

Hellbound Heart #Chapter 121 -130

Luck - Read Hellbound Heart Chapter 121 Luck

Elle's heartbeat drummed within her chest as she lifted her hand towards him. As she slowly reached out, her hands started trembling slightly the nearer she got to him. r

She knew she was about to do something that would most probably hurt her again as the memory of what happened the last time she had wanted to touch him flashed across her mind. Whether he would catch her wrist, take a step back, or push her away, she knew her stupid heart will feel that awful sting. r

And despite knowing all the possible negative outcomes, Elle still could not stop herself from attempting it again. She really did not want any more curses. She had felt that her life was already a long series of curses for quite some time. Though she was not usually superstitious, Elle wanted to believe in it even if it were just for tonight. She wanted – no, desperately wished for luck, not another curse. She was not sure if she could handle any more curses that would come at her this time. She did not know how much more her heart could take. r

Her fingers faltered for a moment as it neared his face. She was so glad that his attention was raptly focused elsewhere and he was still looking up, watching the lanterns. She knew without following his line of sight, that he was tracking the progress of the lantern they had released earlier. Because if he was staring at her right now, she might really chicken out and back off. As courageous as she was, that was only provided those steely and sharp grey eyes were not focused on her. r

As she was about to touch his mask, Elle could feel her heart already jumping into her throat. Lord... her courage was faltering. She did not want to get hurt – not tonight. She wanted this wonderful, beautiful and memorable day to stay as perfect as it was - not to be ruined. She wanted to remember this day as one of her happiest moments in her life. But the curse... r

She breathed shakily due to all her wildly conflicting emotions. Pulling in deep breaths, she told herself to calm down. r

But when he moved, Elle tiptoed. Just as Sebastian shifted his face to look down at her, her lips pressed onto his mask. And what more, it landed right over his lips. r

Time seemed to screech to halt and for a moment, Elle felt like her heart had totally stopped beating as well. The world just turned so quiet, so still, as if everything had ceased to exist but just the two of them. r

The feeling was unusual – unexpected. Something she could not quite put into words. Or was this the masked goddess' blessing? Did this feeling mean that this kiss worked even though her kiss only landed on his mask and not directly on his skin? r

Elle chose to believe in those thoughts. Because she could not think of any other reason behind these feelings that this kiss on his mask brought to her. It was unlike anything she had felt before. So weird... just a simple kiss, and not even one that was on skin, but it had the power to send her mind reeling and her heart stalling. r

Pulling away, Elle did not look at him but she crashed onto the thin mattress and sat there, pretending as though she had not done anything unusual. Without sparing Sebastian a glance, she rummaged for the liquor and glasses in the basket. And then she unceremoniously opened it. Thank goodness the liquor bottle was not very hard to open by herself. r

Still refusing to look up, Elle poured herself a drink. She found that she was suddenly feeling thirsty, maybe because of all that nervousness. r

Despite wincing at the bitter aftertaste of the liquor as it slid down her throat, Elle gulped down another mouthful of it. She did it not only because of the tradition, but also in the hopes to help calm and numb her nerves a little. r

And then finally, she meekly glanced up after telling herself that she had not actually gone against his rule. She had not kissed him directly. She only kissed him over his mask. So, she should be safe and this night would end as wonderful as it had started. At her back, she crossed her fingers. r

Her brows creased when she saw him still standing there in that very same position. It was as if someone had turned him into a statue. Was he that upset over her actions? r

Elle was curious but she felt relieved because she was not feeling that dreaded heavy aura oozing out of him. That alone was enough to make her relax. r

She absentmindedly refilled her own glass again and gulped on it, forgetting that she was drinking a liquor and not a bottle of beer until the alcohol seemed to burn her throat and she coughed from the irritation. r

Sebastian finally moved and immediately grabbed the glass from her hand as he squatted before her. r

"What's wrong?" he asked, wide-eyed. r

"I'm fine... just choked a little." Elle grinned awkwardly at him and he violently pushed his mask aside, that it was now covering the side of his face before taking a sip from her glass. His actions confused Elle for a moment. It was as though he wanted to test it out. r

The set of his shoulders then dropped as if he was extremely relieved about something.
r

Without saying anything, he plopped down to sit next to her. He rested his wrist on top of his bended knee. His head drooped a little causing Elle to wonder if he was overtired.
r

Desperate to ease up the awkward situation, Elle looked up to the sky. And there she saw just how magical the view had become. It looked even more enchanting now that all the lanterns were floating around and covering the sky. r

"Beautiful..." she breathed out, smiling and then she turned to Sebastian, only to be surprised when their eyes met. Lord... he was so beautiful... r

"Oh my god!!! It's true!!!" a shriek broke through their silence, causing Elle to whip to look towards the voice. There she saw ladies standing before them, gushing at Sebastian. Oh no...r

AMonthly goal: top 1 in golden ranking = mass release

This bonus chapter is dedicated to all the readers who always find a moment to drop a comment on my chapters. Just want you guys to know how much I appreciate you. HH is low in comments compared to my other books so I sometimes wonder if it's because the story is not that engaging to deserve a comment from my readers. :(

Again, thank you for commenting and i hope you guys will never get tired of it. Its really a huge support to hype me up and motivate me. <3

"My god! Prince Sebastian is really here!! Oh, my goodness, he's sooo freaking handsome!!! I can't believe this!" one of the ladies squealed as she could barely hold herself back from rushing over to Sebastian.

"Please can we have a picture with you, Your Highness?"

Sebastian's face darkened but he stood and went to them in an instant, planning to send them away immediately after.

But as soon as he was a few steps away from Elle, a crowd suddenly gathered around him. Elle was forced to grab their things, quickly stuff them inside the basket before taking a few steps back, or else she might have gotten trampled and flattened in there.

When she looked over at Sebastian, she saw him looking at her. He was stranded in the middle of a crowd of fangirling ladies.

