

## Hellbound Heart #Chapter 161 -170

### Very Soon [7/7] - Read Hellbound Heart Chapter 161 Very Soon [7/7]

Unlike in the Black Forest, it had been raining heavily in the town that night. The scent and footprints had been washed away so the search had been unsuccessful.

None of them could find any traces of where Izabelle was. It was as though she had disappeared completely like a ghost.

The day then came and went but even though they had almost literally flipped the entire town upside down, they still could not find Elle or any traces of her.

Because of the heavy rain and unusually intense thunder and lightning, Caelian and the other guards who had been on duty had not picked up any scents or noises that could have alerted them. Caelian had been guarding the front of the house while three other vampires were guarding the other sides of the house. Thus, they could not understand how a single human woman was able to run off undetected.

Their investigation led them to the conclusion that something must have happened to the guard at the back side of the house. And whatever that something was, they still could not figure it out. They had deduced that the vampire might have been hypnotized or something of the sort and that was how he had not caught whoever the culprit was that had taken or helped Izabelle leave the house unnoticed. In fact, none of the guards even noticed Izabelle was gone until Sebastian entered her room.

Everything had been mysterious about Izabelle's disappearance.

The only thing that made everyone feel less hopeless that something bad had happened to her was the fact that there was no sign of any resistance in her room. That should mean that she was not kidnapped by a bad guy.

They were relieved, but... this also ended up like another part of this whole plan. That the princess was truly involved in this entire masterful plot.

Three days had passed since then. The entire country had been under a secret lock down as per the Crown Prince's order. Despite the intensive search, the princess was still nowhere to be found. And the situation was getting tenser by the day.

Somewhere in a dense forest, Sebastian was walking by himself. His face devoid of any emotions. It was raining heavily again. He was not wearing any coat as he silently walked forward.

Soon, a man landed behind him. It was Lucas.

"We have completed the search in this forest, Your Highness. I believe she isn't here or had even set any foot here." Lucas reported.

Sebastian's expression did not even show any reaction. Not even a tiny twitch. His face was nothing but a piece of blank cold stone. It was as though he was a walking and breathing statue, rather than a living being. He had been this way since the moment he was told that his wife was no where to be found.

"Then it's time to move on to the next one." He replied blankly.

Lucas' brows creased momentarily before he shut his eyes, bracing himself as he spoke. "Please have a rest, Your Highness. We will continue the search. At least get some rest tonight. You haven't rested at all for the last four â€œ"

"Shut up, Lucas." That three words were enough to send chills running down Lucas' spine. Sebastian's cold, dangerous eyes could even make a lesser man piss themselves just by looking at it.

Lucas had never seen the Prince behaving like this before. Never. Right now, it seemed as though someone had just awakened a sleeping ferocious monster.

But Lucas could not back off even if he wanted to. This prince was the most dangerous of all the princes he had served. All because this man was not like Prince Ezekiel who weighs the pros and cons first before doing something. Prince Sebastian was the type who would probably decide to burn the world down just for someone and the thought of innocent people getting caught up in it probably would not even stop him one bit. Unlike the selfless prince he had served before him who always considers the future and the people, this Prince Sebastian was selfish. That was why he was a living danger.

"Alexander had sent a message, Your Highness. The queen of the witches has arrived to help with the search. Alexander said you don't need to come to the Black Forest as many witches have returned. He said that you just need to stay put for now and wait for his next message."

At long last, Lucas' words finally convinced him to stop his endless search. The prince has not even taken the time to have a meal nor lay his head down to sleep.

It was unbelievable that this prince who hated witches down to his bones was now even quietly accepting their help. All for the sake of searching for his missing wife. And it was a little scary, because now they know what the princess was in this prince's life. If they could not find her despite their best efforts... or if something happened to her... what would this prince do?

Just thinking about it gave Lucas an intense shiver. He hoped that there would only be good news waiting for them at the end. It did not bode well for anyone if there was only negative news to be reported back to Prince Sebastian about Princess Izabelle's whereabouts.

Soon, Sebastian was finally back in the Reigns castle. He went straight to their room and when he saw her red ponytail on her make-up table, he picked it up and brought it to his nose. He inhaled her scent quietly before he stared at his own reflection on the window. "You better let me find you soon before I go completely crazy, Iza..." he whispered, before allowing his eyes to flutter close. "Please let me find you soon... very soon, baby... because I can't... I don't think I can bear it anymore..."

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A/N: Mass release done!

New goal this month of October: top 1 in GT ranking = 10 chapters mass release

Letting the cold water fall onto his head, Sebastian stood like a sculpted statue under the shower. His head was hanging down listlessly as he braced his powerful arms against the tiled wall.

His mind was filled with nothing but her. His Izabelle. His still missing wife.

He saw her everywhere in their room and when he entered the bathroom, he saw her there too. His mind projected her figure sitting there in the tub. And now she was there right before him, looking up at him with her innocent but fierce eyes as he jailed her between his body and this very wall.

And when he reached out to caress her face, she smiled and then disappeared. Leaving him alone and clenching his fists, pressing his forehead against the cold hard wall.

Striding out of the bathroom with a gloomy face, he returned to their bed. He did not even bother buttoning his shirt before he fell back onto the bed. The back of his palm covering his eyes.

A long silence passed without him moving a muscle.

Then a wicked smile tugged at the corner of his lips. When... when had she become this important to him? When had she become his everything... even the very air that he breathed?

Since he found her to be gone, he felt as though he could no longer breathe well anymore. No, it was like there was no more air for him to breathe. He felt strangled, suffocated. Sinking to the bottom of the deepest ocean where air did not seem to exist.

He had been stuck underwater ever since and he knew that no one could pull him out of this but her.

Her beautiful face, those clear blue eyes, that fiery red hair, her bright smile, her voice uttering his name... they were everywhere. Everywhere. Taunting him, teasing him, beckoning to him.

He already knew the extent of his desire for her. He already knew how much he wanted her. But this... he had not seen this coming. He did not think that he would find himself hanging on by a thread like this and already at the brink of insanity.

Now he knew that he did not only crazily desire and wanted her more than anything else in this world. He needed her. He f\*\*king needed her. She was the air that he needed to stay alive!

