

## Hellbound Heart #Chapter 181 -190

### Acceptable - Read Hellbound Heart Chapter 181 Acceptable

Being stopped in his tracks at her unexpected action, Sebastian turned around. Izabelle was not looking at him. She was staring down at her lap as she gripped two of his fingers.

Thinking that she was just probably a little scared of being left behind, Sebastian bent and cradled her face with his large palm. His action pulled her face up to look at him.

"I'll have Lucas be on standby by the door. I'll be back in a couple of minutes." He told her with assurance. Her grip on his fingers loosened and her hand dropped to her lap. But she did not look at him again.

Sebastian's brows creased slightly at her reaction. However, he really needed to feed now. He could not be with her when he was starving like this. Warning bells had already been ringing since he was sniffing her a while ago. So, he had better go first and deal with his needs.

Staring at her for a moment, he kissed the crown of her head and then strode towards the door.

He turned to look over his shoulder as he grabbed the door knob, expecting her to already be looking at him. But she remained in her earlier pose, head bent down as though dejected, and... his eyes narrowed as he saw how hard she was gripping the blanket that had draped over her side.

His superior vision did not miss even the pale paper-white color of her clenching knuckles. That sight was enough to make him let go of the door knob and turn around. He quickly made his way back into the room.

Grabbing the notebook and pen that had been thrown on the couch, Sebastian then returned to her side. He squatted before her as he placed the notebook on her lap.

"What is it?" he asked. His voice remained calm but there was a tinge of worry in his eyes. "Iza... look at me. Are you feeling uncomfortable? Or is there something wrong?"

Her eyes wandered, still refusing to look directly at him.

"Izabelle..." he uttered her name again. "Look at me and tell me what's wrong or I'll call the doctor back here this instant."

Finally, she looked at him as her mouth flew open. But before any words could come out, she quickly looked down again and gripped the pen. She remembered his warning of not wanting her to use her voice.

While she was writing, Sebastian remained staring at her face. What did he just see? That look in her eyes...

She lifted the notebook right before his face. Her expression was hard, but her eyes were gleaming with intense emotions that were almost overflowing from her not being able to voice them all out.. 'Are you going to go and drink from her?'

He parted his lips to answer but shut it close again. Something was stopping him from just carelessly spouting his answer. He had decided to try giving her answers, to explain anything she wanted to know. But this one question... he did not know why, but he suddenly felt like he needed to be extra careful before saying anything to her. It was a strange but insistent feeling that was getting stronger within him. But he wondered if it was because of the look that he did not expect to be seeing in her eyes right now. She looked... hurt?

"Izabelle..." he uttered, trying his best to observe her every expression, his eyes never leaving her face. The last thing he had wanted at this moment was to do or spout anything that would upset or worse, hurt her even more than she had already been hurt. He had been trying his best to avoid that as he knew he always somehow could not do or say anything right whenever he was with her.

And it seemed that it was happening again. It looks like he had somehow said or done something that was making her show that distressed and wounded look on her face again.

"You... Earlier, you had said most don't find it morally acceptable for a vampire to drink from another of the opposite sex if they're already married..." She whispered.

A long heavy silence reigned between them until Sebastian spoke. "You're not a vampire, Iza... So even if you're my wife, I can't just bite you and drink your blood." He shook his head slowly as he said that. "Vampires can replenish their lost blood quite easily by feeding themselves immediately as well. Non-vampires can't do that... and that's why it is always more dangerous to drink from them." He tried to explain as gently to her as possible, wanting her to understand where he was coming from.

,m "So, because your wife is not a vampire, it's morally acceptable for you to... drink from another female?" her whisper was so broken and she clenched her fist tightly, before looking away from him again. And he could somehow tell she was looking away like this to hide the look in her eyes.

But Sebastian had already seen her eyes sparkling with unshed tears before she had turned away, the subtle trembling movement of her lips as she nibbled on the inside of

her lip, and heard the sound of her racing heartbeat... everything. He knew things were going down south again.

He helplessly ran his fingers through his hair slowly. He was so afraid to f\*\*k up even more now that he could not find any comforting words to say to her. The feeling that whatever he will say would only make things worse was getting the better of him. Now he did not know what to do, what to say at all.

It was Elle who broke the silence this time. A bitter smile tugging up at the corner of her lips as she spoke, her tone held a trace of a sneer. "I guess it would be morally acceptable if I go and put my mouth on another man's neck too, right, Sebastian?"

Sebastian became very still as a lengthy and quiet pause reigned between them. His eyes wide and in shock at her comment as she stared back at him, waiting for his response.

The abrupt appearance of a steel-cold glint in his eyes forced Elle's pulse to start rioting and picking up its pace.

Then she began to feel it â€“ the fury that was radiating off him. The gleam that had appeared in his eyes was intense and hot. Too dangerously hot until it seemed to turn almost malevolent.

This was a look he had never shown her before.

Just as Elle was starting to feel chills running down her spine, his expression abruptly changed.

After what felt like a long while, he finally opened his mouth, as though ready to speak. But he then paused, appeared to think the better of it, and closed his lips again before he dropped his head.

Silently, Elle watched his fists clenching so hard at his sides that his knuckles turned paper white and the veins along his arms protruded.

He did not seem to be breathing well for a few moments and Elle's fingers twitched, itching to touch him and soothe him. It did not cease to make her feel torn between crying and laughing at the same time every time her heart squeezed tight like this whenever this man was struggling or hurting. It seems that no matter how bad she gets hurt because of him, she still could not watch this man get hurt even the slightest bit.

But she clenched her fists lightly to stop herself from reaching out, steeling herself from caving into her desires.

"No." he suddenly bit out. His voice was so tight, as if he was giving everything he had to restrain himself from losing control. Even the very sound of his voice. Elle ran her

eyes over him, from his face, to his broad shoulders - his entire frame was shaking slightly from his own suppression. She then understood how much he was holding himself back.