Worried, Elle put the basket down and was about to rush over to him and help him out when someone suddenly grabbed at her arm.

"Alexander," Elle breathed out in relief at the sight of Alex. She was really worried that something bad might happen to Sebastian with the way the crowd was pressing in on him. She knew the crazy things that might happen when someone was suddenly mobbed even if they were all ladies who meant no harm. "Sebastian's getting mobbed. He needs help!"

A carefree grin flashed across Alex's face. "Don't worry, Elle. He can handle it. Geez, why did he take his mask off?" he grumbled but he only put his hands on his waist and watched.

"Uhm... you really need to help him." Elle looked at him pleadingly.

"It's fine. Nothing bad will happen to him I assure you, Elle." He told her reassuringly. "Let's just give them a few more moments to see and appreciate their prince. That guy right there, despite being crowned the Crown Prince never showed up here in this town before, despite my numerous invitations during the last three years. I'll have the crowd disperse later and let him slip away back to you, okay?"

Elle understood. Now that everyone had seen Sebastian, they could not just go pull him away out of there, especially since everyone was not actually doing anything that was risky. They were still all respectful and no one was grabbing him or mobbing him. She was fearful a while ago but it seems that the citizens in this place were really orderly and law abiding.

Finally relaxing, Elle sat on the bench behind them as she started to feel her knees getting a little weak. Seems like the liquor that she had consumed earlier was now kicking in.

Later, Abi arrived, bringing some new snacks for Elle. The ladies sat down together as Alex went and finally joined Sebastian.

"Mmm... I think this is a delicious partner for this!" Elle excitedly brought the liquor from the basket out as soon as she tasted the food Abi brought.

"Actually, you're right." Abi agreed and the two poured each other's glass and had a toast together. They then chatted as animatedly as usual until Sebastian and Alex finally returned to join them.

The two men looked so speechless as they towered over their wives as they looked down at the two ladies laughing together. They were, obviously... drunk now. How did that happen so quickly, both men had no idea.

"Oh, you're finally back, darling," Abi spoke first to Alexander.

Alex dropped to his one knee and smiled at his wife. "My dear wife, didn't we agreed to not getting drunk tonight? Hmm?" Alex sounded a little frustrated despite his sweetest smile.

But Abi just giggled at him. "Sorry darling. But Elle's liquor is just too good that we couldn't resist it. And you know I can't resist not joining our dearest Elle here."

Abi then stretched out her arms and climbed onto Alex. "The world's starting to spin. I think this is it for tonight. Let's go home, Alex." She muttered as she dizzily leaned in on Alex, causing the man to sigh heavily.

"Ah... there goes my plan for the night..." Alex sighed again as he lifted his wife in his arms and looked at Sebastian. "My wife's really bad with alcohol, so we're going first before she starts vomiting. I think Elle here is far better at handling her liquor."

"Don't get angry with her please, Alexander. Don't scold her for getting drunk, it's my fault." Elle butted in, looking at Alex with pleading eyes. She had not expected for Abi to get drunk so quickly.

Alex chuckled helplessly. "Don't worry, I won't scold her. Now then, you two have a good night."

Once Alex was gone, Elle shifted her dazed eyes to Sebastian. His face was covered with the mask again.

Reaching out, Elle held his hand and asked as her big blue eyes stared up at him. "Are you okay?"

His brow twitched at her question.

"I'm fine." He replied and then he suddenly bent over, his hand braced on the backrest as the other cupped her chin gently. "How drunk are you? Huh, Izabelle?"

"Hmm... just a little? Are you disappointed that I drank a bit... too much?"

His eyes twitched again and then he bent even closer to her. "Why would you think I'll be disappointed?" he whispered in a low voice.

"You..." she paused and moistened her lips with her tongue. "You really shouldn't move your face this close to me if you don't have the intention to be kissed... Sebastian." Her voice was low and raspy from holding back her emotions.

Her words caused him to turn very still, his pupil dilating as they stared back at her striking blue eyes.

"Tell me, Seb..." she whispered as her fingers trailed over the patterns on his mask. "Why can't I kiss you?"

"Why can't I kiss you?" Elle asked. And then abruptly, a forced grin flashed across her face. "Ah, sorry... I forgot myself. I keep forgetting sometimes. It seems like I'm really a little drunk now." r

Sighing loudly, she then arranged his slightly tilted mask as she continued muttering. "Forget what I asked, okay? That's... it is just the liquor working its... uhm... silly magic. Must have affected me more than I had thought. As promised, I'm not going to pry into your personal matters... right, I shouldn't... I won't... so don't you worry, my prince... Elle's a woman of her words. What I promised you, I'd be able to do it!" r

She sprung from the bench and backed up a few steps behind him. After playfully spreading her arms wide, and lifting her face up to the sky, she twirled around before looking back at him. He was already facing her and standing there silently.r

"Let's go, Sebastian! I'd like to explore more. You're not tired yet are you? I'd like to roam around more in this magical place! Let's go! Let's not waste any more time!" And then she excitedly walked forward, humming happily. She had not bothered to hold onto his hand but just walked on ahead, as if she was confident that Sebastian was going to follow after her no matter where she decided to go.r

Sebastian trailed after her. He kept a good distance from her in order to let her freely move around as she pleased. At this moment, he could grant her this amount of freedom to roam and wander as she pleased. But during the entire time, his eyes were glued to no one else but her, making sure that nothing would disturb her bliss. Not even by accident.r

They first walked across the stalls again. Now that the night was deep, the crowd had started to dwindle. The once lively and bustling place had now become quiet. Many of the people celebrating and joining in the festival had already left to go back to their homes. It was still bright out with all the pretty lights, but surprisingly, the vibe had completely turned into something breathtakingly mysterious. r