He rose from the bed and slowly buttoned up his shirt. And then he started dressing up in an all-black getup as impeccably and regal as always. He stared at himself in the mirror as he pulled on his gloves.

"Like I promised... I will search for you even if I have to turn the entire world upside down. I'm afraid you might hate me for this... but baby, I don't care anymore. I just need you back with me. Safe and secure, here in my arms. I don't care whether you hate my method or not. I don't care if you fear me anymore." A dangerous gleam blazed in his eyes. And then a cold and heartless smile curved up on his handsome face. "I was a fool to think that all I need to do is to do better â€" to be as human as I possibly could. I was a fool to think that I can keep you if I try not to behave like the monster that I am."

Picking up her ponytail scrunchie once again, he shut his eyes closed as he inhaled her scent. Though he already knew her scent, he committed it to memory once again, wanting to make sure that there would be zero chance that he would mistake it for any others. "Make sure you're alright when I find you, Iza..." he whispered and when he opened his eyes, they were dark red â€" like the blood of the dead.

The door made a light sound as it was pushed open, but Sebastian did not even bother to turn his head. He had no interest in looking at who was at the door. All his interest in everything else had somehow faded and paled after the event of his wife going missing. The only thing that could rouse his interest was any news concerning Izabelle.

"Your Highness," Lucas greeted, "There's some news from Alexander."

Sebastian stilled but he did not react as wildly as Lucas was expecting him to, from how he had noticed the prince's desperate efforts for the past few days. He quietly and slowly twisted a red scrunchie around his wrist instead and then covered it with his black sleeves.

Feeling the suffocating atmosphere within the room, Lucas hurriedly continued his report. "Alexander said that they're making progress. It seems that they were still having trouble pinpointing the exact location of where she is."

"So they have already found a place..." Sebastian uttered in an emotionless voice.

"Yes, Your â€œ"

"Where?" Sebastian cut Lucas off, just wanting to know where it was.

"Alexander didn't tell me the details, Your Highness. But he wanted you to stay put until they found the exact location â€œ" Lucas broke off as Sebastian started to leave the room. "Prince Sebastian, where are you going?"

"To the Black Forest." His short reply stunned Lucas so much that his mouth hung open.

Lucas's eyes widened. Was this real? Did he somehow hear it wrongly? Sebastian was going to the Black Forest even though he knew that the witches were back in there?

"It's obvious Alexander is trying to hide her location from me. Guess I need to go there myself to get the information from him myself." Sebastian said flatly as he continued moving forward to leave the castle.

"Your Highness, Alexander just didn't want you to wreak havoc in a large place. That is why he had insisted on pinpointing the exact location first before letting you know... to at least minimize the unnecessary â€œ" Lucas hurriedly tried to explain.

"I know." Sebastian smirked and then he was gone - just like that. Leaving Lucas scrambling to call Alexander. Because he had a feeling that Sebastian did not care about anything else now. He looked like he would not even care if he burned an entire city just to find his wife. That was something they could not possibly allow to happen!

This chapter is dedicated to @Dreamer\_Princess! Thank you so much for the supergift!

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Alexander immediately headed to the entrance of the Black Forest to wait for Sebastian's arrival as soon as he received the call from Lucas that he was coming. He had partly expected Sebastian to react this way and head over despite him sending the message through Lucas for him to stay put.

It had been ten years since the day Sebastian had been freed from his prison. Alex had honestly thought Sebastian would take a long time to adjust. Ten years was nothing compared to the years Sebastian had spent in that dark and dreary prison. So, he had expected the prince to take a long time to adapt to his new reality.

However, in just a couple of years, Sebastian seemed to have gotten back on his feet. Alex knew that Alicia and Azy were a huge help to him in his journey to recovery. In fact, Sebastian had even managed to control and lessen his violence and thirst for blood much quicker than anyone would have ever expected.

Everything had been fine, until the occurrence of that matter four years ago. Sebastian had found out that Alicia was a witch and a former witch queen at that.

Sebastian's hatred of the witches, especially for the witch queens, had disrupted all the progress that he had made for that many years. Thankfully, Sebastian still kept the promises he made and managed to keep himself out of unnecessary killings and violence. But he had since avoided his sister-in-law and nephew despite all the close relationships they had formed before he had found out about the truth.

But Alex believed that the major reason why Sebastian never came back to visit the Black Forest was not only because of the fact that Alicia was a half-witch now, but also because of his intense guilt of what had happened when he found out four years back.

So, the fact that Sebastian had come to the Black Forest to see Alicia and Azy again, was such a huge step - thanks to Izabelle. Despite knowing Sebastian's circumstances, Alex had been trying to lure Sebastian back to the forest because he just could not let Sebastian drift away from his family again. Alex believed that he must start to fight the demons of his past. And his first step would be to accept that Alicia was a witch. It was a fact that could not be changed. And his nephew was also partly a witch.

Now here he was, coming to the Black Forest again when he already knew that many witches, even the witch queen was here. This was totally unexpected!

Sebastian's hatred against the witches was so deep rooted and extreme that Alicia had decided to talk to Lilith "the witch queen" and asked everyone to leave the Black Forest momentarily. Thankfully, the witches gladly granted Alicia's wish and they all moved to another place. And thus, the Black Forest was vacated with only Alicia and Azy living there now.

Alex had also supported Alicia's decision because he believed that it was easier for them to protect the mother and son if there were less people involved, as they were trying to avoid dealing with moles being planted into their midst and possible spies that could endanger them. They all agreed with the fact that it was more dangerous if the witches or any other people were moving around everywhere in the place.

"I know you are in a rush, but I have to stop you here, Sebastian. Unless I'm sure you're calm enough." Alex said as he blocked Sebastian from going past the entrance any further.

Sebastian's cold stare met Alex's unyielding ones.

"Alicia is yet to awaken, but Azy's doing great now. He would definitely feel any commotion that would happen. You know why we're trying to give him an environment as peaceful as possible." Alex continued his explanation without waiting for Sebastian's response. "Also, Lilith's doing her very best. A little bit more and she'll be able to find the exact location. You just need to be patient a little while longer."

