

Hellbound Heart Chapter 3 - Playing with fire

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Izabelle just stared dumbly at him. 'One last fling...' those three words echoed in her ears. He thought that she was willingly throwing herself onto him right now just because she wanted the thrill and excitement of one last fling?

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She let out a quiet but deep breath. Of course, he would think that! Why would he think otherwise? And even if she did tell him the whole truth, there was still a big chance that this man would not believe her but chose to think that she was either overreacting or acting. The men around her had always been like that. They only believe what they wanted to believe. This man was another royalty so she could only think that he too might had the same mentality the other royals have. And not to mention that this man was...

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Gossip magazines and the Internet had claimed that the title of 'the most handsome prince that ever graced the face of the earth' was created to be his. He was born into it. Elle had thought how ridiculous that was when she came across that label one day as she was browsing on the Internet.

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But now that Elle was actually seeing him in person, she, who had previously thought that the Internet and media were just being ridiculously exaggerated as always about this prince, was now rendered utterly speechless in his presence. Because apparently, those pictures had not been filtered nor tampered with. She did not believe it at first. Truthfully, now that she was looking at him, he actually looked even more unreal in person, if that even made any sense.

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Countless women must have had thrown themselves onto this man's bed. And tonight, she had seemingly done the same and told him to devour her.

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If she told him the truth, he would definitely think that she was just making an excuse when her real agenda was to bed him, the infamous handsomest prince.

She did not have the luxury of time to explain, nor did she have any evidence to her claims.

Elle was done doing that. She was done explaining the truth because no one would believe it anyway. So f**k it... she did not want to care what this man believe she was. That was the least of her concerns right now. She had bigger and more important issues to deal with first.

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"Yes." She finally replied, trying to behave rather carelessly so it would look convincing with the pretext that they were going with. "This is an arranged marriage, a forced marriage... actually. There is no love involved between us, and I strongly believe that my groom-to-be is also fooling around with other ladies tonight. I just hope he's not forcing himself to some poor underaged girl." She gritted her teeth as she muttered out that last line, her voice tight and resentful. But she quickly gathered herself and continued. "So what's the harm if I bitch around tonight as well? More so when the infamous handsomest prince is within my reach right now?" an acerbic smirk flashed across her lips.

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Izabelle did not realize it, but her eyes at that moment was fiery as she stared at him.

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He responded with a smile. A faint dimple appeared on his left cheek. That cute dimple was just so out of place with how devilish his expression was right now.

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"Really intriguing..." he said, looking down at that spot over her heart again. "This is the first time I've met a royal lady who is not feigning modesty and trying too damned hard to be graceful and proper before me."

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In a blink of an eye, Izabelle was suddenly pinned on the massive king-sized bed. He hovered over her, and it was then that she took note of how broad his torso was as he completely covered her.

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Her heartbeats were thudding like crazy now as she looked up at him. Did he have to move so fast like that without any warning?

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"A bitchy royal lady is such a breath of fresh air." He whispered so seductively as he trailed his fingers across her collarbones. The ticklish sensation had her drawing in a quick hiss of air.

Elle's heartbeat was going so fast she did not even realize she had stiffened up the moment his fiery fingertips settled on that area of her neck where her pulse was running berserk.

When she returned her gaze to his, she saw those metallic eyes seemingly observing her. She couldn't read anything, but she suspected that he must be getting a bit suspicious now. Oh no... she must not let him see through her bravado... or else he might send her out of this room! She must not allow that to happen!

"Nervo –"

"No." she cut him off sharply before he could even complete the word. "You just startled me a bit there."

"Oh... really?" his lips curved up into a teasing smirk before slowly moving his fingers again, going lower this time until it reached the deep valley between her twin mounds.

A scorching intensity danced dangerously in his metallic bright eyes. And Elle starts to feel something warm and liquid-like pooling deep inside of her. Oh dear... how could she be feeling like this already? If she compared this to the touches she had experienced before, what he was doing could even barely be called a touch! He was actually only lightly grazing against her skin. Yet it was already enough to make her...

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She thought this was only possible in romance novels. Or was it because of those seemingly hypnotic eyes of his?

"I think... I need to prep you out a bit... since it's obvious to me that you actually have absolutely no idea what you're throwing yourself into."

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"That's not... not true... at all. I know exactly what I am doing, Prince Sebastian." She was quick to retort with that courageous tone. "I know I am playing with fire right now, but... fire doesn't scare me."

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