Elle just continued gushing about how magical and utterly charming everything around then was, completely oblivious to the also changing vibe around her. All she did was appreciate the beauty of the place and its decisions and ambiance. She did not even notice how everyone just naturally made way for her. The few people who were still out

and about, stepped aside almost so seamlessly as if there was an unseen force surrounding her that was making them all move out of her way. r

She also did not notice that no one was offering her food and drinks and souvenirs anymore. But she soon heard a soft, mystical music carried in the air and she twirled around and swayed her body to the rhythm as she kept moving forward. She looked like a venerable goddess in the dark, enjoying herself and totally absorbed her very own little world. r

Until they both ended up in a bright empty street. It was so empty and quiet that it almost felt like time had jumped from ten at night to four at dawn. r

Still, nothing seemed to have bothered Elle. She just continued wandering about, occasionally turning behind her to glance at Sebastian, as if to church that he was still following after her. r

"Are you tired yet, my dear husband?" she asked him, giggling mischievously. "You are right, this is me trying to tire you out because you're no fun at all! What a big bore!" She complained and pouted at Sebastian. r

Sebastian's face darkened at her words but the look on her face immediately pushed aside the gloom. Her eyes were sparkling so brightly, and her smile... she looked really happy... almost like a child who was just focused on having fun without any care in the world. And all he could do was stare at her in a daze. He even completely forgot about the fact that she had asked him if he was tired. He had been wondering when she would be getting tired for a long while now. r

She was such an energetic ball of fire the entire day up till now. But he never once thought of stopping her from going about her explorations. Unexpectedly, he found that he liked watching her like this. No, he loved this. For the first time, he was not tempted to grab her and bring her inside a room to do something heavenly and depraved to her. r

Right now, all he wanted to do was nothing else but watch her smile, watch her twirl and sway, watch her wander about, exploring things that caught her interest and watch her keep glancing back at him. He thought that he was currently going through something new and a strange experience once again. r

"Alright, tonight, I've decided! I hereby declare that you aren't my husband but my knight. How about that Sebastian?" she asked him, her expression playful and her eyes twinkling with anticipation. r

"I will be your princess and you... since you did nothing but become my bodyguard..." she pointed at him as she stood straight. "...are now my loyal knight!" r

Rushing back to him, Elle stood up before him with her chin raised courageously at him. "Now answer me, Sebastian. What do you say? Don't tell me you are unhappy now that your position got downgraded?" r

"Whatever you want, princess." He finally replied, deciding to just play along with this little drunk wife of his to quieten her fast. r

Her eyes twinkled at his response. But abruptly, her expression became authoritative. "Now sir Sebastian, my knight, carry me." She ordered, pointing at him and gesturing for him to come stand before her. r

So, it would seem that she was finally tired, he thought and without further ado, he bent to scoop her up. But Elle was quick on her feet and had swiftly stepped back.

"No, no, no. Not like that." She protested, causing Sebastian to shoot her a puzzled look.

This bonus chapter is dedicated to @Sacogun! Thank you very much for the nth times for the supergift!!! <3 <3

"No, no, no. Not like that." She protested, causing Sebastian to shoot her a puzzled look. He was stuck in a weird position of bending over halfway, wanting to pick her up, but not being able to since she had rejected his offer. However, Elle seemed to find that pose funny and she laughed out merrily. Her laughter was like the chime of many tiny bells. He loved hearing it. That sound of her laughter.

"I want to try something different today... a piggy back ride!" She grinned after declaring her choice of transportation style. "Now my knight, stop hesitating and do as your princess has commanded. Don't be disobedient."

Sebastian caught his lip between his teeth and nibbled on it for a while. Now he was starting to regret that he had gone along with her drunken plays.

When his eyes noticed someone opening their window to sneak a peek, Sebastian turned around. "Get on. Quick." He told her in a tight voice and Elle immediately hopped onto him without any hesitation.

He just wanted to get her out of this particular neighborhood as soon as possible.

She was still chuckling happily to herself as Sebastian walked down another street where there were still more people milling around.

"I never thought I'd actually enjoy riding you like this tonight." She giggled innocently. But she had not realized how her words had an effect completely opposite of being innocent to her 'knight' that was carrying her.

Sebastian's steps faltered a little. His throat worked.

"Now, now... don't stop here, Sir Sebastian. We have not arrived at our next destination yet." She rallied him and his grip on her tightened slightly before he finally moved again. "That's my man." she praised the next moment.

He paused again at her words but managed to continue moving before she started protesting again.

For an immeasurable amount of time, Sebastian continued walking slowly until Elle was tired of gushing over and hyping up everything that she felt was amazing or beautiful or just plain genius. She finally leaned her head on the back of his shoulder and just silently breathed.

"Thank you..." she whispered suddenly, causing Sebastian to halt midstep. "I had so much fun today and tonight too. And this is sooo much fun! I never thought riding you would be this much fun."

"You better stop saying those words now, Izabelle." He snapped. This girl had no idea whatsoever at what it was doing to him whenever she kept spouting those crazy suggestive words!

But she acted as though she did not hear him. She wiggled down from his back before immediately running off. Not giving him any moment to ask where she was going this time.

Sebastian tsked as he trailed after her, only to have his eyes widened when he realized she had entered a club. And he knew that wasn't just any normal club. He already knew that this club was one of those old-fashioned brothels disguised as a simple club!

Grabbing Elle's arm, Sebastian pinned her against him and whispered. "Sorry, Izabelle, but that's not a place for you to enter so casually." His voice was firm.

She whipped around and glared at him, surprising him once again. He didn't expect a glare from her.

"Did you forget who you are right now, Sebastian? You're Sebastian, my obedient knight. You're not my husband who always leaves me in the dark and tells me not to do this and that without any explanation!" the happy innocent ball of fire had suddenly turned into a fiery woman determined to burn everything to hell if she did not get what she wanted. F**k, the duality of this woman right now was insane! It seems that he was

wrong to think she was as innocent as a child when drunk! He should've just taken her back to Alexander's house while he was carrying her!