"Tell me the place, Alexander." Sebastian was having none of it and insisted on what he came here for.

"No. I already know what you're planning to do and I don't approve of it. Turning an entire city upside down will only cause more trouble, Sebastian. You need to control your bloodlust."

A sardonic laugh echoed. "You are telling me to keep waiting, when my wife could be dying right now? Huh? Alexander? You are trying to stop me from making a big commotion, but I'm telling you, Alexander... I won't just destroy a single city if something bad happens to her!" he growled at him with that last line.

But Alex remained unfazed. "You think I don't know that? I already know how crazy in love you are with your wife. Everyone already knows what you are capable of doing for her just with one look at you, right now. But I'm telling you, Sebastian... this is not the time for you to go insane and run around out there looking for her like a mad man who has lost his mind. While you are out there rampaging in the wrong places, have you imagined what could be happening to Izabelle during those moments? Listen. It's better for you to attack one exact location and find her immediately." Alex's calm voice had hardened as he continued his explanation, hoping that his reasoning would be able to pierce through the younger man's stubbornness and calm him down. "Everyone's trying their best to help. My wife's been agitated for days as well. So don't you think you're the only one who is concerned about Izabelle."

Alex then took a deep breath and by the time he spoke again, his voice returned to normal. "So, calm down, Sebastian. Don't worry, we will definitely find her very soon. She's going to be alright. If you think you're calm enough, I can allow you to enter the forest."

Sebastian clenched his fists so tightly, his knuckles started cracking.

Patiently waiting for Sebastian's response, Alex gaze was focused on him and scrutinizing him when a witch hesitantly approached them. She could feel the heavy pressure emanating from these two powerful men and it somewhat scared her. The woman in the black cloak immediately halted several steps away at the sight of Sebastian.

"What is it?" Alex asked her without turning. His gaze was still locked on Sebastian, fully alert in case he suddenly lost his mind and decided to go violent.

The witch took a moment and eyed Sebastian before she managed to make her report. "Queen Lilith sent me to come fetch you. It seems that she has found her."

In a hotel near the airport, Elle was sitting on the cold and hard floor, hugging her knees.

It had been four days since she opened her eyes and found herself locked up in this room. She did not know what happened. The last thing she remembered was her, just sitting in her room, waiting. There was a blank in her memory before she arrived at this place. The weird thing was that she was not harmed at all. Not even a scratch on her skin or a bruise. She did not know how she had ended up here. She did not know how she even left Abi's house no matter how hard she tried to recall. She was drawing on a blank. Nothing. She did not know anything. And that was the thing that made her agitated more than anything else.

The past four days, she had been locked up in this room. No one came to check on her or threaten her. There was not even a shadow of any hotel staff. The Internet was offline and when she checked the telephone, there was one there but it was not connected. But the suite was strangely packed with instant food and water, obviously indicating that her captor was ensuring that she would not starve nor go through dehydration.

She had waited for her abductor to at least show up, but even after four days, no one appeared. She had not seen a single person during that time. She had already tried everything she could. Her room was located on a high enough floor, but her window was facing a vacant space that was under construction. She had screamed and banged on the door countless times. She had tried to throw things out of the strangely small window to attract some attention, but it was all futile. There were no workers down below because it seemed that the construction work had been halted.

Elle had even risked herself by burning something in her room to set off the fire alarm. But even that did not work. The fire alarm was not even triggered after making sure that there was enough smoke to set off the sensor.

She had done everything that was possible. Everything. And she had failed miserably.

The four days she spent in this room had been nothing but misery. It was a kind of hell that slowly destroyed all the fighting spirit and hope she had within her. She was in a glorified prison. All alone. With no way out.

She could not even speak anymore from all the screaming she had done in the hopes of calling out for someone, anyone to notice her and come help her. She had yelled and shouted for help until her throat felt like it was raw and bleeding.



Now she did not have any strength left. Not only physically, but mentally as well. Her body and mind were tired. So very tired. She was tired of fighting. It felt as though her whole life was just spent fighting. She was... breaking down.

Elle even thought that the torture she had suffered before was better compared to this. She had thought that she would rather feel pain than go through something like this. It was no wonder prisoners kept in isolation were considered to go through one of the worst punishments. It was enough to drive a sane person completely insane!

The sound of the clock had become such a haunting sound for her that she started to cover her ears. The tick-tocking was so constant and steady that it grated on her agitated condition. She had turned on the shower and allowed the water to keep running, just to fill in the maddening silence that had made even the ticking sounds of the clock become even louder in her ears.

Of all the reasons why she was locked in here, Elle had decided to believe that their goal must be to drive her crazy. If they had wanted her dead, the culprits would not have supplied her with so much food and clothes and even hygiene kits. In fact, it was clear they were ensuring that she would not die!

But she had realized that a little late. Because she already felt like she was going mad. She was already breaking down. Just as what the culprits wanted to happen.

She never thought that it would be this easy to break down someone's mind. It was unbelievable because she had thought that she had quite a strong mentality. She had survived just fine in her father and Brandon's hands for years. But here she was now... breaking down just after a few days in complete isolation. When... when had she become so weak? Or had she just overestimated herself that she could survive anything? Was it so naïve of her to believe that the day when she just wanted to give up and finally stop trying and fighting will never come?

Throwing her head back and pressing it against the wall behind her, Elle had wanted to laugh hysterically but no sound came from her lips. So, she just smiled and looked up at the ceiling with her hollow and hopeless eyes. Her usually bright and lively eyes were now dull and dead looking.

Sebastian's face flashed through her mind and the maniacal smile slowly turned into something heartbreaking. His words from that night they first met echoed in her ears. 'My world is darker than you can ever imagine. It is a hell someone like you might never survive...'

"It seems you were right all along, Sebastian. It seems that I really can't handle it..." she uttered in a broken whisper. "Tell me, Sebastian. Would you tell me 'I told you so' if I tell you now that I can't take it anymore?"

Her eyes began to blur with tears. "Why... why aren't you here yet? Why aren't you coming for me? How long must I hold on? Will you ever come? Sebastian..." she finally broke down, her shoulders wrecked with the tremors from her sobbing.