When he let out a slightly shaky breath after a couple more seconds, the ferocious tension that had been contained in his body seemed to have evaporated in an instant. No, Elle believed he must have successfully bound it within him. It was not truly gone, just very carefully and tightly contained in the depths of his person.

Finally lifting his face to look at her, Elle was unable to say anything at the sight of his now seemingly relaxed expression.

If he was still raging, it was impossible to tell right now.

However, the almost scary and calm look in his eyes gave Elle an uneasy feeling. Because she felt like this sort of calmness was worse than having him shouting and ranting at her.

"I've got the message, Izabelle..." he murmured gently, nodding. She could tell he seemed to be trying so hard to hang on to his calmness, to not appear dangerous. "I'm ending it. Her service duty to me."

Elle stared at him, her expression one of shock and disbelief. His announcement was just too sudden that she was still reeling from the shock.

"I won't drink from any other females from now on. Is that... enough?" he added, the utterly serious gleam in his grey eyes had Elle feeling so bewildered that speech had seemed to have failed her.

Both his hands curved around her scalp as his thumbs began stroking over her cheeks. "Answer me, Iza. Are there any other matters you want that I failed to figure out? If there is... tell me, baby... don't hesitate and just tell me."

Those words seemed to literally dismantle her brain. Everything was so unexpected. She had thought he would blow off and just leave her alone again, hurting and wondering about things all by herself. Lord... this was... was this even real?

"It's... enough..." she managed to say, still disoriented as she struggled to gather her composure and clear her mind from the daze he and his words had just thrown her into. She belatedly wished those words did not come out yet until her heart and mind had calmed down. But her lips betrayed her, unable to withstand his gentle demand for her answer.

He stilled for a moment before a relieved smile tugged at the corner of his lips. His elusive dimple showed up.

But then he rose and called for Lucas. He was so quick to step back from her and Elle almost reached out again when she saw his bright grey eyes turning crimson.

He looked away immediately and turned to Lucas who had just entered through the door.

"The lady is already in the living â€" Lucas reported as he thought Sebastian was expecting an update. However, he was rudely cut off.

Lucas could not finish his sentence because Sebastian suddenly flashed before him, grabbed his arm and sunk his elongated fangs into his wrist, shocking both Lucas and Elle with his actions.

Elle sprung from the bed and rushed towards them.

When she reached them and saw his face as his mouth was still latched onto Lucas' wrist, the very first thing Elle noticed was the deep frown all over his face. He was... wincing, like he was forcing himself to eat something so terrible he could barely stomach the taste.

"Y-your Highness. What are you..." Lucas was still in utter disbelief, showing a face saying that he never ever imagined Sebastian would do what he was doing right now.

"Shut up!" he growled before bending his head and latched on to Lucas' wrist to suck on his blood again, never opening his eyes, as the lines between his brows deepened.

Once he let go of Lucas' arm, he winced again before he harshly wiped his lips with the ends of his sleeve.

The sight of Elle standing right there, watching so closely as he fed, had him stiffening for a moment. His face showed pure disbelief as if he could not quite believe she approached them and actually watched as he was drinking someone else's blood!

But he recovered and raised a brow at her. "What hmm...? My wife? You said earlier that it's enough. So that means, you're fine with me drinking from anyone as long as they're not female. Right?"

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A/N: Daily update will resume today. Thank you for your patience. <3

This chapter is dedicated to @Sacogun. Thank you so much for the supergift!

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Once the door was closed, Elle worriedly reached out and touched Sebastian's arm. His unexpected action and the sight of him really drinking blood right in front of her from someone was... Elle could not quite explain the feeling. But surprisingly, she found it not to be as gross or terrifying as she had once thought it would be.

"Are you â€œ"

"Shh." Sebastian hushed her. "Talk once more and I'll do the thing I promised I'd do to you. You've talked enough, Izabelle. I'm fine. So you don't have to worry about anything."

Pressing her lips together, she rushed towards the bed and grabbed her notebook and pen. She then flipped to a new page and quickly scribbled what she wanted to say.

'But you were wincing when you drank. Was it really just because it tasted bad?' she asked.

The look in his eyes seemed gentle when he lifted his eyes to hers. "Yes. The taste is actually tolerable. But it's just something my palate could barely handle." Tucking his hands inside his pockets, he leaned against the door as he continued staring at her. "But after a few more meals, I'll definitely get used to it."

Elle's grip on her pen tightened a little before she dropped her head down and again wrote hastily on her notebook. 'Would it be preferable if you drink from the glass? That's okay with me.'

His reaction was contrary to what she was expecting. His face and eyes suddenly turned blank as he stared at her writings. Causing Elle to crease her brows. Looking back to her notebook, she scanned the contents, trying to see what was it that caused that reaction. After seeing that there was nothing out of the ordinary, she turned back to look at him.

Just when she was about to open her lips to call his name, he lifted his eyes back to hers. The blankness was now gone, as if she had imagined what she had seen a little while ago.

"I'd rather drink from men and tolerate the bad taste." He casually replied. "Drinking from a glass is a no for me."

Her big blue eyes looked at him with a big 'why' plastered across them.

"It's just one of my personal convictions." He shrugged as he replied. As though he was merely stating a certain fact. But Elle went very still after hearing what he said. The sound of 'my personal convictions' had her immediately thinking of his other rules and how those rules were never simple.

She did not open her mouth nor write down a single word. She just stared at him quietly when he continued nonchalantly. "I was brutally forced to drink someone's filthy blood from a glass when I was younger. Since then, no matter who the blood came from, if I have to drink it from a glass, it always tastes exactly the same as that... filthy blood. I'll end up vomiting it out if I force myself. Though I haven't once planned to deal with it yet, as I don't think there is a need since I still have other choices..." he trailed off. Surprise flickered in his grey eyes and it was not because he was shocked about what he had just said. But to the fact that he had actually expressed those things so easily like he was merely talking about something as mundane as the weather.

Seeing the somewhat blank look with a hint of question on her face, Sebastian forced himself off the door and grabbed her hand. He led her back to the bed and made her sit there.

