

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 20 – Tender Touch of a Strange Man (2)

“Yes. It’s morning. I thought I was going to die waiting for you to open your eyes.”

He pressed his lips on her eyelids as he said this, the strange touch making Max cringe. At her reaction, he grinned and smacked his lips more fervently on her face, her ears, and neck, pouring his tingling kisses like the touch a butterfly. Max reflexively shoved his face away in embarrassment.

“Ha, ha, don’t...Oh, s-stop now a-and get dressed...”

“No. Do you know how long I’ve been holding it up all night.?”

The man snorted and held her hand to his lips. His damp tongue licked her finger in a subtle way that still managed to ignite lightning in her senses. She could hear her pulse drum against her ear. He placed her finger deeper into his mouth and gently sucked on it.

Never had Max thought that her hand could be such a sensitive area.

“Really, if you knew how I feel every time you blush like that, you wouldn’t show me that look, would you?”

Riftan mumbled, biting her fingertips. She couldn’t stand it any longer and pulled her hand out and hid it in a blanket. Then he wriggled his eyebrows and rolled off the sheet. She shrieked and curled into a circle.

“Why are you hiding it?”

“Oh, it’s morning! It’s so bright...”

“So show me. I want to see your body in the light.”

The man pulled her crouched legs and she cried in surprise. It seemed too unreal that it was only yesterday when she was shivering on the floor in her father’s castle, and now lying naked in bed with a man in broad daylight.

Not privy to her thoughts, Riftan gently stroked her shoulders, her chest, waist and sides, then his hand naturally settled between her thighs. Last night’s act brought his fingers to her wet spot out of familiarity.

“Maxi, yesterday... it wasn’t bad, was it?”

“Ri-riftan...”

“No... it felt good, didn't it?”

Even if she died, she could not bring herself to answer his words. His fingers skillfully began to move in her secret place.

””” ”

“I... I loved you to death. Three years ago, I wanted to be with you, not through vindictive measures. You don't know how hard it was to get out of that bed. Of course, you wanted me to disappear, but...”

At such an unexpected remark, she forgot her shame and opened her eyes wide. He placed his mouth under her collarbone, and she felt him smile against her skin.

“It's the same as it was now. I can't... I can't stop with you. Even if you don't like it... even if you cry...”

He dipped his finger deep and bit her skin lightly. Max reflexively tightened against him with her legs. This prompted a thrilled groan to escape from his lips.

“Blame it on your bad luck to be the wife of a man like me.”

What on earth could he mean? In comparison, her side felt far unfortunate in many ways. Her father went so far as to insinuate that she was someone easily replaceable even in marriage.

But why does he feel that? The faint question soon faded as the heat in her stomach called her attention.

She tightened against his fingers moving aggressively inside. His feverish gaze swept over her whole body and she couldn't turn her eyes away from his strong gaze, h****d. He pulled his finger out of her and pushed himself deeply at once.

“Ugh...!”

“Certainly... I'm dying.”

Riftan let out a low, strangled moan and gently bit the lower part of her earlobe. She clasped his stony shoulders tightly, feeling as if she had been caught by a hound. Grabbing both of her thighs, he opened them wide enough that they almost hurt and began to move slowly.

Max buried her face in the pillow and suppressed her moans. Like a slow, lagging stream, the movements gradually grew stronger. Riftan, which had been moving above for a long time, fell heavily atop her as he reached his peak. She heaved a short breath, in contrast to the long, hoarse exhale over the top of her head.

“I want to stay like this for a few days.”

“I-it’s heavy....”

She muttered with a panicked face. At this rate, she didn’t think she would be able to get up for days with him weighing her down. He bitterly bit her ear in reply.

“Oh, that hurts...”

“It’s because you say you don’t like it, when in fact it feels good.”

He chewed her blushing earlobe and licked it with his tongue. Max recoiled and moved from his neck.

“Ri-riftan...!”

“It feels really good. I could’ve stayed like this if it wasn’t for that f*****g lizard. If I had, we’d have one or two kids by now, wouldn’t we?”

“Uh, d-don’t, don’t do it...!”

Riftan continued to play with her ears and rubbed his warm body on her body as if he could not hear a word Max had said. Meanwhile, she had been exhausted by her seemingly never-ending “duty in bed.” But it seems like he was not even a bit tired, sitting between her legs again.

Max almost burst into tears. The moment she had rather fainted, she suddenly stopped moving. It was because someone banged on the door.

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