Then... her body froze and her face snapped up to look towards the door. She frantically rubbed her eyes and stared at the door as the door knob turned.

## Chapter 165 Cruel

It was Elle's former maid – the maid who had been secretly working with Brandon Haze to spy on her. What... What was she doing here?

Elle grabbed the fork that she had been hiding behind her, eyeing the maid with a narrowed and distrustful gaze.

"Hello, Princess." she greeted as Elle struggled to rise.

"I came here to help you get dressed. Because once you're presentable enough, they will finally let you out of this room." The maid continued, even smiling kindly at her.

If Elle could make a sound, she would have laughed sardonically right now. What? They wanted her to look presentable so they could let her out? What kind of sick mind games were they playing again? It seems they think she was so desperate that she would pathetically listen to everything they have instructed her just so she could get out. Was this woman really her maid from back home? Did this mean that the ones who kidnapped her were Brandon Haze and his men? But how? Just how could Brandon Haze accomplish all of this in a country of the supernatural? There was something that was just not adding up.

Elle moved slowly, acting as though she was following the maid's instructions to get up and cooperate, all the while trying to approach the maid. With all the strength that she had left, she launched herself at the maid, gripping the fork in her hand hard as she pointed it at her throat.

To her surprise, the woman did not even flinch. "You don't have much time left, Princess. There are reporters that have gathered here in front of the building. Will you be alright that the people of this country, no, the world will see you in this situation?" The maid had sneered at her as she threw that question at Elle.

The woman's words made Elle feel as though her already cold body froze.

"So, please hurry, Princess. They will be here to take you out in several minutes." The woman urged.

Elle shook her head. What the hell was going on? This should really be another game being orchestrated to play around with her, right? She was getting more confused at what was going on.

Pushing the woman away from the door, Elle grabbed the doorknob but it did not budge. It was

locked from the outside again. Though Elle had somewhat expected this, she still could not help the slight disappointment that had shot through her heart. She had a small hope that perhaps she could escape if the door could be opened.

"Don't be stubborn, Princess. This is all for your sake. Please go get dressed now. Here are your new presentable clothes. Please get to the bathroom now and wash up. There is really no time left to lose." The woman insisted. And she added a sentence that made Elle think twice. "If you continue to be stubborn, you will be the one to suffer in the end."

Elle felt like she wanted to just tug at her hair and scream her frustrations out. Though her mind was messed up right now, she still knew how questionable everything was. What this woman wanted her to do was too shady and unbelievable that it was maddening. But she still grabbed all the clothes and went to the bathroom and did as she was told.

It was crazy and ridiculous but she had no other choice. She also could not risk being seen in this state in case there were truly reporters outside. Even if the reporters being there was a lie, random people could still take pictures of her. And that would be bad enough once it starts circulating through social media.

So, she rushed towards the bathroom and quickly got herself prepared. Her fingers were still slightly trembling so doing anything was a struggle for her. Eventually, she managed to get herself dressed. Seeing how her face looked like a corpse, Elle quickly grabbed the lipstick and put it on to give some color to her parched lips.

A sound startled her just as she lowered her hand.

Afraid that it was the door closing, and the maid had left without her, she rushed out of the bathroom. Only to find that the maid was no longer there.

Elle did not even have the chance to respond to the maid's disappearance because the door flew wide open, as if someone incredibly powerful had kicked it from the outside.

She was right. Someone had indeed kicked it open.

Something suffocating and a spine-chilling presence quickly filled the room. She knew this... this familiar dark and heavy presence. Though this one felt completely out of control compared to the tight and barely controlled one that she had gotten used to, Elle could never mistake this aura for anyone else's.

B"That's right... you are right, Sebastian... I ran away and I'm now hiding out here in this hotel." Elle said in a heart-breaking whisper, her tone full of self-mockery and bitterness. She did not know what else she could say to him when he was in this state. Perhaps, she had lost her mind now. But that was easier for her to say than start explaining the situation she was in when she was already struggling to say that short sentence - when everything within her hurts so bad that she was starting to feel numb. So why not just tell him what he was expecting to hear from her? She had imagined how Sebastian would react when he finally found her. She had wondered how he was faring those few days when she was gone. She had imagined a heart melting reunion – with him crushing her into him in an emotional embrace the moment he saw her. But here it was - the reality of how things stood between them. She should have known better than to expect anything more. Reality always sucked big time for her. Her body started to jerk. The burden of holding back the aching sobs was now too much for her to bear. So, as she stared into his ravaged face, she gave in and began to shudder violently in a convulsive and silent cry. Large fat droplets of tears just fell unhindered from her wide opened eyes, making Sebastian feel as though he was looking at the crystal blue sky that was raining even while it was bright out.

Sebastian felt like a million knives were stabbing into his chest all at once. And it made it worse when he noticed that she was crying mutely, not letting even a single sob out. She made such a distressing and heartbreaking sight that at that moment, it was as though his heart had cracked.

The look in her face, the pain in her eyes... he knew in an instant he was wrong. Again. Even if all the evidence and even logic pointed to one conclusion - that she escaped and was now in hiding, Sebastian knew in his heart that she didn't. Even after she admitted herself, the truth was obvious in her haunted eyes... A breathless curse escaped under his breath and he yanked her into his arms. Embracing her gently, he drew in a lungful of the unique scent that only belonged to his Izabelle. His body soon started to tremble. Why... just why did he let that accusing question be the very first thing he told her upon finding her? Why can't he do anything right for her? Why was it that he keep messing everything up when it comes to her? He felt his knees going weak. So unbelievably weak that he stumbled back, taking her with him until his back hit heavily against the wall. He slid down to the floor, never letting go of her nor did his arms loosen their grip around her. "I'm... sorry, Iza... I'm so so sorry..." he whispered repeatedly as she cried even harder as though she was trying to cry her heart out. Her sobs were so harsh that her body shook so violently, causing Sebastian to feel terrified she would shatter into pieces.

