

Hellbound Heart #Chapter 61 - 70

Sebastian's facial muscles twitched as he tried to calm himself. He was just about to leave to go and cool his head. To calm down for a bit. Because no matter how he tried he could not seem to control his f**king emotions around this woman. She had awakened a kind of lust he had never known was possible to feel within himself and now here was an uncontrollable rage he that could not even seem to control. r

He had never struggled this much to control his anger or his lust. What made it worse this time was both anger and lust were surging within his veins, making it harder to keep it in check. r

The pathetic thing was that this lust and anger seemed to be something only she could sate and keep under control. Just like how it was now. How in the f**king hell had his anger just cooled down so quickly all because she had reached out and held his hand? r

"If... if I tell you that I really don't know what happened, will you believe me?" her weak voice echoed as he felt the barely noticeable tremble of her hands in his own. He hated hearing the fear in her voice and seeing the apprehension that was in her eyes. r

His jaws clenched tightly again before he slowly turned and stared down at her. Her head was bent down, staring at their hands which were still holding on to each other's. It seemed to him that she was looking as though she was preparing herself for something bad to happen. r

Before he could respond, she suddenly dropped her hand and looked up at him. Her eyes were shining with a wealth of hurt and something more. r

"I'm sorry..." she said in a bitter voice. Elle did not know why she had thought to reach out to him and even bother saying those words. Because... of course... there was no way that he would believe her. And it was naïve of her to think even for a moment that Sebastian would trust her words, especially when she could not even offer a logical explanation. There was no reason for him to. She was just his wife in name only. There was no love nor fondness between them. They were not even together long enough to build any sort of trust between them. Of course, there was no way this man would trust her...r

The pain in her chest was so intense that it seemed to strangle her, constricting like a vise that was slowly tightening around her. But she forced out a fake apologetic smile and lied, "I think it must have been when I tripped and I... I fell into his arms... right, that should be the reason why you are smelling his scent on me —" r

Sebastian slammed his palms against the tiles behind her, pinning her with his gaze that was now raging like grey hellfire once again. r

"Don't f**king lie to me like –"r

"Then what do you want me to do?!" she suddenly burst out, trembling – but was it in anger or desperation, she did not know. She lifted her hands to hit down on his chest, but Sebastian caught her wrist before her palms could even connect. Nevertheless, she still tried to hit him futilely as she continued, "What do you want me to say? Huh?! If I told you the truth, you wouldn't believe it anyway! So, I'll tell a lie instead. But apparently, you don't want that too. So, tell me, what do you want me to do?!" r

She was expecting another wave of hurt to crash over her. Even perhaps a physical one. Because that was how it had always been in the past. r

So, when he yanked her into his warm arms, Elle made a sharp distressed sound. As if someone had just hit her.r

He did not hit her. He just crashed her against him. And yet she reacted as though he had hit her. r

With her heart thudding hard, Elle slowly looked up, holding her breath. He was looking at her with widened eyes. For the first time, his devastatingly handsome face had so many emotions running past it all at once. Shock, disbelief, anger and something else – it had passed too fast that she did not catch what it was.r

But he did not say anything. He did not do anything. He simply stared at her for a long while. And before she knew it, she was slowly pressed gently against him.r

"Whoever says that I don't believe you?" he asked in a soothing voice. No matter how ridiculous it might sound, that she did not know what had actually happened, he was going to say he believed her. And it seemed that he could probably say he believed anything that she says even if it was an obvious lie. As long as it would stop her from trembling like this. r

One of the things Sebastian hated the most was when someone blindly believe on someone's ridiculous explanations or obvious lies just because they're family or a close trusted acquaintance. He hated it to his bones and that's why no matter who the person was in his life, he'd never believe their words without logical explanations that could back their claims. He'd always been like that and he never cared if they call him heartless and unsympathetic. Yet here he was... he was... bloody hell... this was insane... this woman... what was he doing to him?