"This is a club, Izabelle." He whispered in a controlled but firm voice. He was making sure that he sounded as absolute as he could for her to realize he wasn't open for any negotiation about this matter.

"Oh... isn't that much better?" She happily clapped her hand. "I've never been in a club before! It's high time for me to explore this uncharted territory!"

But Sebastian held her arm firmly in his grip, not allowing her to take another step in. "No. And no means no, Izabelle."

"Yes, Sebastian!" she stood up to him. Her blue eyes blazed at him in challenge. "And yes, means yes!"

"You're not going to negotiate with this. I'll take you anywhere but here." Sebastian did not budge from his stance and tried to pull her away when Elle hit him lightly on his chest.

When he whipped around, the words he was about to say did not come out after seeing the expression on her face. She was breathing heavily and the corner of her eyes had already turned red. She was angry and looked as though she was about to cry.

"F**k, fine!" he hissed out in frustration. He was really pissed at himself right now on why the hell was he giving in to her ridiculous demands. He should have just grab her away and bring her back to Alexander's house no matter if she cried. He would much rather deal with that than letting her go inside that f**king place.

She smiled and lovingly hugged him. "Thank you..." she told him and Sebastian felt even more frustrated at the realization that the girl had just used her tears and played with him and blackmailed him with her little acting. His mind kept telling him that it was plain ridiculous of him to give this woman any more power over him.

And yet he had allowed himself to be dragged by her inside the club.

"Just a peek. Okay, Izabelle?" He firmly whispered in her ear. And then they finally entered.

Yes guys, there's a 5 chaps mass release today as thanks to all readers who lit up torches, reviewed, and participated on the Hellbound With You encore event. Thank you so much for all the support guys. The event is still ongoing rn so for those who didn't participate yet, feel free to check the event out. Once again, thank you so much Hellbounders! <3

4 more chaps later today.

Elle's lips parted at the view that welcomed her. She had thought this club was all about dancing and drinking as the entrance did not look that very extravagant. She was wrong for this one as it seems there was also gambling and many other... things happening inside. There were also certain sections that were hidden from her eyes and it seemed people in those areas were livelier. Not that she could see, but that was what she deduced from hearing the things going on within.

A waiter approached them with alcoholic drinks, but Sebastian was quick to grab the glass before Elle could even look at it. He gulped it all down in the next breath.

"Sebastian... let's go dance... Look, everyone's having so much fun over there! That seems to be so much fun!" she pointed at the dance floor as she tugged at him, wanting to drag him over to explore that area.

Again, he was unable to resist. It almost felt like his body was no longer under his control but hers instead. His hands and feet were somehow moving independently from his mind whenever she told him that she wanted to go here or there. Although his mind said no, his limbs still moved to her desires despite himself.

And soon, they were in the middle of the crowd. Sebastian was barely moving as he was too busy watching her, making sure that no other men would bump into her even if it was purely just by accident.

"This is amazing! Everyone's just doing whatever they like." She looked so amazed at her new discovery. At how the people on the dance floor just gyrated, rubbed and ground themselves on others around them. And then she too, began to dance like there was no tomorrow.

She danced, smiling so widely, with her expressive eyes twinkling and when her long red hair covered her face, she lifted her hand and combed her hair aside eagerly with her fingers. She did all that as she continued dancing, smiling at him as he watched over her at arm's length.

The sight of her enjoying herself turned him on so much that he fought hard not to grab her and...

He was so f**king distracted and mesmerized that he did not even notice how some girls had already been slowly dancing and making their way over to him. They were so intent on getting close to Sebastian that they were almost grinding themselves on her until Elle was forced to stop dancing. Her expression turned kind of dangerous after that.

When the ladies started to touch and cling onto him and yet he did not react and do anything to remove themselves from his person, Elle's gaze on Sebastian sharpened.

Finally snapping out of his lustful trance, Sebastian noticed her unsightly expression and a smirk curved across his lips.

"What's wrong, my princess?" he whispered into her ears. "Why look at me like that when you're the one who insisted that we come here? As you said, people here can do whatever they like."

He had only meant to tease her. He knew that she was enjoying this so much and part of him had loved that she was not holding back and was happy and enjoying herself.

However, he thought that he really needed her to know the reality of this type of place. This was her first time here. So, he must let her know that these places were not all just sunshine and fun. She must learn the dangers and filth that lurks within every wall.

"Dance with us, hottie..." a flirty voice butted in as another woman grinded her behind on Sebastian's side, causing Elle to widen her eyes.

Despite the fact that Sebastian was wearing his mask, the ladies were still behaving like moths that were being drawn to him like a flame. And everyone was scrambling, looking as if they wanted a piece of him.

Elle clenched on her fists. The sight had turned her sober. She did not like it though, because the sober her would always choose to just walk away, and then go suffer in silence.

But perhaps, some alcohol spirit was still lingering on her that made her lift her face and meet Sebastian's gaze.

"You're really not going to... stop her from doing that?" she asked him. Her face was red with emotions.

"Girl, don't be a strict little girlfriend when you're in a bar." The sexy lady who had a big ass and perfect sized boobs butted in. "Your charismatic boyfriend will leave you if you're too controlling like that."

Elle snapped at her. "He's my husband!" she declared firmly, her eyes were fierce and flashing with fire as she met the woman's lustful eyes.

The woman was visibly intimidated for a moment there but it appeared she too was intoxicated to be rational enough to back off.

"Really?" the woman lifted her brow instead and smirked at Elle. "Don't lie girl, I don't even see any wedding band on his finger."