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..." He could only repeat his apologies. His voice turned so desperate, begging even, as he held her closer and stroked her long wavy hair with his trembling fingers. But she did not stop sobbing. It seemed as though a switch had been turned on and could not be turned off. His apologies and his touches did not seem to do anything to calm her down and it made his already terrible state worsen even more – if

that was even possible. Right now, there was nothing more painful than this – than hearing her, watching her and feeling her literally break in his arms. And he could not even do anything but just look on helplessly. He would gladly take on all the pain in this world, any kind of pain, anything... if it meant that this woman in his arms would be able to feel better. But he knew that was not possible. He did not even know what else to do but hold her. All he could do was to sit here and see her shake so violently and listen to her sometimes muffled sobs that would escape her tightly sealed lips. All he could do was punish himself by just staying still and feeling her tremors and her painful tears drenching his clothes. Holding her close to his heart, he shut his eyes tightly and lowered her lips to the crown of her head. He kissed her there as he let himself feel it all. Her cries right now were a punishing whip lashing at him mercilessly. And he would not even try to dodge any of it. Because he had decided to punish himself with this pain he had never once imagined he would feel. He had decided to engrave this moment into his heart and mind so he would never forget. He didn't mind if it ended up haunting him every night - because he thought he deserved it. Sebastian did not know how long it lasted but eventually, she passed out in his arms. It was only then that Sebastian allowed himself to pull his complete attention off her. The room was already empty. But he could still feel Alexander's presence outside. Looking down at her again, Sebastian lifted his hand to gently wipe off her wet face. Her lipstick had been erased and now he finally saw how parched and colorless her usually plump and pinkish lips were. There were very visible cracks in her lips and dried blood could even be seen in those cracks.

His hand halted just before he touched her cheek. When his fingers trembled, he retracted his hand and clenched it instead. He felt afraid to touch her. Not only because he felt unworthy, but because he felt like his touch would break her even more. Gently holding her closer to him, Sebastian pressed his forehead against hers. "Tell me... just what should I do so you won't ever cry like this again?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. A part of him answered and said the words 'let her go'. And it made Sebastian freeze up completely. He did not move nor had a reaction for seconds. But then, a smile tugged at the corner of his lips. It was apologetic and wicked at the same time. "I can't do that." He uttered as he shook his head slowly. "There's no way I can do that. Anything but that." Sebastian tucked her tenderly and securely in his arms and then rose to his feet. Once he was standing, he kissed her head again before his lashes lifted. The look in his eyes changed in an instant as if he had finally figured out the answer he needed. Something animalistic and cruel ignited within him as if his soul had turned into something completely dark and savage. "I'll just kill them all." He said in his silky, villainous voice. "Right... that is all I have to do to make sure something like this will never happen again." Bình luận

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Xem tất cả

Relieved that Sebastian knew how to discern if Elle speaks truth or not. And to think he has only known her for a few weeks. I'm glad that his heart believed and saw her true self, and that he didn't want to let go of her. All he have to do is talk to her more,

understand, protect and love her. but I wonder if he knew who's behind all these? when Lilith found her, are there other details that was told to Sebby and Alex?

Thankies for this chap♥️🙄keep on voting Hellbounders[imags]

So, what do we know?

- Haze wants Elle. He's obsessed.
- Elijah wants to drive Seb crazy.
- Elle is Seb's only weakness.
- Elle thought she saw Haze's henchman in the grocery store.
- Elle definitely saw the ex-maid who worked for Haze as a spy.
- Elijah is very resourceful and very good at scheming and manipulation and he works in the darkness and shadows. (He's been manipulating both of them since the beginning.) His body of information/intelligence seems to be quite vast.

So, I think it's safe to say that they are working together to get what they each want.

So if Seb has any suspicion in any of these people, they are on his hit list. I hope that he can "kill them all" without too much collateral damage, because I don't think he's going to be particularly careful while hunting down his targets. He will kill anyone who stands between him and what he thinks he needs to accomplish.

Unfortunately, I don't think Seb going on a killing spree is going to make Elle very happy. This is a treacherous situation for both of them.

"And?" a silky, sexy voice echoed. It belonged to a man standing on the roof of one of the most famous buildings located in the heart of Quesa. He was dressed in a long black coat as he leisurely sat at the very edge of the building, looking down at the countless people and cars crossing the streets down below. His mysterious grey eyes gazed at the people moving about as though they were mere little ants.

"Er... it seems that Prince Sebastian didn't believe that the princess was in hiding." Another man in black who was standing a few steps away responded to his query.

"Is that all?" came the silken voice again. He did not seem surprised at the news at all.

"And it seems like he's not going to come at you, Prince Elijah."

A sexy, beautiful laugh echoed around him as Elijah threw his head back.

"Of course, he won't. I bet Alexander has done it again. Getting in the way, as always." He sighed a little regretfully, but his eyes did not look that disappointed at all. In fact, his eyes were gleaming in a way that seemed as though he was expecting that outcome already.

"It seems, it was due to the witches' interference that made it possible for Prince Sebastian to find her earlier than what you had originally planned." The man continued to report to Prince Elijah.

"Ah..." Elijah sighed again, "those damned b\*\*ches should really learn to stop sticking their pretty little noses into vampire's business." He commented before tsk-ing in disapproval.

"Right now, Prince Sebastian is in Dalenn." The other man continued. "And he'd already killed quite a number of Haze's bodyguards."

"Too bad he won't find the biggest fish he's fishing for in there." Elijah shrugged, crossing and placing his arms at the back of his head and laid down fearlessly along the edge of the building. His one long leg was even dangling down the tall building in a careless manner, as though he was not worried that he might fall off at all.

"Are you really going to protect Haze and that Boone guy, Your Highness?" The man hesitantly asked his master.

"Those two are still useful to me. They are Sunshine's greatest weakness and fear." Elijah then suddenly laughed, shaking his head in disbelief. "I can't believe how just seeing that Boone guy made Sunshine run away like a scaredy little cat. Like what the hell? Why would she run away like that? Why didn't she beat him up like she had beaten me that night? Answer me, Lindon. Just why?"

The man named Lindon scratched his cheek with his forefinger. "Err... I am not sure why, Your Highness. But maybe because the princess is more afraid of Boone than of you?"