Lifting her head up and looking up at him with those large wet eyes of hers in utter disbelief, she eventually said. "R-really? You believe me?!!" her voice was full of shock.r

He only nodded. He could see the question in her eyes, that she was questioning why he would even believe her. There was a tinge of doubt in her eyes and she seemed

obviously in disbelief that he said he believed her. "Is it really that unbelievable to you that I said I believe you?"r

She nodded. r

Sighing, he was about to open his mouth to speak again when his eyes caught something. r

Pulling away from her, he slowly approached the tub that was still not drained from being used probably several hours ago. Red petals were floating on the water. r

Picking up a petal, Sebastian's controlled voice echoed.r

"Where did you get these petals?"r

Elle had been really distressed and scared and angry. But when he had pulled and then held her against him instead of hitting or lashing out at her, everything just melted, so easily. And she almost laughed out in disbelief.

She could not believe how he had made her feel all those awful emotions that threatened to break her into a million pieces, then hold her while telling her that he believes her in the very next moment. He shoved her into a blizzard of his own making and right after that, enfolds her into an extremely warm and cuddly blanket afterwards.

It was unbelievable because Elle had always believed that she would never find comfort from the same person who had given her the discomfort in the first place. Because that was how it had always been for her before this. But here she was, melting away simply because he had said that he believed in her and held her like he was sorry for accusing her.

When he finally pulled away, she almost reached out and held onto him, not wanting to lose that comfortable warmth he provided. But she managed to stop herself and watched him walked away towards the tub.

"Where did you get these petals?" Sebastian's voice echoed in the silence. A single red petal was held between his fingers as he turned to show it to her.

Her eyes slowly moved from the petal to his hard devastating face. "It had been sent as a gift to me."

"By whom?" and his fingers pinched the petal, bruising it in the process.

"Elijah. It had arrived in a box, along with the invitation..." Elle trailed off, finally realizing that this must be the explanation behind the scent clinging onto her that Sebastian had been furious about. She had thought Sebastian's claim that Elijah's scent that was literally all over her was plain ridiculous because there was just no way his scent could

have been transferred to her with just that single dance they shared. So, she had thought that he must have been overreacting as a result of his anger. She had never suspected that it was the petals that were the culprit behind this misunderstanding between them.

Her eyes slowly stretched wide while Sebastian flashed her a sardonic smirk as he proceeded to crumple the petal within his palm. Then he turned around, his back facing her once again.

Elle wondered if he had turned his back so he could hide his anger from her. She could see the movements of his taut back muscles, the stiff set in his broad shoulders... he was angry again.

Her heartbeat sped up. She did not want to see that scary rage rampaging in his eyes again when he turned them at her.

Bracing herself, Elle unconsciously held her breath when she saw him turning around. But to her surprise, the rage that she was expecting was not there. She had thought he was going to be angrier because... because this ended up as her fault in the end. It was somewhat her fault, because she had unknowingly bathed with the petals that had apparently held another man's scent. Thus, covering her whole person in his personal aroma. Her husband had asked her to explain the matter, and she had said she did not know... But now, here was the explanation. She should not have used those petals in her bath.

Without saying a word, Sebastian suddenly made a move. Sebastian had gone ahead and drained the water from the tub. And then he patiently picked up the remaining petals that had fallen on the bathroom floor and sent them into the trash. His movement was fluid as always but there was definitely still a hint of anger even as he calmly picked the petals and shoved them in the trash.

Once he was done doing that, he finally looked at her again. His eyes that could be seen through the wet strands of his dark hair looked incredibly breathtaking.

p "I'm setting all these shit on fire later." He hissed, raking his hair with his fingers.

Then he moved towards her. He was like an approaching panther but this time, it was not fear that raced within Elle's veins as she waited there, for him to reach her.

Though there were still traces of anger she could recognize from the set of his jaws, something else had taken over the rage in his eyes. The flaming yet sharp and pointed look in his eyes was no longer as hot nor sharp. It had cooled off somewhat and seemed duller.

When he stopped and towered before her, his deep voice rumbled softly. "Don't ever use any petals in your baths again unless I have checked it over first, are we clear? Izabelle?"