Taking a long quiet breath, Sebastian squatted before her again. "You really have to rest, Izabelle. You need as much rest as possible to heal quickly." He told her seriously. "I want you to rest so you can finally recover. And fully at that."

When she kept on staring at the smear of blood on his shirt's sleeve, Sebastian rose. "I'll go get changed." he said and sauntered towards the dressing room.

Elle looked down on her notebook and took a long deep breath. The expression on her face was one that was curious and wanting to know something.

She wrote something on the paper but scratched it out and wrote something again. She did that for a few more times until Sebastian returned. It was as though she kept on having a change of mind on how to best word the question she wanted to ask.

Wearing a sleek white shirt Elle rarely saw him in, Sebastian approached her, looking so much fresher than ever. Now that she had a comparison, Elle could tell the difference if this man was well fed compared to when he was hungry and starving.

For a long while, Elle just stared at him. She just sat there appreciating and savoring his refreshing look that was rare to be seen. Until he towered before her and looked down at her notebook. 'So I am not considered as one of those choices you have to feed on?'

Elle immediately flipped the notebook to hide the words she wrote but it seemed, his eyes were faster than her movements. From the change and flicker in his eyes, Elle knew that he must have already read that question that she had penned in the notebook.

His gaze moved slowly from the notebook up to her eyes.

"I'm not going to turn you into my food, Izabelle." he said in a serious and deep tone. His gaze became devil-bright for a moment. "Like I told you before, it only works for vampire couples, because both would benefit from it. Both would feel pleasure from it. If I do that

to you, that's just me feeding, while you're the food. And not to mention that no matter how much control I have, I'm still going to endanger your life in the process. I will be the only one who will feel pleasure from it, while you get hurt."

Lost for words to retort to his long statement, Elle just looked down at her notebook. She could not think of another question to ask nor give a response. But before she realized it, her hand already wrote down something that made his pupils dilate.

'I can handle it.'

Elle's heart skipped a beat as she blinked and reread what she wrote.

Slowly, she lifted her gaze to him, a little nervous of what reaction she would see displayed on his face.

Sebastian's gaze was fixed on hers. Devil-bright again.

Their gazes held.

"Don't tempt me on this too, Izabelle." His voice low, as he reached out to take the notebook and pen from her hand before tucking her into bed. "It's time for you to sleep and rest. We're done talking, for now." Though his words sounded tough, his tone was extremely gentle.

She protested through her eyes but Sebastian did not budge and only looked intently at her. Knowing that this time he was serious, Elle had no choice but to lay back. For now.

Her eyes continued drinking in his features until she eventually drifted off to sleep.

Sebastian stared at her peaceful sleeping face for a long while. Something mysterious was gleaming in his eyes as he fiddled a small lock of her hair between his fingers. He looked lost in thought for a long time until he carefully rose and silently left the room.

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Days passed, quiet and peaceful.

Sebastian never left the castle. He occasionally disappears when Lucas calls for him but he always comes back before a couple of hours were up and immediately checks on her.

During the nights, he sleeps on the couch.

Elle had insisted on having him sleep on the bed. Yes. She could not believe that there came the day when she would be the one insisting on him sleeping next to her.



But Sebastian was uncompromising. He had told her he must not because the doctor had reminded him that they cannot be having sex for now. As she would not be able to hold back from gasping and moaning which would be bad for the healing of her throat.

His argument had Elle blushing hard and at a loss for words. Thus, the two of them had slept separately.

Sebastian had also been very strict. He had also stopped answering some questions he thought would lead to her not being able to avoid talking. He had told her he would answer those questions once her throat was better, leaving Elle without a choice but to listen and do her best to recover quickly for her to finally hear the answers to the questions he had promised to answer.

To distract herself from trying to speak with him, Elle had asked to visit the library.

Sebastian agreed. Now the two of them were staying in the library for almost the whole day. Elle kept herself busy reading books not only because she wanted to, but because Sebastian also wanted her to immerse herself in books to avoid more conversations between them. At least until her throat completely recovers.

Sitting on the soft and long couch and reading a thick old book that was of course about the vampires, Elle's gaze darted to the glass of water that landed silently on the table before her.

Her gaze lifted and met Sebastian's eyes.

Wordlessly, he then sat next to her and casually stretched out on the couch, resting his head on her lap. He grabbed her hand next and placed her palm over his eyes.

It was in that way, he slept.

He had been doing this ever since they started visiting the library.

At first, Elle was speechless and a little bothered. Not in a bad way, but she just felt sort of flustered at his actions.

But she eventually adjusted and now she only felt relaxed and beyond pleased whenever he just lay his head on her lap like this. She loved this. Them being so close and peaceful and quiet like this.

It was honestly still a little hard for her to believe. She still sometimes asked herself how everything had turned into something this blissful and peaceful?

The peace between them was so good. A little surreal even. And a tiny part of her even wanted her throat not to get healed any time soon. Just so this bliss would last. Even only for a little while longer.

It was a thought she herself had never expected but she could not blame herself if she wished for something like that. Everything had been like a roller coaster ride and these little blissful moments had been like a vacation to a quiet paradise with him, just being there next to her, never going away.

Looking down at him, Elle stared at his lips. Her fingers itched to touch them so she forced her gaze back to the book that was in her hands again.

Several minutes later, Sebastian stirred.

Elle removed her hand over his eyes, looking down at him with curiosity. He usually sleeps for hours when he lays his head on her lap.

He rose and looked at the door. Then he sighed and muttered a soft curse directed to whoever it was that disturbed his sleep.

"I'll be back soon." He told her softly and Elle just nodded at him.

Sebastian usually never leaves her alone in the library for more than twenty minutes. Elle had wondered why once, but did not put too much thought into it.

But now that he had not returned even after thirty minutes, Elle had started to wonder if it was only coincidence. And while she was thinking of that, she began to wander along the old massive shelves. Her fingers glided along the spines of the books as she passed by.

She headed to one of the corners where she had not visited yet in the past few days. The library was big and mostly, Sebastian was the one who chose books for her after she told him what she would like to read.