"Ridiculous. Just when did a mere bulky human become scarier than me?" Elijah scoffed and snorted at the thought.

"Indeed, Your Highness. It should've been the other way around. But I guess it's because she must have a deep-rooted trauma against Boone. That's why she bolted the moment she saw him. Wait... you already knew that, Your Highness! Why are you asking me? Weren't you the one who planned everything, using her fear and trauma?" Lindon even pointed at Elijah with annoyance.

"Oh... right. Well, anyway, I am still puzzled how she was so brave to actually beat me up that night. Did I tell you how many times she punched and kicked me?"

"You already mentioned it quite a few times, Your Highness. You said she kicked you eleven times and punched your face nine times, and your stomach four times." Lindon repeated the facts again for the umpteenth time.

Elijah smiled. "You have a good memory, Lindon."

"You've mentioned it quite many times. So it's not a surprise that I've actually memorized it without even realizing it, Your Highness." Lindon replied in a neutral tone, trying to keep the exasperation out of his tone.

"And did you figure out why such a delicate princess was able to beat me up?"

Lindon looked like he had enough of the prince's weirdness tonight. "I'm sorry, Your Highness. But I have no idea. Even I would never ever dare to simply lift my hand to your face. Anyway, my prince, we should get back now. Prince Sebastian might suddenly come at you. You know that man has an ability to appear out of nowhere."

A pleased chuckle escaped Elijah's throat.

"That would be a dream come true, Lindon. Well, only if he comes at me with no sanity left in him anymore. I am waiting for that time when he attacks me like a mad animal in front of all these people's eyes. That would be very entertaining, don't you think?" Elijah continued grinning as he spoke, looking as though he would love it if that were to truly happen.

Lindon could only swallow and nodded. "I think so... my prince."

"He won't come tonight. Because he is still sane. Alexander and the others can still talk to him about the consequences and he would understand it." Elijah sighed quietly and stared up at the starry sky. "So, four days is not enough to break him, huh... how long would it take to break him then?" His grey eyes that were calm and horrifying gleamed as a soft, gentle smile tugged at the corner of his lips, making it a scary sight as the look in his eyes contrasted too greatly to the smile that lingered on his lips. "I guess I'll have to up my game the next time. But then... I do wonder if sweet Sunshine can survive it."

"Err... are you perhaps worried that the princess will die?"

"What kind of question is that, Lindon? Are you saying I shouldn't be worried about her?"

"Well, Your Highness... aren't you the one making her suffer? Why in the bloody hell would you feel worried about a girl you're voluntarily torturing? And you said you only worry about animals!"

The air turned a little heavy as Elijah fell quiet. "You're right. I shouldn't worry about her. She's only a rare and precious tool to destroy Sebastian..." He lifted his hand up to the



sky as if he was trying to reach for the stars. "Sorry in advance Sunshine. Still, I do hope you'll survive my next plan. You probably will, after all, you managed to beat me up." Elijah chuckled again at that memory.

He rose and stood, spreading his arms like he was about to free fall down the building.

"Wait, Your Highness!" Lindon stopped him just as he was about to jump.

"What?"

"What am I going to do with these things?"

"Things...??" Elijah echoed without turning to him, as though he had no recollection of what Lindon was talking about.

"These things you picked up from the alleys just a while ago!" Lindon lifted an open box, even approaching him to show what was inside them.

"Ah..." Elijah quickly turned and squatted as he looked down at the three tiny kittens sleeping inside the box. "Such a bunch of cuties." He purred as he caressed each of them gently with his fingers.

"Should I just leave them here, or throw them away?"

Elijah shot a deadly gaze at him. "Throw them, and I'll throw you away."

"Your Highness... you can't be planning to adopt these kittens too, right?" Lindon asked helplessly, almost in a wail. He felt like he wanted to burst into tears at his master's weird habits on picking up stray animals.

"Well, it can't be helped. You saw that their mother is dead." Elijah shrugged an elegant shoulder.

"You're Highness! You already have ninety... wait is it more than a hundred already? You have enough animals already!" Lindon protested.

"Shut up and take them home. If I don't see them when I'm back, you're dead." Elijah threatened and then he jumped down the building, leaving Lindon sighing helplessly as he adjusted his hold onto the box containing the 'precious' kittens.

"Bloody hell... is he planning to build his very own animal kingdom or something?!!! How could such a cruel man care about animals this much when he does not even care about me who's been serving him for god knows how long?!!!" Lindon complained to himself bitterly, knowing that there was no one who would be pitying him.

"Hey, hey..." another man appeared behind Lindon. "Stop being so dramatic and let's go. I can't even count how many times you have shouted those exact same words to His Highness already!"

"Shut up! Don't ruin my moment, damn it!!!"

When Elle woke up, she was surprised to find herself back in the Reigns castle.

Their room that was usually kept dark due to the heavy curtains that were always kept closed, were now so bright and airy. Looking around, she noticed that the thick curtains were indeed drawn back and the gentle sunlight and breeze were coming in, making the room feel so light and refreshing.

She revelled at the new sight that welcomed her. It was such a nice day, she even thought that today was probably the most beautiful morning she had seen in a long while.

Feeling a slight movement next to her, Elle turned her head, only to see a fluffy white big bundle beside her. Snow!!! How was he here with her in bed?!

She was so surprised that she just looked at the fluffy wolf with her mouth hanging open. When Snow's eyes opened and met her gaze, Elle jumped on him and hugged him. How long had it been since she last saw this adorable and furry whitey? It felt like it had been forever!

Elle spoke to tell him, 'how are you', but she froze when she realized that there were no sounds coming out of her mouth.

Her expression soon changed when she started to recall everything that had happened. Her eyes slowly stretched wide at the memories that flooded her mind.

Slowly, she let go of Snow and looked around.

It was then that she saw a man sleeping on the couch. His arm was covering the upper part of his face and he was half naked. Those dark tattoos all over his body immediately told her that it was none other than Sebastian, her husband.

Elle swallowed. She recalled that moment when she had broken down and he just held onto her. Though everything was still not very clear to her, she could remember hearing his voice and he had been telling her 'sorry' over and over again.

