

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 15 – Under the Sheets (1)

“Oh, no... That’s not...”

“If not, what the hell is it? Is there someone else?”

It took a while for Max to grasp the meaning behind his words. For a few moments, the stupefied her just stared into his burning eyes. Unfortunately, her silence was misconstrued, Riftan got the wrong idea.

With snarl in his tone, he spoke contemptuously. “There I was battling to death, and here you are with another man?”

“Oh, oh, no! Oh, I didn’t!”

Her answer in almost a crawling hesitation, slightly robbed him of his strength. Still unconvinced, he fiercely rammed his queries into her.

“Then why on earth are you talking about divorce?!”

“When you came back, I... I thought you would ask for a divorce and marry her... So...”

“Her?” After a moment’s thought, he added sharply, hoping he’d managed to comprehend her ramblings. “Agnes?”

At the mention of the name, Max’s eyes widened. A forlorn nod was the only response she could manage.

But the man before her, with a dead-pan face, spat out a volley of curses and roughly rubbed his head, seemingly miffed.

“A bunch of foolish humans spreading a bunch of useless rumors.” He muttered to himself. He walked over and sat on her bed. After a brief moment, he casually and with ease, put her on his lap.

His abrupt actions caught Maximillian by surprise; reflexively, she fluttered her legs to a close. Riftan gently and affectionately held her face in both his hands and drew closer. The next thing that a muddled Max felt was his moist tongue licking the moisture from her eyes. Her lashes fluttered and she closed her eyes.

He was in no rush, brushing away those tears, one drop at a time. His hot breath tickled her cheeks, her lips quivered in response, pulse raced. Instinctively, she let out a soft whimper.

Sensing her wary and shaken form, Riftingan breathed out a deep sigh and wound an arm around her waist.

“I don’t know what you’ve heard, but I turned down the offer.”

“You refused?”

””” ”

Her eyes opened wide with astonishment; his voice scaled up a note.

“You bet! Do you think I would accept such a crazy offer?”

What does he mean ‘crazy offer’?! How is it crazy to offer a beautiful princess to a warrior who saved the world?!

“Who in a sane mind would propose a marriage to a married man in the first place? When I heard that story, I thought this king was crazy.”

“Ha, but...”

“If anyone changes his sacred vows before God, I’ll castrate him with my own hands. How could you think I would do such an unethical thing?”

Is he serious?

She looked up at him, astonished and embarrassed at the same time. She had often heard that knights valued faith, but did this man have faith in chivalry too?

He kicked away the golden chance to become a part of a royal family for a forced marriage with her! Marrying a royalty would have given him a new title, a royal honor and a huge dowry. And it didn’t end at just that. His son would naturally have the right to the throne.

Hence, it was only natural that his wife, who could not give him what Agnes could, surmised his decision as pure madness.

This guy..... he’s out of his mind.

Only then did she realize that this man was taking their vows seriously and had every intention to honor it.

Most of all, he was without an ulterior motive. In his words, he was only taking her because he considered her as his wife. Max floundered in the shock and clenched her teeth in disbelief.

“Ha, but...”

Is this person sane? Perhaps, he knows not what he’s missed.

Forgetting her current situation, as she was deeply engaged in their conversation, she daringly countered.

“Well, really... But, uh, you know, it’s okay. Oh, Agnes, is a very, very beautiful woman, rich woman.”

“Have you ever met Agnes?”

She flinched. Was she too hasty in calling his refusal in a single stroke madness?

“In person, uh, I’ve never met her, but...”

“How do you know if she’s beautiful or not? I don’t like a mad woman—a colt* tailing after me.”

*T/N: Colt is a young rookie.

Ah, is it okay to talk about the royal family as such?

Max looked up at him, her face full of puzzlement. Just then Riftan suddenly raised his hand, she was taken aback, nevertheless still waited for his hand to strike. But it did not, instead the thumb wiped away the remnant tears off her cheeks.

“Forget that ridiculous rumor. In the first place, life in the palace does not suit me. I don’t want to live in the princess’ big-a*s place.”

“Ha, but...”

“Enough with that but! Are the rumors just an excuse and you’re really unhappy with this marriage?” A dangerous glint shone in the man’s eyes.

She shook her head hurriedly, his face straightened out again.

“That’s enough already. If you bring up this nonsense again, I won’t tolerate it the next time.”

She widened her eyes. ‘You put up with it? What are you talking about?’

While she was grumbling to herself, she suddenly felt the man’s hand touch the small of her back, it gradually started to explore. Instinctively, she stiffened. His hand slowly made its way down and dug under the sheets that covered her.

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