

## **Hellbound Heart Chapter 2 - Touch of darkness**

### **Chapter 2: Touch of darkness**

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"Go on... devour me." Her words came out soft. But when paired with that small and fair face that showed so much courage, this lethal combination might be seen as a challenge.

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A small devilish smile tugged at Sebastian's lips and Elle actually had to hold her breath for a moment. Holy hell! She could not believe that he could still distract her in this severe situation she was plunged into! This man was the epitome of a dangerous temptation!

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"Is that a challenge, Princess?" he asked. His sinuous voice echoing out and so darkly enticing that her pupils dilate reflexively.

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"You may call this whatever you like." She forced her response to be flippant and light, steeling herself for what was to come.

Her wedding was supposed to be held last year. But Izabelle had gone to her father and protested desperately until Brandon finally agreed that he would wait for her 20th birthday just for the sake of public opinion. However, the monster had brazenly stated his ridiculous condition right before her and King Markus' face. He had firmly demanded that she must still be a virgin until the wedding or else the wedding will not happen.

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And that was why Elle's father had her placed under 24/7 constant surveillance even when she was already in their home, the palace.

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Since then, Elle had strongly come to believe that the monster, Brandon, was a sucker for virgins and now that it had all come to this, she thought she had finally found that one in a million chance she was waiting for. She thought about this before. She had planned to grab a man for a one-night stand, but with all her father's strict surveillance, it had not been possible. Thus, the reason for her still remaining a virgin up till now and the wedding was already tomorrow!

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But now, here's a handsome prince right within her reach. He was literally being dropped into her lap and wonder of all wonders this prince was also telling her that he devours women. Her original escape plan now had almost a zero chance of succeeding. Now she was left with this one last choice – and it was quite certain that she would succeed if she took this route. However, the question was, should she take it? After a second of contemplation, it was no doubt a 'yes'.

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She wanted to think that perhaps this man was an angel of mercy sent to her, so she could escape her personal doomsday a.k.a. her wedding day.

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"I am serious, Prince Sebastian." Her voice came out braver and resolute, more than certain of her answer.

Their gazes held and it took everything for Elle not to succumb to whatever mysterious magic those unfathomable eyes held over her.

"Tell me, princess..." he whispered mysteriously, lifting his hand. She could not help but stare at those protruding veins and those long slender fingers.

2

When his fingers touched the ends of the lacy trimmings of her hood and pulled on it to untie the ribbon, her heartbeat accelerated like crazy.

"Why are you doing this? Or are you trying to play mind games with me?" he asked in that cello-like voice of his.

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However, for a second in his eyes, there flashed something dangerous. A serious warning that was purely for her sake.

Part of her was screaming at her to listen to his warning. This man was dangerous. She could clearly feel that. His aura was dark and threatening as it created a barrier around his person. But did she have a better choice than him? Unfortunately, there was none.

1

And so, she quickly rose and without delay, pulled off her hoodie and allowed it to drop, discarded on the floor. That one action was enough to show him that there was no hesitation at all on her part.

"I'm not playing any kind of games." She told him and she reached out for her pajama shirt and started undoing the buttons as she bravely held his gaze. Her fingers trembled a little, but she did her best not to make it too obvious, hoping that he did not notice it.

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Once all the buttons were undone, she spoke up. "As you can see, I am beyond serious, Prince Sebastian."

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A slow smile curved on his face before his hand moved again very swiftly but in such a graceful movement.

Elle felt the back of his fingers grazed against her jaw and then moved it downwards so slowly until she found herself tipping her head back. Oh gods...

She could hear some loud noises going on outside the door. It seemed as though someone was trying to talk the guards out of their attempt on trying to enter into the prince's room for the night. But her mind and body were fast getting electrified by his touch right now that it was impossible for her to focus on the faint sounds that were coming from outside.

1

She had been touched and kissed by a few boys previously, but that was all before her engagement. Though there had been no penetration that happened, she had still allowed someone to touch her all over. She had enjoyed those not so innocent explorations back then. But this... this was completely different. It was totally on a different level compared to the child's play from before. She could not explain it, but she sensed what seemed to be like a touch of darkness that was present in his fingertips trailing over her skin. And to think that he was just grazing it against her neck!

2

His finger finally stopped its exploration over her thudding heart and remained there – for the moment at least. Then he bent closer to her, causing her to subconsciously hold her breath again.

"You... intrigue me, princess." He murmured at her, his deep eyes staring down. But he did not seem to be staring at her bra but at the skin that was over her heart. Which she found a bit strange, or was she just being too nervous?

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"I never thought that the princess whose wedding I was supposed to be attending tomorrow, is doing this right now... in my room... with me." He continued, his words slow and steady. He did not sound to be that much in disbelief and there was surprisingly no judgement either in his voice nor in his eyes. What was there was just a wicked ghost of a smile on his face.

2

But his words were not enough to make Elle falter. Not even a twitch appeared on that beautiful face of hers. She had already guessed that he must be one of those last-minute guests her father had invited for the wedding. So of course, he would know who she was.

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"I'm guessing that you're trying to have your one last fling before your wedding tomorrow?" he asked her playfully, an elegant brow arching up charmingly.

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