Elle blinked at him, hearing his command to her. But she nodded anyway. No matter how ridiculous it might sound, that she had to make him check on the things she put in her bath first, she would not want anything like what occurred tonight, repeating itself. Once was more than enough. His anger was just too potent for her to deal with.

"Yes." She uttered when he reached out and fiddled with her wet dress.

"How about this dress? Who was it that gave it to you?" he asked in a slightly cold tone. "Lucas never mentioned you going out to any store to shop during the last three days."

"You... you had Lucas monitor me?!" Elle's eyes bulged out as her voice came out a little shrilly.

Their eyes held each other's. "Yes. But Lucas would only report to me about your daily itinerary. It was for your safety's sake." Sebastian was quick to explain.

Elle did not bother to pry about it anymore. Though it surprised her that Sebastian had asked for her to be monitored, she was not that surprised about it. Maybe it was because she was already so used to being monitored by her father and Brandon Haze in the past, that it was something that she could wave off after acknowledging it. And as long as it was for safety or the sake of preventing a scandal, she was okay with it.

"So where did you get this dress? Don't tell me it's another gift..." he trailed off, already understanding her answer based on the expression on her face. "From whom, this time?"

"It... it also came in a larger box that was attached to the box of petals, along with Elijah's invitation. I didn't have a choice but to wear it because the invitation came a little late and I had not the time to go look for a dress fitted for the theme of his –"

Her quick explanation was cut off by the sound of fabric being ripped.

Shocked, Elle looked at him with wide eyes. His compelling gaze held hers and he did not let her go as he continued ripping the dress off her. It was not hurting her in the least. He was doing it like he was merely shredding a piece of paper. It was that easy to him. He was doing it with brutal ease and all she could do was stare at his eyes that was refusing to let her look away even for a moment. His savage beauty that moment just had her completely enthralled and totally under his mercy.

When the dress was completely discarded off her body, he lightly pinched her chin and tilted her face up to look at him before whispering out, "Hear me carefully, Izabelle. The next time you put on a dress gifted to you by another man, I will not only tear the dress

like this. I will also shred the man daring enough to send it to you, into pieces too. Are we clear on this, Izabelle?"

All Elle could do was nod as she replied to his commanding question with a breathy 'yes'. It was happening all over again. Her body was again, reacting differently, completely opposite to what she was supposed to be feeling.

The savage way that he had torn her dress apart as he stared at her with those intensely smoldering grey eyes should have scared her into running away and hiding from him. But not this... It was not supposed to make her body shiver with something like anticipation of his next moves. She was not supposed to get stimulated and feel even hotter as though what he did was something sensual. Her body was being being ridiculous and she could not even seem to do anything about it, especially now.

Her mind was in a daze right now and she could not seem to think straight anymore. Maybe it was because of all the roller coaster of emotions that she had been going through within that short period of time. Or perhaps it was because she had fallen deep into this potent spell that was her husband, and she could not snap out of it yet. Whatever the reason was, at that moment, her brain refused to think anymore. It had willingly given up thinking for the more favorable option of just staring and appreciating such a wonderful specimen of a male, totally drool-worthy and perfect for ogling.

"Good girl..." came his rumbling whisper. His fingers were brushing her wet hair off her face. Every touch of his fingertips felt like warm fire descending from the heavens, specially bestowed only for her personal gratification. Elle was in total bliss right this moment.

But before she knew it, she was back under the warm shower. The charge that was in the air between them was suddenly thick, heavy, and scorching. Whatever lingering anger that was still left in his expression from earlier was now overwritten by something else so intense, it had her breathing heavily unknowingly.

"Now it's time for me to punish you once again..." he continued, "...you're aware about the mistake you had done to deserve another punishment, aren't you? Izabelle?"

She swallowed quietly, before slowly nodding at him. "Yes." She knew that by admitting to the 'fault', he would definitely go ahead and punish her. Though it was in the grey area, Elle did not know why she was willing to go along and admit it as her 'mistake'.