Suddenly pausing, Elle turned to look where her fingers stopped. It was a maroon-colored book. Deciding to read something she had not planned to read for a change, Elle pulled the book from the shelf and returned to her seat. She was excited to find what topic she had come across this time.

Moments later, her heartbeats began to thud crazily behind her ribs as she realized that the book was about... Vampire and humans' mating.

This bunos chapter is dedicated to @MonsterUnderTheBed! Thank you so very much for the supergift!!

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Elle could not sleep.

Her mind was thinking about nothing but the things she had read from that book. She had found out that sexual relationships between vampires and humans were forbidden. And the reason was not something simple either. It was actually so shocking to her that even until now, disbelief was still gripping her mind.

According to the book, vampires and humans cannot mate because if that happens... the human would die and there was no remedy for that. It was said in the book that it had been that way ever since ancient times.

She was unable to finish the book yet, so she was very curious about what information she would find more in there. She had made sure not to let Sebastian see her reading that book. For now, she had decided not to let him know. Though she had a lot of questions – burning questions – that were bugging her deeply right now, and making her want to run over and ask him immediately, Elle thought that she should at least read through the entire book and have a better grasp on the information in there before telling or asking him about it.

"What's wrong? Is something bothering you?" Sebastian's velvet voice echoed in the dim light.

Elle turned and looked up at him. This man had now turned so very attentive to her every movement. And sometimes, it was even like he had an eye on his back. She was honestly not repulsed by his behavior, but she was just a little overwhelmed by all his attention. She had initially thought that everything would eventually go back to how it was before but that obviously did not happen. Even after several days had already passed.

As much as she was enjoying the attention from him, it made her wonder if he was doing this due to his guilt over what had happened to her. Or was he going to continue being like this until her throat was better?

She did not want to think about all these. She wanted to believe that this husband of hers right now did not turn into the perfect husband she needed during these times just because of his guilt. But... Elle knew she was not quite prepared to handle the emotional and mental blow if her speculation ended up being wrong in the end. So, she decided to settle on the safer side. At least for now.

A soft, reassuring smile tugged at the corner of her lips. Letting him know that everything was fine.

He only continued to stare at her. His grey eyes brightened even through the dim lighting of their room.

"Do you want me to fetch the wolf?" he asked.

Elle shook her head. And then she tugged at his arm, wanting him to lie next to her instead. She had gotten used to this already. Her, not using her voice to communicate what she wanted to say.

Lines formed between his brows but eventually, he gave in. "Fine. I'll lie next to you until you're asleep."

Upon stretching out beside her and lying down, Sebastian grabbed her hand and placed it on top of his abdomen. Elle quickly realized from the way he was behaving and positioning himself, that he was trying to become Snow's substitute tonight. She used to put an arm around Snow's body when she sleeps.

Looking at his flawless side profile and the silhouette of his thick and indecently long lashes, Elle unconsciously licked her lips.

"Sleep." He reminded her strictly without turning to look at her.

But lord... she just could not make herself obey those words. It seemed that he truly was right when he had made the decision to sleep on the couch instead of sharing the bed. Because right now, she was quickly feeling it in her body and heart, where there was a temptation to want to throw caution into the air to turn naughty and disobedient.

It had been... days since they had slept together. Was it more than a week already? Or perhaps close to two weeks?

Lord... no wonder she was starting to...

He suddenly moved and the next thing she knew, he was spooning her from the back. The feel of his hard body, his comforting warmth... his unique delicious male scent... Lord help her! How on earth was she ever going to fall asleep now?

Letting out a quiet sigh, Elle shifted slightly to find a more comfortable spot. Not that she was not comfortable already. She was simply trying to distract herself from going down the rabbit hole.

But her movement earned a 'tsk' from Sebastian. She could not quite tell if that sound was even a bad thing as Elle could not even feel a tinge of worry or anything similar when she heard it.

In the next moment, he let out a quiet groan. His hand had crept up and cupped the front of her neck from behind and whispered heavily. "Last warning, Izabelle." His voice was so... deep and hoarse it sent ripples shooting down her spine. And it was not just that. She finally noticed something hot and hard brushing against her. "Sleep." He said firmly before letting go of her as if he had realized spooning her was a bad idea.

She turned around to face him. He was already laying flat on his back. His eyes tightly squeezed closed.

Realizing how hard he was trying to behave himself, Elle secretly took a deep breath to clear her mind and really try to sleep as he wanted her to. But she soon found herself staring at him again until her gaze somehow ended drifting down to his neck.

She was immediately reminded of what she had read. That vampires bite on each other on the neck while they were having sex. The image of another woman biting him there flashed in her mind.

And before she realized what she was doing, Elle suddenly found herself pressing her lips to the side of his neck.

They both turned very still at the sudden contact of her cool lips on his warm neck.

Wide-eyed, Elle heard the loud and crazy fast heartbeats that belonged to her. Her mind screamed at her to pull away, asking what she was even doing.

But she could not make herself listen to her own mind but instead did something far graver than her first move. She had gone ahead and bitten him.

His muscles turned utterly taut, as though they had transformed into something really solid and hard. He then made a noise that sounded like a half curse and half groan.

A gasp was torn from her lips and the next thing she knew, he was hovering above her, pinning her down. His eyes were so animal-bright as he looked down at her. His breathing was uneven as he held himself still over her. And yet, Elle's first reaction was... oh lord... she had licked her lips in anticipation.

"Fuck... Iza..." he cursed again. Only this time, his voice was so husky, that she even heard it shaking. "What the hell... are you doing?"

He did not sound angry or upset and that was the only thing that mattered to Elle at the moment. As for his question, Elle was not sure about her answer.

She only bit her lip and silently stared back at him. Until her gaze strayed back to his neck again. She could not see if her earlier bite even left teeth marks as it was dim, but she thought that it might not have left any marks at all. She was not even certain if her bite was hard enough to leave any trace on him. After all, it was only a small nip.