And those words had Elle feeling like a bucket of ice water had been poured right down her neck. A sharp piercing pain landed through her and her throat began to hurt. She

remembered that during their shotgun wedding, Sebastian had only brought out one ring that he had used to put on her hand during the quick ceremony. He had not brought one for himself then. As to why he did not bother putting one on, she had not known of the reason.

Elle shifted her eyes to Sebastian and she quietly swallowed the stinging lump in her throat. Lord... how she wished that she was still heavily drunk. But too bad her mind was no longer drunk enough to come at her or him.

So, she just turned around to leave.

But Sebastian had caught her arm in his turn grip. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Since you look like you're enjoying yourself with these girls, I should give you your space and go look for some guys around who would actually enjoy my company too." She replied testily and then she fiercely tugged her arm out of his grip.

Elle rushed away from him the moment she pulled her hand out of his grip. She had seen the widening of his eyes at what she had said before turning and running away from him. She knew she had caught him off guard when she suddenly tugged her hand from his.

But all she wanted now was to walk away from him and do whatever she liked. She had initially said those words testily just to test and see his response. But now, her mind was telling her to go on and do as she had daringly said.

She was not sure at how fast or how did she even manage it, but she reached a dim corner where a few people were entering some side door. It seemed that she was really upset and too emotional again to manage this feat in her tipsy state. She was not really confident at first if she could actually get away from Sebastian. Or could it be because he had purposely let her get away?

Her throat tightened again at that thought. And she clenched her fists to stop herself from looking for him. No... she was not going to look back. She was not going to make herself look like the desperate one fighting for that certain someone's attention and loyalty. She knew that was easier said than done, but Elle had somehow managed to stiffened herself quite easily the moment she reminded herself that she was the one who had told him that he could still go ahead and practice his usual free and easy lifestyle when she had proposed to him back then.

Looking around everywhere but behind her, Elle locked eyes with a man leaning against the wall. He was elegantly holding a glass of wine with his one hand and the other was shoved deep into his pocket. She almost cursed out loud as she realized the reason why her eyes had been drawn to him. It was because he had the same physique and height as Sebastian! If he had been holding a cigarette and smoking there in the dim

light, and his hair was not dyed a dark gold, she might have actually mistaken him for her infuriating husband for a moment there!

Quickly shifting her gaze away from him, Elle then realized that there were a couple of men approaching her. They did not seem to have come together, but their eyes were fixed on her. She hoped that they were going to ask her to go back to the dancefloor with them... because lord, she had zero idea on knowing how to flirt. She would want to go back there and dance with abandon until the stupid lump in her throat was gone. That was all she wanted.

But her brows creased when the men suddenly halted and then abruptly changed their direction. What happened? She was quite sure that they were coming for her!

Realizing someone's presence behind her, Elle almost stumbled back in surprise when the golden-haired man from earlier was now right before her. He was shamelessly flashing her a beguiling smile. The man was... he possessed what could only be described as an exotic male beauty.

"Hello beautiful, are you separated from your partner for the night?" he asked, tilting his head a little.

Elle suddenly did not know what to say. She was not really sure how to respond to that question.

"How could you tell that I was originally here with someone?" she managed. She was not sure if that question would even be the right one.

"I just don't think a woman as beautiful as yourself would come to this place without someone escorting you." He commented, showing how sharp his observational skills and how logical his deductive skills were. Elle could only utter an awkward 'haha'. Lord, she was so bad at this!

"But then, if you had come over with a male, I won't be helping you look for him." He added, causing Elle to raise a brow at him in curiosity.

"Because it's not your business?" Elle guessed.

He shook his head. "Because whoever the male was who had let you slip away from his hold in a place like this, is an idiot and does not deserve to be with a woman like you."

Elle blinked at him. She could not deny that she was not impressed with his pickup line.

"Right..." She agreed with his statement but then her expression turned a little fierce. "He's definitely an id..." she trailed off at the realization of what she was about to say about her own husband and then bit down on her lip quickly.

The man chuckled softly, his hazel eyes looking at her with gentle amusement. That little sound of amusement coming from him had somehow softened the rough edges that Elle had perceived from him from earlier. And currently, he does not seem to be that bad in her eyes.

"I'm Caelian." He introduced himself with a casual smile. Somehow, Elle found this stranger to be quite... friendly. He seemed to be exuding a very approachable aura that did not cause her to want to steer clear from him.

"Elle," she replied and returned his smile with a friendly one.

"Nice meeting you, Elle. If you don't mind me asking, are you a..." he suddenly trailed off and then inclined his head a little as he stared at her with an intense curiosity.

His curious gaze suddenly made her feel a little nervous and she awkwardly smiled, taking a small step back to put some distance in between them.

"Oh sorry, I didn't mean to make you feel awkward." he said. "I just feel like you're not an... ordinary person –" Caelian suddenly broke off and as his gaze flew towards somewhere behind her. And then his lips parted as if he had been struck speechless.

"Good lord!" He muttered softly. But Elle could still hear it and that caused her to look over her shoulder for a moment. When there was only the crowd of people she saw in the direction that he was looking at, she returned her gaze back to him, only to find the golden-haired man gone from where he was standing earlier.

"Cael –" before Elle could even complete the stranger's name, someone had already grabbed her and the next thing she knew, she was pinned hard against a wall.

Moments ago, the moment Elle fiercely tugged her hand out from his hold, Sebastian was so caught off guard he was unable to react immediately. Thus, allowing her to easily get out of his grasp and run off. If not for him being almost exaggeratingly affected by everything she said and done, there would not be any chances of her getting out of his grip.

And while he was still processing this, something unthinkable happened to him.

A hand slipped under his shirt and... touched him. The touch was light but he still felt it like a burning brand landing right on his naked skin.

Sebastian's vision immediately darkened and he caught the woman's hand that was still moving suggestively under his shirt in an extremely tight grip and with so much violence that the woman shrieked out in pain. However, her voice was drowned out by the loud sounds of the music and bass rhythm of the beat.

