

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 19 – Tender Touch of a Strange Man (1)

“Did it hurt?”

Max wanted to tell it was some unpleasantness in the experience, but she shook her head instead. He breathed a sigh of relief and pressed his lips near her temple and this intimate action somehow filled her heart. It was a feeling she didn't expect. Formerly, she anticipated akin to feeling robbed and trampled... something painful, empty, cold and bitter would be waiting.

“Am I heavy? Wait a minute.”

Riftan propped himself up and slowly pulled his manhood out. Max suddenly felt something trickle down from the inside. He held her back as she tried to squeeze her leg in reflex.

“Ri-riftan...!”

“Stay still. You're tired, aren't you? I'll wipe it for you.”

Riftan pulled the basin that had been set aside and squeezed the towel wet with the water with it. With the cold cloth, he gently wiped the area meticulously.

“Doesn't it hurt?”

“Oh, oh, it doesn't hurt.”

Doesn't it hurt? Max glowed red like a freshly boiled sausage. However, the man insensitive to her thoughts only brushed the place carefully and then wiped his lower body. She didn't dare look at him, quickly picking up the sheets to cover herself with it. Riftan smiled at the sight.

“You'll get used to it soon.”

Then he flopped down beside her. Max's legs trembled from surprise. Riftan laid so casually in the middle of a spacious bed, even drawing her near with one arm and laying her on top of himself. The feeling of their sweaty skin rubbing made Max feel awkward at the tacky touch.

“Ri... Riftan....”

“Don't struggle unless you want to do it one more time.”

The remark was not a mere threat, as the lump of flesh that touched her lower abdomen had swollen up again. She froze. With a nonchalant face, Riftan pushed one arm under her head and pulled the sheets up over their joined bodies. Then his eyes slowly drifted shut, as he rested his palm along her wavy locks. Only then Max realized that he was planning to sleep with her.

“Ri-riftan...”

“Why do you keep calling me?”

””” ”

Riftan seemed too natural sleeping with her naked. Her eyes darted to the side; eventually, she swallowed up what she wanted to say and murmured in,

“Go-good night...”

Silence came as her reply, as if Riftan had already fallen asleep. She listened to his pulse patter from his thick neck, and the rhythm made her soon close her eyes along him.

Something was crushing her chest. Max hesitantly opened her eyes in frustration and soon became bewildered. A tanned, strong forearm blocked her vision halfway. She looked up and saw Riftan’s sleeping figure, his face half buried in her mane. Max instantly turned red at the fresh memories that resurfaced.

They were tangled beneath the blanket without a stitch of a thread between them. The man’s long legs were intertwined between her legs, and his arms clasped her tightly within his embrace as if her body were a pillow.

Max had never been passionate to anyone. Not even her own mother had hugged her. Her eyes darted around in unease for a moment, thinking it would be better for her to get dressed before Riftan opens his eyes. If he were to wake up like this...

Max clasped her face, unable to feel confident looking at him straight. When she remembered her body curling up in his arms last night, she felt so embarrassed that she wanted to jump out of the window. A lady could never react that way.

Even the nanny, who had long preached about her duty as the wife, said she should “appropriately” respond to her husband’s demands. She clasped her fiery cheeks. Last night, the struggling, moaning woman was far from forgotten. What if he thinks she’s someone not pure?

A sudden surge of impatience came into her mind. Max carefully slipped out of his arm and looked under the bed. She could never face him at this rate. Dressing up like a lady may be too much, but at the very least she thought it would be fitting to escape from her current nakedness.

She found a random tangle of clothes in the corner of the room and reached for it urgently. Her eyes burned to them desperately, it was a distance she could reach without having to move. And it was so that she didn't have the courage to wander around the room naked. Therefore, she stretched out a hand, but suddenly was flipped, falling back.

"What are you doing?"

Max looked back at him with a perplexed look. Riftan, who she thought was dead asleep, was now staring down at her with his onyx eyes. She hurriedly tried to get away from him, but it proved to be an impossible feat. He rolled her nimbly back with one arm around her waist, locking her under him.

"Ri-riftan... Oh, it's morning..."