"Why don't you say it out loud? The mistake that you did. Put it into words so that both of us can hear what it was that you did wrong."

"I... I shouldn't have used and worn those... gifts." Elle spoke a little hesitantly.

He nodded with satisfaction, a breathtaking gleam flashing across his soul-stealing eyes.

"Now I think it's about time that we start." He said when Elle suddenly turned her back to him. Causing him to have his eyes stretching a little at the realization that his little gorgeous wife was expecting another spanking session from him as her punishment. Drawing in a steadying breath, Sebastian narrowed his eyes a little, as if he was calling upon all the self-control he had to stay focused.

Biting his lower lip, Sebastian then smiled out in disbelief. He could not believe how easily it was for this woman to alter his f**king emotions. And the most amazing part was she was not even trying!

At the back of his head, a voice was screaming at him, telling him that he was royally screwed.

Lifting his hand, he traced the back of his fingers down her spine. As she shivered at his actions, he grinned a little, enjoying the reactions she gave out. When his fingers stopped at her bra, he fingered the fabric above it and then in one smooth snap, Elle gasped and turned to look over her shoulder as her hands flew up to her breasts to hold her bra from falling right off.

"You want another spanking as your punishment? Hmm? Princess?" he whispered right into her ears. "I thought you didn't like that style of punishment? Was that... a lie? Hmm? But anyway... this time I'm not going to spank you. Give me your bra, Izabelle."

She nibbled the insides of her lip, but after contemplating for a couple of seconds, she obeyed and handed over her bra to him without looking at him.

Once Sebastian got a hold of it, he flung the bra behind him, not caring where it landed. And then he continued from where his fingers had stopped earlier.

"Curious what your punishment is this time?" he asked. His voice was so soothing and yet so dark and mesmerizing that Elle had trouble formulating her reply. His finger stopped when it reached down to her panties.

Elle's heartbeats raced even wilder at the thought that he was going to rip her underwear off too.

"S-seb –" Before she could turn to look over her shoulder, the sound of ripping fabric echoed out in the bathroom. It sent shivers all over her as he tugged on it. Oh lord... how was he able to rip her clothes off so easily and efficiently like that? Elle had a fleeting thought... Did he have so much practice that it was already second nature to him?

Her face and entire body burned as she felt him tugged it off her, leaving her completely exposed and naked before him now. He was making her feel as hot as hell, but she was helpless. This new punishment he was talking about was getting her feeling so

extremely nervous and yet at the same time utterly thrilled. She must be totally out of her mind... Yup. That must be it.

Pulling her flush against him, Elle stiffened a little as he wrapped his hand around her slim waist. "Relax," he whispered as his hand began to roam all over her naked skin. Obediently, she took a deep breath and eased her back onto his hot and naked, tattooed torso. "As I've said a while ago, I am going to wash all his f**king scent off you, Izabelle. With my own two hands, of course..."

Excitement and alarm washed through Elle's entire being. If his hands were able to send pleasurable electricity as he touched her skin, those words of his had literally set her on fire, inside and out.

Warning bells echoed loudly in her ears, reminding her of her resolve. But her traitorous body chose to pretend not to hear them. Oh, dear lord, help her...

His hands that were capable of igniting a sensual flame in her, roamed freely over her torso, but elusively, teasingly, avoiding all the aching places. Those places that she was dying for him to touch.

Elle could only bite down on her lower lip to stop her moans from escaping, no... to stop her lips from slipping and actually asking him to touch her in those hot and aching places. She couldn't believe she was already on the verge of begging him to do so, in fact.

Soon, he turned the shower head off and held a bar of soap in his hand. As Elle looked at it, she could tell that it was a specially handcrafted one and seemed to be made for his specific use. Because, as he was lathering up the soap bar in his large hands, Elle could already smell the aromatic essential oils that were infused into the soap – lavender, geranium and a hint of juniper. He began to caress her skin languidly with his soapy hand, slowly turning almost every part of her torso all slippery and bubbly, sending warm tingles shooting down to her womanly place.