With tears running down her cheeks, she began to beg him to let her hand go. But Sebastian started to shake instead. Despite having his face covered, he exuded a dark and violent aura that made everyone close to him feel like all hell was about to break loose. The girls who had initially flocked to him the moment Elle was gone were now stiffening up as they froze where they stood in utter fear. Everyone who was not intoxicated enough to notice their surroundings had already stopped dancing and looked over at Sebastian with fear in their eyes.

The woman whose wrist was still being gripped tightly by Sebastian was crying out and when an intoxicated man tried to help her out, Sebastian grabbed the man directly over his face and in one swift move, the man was being pushed down to the ground and instantly lost consciousness.

The commotion in the middle of the dancefloor was left unnoticed by everyone outside of that circle. It was all because everyone who saw what Sebastian had done to the drunk man did not make any moves nor did they dare to make a sound. They could only stare. Fear and shock were reflected in their eyes as they stared at the masked man.

The woman he grabbed was now crumpled on the floor, wailing as she held onto her broken wrist.

Sebastian on the other hand, was panting hard as he squatted on the floor, head drooping and leaned on his forearms while his eyes were tightly shut. He was sweating so hard. Dark, filthy, hellish memories were flashing across his mind, trying to consume him. He felt like he was having a nightmare while still being awake. F**k! F**k!

He was wanting some violence. Blood and pain. He wanted it now or he would ... he would not be able to wake up from this nightmare.

But then suddenly, another foreign image that never belonged to his nightmare appeared in his mind. It was Izabelle! He saw her turning away from him and disappeared through the crowd.

The thought of her in trouble was enough to be able to extract himself a little out of his nightmare. F**k! Izabelle... right, she was here... she was... he needed to find her... and quickly!

The flashing images took turns and they fought for absolute control over him. Nightmare to Izabelle. To nightmare again and back.

The nightmare seemed to be winning, making his bloodlust surge. Everyone started to move away until there was an empty small circle in the middle of the dancefloor with just him and the man he had brought down.

When he rose from his crouched position on the floor, the frozen people around him scurried back. All of them looked as though they were prepared to scream and run for their lives.

Just as when they thought he was going to attack, he did not. He only walked off in an unsteady gait, swaying from right to left as though he was weakened and drunk. However, though his movements seemed weak, his aura was the complete opposite. Everyone was forced to make way for him. The completely intoxicated ones were pulled to the side by the sober people, away from his path.

Sebastian was still seeing nothing but red and darkness. He still wanted blood, still thirsted for violence. He was still semi-stuck in a nightmare. But his body was somehow able to instinctively move to look for her when another image appeared in his vision – it was Isabelle standing in the cave with Elijah's hickey glaringly obvious on her neck.

It was that particular image which had gotten him to move. That single image was more effective in driving him to look for her instead of prowling for blood.

And then he found her. She was with a man.

His blood boiled and the nightmare was completely pushed aside for a moment and before he knew it, he had grabbed her and was already pinning her against the wall.

Wide-eyed with shocked at his sudden appearance and rough way of handling her, Elle looked up at the man pinning her against the wall. He towered over her and his eyes, she noticed that they were bloodshot. He was breathless and... terrifying.

But the emotion that reigned in her heart at the sight of him was surprisingly not fear. In fact, it was worry. What happened... what happened to him?

She noticed the tremors of his body, the suffocating air around him and the somehow desperate way that he was holding onto her. And she suddenly felt afraid, not for herself but for him. She felt as though he was the one getting suffocated.

"S-Sebastian?" She called out his name naturally. Her emotion was being fully affected at the mere thought of whatever it was that he was going through. She thought at first, that this was mere jealousy and part of her almost rejoiced in it. But she clearly knew in her heart that this was not as simple as that. Something... something was happening to him.

"Sebastian..." Elle uttered his name once again, wishing with all her heart that she could just lift her hand to touch him. But he was pinning them so hard against the wall as he towered over her, covering her body with his own hard one.

Her heart squeezed hard when she heard him take deep breaths as they came out so shakily. She could feel how much effort he was taking to calm down.

So, she moved and leaned her head on his chest. Hopefully, this mild and obedient gesture from her would somehow calm his volatile emotions. Lord... the things that this man does to her! He would anger and infuriate and hurt her to the highest of heights possible, and then in the very next moment, make her feel like this.

Whatever that had happened to him in that short time they were separated from each other... Whatever it was that was going on with him right now, all Elle wanted to do was to embrace him, hold him tightly in her arms, protect him and make him feel better. She was shocked at the intensity of her desire in wanting to do everything for him, right now.

She wondered if it was because she had never once thought that she would ever see this man like this. She had never ever imagined that there would ever be something that could make this man like this.

Nuzzling her face into his chest in her attempt to make him feel better, she heard his heartbeats that were drumming so crazily fast and loud, gradually slowing down a little after a while.

He then took a few more deep breaths before pushing himself away from her. Linking his fingers with hers in a tight grip, he turned around, with her in tow, and strode towards the exit.

Elle tried to keep up with his strides and as they passed through the dance floor where she had left him, she noticed that it was no longer hip and happening. People swiftly made way for them to pass through, and Elle noticed the strange looks in their eyes as they watched Sebastian. It was as though they were watching him with wary eyes.

And that was not all. She saw the flirty woman from earlier now looking like hell as she was showing her seemingly broken hand to the other people before her. But when they saw her and Sebastian walking past, the woman cowered and hid behind the people she was talking to.

Once they were out of the club, she was yanked against him again.

His big hand cupped the back of her head as he pressed her face to him while his other hand securely wrapped around her waist. And then she caught her breath at the sudden, strange shift. That... that thing was happening again. It was like that time when Rion carried her back to her room from that cave. It was like... Lord... what was this? Were they really... was he leaping?

