

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 16 – Under the Sheets (2)

Only then did Max realize again that she was wearing only a thin piece of clothing around her otherwise naked body. She trembled, not from the cold that blanketed the chamber, but from his heated gaze solely trained upon her.

Lifting her hips slightly, he pulled out the sheets from beneath and carelessly tossed them to the floor. Max hurriedly pulled the tunic down and struggled to cover her legs.

To no avail, he simply pushed up the hem of her dress and grabbed her chest in a way that would foil her effort in dismissing his actions. She let out a high-pitched scream.

“Ick!”

The feeling of hot, rough hands touching her soft skin was indescribably quaint and intense.

“Uh, uh, uh...”

“Stop that noise. You don’t even know your husband’s name, do you?”

The man who was rubbing his nose against the delicate skin of her neck raised his head and gave a dissatisfied look. Max just blinked her eyes like an owl.

She quivered, and through the corners of her eyes saw his head descend. In a split second, Riffan kissed her, his lips unbelievably hot and soft; a stark contrast to the harsh and violent words he uttered.

“Don’t be so embarrassed. Our marriage wasn’t normal, as you said, but it was inevitable. Now you have to get used to me.”

A hot, hard finger swept the hair over her forehead. The unexpected soft action embarrassed her. His lips constantly touched her cheeks, temples and earlobe. Stony thighs wriggled under her hips while his hot breath taunted her neck.

He grabbed the hem of her dress, Max closed her eyes. She had already experienced this and knew what was to follow. More than anything else, she was aware of how painful it would be.

Sensing her taut body, he gave a small sigh.

“Relieve the tension, it will only hurt you.”

“Ha, but...”

“This is not our first time.” The man who had been biting the lower part of her neck, hesitated for a moment and asked.

“...No?”

””” ”

Her lips drew out a tight smile as she looked into his eyes. Max couldn't bring herself to say no. After all, Riftan refused to seal his relationship with the royal family to keep his marriage vows. As such, how could she refuse her husband in the bedroom?

Shaking her head after much hesitation, Max gave her consent. Not letting any more time slip from his hands, Riftan pushed his tongue deep into her mouth, as if he thirsted, tasting her in every corner. She inadvertently put her hands on his pectoral muscles, her fingers cowered away in surprise at the heavy thumping it emanated.

His saliva-soaked lips sprinkled small kisses on the tip of her chin, then slowly descended on her neck, lingering on the clavicle for a while. His ragged breaths and the moist feel of his tongue made the hairs on her back stand.

“Raise your arms.”

She raised her arm in a stiff motion and felt him strip her clothes over her head. The cold air nipped at her bare skin and Max covered her chest in a fit of embarrassment—hugging her herself tightly. To make her comfortable, Riftan rained kisses on her shoulders.

“I'll make it as... as smooth as possible.”

She looked up at him with trembling eyes. The man's eyes then went down greedily. She followed his gaze and looked down at herself under the light.

Round chests, flat abdomen, pale, white thighs, and her tender spot in between. She felt more sensitive to the naked sight of his fingers touching her mounds. He playfully bit her clavicle and sucked her chest.

Max gasped. She could feel his wet tongue draw circles on her skin. The strange sensation sent a thrilling shudder from her neck to her ears.

“Hey, hey, wait a minute...”

“Riftan,” he grunted.

He sucked her chest painfully, as if he was punishing her. Max gave a small shriek. He released her hands from his hold and let her wrap them around his neck. The heat she felt from his body and the soft texture of his hair made her feel sick to her stomach.

“Call me Riftan.”

“Oh, hey, hey....”

“Call me,” he ordered softly.

In a quivering voice, she spoke, “Ri... Riftan.”

Upon hearing so, his shoulders jerked up and down. The man gruffly muttered his incoherent words, then raised his head and kissed her fiercely. His hot, muscular arms tightened, as if to break her waist.

The first passion she experienced, she gasped and unwittingly clung to his neck. A nimble smile gradually rose on her lips.

“Yes, hold onto me tightly like that.”

While he was enthralled by her first smile, he held her head in one hand and kissed her passionately. His other hand gently stroked her lower abdomen and deftly maneuvered between her legs.

Aware of his intrusive actions, Max hurriedly squeezed her thighs to a close, but could not stop his hand that had already reached its desired destination.

He moved his fingers carefully. At the same time, Max flinched at the sensation of an unmistakable p***k against her stomach.

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