Letting out a shaky breath, Sebastian pulled away from her and ran his fingers through his hair. He looked exasperated and in disbelief but slightly amused at the same time.

"I can't believe you just did that." He murmured. "You really aren't listening to me anymore, Izabelle. How I wish I could punish you... so f\*\*king hard right now" he

broke off as Elle reached out, slipped her hands around his neck and hugged him, nuzzling her face against his neck.

Sebastian was caught so off guard at her unexpected action that his entire body stiffened up again. His pupils dilated as he swallowed. Hard. His hands were now moving to grip her hips.

But they halted just before touching her and his jaws clenched and unclenched.

"F\*\*k..." he cursed once more, and this time it sounded almost pleading. Like he was asking for someone's help. "You really know... how to torture me to death, Izabelle."

He sighed once again and shook his head before he moved his hands to hold onto her arms, peeling her off him and pinned her down onto the bed again. This time, he pressed both her hands above her head, locking them there to make sure she would not get the chance to reach out and mess with his calm again.

"Not... now baby..." he breathed out. Elle could hear just how much self-control was in his voice through those few words alone. Though the words were obviously for her, he seemed to be convincing himself at the same time. "I am not going to blow up and screw your brains out tonight, then be unable to bed you again for the next several days. I know any suffering on my part later would be worth it. But... f\*\*k...!! You really need to quickly get better and you're almost there. Do you understand me, huh? Izabelle?"

She only pursed her lips ever so slightly, glancing away from him, causing him to laugh exasperatedly.

But then, he cupped her chin and his thumb started playing on her lips. "The doctor said, you'd be fully healed in two days. Two more days, baby... I promise that day will be so... no. Just prepare yourself because I will ravage you like never before and make you come apart so hard... so many times over... until you'd remember nothing else but my name." His eyes blazed with a seductive promise that sent her heart flip flopping like crazy.

Elle swallowed. She could not believe how her mouth watered at his suggestive words. Lord...

A soft kiss landed on her temple and then he pulled away so fast, he was already standing a step away from the bed when she was finally looking up at him.

"Sleep." He told her once again before striding off purposefully towards the bathroom.

Rubbing her face with her palms, Elle took a long and deep breath. She was glad that he thought she did that to seduce him, because she could not even explain the reason why she did that herself.

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The next morning, Elle had managed to finish reading that book as Sebastian seemed even busier today.

Standing by the shelf where she had taken that book from, Elle stared unseeingly at all the books' spines that were arranged on it. She had tried to find a similar book but could not find one at all. She honestly did not know what to feel or how to even react at the fact that she finished the book without finding any other information if that curse was already broken or perhaps if the vampires today had already found a way for a human and vampire's relationship to work. Because well... she and Sebastian... they were human and vampire. And they have had sex without her dying as was mentioned of how the females recorded in the book had.

Elle had checked on how old the book was and it was not actually that old. It was just a couple of decades old. Could it be that things have changed just within the past twenty years? And that now, humans and vampires' sexual relationship are no longer forbidden?

Staring at the maroon book in her hands, Elle sighed and decided to believe in her own conclusion. She had asked Sebastian about it too, once she had the chance.

Just when she lifted the book to return it to the shelf, a folded paper slipped down from its pages and fell at Elle's feet.

She bent and picked it up. But before she could open the folded piece of paper, her body instantly became almost catatonic. Her heartbeat stopped for a moment.

One thought came to her mind –“ Elijah. The experience in that dungeon was still fresh and a sore spot for her. The meeting with Elijah had flashed unbidden in her mind, and her heartbeat raced damned hard.

Whirling around, her eyes searched the entire room until it settled on the slightly opened door. Sebastian had always kept that door slightly open all the time while she was inside.

"Lucas? Rion? Anyone there?" she called out immediately, trying her best to stay calm, when Sebastian emerged from the door.

The sight of Sebastian being the one to appear when she was being afraid and unsettled had Elle feeling an unspeakable sense of relief washing over her. The dread that had initially gripped her had melted away and disappeared like it had not been there in the first place. Her entire frame relaxed and she could even feel her knees wobbling a little.

When she rushed towards him with such relief, Sebastian instantly moved to meet her halfway. He could sense and see how she was so agitated - perhaps even fearful - when he had walked through the door, and that had him on high alert for any danger nearby.

"What's wrong?" he asked, cupping both sides of her head gently with his hands. His gaze was searching as he locked his intense grey eyes onto her own trembling ones.

Elle realized then that she must have alarmed him with her nervous expression and her jumpy actions just now. Thus, she took a deep breath and tried her best to compose herself.

"I'm fine... I was just... I thought no one was outside. And it just... freaked me out a bit." She forced a smile as she explained.

Sebastian just stared into her eyes for a while before his gaze drifted away. Elle noticed how he looked around the inside of the library in a slow manner, as though his eyes were scanning the entire area. No... it was more apt to describe it that he was not trying to see it with his eyes, but feel if there was something amiss.

When he returned his gaze to her, that serious and fierce look loosened up and gentled. There was a smile in his eyes as his hands that were cupping her head slowly let go of her. As he visibly relaxed, it only helped to make her feel instantly better as well because she knew there was no immediate threat to either of them within the vicinity for the moment.

"It's alright, Izabelle. Everyone's right outside and on guard all the time. Don't forget that they can hear even the slightest sound even from inside here." He reassured her before his eyes fell down to the paper that was still held limply in her hand.

"Uh... this is..." Elle hesitantly lifted the now slightly crumpled paper up between them.

"Hush, Iza." He silenced her, placing his forefinger against her lips. His gaze was wordlessly warning her not to talk anymore. In her nervousness, she had forgotten that she was still on the ban of not being allowed to talk.

But he stretched his hand out, palms facing upward as he silently asked her to hand over the paper to him. "Can I see it?"

Again, Elle hesitated. But eventually, she placed it in his open palms.

Sebastian's expression did not change as she stared at the paper.

Unable to hold back her curiosity about the contents of the paper, Elle leaned in closer to Sebastian to see what was written on it.



