

Under The Oak Tree

Under the Oak Tree, Chapter 4 – Wedding Night (2)

“N-now, wait a second...!”

The hem of the dress flowed down without resistance against Riftan’s ominous strength. As she grabbed at the hem of her dress in a hurry, there was a look of irritation in his eyes.

“Remove your hands.”

“Why, why, oh, my clothes...”

She looked up at him with a confused look. The man’s face was enveloped in a deep shadow with his back against the fire. Max felt more afraid because she couldn’t see his expression in detail.

“Do you want me to stay or not? Be sure.”

Max swallowed a sob. Her shoulders shivered as he threw her waistband on the floor without lowering his hands. The cold air swept over her exposed skin.

“There’s no turning back now.”

His low voice ringing in her ear chilled her heart. He stroked her pale body stiffened with tension with his warm, calloused hands. As she instinctively tried to push, the man pulled her against him more strongly, wounding one arm around the back of her waist. A strange tingle in the spine and a curious heat were all that came from her body.

“J-just a little bit a-away...”

She asked in a trembling voice, but the man didn’t even care to hear her. He bowed his head and kissed her b****s. She instantly opened her eyes in shock.

Hot lips swirled over her soft, gentle skin. His strange touch made Max shudder. It was the sight of a grown-up man burying his face in her chest like a newborn baby.

“Relieve your body.”

He caressed her stiff, hardened back with a rough palm. His moist breath in contact with her skin gave her goosebumps.

He rubbed his rough chin on her soft skin and pushed one hand into the hem of her garment that had been covering her waist. She jumped up. The man's hand touched an area of her that she had never imagined. Her lips quivered with astonishment.

"What, what are you..."

"" "

"Stay still. If you continue like this, you'll be in pain."

Her legs shook in fright. The man, who only exchanged stares with her several times, was now touching her most intimate body part without hesitation. She couldn't believe it.

"This, this... d-don't do it."

She grasped his thick shoulders and pleaded. Under her touch, she could feel the man's body swaying and trembling. His firm skin was burning under the palms of her hands. It felt as if she was holding an iron heated by fire.

Riftan, whose lips were clinging to her skin, soon brushed over her own mouth with renewed vigor. His unfamiliar, rough taste spreading through her mouth made Max's shoulder shake. While she was distracted, he pulled down the hem of her dress and lowered his hand. Her scream was sucked into his mouth.

"F**k it..."

The mixture of her groan and his curse came out from their intertwined lips. She struggled so much like a carp ferociously swimming in water. The deep waters that she dived in was an unfamiliar territory she could not recognize. Her legs thrashed instinctively.

But she couldn't get out because she was weighed down by his rock-like body. She felt like a helpless deer struggling with a hound's teeth on her neck.

"D**n it, I can't wait..."

He pushed his hand a little deeper, muttering in a nervous voice. Max stopped breathing. The advice of the nanny, who said, 'You have to accept everything your husband does as submissively,' has long disappeared from her mind. She fluttered like a fish on water under the ministrations of his hand. And an unimaginable sensation shook her whole body.

"Ha, no...! Oh!"

There was no use in struggling to escape. He kissed her furiously and touched her body firmly. Max could only bite the pillow.

It was hard to believe that such a bizarre act was actually happening. Her eyes were burning, and her head was spinning.

She was ignorant. She doesn't know anything about this.

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