"How are you liking this, Izabelle?" he asked, almost kissing her ear, sending more shivers through her. His breath was also hot and moist, as similar as the warm and saturated air from the warm shower.

She fought to find a word, any word to say, save from the word 'please' that was hanging at the very tip of her tongue already. "H-how could this be a... punishment?" was the words that came tumbling from her lips. Oh lord... of all the questions...

His quick throaty chuckle echoed around the bath chamber, causing her to flush even redder, if that was even possible as she was aware she had long been looking like a cooked lobster since the moment he had torn her dress into shreds.

"Hmm... good question there." He uttered as his hand seemed to accidentally or purposefully brushed against her nipple. Elle's pulse thudded louder at his deliberate actions. Her already taut nipples became even harder with that simple and quick graze. Oh, dear lord...! She thought that if her nipples got any harder, they might even rival the hardness of diamonds and might as well be used to cut things.

"But I'm not going to answer you... with words... You should know that by now, right? I'll make you get your own answer soon... very soon, Izabelle. You just need to be patient." His voice was heavy with meaning, as his eyes twinkled teasingly.

And then he finally cupped her breasts in his warm hands – hands that Elle felt were scalding as they landed on her skin. The shocking wave of longing was all consuming as she waited for him to squeeze it, massage it, or play with it like what he done few nights ago. She wanted to feel that wonderful sensation again... so damned badly...

To her relief, he gave what she wanted quicker than she had expected. It felt different with the addition of water and soap. The slippery sensation as he kneaded her twin peaks with his wicked erotic hands was, oh dear, she was no longer sure if she could hold back her moans any longer.

However, this time, Sebastian was gentle. So excruciatingly gentle and tender that she found herself holding her breath. She waited for him to pinch her already rock-hard buds and twist them sadistically like he had done to her before. During their wedding night together. That night that she could not seem to get it out of her mind. Her mind was definitely getting crazier... crazier for him to do more to her. To treat her savagely as how he had told her he would whenever he is involved in sexual acts.

"S-Seb..." she could no longer hold herself back. If she holds on any longer, she thinks that she might implode and die on the spot.

,m "Hmm?" he purred lazily against her ear. She even heard the feigned innocence in his voice. Oh, dear lord, he was playing with her... was he not? Was this the actual punishment? That he's going to just continuously tease her until she blows up? Was he going to make her go crazy until she... until she was begging for him? Was he... was he trying to make her eat her words from few nights ago when she had told him that they will ever only have sex once?!

She wanted to jump into an ocean of ice to kill the fire that he had purposely ignited in her. But lord, there was no ice... only fire everywhere, even the air she was breathing at this moment was filled with sparks that would cause the inferno to blaze even bigger with every breath that she took.

"What is it? Hmm? My naughty wife?" he asked again as he continued his torturous slow and oh-so-gentle caresses on her breast. "Do you have something to tell me? Why don't you share what you have on your mind right now?"

"I thought you said that you don't do gentle? Or was I... wrong?" Upon these words coming from her red and luscious lips, she almost screamed at herself. Oh, my lord! What in the world was she saying?! Was she trying to provoke him into being that beast? She must be crazy!

His hypnotizing and throaty chuckle rumbled out charmingly that despite not looking at his face, she just imagined a very clear image of him, chuckling and flashing her that devastating dimple.

She was still burning with shame when his lips touched her ear again. "If you're talking about f**king, you're not wrong in the least. But baby girl... what I'm doing right now is... just bathing."