To her surprise, the paper was... blank!

...

"That's..." 'a pretty extravagant dress!' Elle thought silently as her eyes were slightly stretched as she stared at the royal blue gown before her that the stylist who came today had brought along.

Her doctor had told her this morning that her throat was finally healed and she could now talk freely. But the doctor did remind her that it would do her well not to overdo it. It was somehow such an amazing coincidence because today was her birthday as well.

Sebastian had spoken to her about this a few days before. When Elle said that having a simple dinner at home would suffice as a way to celebrate her birthday, Sebastian only blinked and nodded. But then the very next day, he informed her that they would be holding a formal party for her birthday celebration, right here in the Reigns castle.

And thus, here she was, now getting prepared for her big night.

She could not help but feel a little nervous. She was used to these kinds of things. Mingling with the socialites and entertaining guests were her forte. However, with her now knowing that almost all of the guests that would be present in this party were not actually humans... Her confidence somehow seemed to be wavering.

A part of her had wanted to tell Sebastian to cancel the event for fear that she was not quite ready to entertain non-human guests. But she shoved that thought hard and deep within her. Telling herself that she must not chicken out now. This was her chance to see for herself the reality of this society - she was now introduced to by marriage - with her new perspective.

Taking a deep breath, she stared at herself through the mirror when someone entered the room. It was Linda.

"Princess, I was asked by His Highness to bring you these." She handed her a bag that contained boxes of gifts and three letters.

Elle checked the cards one by one. The first card was from Abi and Alexander, the second was from Alice and Alexis and the last one was from Alicia and Azy.

A soft, emotional smile flashed across Elle's face as she read through their birthday wishes. She already knew that they could not attend the party and Elle understood fully their circumstances.

She had terribly wished for them to come, but their heartfelt wishes in these lovely cards were more than enough for her.

"Are you ready, Princess?" Linda asked her once everything was ready.

Looking at herself through the mirror one last time, she nodded at Linda. It was finally time.

Another deep breath escaped her before she turned and gracefully walked towards the door, poised and glamorous as she followed after Linda who led the way.

When the door opened, Linda announced. "Your Highness, the princess is ready." She then stepped aside and Elle's gaze fell towards the man who was leaning against the wall across from her.

### Chapter 188 Gossip

The word 'gorgeous' did not seem to be enough to describe how Sebastian looked at the moment. Even though she had seen him always dressed so impeccably in dark suits, Elle had declared to herself that his get-up right now topped all the other outfits she had seen on him thus far. That tailcoat... Lord... it was like tailcoats were actually invented for this man!

Right now, even if she still did not have any idea that he was a real vampire, she would definitely describe his beauty with just two words. Unreal. Inhuman.

He very much looked the part of a real vampire prince now with that get up! Not that he was not actually one already.

Elle was so busy ogling her husband's dashing looks that she failed to notice Sebastian had even yet to blink since the moment he saw her. His grey orbs gleamed so bright as he stared at her unmoving, as though transfixed at the sight that greeted his eyes. And when he finally pushed himself off the wall and approached her, his eyes never once strayed.

"Blue..." he uttered as he took her hand, "... you really own that color, Izabelle."

She smiled. "Thank you... the stylist mentioned that it was you who chose the dress."

"Do you like it?" Though his tone was light and seemingly unconcerned, Elle detected from his eyes that her answer truly mattered to him.

"I love it." She answered sincerely with a pleased but shy smile.

A satisfied smile flashed across his features and the two of them finally walked off together, hand in hand.

"Don't be nervous." Sebastian then changed the topic when he noticed how her grip on his hand kept tightening the closer they got to the ballroom. "Treat everyone like how you used to."

She halted and looked at him. "I'm not sure if I can do that." She admitted. "Knowing that everyone isn't actually human like me, but... supernatural beings... I'm not sure if I can keep my usual composure." The smile on her face wavered a little.

"Those... supernatural beings as you put it, are now your people, Izabelle."

"I... that's... that's..."

"Don't feel overwhelmed, Iza." He made sure his voice was pitched low and filled with reassurance. "I know you'd need some time to get used to our society's reality so tonight, there's no need to entertain everyone like you used to do tonight."

Her brows knitted. "But it's my birthday party, Sebastian. They're the guests they've been invited over, so I must –"

"Nope." He cut her off. "Your throat has just healed. I am not going to let you speak to every single guest and strain your throat, only to have it relapsed. In fact, I've arranged things in a way so you'd speak less."

Elle fell speechless for a few moments before she shook her head.

"You should've told me about that sooner, Sebastian." Her face dimmed as she said that. "I can't possibly go in there and not talk to the guests! People will... everyone will... they will think bad of me if I do that. Though it is my birthday celebration, it's still not proper of me to do that, Sebastian. I don't want your people... anyone else in fact,... to think that their prince's wife is a... is a –"

"Hush, Izabelle..." his hand was below her ear, cupping her head gently. "Listen, baby..." he whispered in a comforting calm voice and Elle belatedly realized that she had responded to him and her breathing had started to rise. "I won't entirely forbid you from talking to them. I'm just going to limit it. And stop getting worried about the people and what they will think about whatever attitude you'd display tonight. Whatever their opinion of you doesn't matter –"

"Sebastian." She cut him off this time. Her gaze turned a little fierce. "Their opinion of me matters. Because whatever I do could cause a controversy and even a scandal that will not only ruin my reputation but more importantly, yours as well! Not forgetting the royal family's too. I can't... I can't let even the slightest possibility of that happening."

Silence reigned between them for a while until Sebastian let out a quiet breath. He did not see this coming at all. That Izabelle was going to be aggravated by this matter. The reason why he had decided to talk her into having a celebration was because of the

issue about her that was spreading outside Viscarria. Tabloids were writing about the whereabouts of Princess of Dalenn who now was the Crown Princess of Viscarria. Some were even spreading gossip that she had disappeared and was still missing.

Many people were taking the rumor seriously since it was actually true that Izabelle who was usually active since she had married him suddenly disappeared from the public eye and had not been spotted for a long while.