For a long while, Elle just stayed quietly on the bed, absentmindedly petting Snow with one hand while her gaze was fixed on Sebastian's sleeping form. Why was he sleeping there? He hated the idea of him sleeping on the couch. And he had also reminded her consistently to never allow Snow to sleep in their bed... so why...

Looking down at Snow again who was enjoying her attention, Elle petted the wolf one more time before she quietly climbed off the bed. She went to pour herself a glass of water first and then calmed herself down.

Sebastian did not like the windows drawn and now she knew the reason why. But here he was, sleeping in a bright warm room and on the couch he had sworn he would never sleep on.

Before she knew it, her feet were already bringing her closer to him. It was as though her body's automatic response was to always bring herself nearer to this man, no matter what the circumstances that surrounded them.

The look on his face that day when he came into that room which she had been held captive in for four days, she remembered how terrifying he was. Was he going to look like that again once he woke up? Would he lose his temper at her again and start accusing her with those harsh words? What happened after she passed out? Was he still "â€"

Elle gasped out in fright when Sebastian suddenly grabbed her wrist. He had moved so fast that she barely saw anything until his hand was clamped around her wrist.

Her eyes drifted up as his own flew open. Their gazes locked for that one eternal moment, before he sprung to sit up on the couch.

"You're... awake." He uttered in a gravelly and rough tone of voice as he had just gotten up from sleep. His grip on her wrist was slowly loosening. He looked and felt a little... different "â€" the kind of different that Elle could not explain nor put her finger on. But she could clearly feel that there was something off.

Shaking his head as if to awaken himself, he said, "I should call the doctor."

Upon standing, he scooped her up and then walked back to the bed. He gently placed her back down onto the bed, not caring that Snow was still lying down there beside Elle. "You're not well, so stay put." He told her softly and then pulled away. He was behaving so gently to her that she could not quite grasp it yet.

But seeing as he was about to walk away, Elle opened her mouth and tried to stop him but her voice still failed to come out. Seeing as there was nothing she could do, Elle lowered her outstretched arms and waited patiently for Sebastian to go fetch the doctor over.

When he returned, a female doctor and a nurse entered along with him. Elle tried to ignore the fact that Sebastian was half naked and had gone out that way to call for the doctor and nurse. But when she saw the tinge of red on the nurse's face and realized that she kept on glancing at Sebastian's naked body, Elle could no longer stop herself and mouthed at Sebastian.

He immediately pushed himself off the wall where he was leaning in.

Bending over, he asked. "What is it?"

"Please get dressed." Elle said in a whisper.

He quietly stared down at her. It was obvious he was not expecting what she just said.

"Don't worry about it, everyone is already used to seeing..." he trailed off when Elle frowned.

She opened her lips, looking ready to argue her point but she stopped and bit on her lower lip instead, before looking away from him.

The corner of his lips lifted a little and then he whispered back into her ear. "Alright, I'll get dressed."

Surprised, Elle was about to turn to him when she suddenly felt completely frozen from his unexpected action.

What... What did he just do? Did he just... kiss her head?

Elle absentmindedly lifted her hand to her temple where she had felt him kissing her. Her heart was still fluttering hard as she watched him disappear into their dressing room. A light dusting of pink tinged her high cheekbones as she stared at the dressing room door in a daze, the person in question no longer visible.

She could not believe it. She felt like her entire being was being thrown into a frenzy with just that soft and warm touch of his lips on her face. Was he... was he even aware of what he just did? She could not help but question because he just turned around too soon and left right after he landed that kiss. She had not even managed to catch the expression on his face.

When Sebastian returned, now dressed in a plain white shirt, Elle was unable to stop herself from staring at him.

For some reason, he really looked a little different right now. He was disheveled and ragged, like he had not rested for a few days. His usual ever so impeccable and perfect look from his hair to his regal clothes had changed. Right now, he looked a little more human and Elle found the look and feel of him to be ever so heart-fluttering.

Once the doctor and the nurse finally left, the maid entered next, bringing in Elle's food.

Elle was about to protest because she knew she was feeling much better already. It was just her voice that was the problem right now. No matter how much honeyed water she

downed, there was no speeding up the healing of her abused throat. It will just require time and tender loving care for it to heal.

Sebastian's finger landed on her lips to hush her. "You heard the doctor, Izabelle. She said you must not talk or even whisper to be able to heal as soon as possible." He reminded her gently, and Elle could only press her lips tightly closed and stare at him, relenting in the face of his gentleness and rugged handsomeness. "Good girl..." he uttered, pleased with her obedience and the tip of his lips curved up in a roguish smile.

He quickly dismissed the maid from the room after she finished setting up Elle's meal.

Elle quietly watched him as he took the bowl of warm soup in his hands. She stretched her hand out to receive the bowl, but Sebastian did not hand it over to her, causing Elle to blink at him.

Her eyes widened slightly when he picked up the spoon and started to scoop a spoonful of soup and blew on it to cool it down. He looked serious as he did that. His disheveled dark hair falling forward and touching his thick lashes.

When he lifted his gaze and their eyes met, Elle could not help but blush a little.

She opened her lips to tell him that it was fine. That she could eat by herself. She only had a swollen throat. She was not handicapped. But he had hushed her again the moment she parted her lips.

"Let me do this, Iza. I need to do things to distract myself from..." he made a sudden pause before he continued, "It's alright, let me feed you. Husbands and wives normally do things like this, do they not?"

Elle could only blink at him again while he casually brought the spoon nearer her lips after blowing on it once more.

"Now open your lips. No need to be shy," he coaxed. And when Elle could not react fast enough due to his surprising actions, he slowly retracted his hand and stared down at the soup. She was still so taken aback at his extreme gentleness in going out of his way to care for her that she was slow in responding to him.

But it did not escape her the way his brows creased ever so slightly as his lips pressed a little tightly together. But when he lifted his gaze to look at her again, he nodded slowly. "Alright..." he relented and moved his hand to give her the bowl.

But Elle did not lift her hand to accept it. She could not explain what she was feeling at the moment, especially about him. Why... why did he look... was he guilty? And that was why he was acting so strangely right now?