This bunos chapter is dedicated to @Sacogun! Thank you so very much for the super gifts!! <3

Elle was currently giving her all to not just bury her face into her palms and instead, did her best to retort rather righteously. "I... I wasn't talking about f-f**king. Did I ever say that?!! I'm talking about punishments. I assumed you don't do gentle punishments based on the... thing you did to me on the couch." Her voice was squeaky and shrill. But she could not help it. Even her face was giving her away. She was only holding on by the skin of her teeth in not breaking down due to embarrassment.r

She felt him smile behind her as she secretly breathed in a sigh of relief that she somehow managed to come up with a rather decent response to him. Internally, she thought that she had almost given pherself and her desires away. Not that she was thinking about it. No... she had no such thoughts.r

"Oh... is that so? My bad, then." There was a humorous amusement very present in his voice as her said that. And then suddenly, he released her, causing Elle's body to protest from the loss of contact. She forced herself to stay still, refusing to give in to her body's urge to turn around and continue sticking onto him. r

With controlled heavy and warm breaths, Elle waited for him to touch her again. But oh dear lord, seconds just passed and he still did not. What was he... doing? Could this be another part of his punishment?r

Stubbornly, Elle did not turn, nor spoke to ask anything of him as well. Hmph... two can play at this game. Even as curiosity was killing her, she still held her ground until he finally broke the silence. r

"Turn around, Izabelle." Came his commanding voice that had her insides, jolting – but in a good way. r

Slowly, she turned. Only she herself knew how ecstatic she was upon him being the first to cave from their silence. But her eyes widened after turning at the sight of him squatting on the floor, looking up at her with that wicked breath-stealing eyes of his. r

"It's time to move on to the next part." He muttered and he then reached for her hips with both hands outstretched, causing her to catch her breath from his actions. His handsome face was... right before her...r

Her entire body burned red as she unconsciously stepped back. But he held her still, not letting her move even a single inch away from him. "Be good and stay still, Izabelle." His eyes smoldered through his thick and dark lashes as he stared up at her and when he lowered his eyes, she watched them lingering on her... down there. That sent a jolt of desire running through her again. And she saw something depraved and starved crossing those grey orbs as he raked his hungry eyes over her. Oh, dear lord... give me the strength!r

His teasing hands then travelled from her hips to her curved behind. She winced a little when his fingers brushed across the cheek of her butt that he had just spanked only minutes ago.r

"Does it still sting?" he asked. His dark voice questioning and soothing again.r

She only nodded, head bowed. Unable to look into his eyes. r

He caressed her butt cheek gently as if he was trying to soothe the pain away. "Just to clarify..." he started as he kept himself busy with his task. "Just because I was rough with my first punishment, it doesn't mean that all my punishments have to be that way. In fact..." the corner of his mouth lifted with a devious tug. "... have I told you that I also love painless and slow and gentle punishments too?" r

She shivered at the suggestive look in his eyes and at the same time because of his fingers accidentally or purposefully brushing against her lower folds as he rubbed soap along her inner thigh. No... with that devious look, he had definitely had to be doing that on purpose! r

Flushing, she was about to forcefully tear her gaze off him when he released her from his gaze first. He focused his attention on his slow ministrations, his hands gliding downwards until it reached the tips of her toes. r

Lifting her leg, he placed her feet on his leg. Something in her was turning into a molten lava the longer she stared at him. The longer she stared, the more her eyes formed a blurry haze that sent her mind covered in a fog. Staring for an extended time at this insanely handsome prince, squatting right down there and washing her feet, she truly had no defense against this. r

Without her knowing, she started biting on her lips as her gaze stayed completely glued on him. Lord, she wanted him... this gorgeous husband of hers... she desperately wanted him to... r

Her gaze settled on his well-formed hands on her feet and then to his powerful tattooed muscles. He was so toned, so hot... so perfect that it was truly impossible for any woman to not lust for him. She wanted to know how it would feel to touch him... that tattooed fiery skin of his... she wondered how it would feel to... hold him...r

Lost in her thoughts, she was jolted back to reality by her own loud moan when his fingers brushed against her down there again. She blazed red in embarrassment as their eyes accidentally met. She had moaned so loudly before she even realized it! Oh lord! r

He smirked in satisfaction but in the very next moment, the hunger in his eyes took over everything else as he stared up at her. r

But then, the warm water started to fall on her, effectively washing away the soap that was all over her. It seems that it was finally over. The slow sweet torture was finally over. And she was so embarrassed to know that she was not happy nor relieved that it was. Dear lord...r

Just as she was expecting him to finally rise to his feet, he licked his lips, stared at her down there before meeting her eyes straight on. r

"I'm contemplating... which one should I use to wash you here, hmm? Izabelle?" his sultry voice flowed like velvet in her veins. His pupils dilating causing his irises to blaze with a metallic grey inferno. "My fingers or my tongue...?" r

Elle felt as though her face had been set on fire. Must he make her choose like this? No! The question was, why was he even making her choose in the first place?! If he wanted to do it, he could decide on it himself to use either of the options that he had listed out. How embarrassing!

