

Hellbound Heart Chapter 4 - Instructions

Chapter 4: Instructions

"I know I am playing with fire right now, but... fire doesn't scare me." Her eyes gleamed as she said those last four words. There was a deeper and hidden meaning to her words that she was certain this prince could not understand. She would rather play with fire and get burned for one night than get thrown into depths of hell itself with that monster for the rest of her life. That, she thought, was a more grievous consequence that she did not want to shoulder – at all.

5

"I see... then I shall play with you, princess." his voice seemed to have turned gravelly. It evolved into something more sinuous that caused her to shiver even though she was surrounded by warmth.

10

But just as she thought he was going to finally touch her more intimately, he pulled away and got off her.

Elle's eyes widened in shock at the thought that he was going to head for the door and open it and have her caught.

She quickly sat up and was just about to crawl towards him when his voice trailed behind him. "Take off your clothes, Izabelle." He suddenly ordered. Though his voice was soft, Elle felt the power of his command wash over her that she literally froze on the spot. "All of it." he added, causing her to snap out of her stupor.

19

Her heart was thudding hard but she quickly obeyed and fumbled to discard her shirt. Followed by her bra. She had intentionally allowed for her hair to cover her breasts when she purposely bent over to let her unhooked bra drop from her shoulders.

When she reached out for her waist band, Elle's fingers trembled a little. But she swallowed whatever shame she was feeling at the moment, afraid of what he would do the moment she showed him any sign that she was not the bitch princess he had thought she was portraying herself to be.

4

She slipped her fingers under her panties' waistband and pulled them down in one smooth move.

Bravely, she stood there, completely naked and fully bared before him.

4

She watched him as his gaze raked her from head to toe. Those eyes of his seemed to light up as she felt like he was already devouring her whole.

5

Her face was flushed but the touch of his gaze alone seemed to be enough to burn her. Making her feel that she was truly playing with fire right now. This is the first time she had ever encountered a feeling like this.

2

"Good girl..." he praised with a slight nod. Then he gestured to her with his fingers. "Come over here."

11

Elle could only feel amazed at herself on how she was even able to continue on playing this role, following his orders like it was nothing. She had always been a stubborn girl since... forever. She was never the type to take orders from others easily. So why...

11

Immediately, she reasoned out that it was because she had no other choice and was in a desperate situation. When push comes to shove, people are able to do many unexpected things. She convinced herself that this must be the case with her too.

1

The moment she was within his reach, she was yanked hard against his solid body and then with a quick whirl, she was made to stand before the Victorian mirror placed in this room. With him standing right behind her.

8

He bent over until she was forced to brace her hands against the wooden table connected to the large mirror. Her legs were weakening, and her knees were shaking when she felt his cool breath being blown against her ears. Goosebumps spread all over her skin.

"I have something to tell you first, princess." He said, making her feel like the devil himself was the one whispering to her. "So listen to me... look at me... no, face the mirror and look at me." His instructions were precise.

3

Elle lifted her gaze to his reflection in the mirror and stared at him. To the handsome devil who was behind her.

"I only do it from behind... and no, I don't like kissing. Are you okay with that? Hmm?" as he laid out his terms, his magnetic eyes held onto hers.

22

She could only swallow the lump that had formed in her throat. Those words which were supposed to sound incredibly cold somehow came as seductively hot to her. Why was she not feeling turned off by the way he was putting it?

1

"Y-yes. I'm definitely okay with it." She replied, trying not to stammer. She was not expecting anything lovey-dovey from this man at all. She was clear that they were not lovers. In fact, his conditions actually made things much better for her, did they not? That way, there would be no messy consequences to deal with after they were done with it.

3

"I'm not done yet, princess." His hand was suddenly clasped around her throat, stopping her from turning back to look at him over her shoulder.

2

When she looked at him through the mirror's reflection again, her heart jumped at the predatory gaze that was seen in his eyes. But still, she could not feel the right kind of fear she thought she should be feeling, which she thought was another good thing.

"I call my girl names in bed and spank them hard on the ass... are you okay with those too? Hmm?"

22

Oh, dear... what kind of luck did she have? Why did this man have to be one of those types? She thought he would just get on with it and then be over and done. Wham, bam, thank you ma'am. She had not been expecting all this at all! Who would have thought that this gorgeous prince was into something kinky like this?

8

"I... I think so... yes." She answered anyway. It was not that she had a choice with it, right? Honestly, she was not sure about what it would involve because how could she know if she was okay with it? She had heard in passing that there was nothing wrong with it as long as one was into it. But she does not believe that she was the type. But right now, she has to say yes or else he will...

"You think so...?? Hmm... that won't work for me, princess. I want a certain answer. Or should we just go ahead then try and see?"