And so, he had no choice but to plan out this celebration even though he personally would rather celebrate the night with just the two of them. He had decided to hide this information about the rumor from her at least until tomorrow as he did not want her to stress herself out. He had wanted her to focus on healing completely and also at least enjoy this night.

But it seemed that everything was not going along as he had planned. He had not expected that the people's opinion of her was such a big deal to her.

"I've... experienced people's hatred since I was young, Sebastian..." she continued with conviction. "I don't want to go through that again. I don't want the people of Viscarria to... to think bad of me and end up hating me like how the people back home did."

Sebastian was silent. He wanted to tell her not to even worry about that because he would destroy anyone who would dare treat her with hatred or disrespect. But he managed to hold back and yield. He would yield if that would make her happy.

"Fine, Izabelle." He gave in, pressing on her hand gently, "alright... I won't forbid you. You can do what you want tonight."

## [Hellbound Heart #Chapter 189 Unapologetic - Read](#) [Hellbound Heart Chapter 189 Unapologetic](#)

The celebration went on smoothly since the very start of the event.

And to Elle's surprise, the guests did not even get close enough for her to speak to them. They kept their distance from her for some reason. Most of them only simply greeted her with warm and gentle smiles from afar.

Only the immediate members of the royal family and highest officials came over to personally greet and deliver her their birthday wishes. Even then, they did not linger around her for long. Before any conversation could even start after the exchange of greetings and birthday wishes, they were already gone.

The only thing that was comforting was the fact that Elle did not feel like they were purposely avoiding her. Instead, it was obvious to her that they were politely excusing themselves away, as if they knew something "that she should not be talking much.

When Sebastian stretched out his hand to her, inviting her to join him for the dance of the night, Elle stared down at his hand for a few seconds. And when she put hers into his, she remembered their first dance during Elijah's birthday party.

Sebastian led her to the dancefloor and once the music started, they started to move seamlessly to each other's steps.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Sebastian asked as he danced with her with his usual lazy grace that never ceases to amaze her. His high quality black velvet suit with gold embroidery on his sleeves ends, upper left and right shoulder areas and all along the high collared neckline only added to the smoky and sultry appeal of his male seductiveness.

Elle blushed as she graced him with a smile. It was a sweet smile, one filled with gratitude and awe. And also, genuine happiness. She had not expected the beauty of the decorations and the perfection of the entire set up and planning that had been put into her birthday celebration. It was actually... extravagant. The entire ballroom had been transformed into a romantic yet cool place for her birthday celebration. Warm fairy lights that dangled from the ceiling provided the intimate quality that would encourage small talks among guests. And fresh flowers brought in recently from the outside were still sending off their light yet wonderful perfume through the entire hall.

It had made her speechless for a long while because she knew just how much time and money was needed to prepare everything to perfection. In fact, she knew that the planning and preparation of such an extravagant event normally lasted for at least a year, if not or more. But Sebastian was able to coordinate and get things done on such short notice.

She was honestly shocked that she could not believe it at first until she remembered that she was no longer back home. She was in a place where vampires lived and breathed. There were things they could do so easily, that would take humans a long time to finish.

"Is this why you've been busy in the past few days, Sebastian?" she questioned him. One of the princesses had slipped and mentioned that it was Sebastian who had organized the extravagant event. She even jokingly whispered to Elle that Sebastian had terrorized the palace staff continuously to make sure everything was done without flaw.

"Well, I need to make sure everything will be finished in time, don't I?" He casually replied. "You like it?"

She stared up at him, her eyes gleaming as brightly as the stars in the night sky. "Everything is... perfect!" Her earnest whisper struck him right in the heart.

His elusive dimple again decided to make their appearance. And then they twirled around the dance floor so perfectly and in sync to each other's breathing. Neither took their eyes off of the other. It was like they could not help their gazes to be helplessly glued to their partner held in their arms.

The guests continued to be shocked at the scene before them. Black and gold, perfectly intertwined with royal blue and silver as they swayed and spun around to the music - both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess were truly a sight to behold. The couple was a sight for sore eyes.

The guests had been shocked ever since the moment the couple appeared together. The chemistry between them and how they both looked so dazzling were already such a big surprise. And now here they were, moving across the dancefloor like they were one, captivating everyone's eyes. That moment, the two of them... their dance... They themselves were spellbinding.

But that was not the most surprising. What shocked everyone the most was how the prince was acting towards his human wife. The vampires had never seen Prince Sebastian carrying himself like how he was tonight. His usual dark aura was so tamed and mild that he even actually looked approachable! And then they saw it... his smile... his dimple!

Both male and females who saw that smile on his face were so shocked to their core. They did not know Prince Sebastian had a dimple! Hearts could almost be seen pouring out of all the single ladies' eyes as they hungrily watched the Crown Prince! While the males could not help but wonder if this was the same Prince Sebastian they knew!

"What did you... tell everyone?" Elle asked Sebastian as their dance continued. She was completely oblivious at how the viewers were gushing, her and Sebastian being the main topic of discussion. "I feel like everyone knew something... that's why they're leaving as soon as they greet me."

"Well, I just told them that you have a mild throat problem at the moment."

"Will they... actually believe that?" A tinge of worry flashed across her eyes. She had done this before. Explaining to the people that she was ill, but they did not believe her.

"Don't worry. They believe it."

She breathed in relief and pursed her lips slightly. "And here I thought you'd let me do whatever that I wanted."

He smiled again. A small and a little wicked but unapologetic one. "I did allow you to do what you wanted... but I didn't say that I'll just politely step aside and let you get hurt, baby. I told you, I'm not going to let anyone hurt your throat again, not even you." He

bent his head beside hers and whispered hotly into her ear, "I'd rather you use your voice moaning my name out later."

## [Hellbound Heart #Chapter 190 Or Else - Read Hellbound Heart Chapter 190 Or Else](#)

While most of the guests were entranced by the night's main event which was the Crown Prince and Crown Princess' dance, a group of ladies in the far corner near the veranda were quiet and kept to their own small group. Glancing at each other and talking in secret, they gave off a slight feeling of dissatisfaction.