She felt him land and then he seemed to leap again. Feeling as though her heart would stop, she tightened her grip on him and squeezed her eyes tightly closed. She could not make herself look around. Her mind was still in complete denial. That was impossible... was all her mind could say over and over again until her feet finally landed on solid ground.

They both stayed still for a long while. Despite all the chaotic din happening in Elle's mind, the first thing she paid attention to was him. She listened to his breathing and took note of the tenseness of his body. His breathing was still harsh and though now faint, the tremors were still there. His body had become even stiffer too.

Elle waited patiently for another long while before she finally lifted her face up to look at him. Her heartbeat was racing within her as she slowly looked up.

"S-seb?" she whispered his name and that one sound had his body going completely still. Then he pushed her away at arm's length before striding fast past her. He stopped after a few steps and just stood there.

She stared at him as he harshly yanked his mask off and was about to throw it to the ground. But his movements halted in mid-air, as if something had stopped him from smashing the mask to the ground. No, the mask would not get smashed as the ground was...

Elle's lips parted at the realization that the ground was filled with little white and glowing flowers she has never seen before. Finally looking around, Elle realized that they were now at the entrance to a pine forest. The meadow that they were standing in right now was covered with these magically glowing bell-like flowers, making it seem as though they had stepped into fairyland itself! Gazing further, Elle noticed that there were little glowing lights here and there at certain spots of the pine trees that were dark against the moonlit sky. The pathway into the forest seemed to be lit with the glow of those magical little bell flowers, essentially creating a path naturally lit for them to walk along if they intended to take a stroll into the forest.

The place was... it was just purely breathtaking and mystifying. If Sebastian had not brought her to witness this sight with her own two eyes, she would have not believed that such a place could even exist. Not even if she had shown her a picture. But right now, she found that she could not even gush over all that enchanting beauty.

Her gaze was completely fixed on him and her feet automatically moved, but ever so slowly towards him. She was afraid of how he would react to her approach. But after thinking for a bit, she had decided that she did not want to stand there so helplessly and just watch him without doing anything.

But she suddenly stopped when he stilled again at his notice of her approach. She immediately thought that he might be needing some space and wanted to be alone. She understood if he wanted that, because even she sometimes needed it more than anything else.

Quietly, she stepped back just to keep her distance when he suddenly grabbed her arm.

A/N: Check the image I made through an AI generator in the comment box.

Sebastian gripped her arm hard and hissed, "Don't you dare... run off again, Izabelle!"

He said those words through gritted teeth. Threat and rage flashed harshly across his eyes. But Elle did not even flinch nor feel even a little fear.

Because now that his mask was gone, she could clearly see that he looked like someone who had just emerged from the darkest depths of hell itself. His face was wet with sweat and she felt as though he was using his rage and displeasure to hide something else that he did not ever want her to see.

"I... I won't." she reassured him in a gentle soothing tone. "Unless of course, if you push me away from you again."

His throat worked. "Me? Who the f**k is pushing you away?" he narrowed his eyes at her as he growled his question out. Elle could see that he was suddenly agitated and unhappy that she had said that.

Elle opened her mouth to retort but suddenly closed it and silently drew in a deep breath. She did not want to argue with him about that when he was like this right now. This was not the time and place to hash the details out for that. And to top it off, she was still worried about him.

And she was feeling tired all of a sudden. It seemed that tiredness had now caught up to her after being so hyper and moving about non-stop all day long, and even so late into the night. All she wanted right now was for this man to be okay, whatever it was that he was going through. Though she was still angry at the way he had handled things at the club before, she did not wish for any harm or unease to befall him. Just thinking of it brought so much pain to her heart. Oh, how soft-hearted she was to this man...!

Noticing a small green leaf in his hair, Elle slowly lifted her hand, wanting to pull it off him. She watched his every expression as she hesitantly reached her hand out.

Stopping midway, Elle met his gaze, shocked that it was intently locked onto hers. "There's a... leaf..." she told him in a weak tone before pointing to the leaf in his hair. Then she moved her hand with exaggerated carefulness, conscious of how he was watching her like a hawk.

His eyes twitched at the realization that she was almost afraid of touching him. He cursed within himself because the fact that she was so afraid to touch him, now caused him to feel f**king... f**k, this was truly going to make him lose his mind.

After gingerly pinching the leaf between her thumb and pointer, Elle slowly lifted the leaf from his hair before throwing it to one side. She suddenly swayed where she stood,

causing Sebastian to move so fast and caught her on time just before she crashed to the ground.

"I'm... fine. I think I just need to sit down and have some rest." she told him. Then she quickly took her robe off and spread it on the grass, not wanting to sit directly on it lest she dirtied or accidentally ripped the dress that she borrowed from Abi. Abi had been so kind to lend it to her. She would die of embarrassment if she were to return it in a less than perfect state as to when she had taken it.

Wordlessly, Elle then seated herself before looking up at Sebastian. After staring at her naked back for a moment, he took his robe off and unceremoniously draped it on her.

"Please sit, Sebastian. You've been standing all day." She patted on the space next to her.

He could not refuse when she looked at him so pleadingly. Because of that, he unwillingly threw his ass down next to her.

"There's another..." her voice pulled at his attention again and turned to her. Her hand was in mid-air as she was about to pick something from his hair again.

Her obvious hesitation ticked him off so badly that he just could not stop his expression from darkening. He was truly going to be driven insane for getting so worked up that she was obviously afraid to touch him. And before he knew it, he spoke through gritted teeth, "You can touch me wherever and whenever you want, Izabelle. Except..."

He suddenly trailed off and shut his eyes. "Except anywhere around my torso." He continued with difficulty.

His eyes flew wide as an image of white-as-corpse hands reaching out and caressing his young body from his abdomen up to his chest. He felt like snakes and worms were crawling under his skin, making him want to vomit.