That was the only explanation she could think of to explain his actions. And that realization had her heart aching a little for him. She was not sure why, but perhaps she had realized his guilt of what had happened to her must be the reason why he looked so disheveled right now. He must have found out the truth already and that was why... he was behaving this way.

She opened her lips and waited for him to feed her. Her cheeks were flushed red as she did that. She never imagined she would ever experience something like having someone personally feed her. And to think that Sebastian... her all brooding and grumpy husband was the one who was going to do it.

He looked slightly surprised at her actions but he immediately moved, blew on the spoon and then fed her the slightly cooled soup.

Elle shut her eyes closed for a moment as she took in the warm, refreshing soup. Her heart warmed as well and when she opened her eyes and looked at him, her heart skipped a beat. Lord... this was... this was not something she had ever expected.

She had thought that once she woke up, everything would be over. But what was this? She could not help when her eyes grew hot as she stared at him.

His expression changed at whatever he saw on her face. And the first thing he did was to scoop another spoonful of soup and tasted it, as though he was trying to find out what it was in the soup that had caused her to look like she was about to cry.

The confusion on his face as he seriously tried to figure out what was wrong with the soup caused Elle to laugh soundlessly.

Sebastian looked at her like he was lost, but then he immediately recovered and pressed his thumb over her lips. "I'd really love to watch you laugh. But laughing is also forbidden, baby girl. I guess I need to keep my finger over these soft pretty lips of yours like this to make sure you don't break the rules again."

## Chapter 170 Prepared

Later, while Elle was in the bathroom brushing her teeth, she could not stop thinking about what just happened between Sebastian and herself. Everything that he did, his attentiveness, his gentleness, and his every action the entire time he was feeding her. Each of them just felt so surreal.

Elle never imagined a time when the two of them would ever have such a heart-melting experience. It was so dreamy that she was having a hard time believing that it was not a dream. And that Sebastian who was with her at this moment was the real one.

Unconsciously, a wide smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she pictured his face while he was feeding her earlier.

But when she caught how happy and touched she looked through the mirror, Elle's smile slowly faded. A negative emotion started to creep within her, warning her that she should not be too happy.

Elle stared at herself for a long while and she decided to listen to that pessimistic side of her. The fear that something bad would happen if she becomes too happy quickly got the better of her. What happened lately after her happiest moments all throughout that festival and the things that had happened next made her feel afraid to allow herself to be happy again.

A soft knock echoed, pulling her from her thoughts.

"Izabelle? I'm coming in..." Sebastian's voice echoed, causing her to widen her eyes. She was still not done brushing her teeth! But she would rather not be seen by him having a mouthful of white foam and embarrassing herself. Thus, she immediately proceeded to spit out the foam and gargle her mouth with water to clear out the residual foam from the toothpaste. However, her human self apparently was not quick enough compared to his vampire self.

By the time she turned around, he was already inside.

Leaning against the door, he asked, "Are you going to take a bath? I will assist you."

Elle's eyes stretched a little wide. She opened her mouth to decline but he was suddenly before her. His thumb was already over her lips. Lord... he was displaying all his vampiric ability right before her now without any reservation!

"It seems that I really need to stick with you every single second because you're terrible at abiding by rules, Izabelle." He said and Elle wished that he would stop pitching his voice so low like that. It made her feel like he was trying to seduce her every time!

His thumb brushed at the corners of her lips as if to remove something on it. He had already done this a few times while he was feeding her a while ago and every time, she caught herself staring back at his lips. She just could not help it. Him, touching her lips so sensually like that was really tempting her. His touches were making her imagine how it would feel if it was not his thumb that was touching her, but his... lips.

She forced herself to look away, afraid that she would end up stealing a kiss from him. She really needed to tell him to stop touching her lips like this.

"Iza... are you listening to me?" his sinuous voice echoed. "What are you thinking about? No... don't answer that." He sighed, smiling a little. "The doctor said you need to have a walk under the morning sun as it will be good for you and aid in your healing. So, since you're already dressed, I'm bringing you out now while the sun is still not too warm."

Bending over, he looked up first and spoke. "Don't protest. I will put you down once we're in the garden." And then he proceeded to scoop her up, ignoring her parted lips as she wanted to say something.

In no time at all, they reached the garden and Sebastian kept to his word and put her down. They then began to walk quietly. Sebastian seemed to deliberately keep himself a step back behind her as they moved forward along the quiet, lovely garden. The sun was bright enough and only cast a light warmth over them as it was still morning time. Now Elle understood why there was almost no one around in the garden during daylight. They do have morning teas out here, but it was always arranged under the gazebo where there was shade.

Elle had wondered before why the tea table had not been located in a place where the nice morning sun could touch. Now she finally understood. Because the people in this castle were... all vampires.

The thought of that fact had Elle smiling slightly in disbelief. It all still felt surreal despite everything that she had already seen and experienced. And then she started to wonder what would happen if the world ended up finding out about this unbelievable secret. What will happen to the vampires? To this country? How will the entire world react once they find out that vampires really existed in this world?

Elle suddenly shivered as she hypothesized some possible answers to those questions.

Her hand was grabbed by a warmer and larger one, causing her to turn around.

"Are you alright?" he asked and the first thing Elle noticed was the sweat that was covering his temple. She had seen him wandering about during daylight but now that she thought about it, she realized that he had always been walking under some shade most of the time, hardly ever being exposed to the direct sun. "Your skin... it looked like you're cold, Iza." He continued.

Elle looked at her arm and saw that she was indeed having goosebumps. He had noticed that...?

,m She shook her head and smiled at him to tell him that she was alright. And then she reached out with her handkerchief and gently dabbed at his sweat while he turned very still, just staring at her face.

When their eyes met, Elle froze as well.

He lifted his hand and tucked a stray lock of her red hair behind her ear. "I had... prepared myself to be hated by you once you woke up... but here you are..." his throat worked a little before he gave a small quick smile, "...still treating me like I did nothing wrong at all."



Suddenly, he pulled her against him and buried his face into her hair. "I am relieved that you don't seem to hate me... yet. But... at least... get mad at me, Izabelle. Blame me... hurt me back... be mean to me, baby..."