'God, Prince Sebastian looks so different tonight!'

'What do you mean? I don't think he's any different. Did you see how he had glared at us earlier on to back off before we could even approach them to greet his wife?'

'Right. He's still the same. The same gorgeous brooding, unapproachable and unreachable prince of ours!'

'I am not talking about that. I'm talking about his attitude right now towards the princess. Can't you guys see the difference? I never dreamt that Prince Sebastian could actually smile like that to another person, and a woman no less!'

Apparently, everyone could see it. They were just too jealous to be able to admit it at first. They could not believe that another human had charmed another vampire prince! In fact, many ladies had been gossiping about the fact that two of the Reign princes had ended up marrying humans.

Everyone had honestly thought that Prince Sebastian was going to end up marrying Lady Kana. Because Lady Kana was the woman he had chosen and Lady Kana had been serving him for a long time now. But out of the blue, they suddenly received news that the Crown Prince was already married and what more, it was to a human!

'I can't believe what I am seeing. It seems that the Prince has truly fallen in love with that human princess.'

'I don't hate her personally, but... that should be Lady Kana's place beside Prince Sebastian. At least, Lady Kana's a noble pure-blooded vampire. Not just some lowly and weak human.'

'Right... where is Lady Kana anyway?'

'I saw her with her father just a while ago.'

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Utterly flustered, Elle quickly glanced to her left and right surreptitiously. Her face was burning red and her heartbeats were racing up a storm behind her ribcage.

"Oh Lord... no one managed to hear what you just said, right?" she muttered to him, panicking a little as her eyes were stretched wide in shock. How on earth does this man be so daring to speak of such private matters out in public where anyone could hear?! Elle felt scandalized just thinking of what he had said.

"Hmm... if someone's focusing their hearing on me, then they could actually hear my whisper â€œ"

"Oh Lord...!!" her eyes stretched even wider. And she even stumbled. Thankfully, it was as though Sebastian had seen that coming and he gracefully saved her from any possibilities of tumbling over and ruining their dance.

A tantalizing chuckle echoed just by her ear, followed by another low and magnetic whisper. "So, what if they hear? We're married, Iza â€œ"

"Still." She cut him off, still recovering from her embarrassment. "It's not... I mean, there's no need for anyone to hear that..." Ellen's words got cut off as her face blazed and she could only look at Sebastian helplessly.

"That I loved to hear your seductive moans?" Sebastian mischievously helped her finish her incomplete sentence, knowing that he was deliberately teasing his already embarrassed-to-death wife. However, he could not help himself because he liked seeing all these reactions of hers.

Her lips parted at his words and she would have tripped again if not for him saving her so effortlessly once more. He was handling her like she weighed absolutely nothing!

When she heard him chuckle again, Elle nearly glared frustratedly at him. The only reason she held back was because they were currently the center of attraction. She had never expected this man to actually tease her in this situation. Fortunately, she managed to remind herself that they were literally right before everyone's eyes at the moment and she could not possibly be showing that she was glaring at their beloved Crown Prince! "Please stop bullying me, Sebastian. This is my birthday." She complained to him softly, but a small smile decorated her face on the outside instead.

As though her smile did not fool him at all, Sebastian pressed his lips on her temples as he pulled her close to lean against him. "Just kidding, baby girl." He whispered in a low tone. "And I'm not bullying you... I just love seeing your flushed and flustered face."

She jerked her head back and locked her eyes with his. "You mean, they can't hear us?"

"Nope."



"Are you sure?" her brows creased, trying to ascertain if he was still teasing her. "Even though the vampires have such superior hearing? You're not fooling around with me again, are you, my prince?" After saying that, she pursed her lips a little.

"You're not wrong, but we do have rules not to eavesdrop. And most vampires have long adapted and now we've learned not to use our senses' full potential. Or else, most of us would've gone mad from the world's everyday noises. So now vampires aside from the royals, needed more time and intense concentration to activate their supernatural hearing as you called it."

"Oh... that's a real relief." Elle breathed in utter relief, her color going back to normal. A bright smile appeared on her beautiful face, like the rays of the sun piercing through the clouds.

"So, I can keep talking dirty with you now, right? Izabelle?"

"No! Good lord... Sebastian! What's with you tonight?" she then discreetly pinched his arm as she showed him a sweet and gentle smile that was obviously tinged with warning. There was no way she would let that happen. Someone might still want to eavesdrop on what Sebastian was whispering!

His brow lifted ever so slightly. "I'm not sure why you're asking that, but I don't think there's anything wrong with me tonight, baby."

"I don't think so, Prince Sebastian, dear husband-of-mine." She continued keeping her sweet saccharine smile, that was somehow slowly turning genuine. Because now that she had mentioned it, she had finally realized how relaxed he looked tonight. His eyes were gleaming brighter than usual, something she had not seen that much, especially when he was in public. "You're being too mischievous tonight. It's not very like you to act like this in public. Be careful that the guests also notice something strange about you."

"Hmm... is that so? Forget the guests, what do they have to do with matters concerning us husband and wife? Then let's just say that I have only recently discovered that I like teasing you in public? I think you're going to like it too, Iza... me being 'mischievous' as you called it with you in public."

"No way... I'd rather you stay behaved and quiet as you used to, Sebastian." Elle denied it with her words but there were two red spots high on her cheeks.

"Are you sure?" he leaned again and whispered. "Even though you loved it so much when I was f\*\*king rough and talking dirty?"

Her face blazed once again as she secretly pinched him hard. "Quit it, Prince Sebastian... or else..." she threatened with a sweet smile on her face.

"Or else... Princess Izabelle?" Sebastian smiled back, a brow arched in silent question.

Biting on her lip, she flashed him a serious look and then feigned another loving and sweet smile. "You're going to sleep on the couch tonight as well."

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A/N: there's a pic of Sebby and Elle in the comic box.