"Thank you..." her soft voice pulled him back to reality. The image was gone, but the crawling, disgusting feeling was still lingering on him. He was just barely suppressing the reaction of shivering and batting away at his skin, trying to get imaginary snakes and worms off his upper torso.

"Thank you for sharing this with me." She smiled gently at him.

He let himself fall back and laid there with the back of his palm covering his upper face. Sometimes, her sweet, glowing, and unadulterated smile made him think that he was so... so dark... so filthy for someone like her. Sometimes, he was afraid of what would happen to that smile of hers the longer she was with him.

And yet, he knew he could not possibly let her go. Not now. Not anymore. That was something impossible for him to do now. It was too late for him to let her go.

Her lovely face suddenly hovered over his. "Do you want to rest your head in my lap?" she asked. He could see the innocent concern in her eyes.

"No..." he reached out and fiddled with her red hair between his thumbs. His eyes gleamed so devil-bright as his gaze smoldered at her. "I'd rather have my head between your legs."

A/N: Mass release done! Sorry for those who checked all day and kept waiting. When i say today, i'm talking about my timezone which is GMT+8. Hope you guys enjoyed today's MR.

Monthly goal: top1 in GT ranking = mass release

Chapter 130 Worst Time,

m Elle's lips parted before her skin flushed red at his words. Lord... this man was really... truly... she could not even find the right word in her flustered mind at the moment to describe his attitude.

Her face blazed even more when his words caused her mind to work in overdrive and provide the exact image in her head and she was... she was impossibly affected!

She caught her lower lips between her teeth as she struggled to find words on how to respond or even think. Her mind was lagging hopelessly the longer she stared down at him – at those pair of intense grey eyes that were now gazing up at her with what seemed like a near-violent desire. Her mind was getting more blurry the longer she stared at him, as her heart rattled within her chest due to anticipation.

And that gaze was enough to ignite a blazing fire within her. The kind of fire that would flare-up into something wild and consume her whole the moment he touched her, even with just the tip of his fingertips. That was just how combustible she was right now, no thanks to him!

His insane effect on her... it was only getting more and more intense that she could not help but feel scared – scared of the consequence of her escalating desire for him. It was as though that the more she associated herself with him and was more entangled with Sebastian, the more it fed her thirst and longing for him.

"We should head back soon," he broke the stalemate. And then she saw him shift his gaze away from her face with difficulty. The grey fire in his eyes did not subside and

when she leaned back, her eyes immediately caught something around the area of his groin – a bulge. A huge one.

"F**k, Izabelle." He groaned low. He had noticed how her eyes had drifted down to his lower section. And it did not help his hard situation, pun intended.

Elle's eyes flew back to his face as he pushed himself up in a sitting position and cupped her chin. "Stop tempting me more than you already are... I really need to bring you back to Alexander's house now."

"But you said you wanted to put your head between my legs." Elle's mouth moved first before her mind could even realize that she had spoken.

Time seemed to screech into a halt. Elle could not believe what she had just mouthed off. Her mind screamed with shame. And she firmly told herself it must be because there were still the remnants of alcohol spirits in her blood that had made her say that shameful line. Yes, that must be it. Otherwise, she would not have dared to even think of it, much less say it out so recklessly.

Sebastian on the other hand, had his eyes widened and then dilated. It was as though he had been dealt with an unexpected blow that had left him breathless.

And the next thing he knew, his body had moved and pinned her down to the ground. Her red hair fluttered over the royal blue silk she had spread out and she was f**k... she looked so ravishing that he wanted to debauch her right there and then!

"You little..." he hissed with difficulty as he gripped her wrists tight, hovering over her, "... I am trying so hard to hold back here."

"Holding back? Because... this place is... dangerous?" she asked, surprising him once again. Why was she continuing to mouth off?

F**k, this woman truly loved to drive him into madness, did she not?! She was doing it again! Not cooperating, and seemingly wanting him when he needed to withdraw!

"F**k, no! It's me who's dangerous for you right now. So, cooperate with me and tell me to take you back. Now, Izabelle!" He spoke through clenched teeth and felt that if he had to hold back any longer, he might even shatter his own jaw at how tightly he was clenching it.

She looked at him with a gaze that was like a visual aphrodisiac and said, "You've always been dangerous for me though. When is it that you weren't...?" and she then blinked innocently at him, causing the blood to surge in his body.

Sebastian froze and could not respond for a moment. But when he came though, his jaws clenched even harder and he gritted his teeth. "I'm different right now, Izabelle."

You wouldn't want what I'd do to you if I..." he trailed off and then he steeled his voice, wanting to become more threatening. He had brought her here so he could calm down a little. And then he had planned to drop her back to Alexander's house and leave for a while.

But before he knew it, he was lying on the ground, looking up at her and telling her he wants his head between her legs.

Now he was getting out of control and she was f**king uncooperative, provoking him at the worst time possible like she had done before. It was driving him crazy how she pushed him away when he was so desperate for her and then pulled him back like this when he was trying so hard to get away.

He had planned to leave her for a while because she was afraid of this happening. Because whenever he was triggered like this, he always become so violent in everything he did, even when he had sex. That was why he always tried to avoid sex for days whenever he was triggered.

Few women were able to handle him but Izabelle, f**k, he could not do that to this beautiful and fragile woman of his. No, he would not. The thought that she would think of him like he was a f**king animal had caused him such intense awful feelings.

"I'm serious Izabelle, you should really fear me right now. Tell me to let go and get off you now..." he started to breathe harshly, as he was reaching his limits. Because despite all these intense emotions and resolve, her pull on him seemed to be something so unbreakable that only her words could reverse it.

"Let go of my hands, Sebastian," she finally said.

He felt both relief and disappointment but he immediately loosened up his grip.

Once her hands were freed, she lifted them and just as he thought that she was going to push him away, she surprised him by wrapping her arms around his neck instead, and hugged him.