off! D\*\*n it. I didn’t even know it could be taken up and down!”

Maximilian’s face reddened to the point of steaming. She was mortified to death, thinking that he had seen her underwear—and the flesh beneath it.

Her nanny forcibly made her wear tight drawers in her husband’s absence. She said it would keep her chaste.

Max was forced to wear that horrible thing on her body, but she never dreamed that someone would see it. As she clasped her face in an impulse to jump out of the window immediately, Riftan said with a small sigh.

“I’ll get you a new underwear tomorrow, so don’t look like that. Or do you want me to lend you mine?”

“Oh, no! It’s okay....”

Max shook her head fervently. She didn’t have the slightest intention of wearing other person’s underwear, or a man’s for that matter. Besides, wearing only one loose-fitting men’s tunic already made her feel unease. Riftan scanned her eyes and watched her rummage through the soup with her spoon.

“When will you finish stirring that? Hurry up and eat. You didn’t even touch the bread.”

She popped a few more spoonfuls into her mouth. However, the short mouth of her original body and her bulging stomach made her lose her appetite soon. She didn’t even think of touching the hard bread, only swallowing a little more soup, and then putting the bowl aside.

“What? You haven’t eaten half of it,” Riftan started.

“I have no appetite, so...”

“Don’t be so hard on me. You can’t dream of luxurious food until we get home. Even if it doesn’t suit your taste, your body won’t hold out if you don’t tolerate it.”

Max blushed at the sound of him akin to admonishing a spoiled child.

””” ”

“Or are you going to be so picky and annoying throughout the journey?” He added irritably.

“I...I’ll have...”

She ended up having a few more sips but was so sick that she couldn’t eat anymore. The man made a disjointed expression when she put the spoon down. Fortunately, however, instead of forcing her to eat more, he sighed and accepted the tray with the bowl.

“You are going to go bald if you keep being picky.”

He clicked his tongue and turned around. Max shrugged her shoulders, unable to adapt to his constantly changing mood like unreliable weather. He seemed kind enough to take care of her meal, but then he would quickly get angry the next moment.

‘Are my words and actions so incriminating?’ She felt that inside, he may already be regretting bringing her with him. ‘Why would he...’

Some negative and servile thoughts filled her head. Max, who looked at his eyes, couldn’t stand it any longer and uttered the question on impulse.

“Well, why, uh, why are you taking me away?”

“What?”

The man, who was going out with the bowl, paused and looked back at her.

“What does that mean?”

“Well, I, uh, against me, getting married... Ha, ha, you did it because you wanted to do it. Oh, you didn’t...Why are you taking me with you? I—I don’t understand...”

His face became visibly stiff. She swallowed hard. It was hard to tell whether the stuttering was causing a bad impression on him or her own question was upsetting. Although filled with hesitancy, she still added,

"In the first place... we're, uh, no... You and I are both rich married couples, you're too better for me... we barely know each other... that and... you, you're taking me somewhere, b-but... as much as you like.."

"Shut the bullshit!"

Riftan let out a sudden roar, staring furiously at her. He laid down the tray and strode back to the bed.

"Be honest! Don't you want to come with me?!"

"Th-that's not what it is, it's...!"

"No, it's not! Although it's not huge as your father's, my castle is big enough for a little girl like you to live! D\*\*n it, I have enough money. If you're worried that you won't be able to live in luxury like you used to, cut it out!"

She shrank like a child scolded. Why on earth does he think she worries about living like royalty when she has lived a poor life all along at her father's castle? She answered in a flurry of words and desperately waved her hands, as if the mere action would erase her former statements.

"No! That sort of thing doesn't worry me. It's just... why, w-why are you taking me? I'm only curious..."

"Naturally, you are my wife! Our marriage is real, officially recognized by the church! It's only common sense to take you to my house! You did wrong by living at your father's house even after you got married!"

"Ha, but... I though you would want a divorce..."

"...What?"

He clasped his hands sternly on her shoulders. Max turned blue like a mouse in front of a snake. The anger on his face suffocated her. Perhaps this was where violence, one stemmed from the impatience of understanding a stutter, would ensue. She closed her eyes with fear, as she always did when the Duke of Cross beat her.

But no matter how long she waited, pain did not come. When she opened her eyes, she was greeted with his dark orbs glaring fiercely at her. His hands, holding on to her shoulders, were trembling faintly, as he managed to control his simmering anger.

"Divorce? You want to divorce me now?"

◀ Previous Chapter  
Next Chapter ▶

Share With Friends