"Answer me, Izabelle. And quickly. Or this bath will keep being dragged on." He uttered with a silken wicked voice.

"I... I don't think... Umm, what I mean is... there is no need for you to... wash me... there." She somehow managed to speak even with so many pauses in between. The embarrassment of this situation was just truly too much for her to bear. How could she let him wash her down there?! Oh lord, that was just... too... just too...

He tilted his head a little to one side, and the gleam in his eyes sharpened a little. "You didn't answer my question yet, Izabelle. Or is this behavior telling me that you actually do not want this bath to be over any time soon? Are you telling me that you want to delay time and have us remain in this state longer?"

"Of course not!" she immediately burst out, refuting his words. How could he even think that it was like that? No way!! "I... I just don't... both choices are just –" Elle wanted to explain clearly, but the words were somehow stuck in her mouth, and she could not get them out no matter how she tried.

"I see..." he cut her off, the mischievous gleam was back with a vengeance as it flashed across his tantalizing eyes. "It seems that I had misunderstood you. I must apologize. I did not know that you were actually having a hard time due to wanting both options. Such a greedy and naughty girl..." Sebastian tsked as he shook his head. It seemed as though he was pretending to misunderstand her words and was now twisting her words to imply differently to his own advantage! This blasted man...!!

Elle was so dumbstruck by how shameless he was behaving that her lips just opened and closed at him without any words coming out. It could be said that she was totally mind-blown.

"But to tell you the truth... I love such honest greed being expressed without hesitation." He mused, licking his lips in satisfaction. "And because of that, I shall give what you dearly want, my naughty wife."

"Y-you're...!! I have never said –" Elle sputtered somewhat indignantly, shocked at what she was hearing being spouted from his lips.

"Now all you need to do is to spread these pretty legs of yours apart, Izabelle." He cut her off with his almost tyrannical order. Though the instruction was something that she could not quite accept mentally, his gaze was so intense that she just automatically obeyed, as if she was being compelled by something in his metallic grey eyes.

"Good girl..." he breathed out. He sucked in such a long deep breath that she felt the sharp flow of air against her lower lips. Oh lord...

When he moved his hand towards her, Elle shut her eyes and looked away in embarrassment.

"Spread your legs more." Came his commanding voice, causing her eyes to fly wide open before she looked down at him. "Every time you look away, I will have you spreading these pretty legs even wider, you get me, Izabelle?" though he spoke in an almost whisper, it somehow sent a shiver through her.

She could only bite on her lips and nodded at him. Knowing that it would do her nothing good if she did not obey this man's instructions right now. She just knew that disobeying him would always be a one bad and lethal move.

When she spread her legs a little more, Elle did her best not to look away as he began touching her. His long, agile fingers easily spreading apart her lower lips almost ripped a moan from her mouth. The pleasure of his touch alone could be enough to send her

mind reeling, erasing every thought, and once again rendering her incapable of rational thought.

Soon he was gliding his fingers so deliberately slow around her folds. And he even looked like he was thoroughly enjoying his task.

Her legs started to weaken again. The sensation of his fingers and slippery soap was just too much for her to bear. And yet all she could do was stand there and watch him. Watch him do such a supposedly scandalous act that he had somehow made look so hot. Lord... this was getting insane real quick.

Suddenly, he stopped, cutting her pleasure that was building up so abruptly. He then stood and reached for something behind him before returning to his squatting position.

A handheld shower-head was in his hand.

"Apologies for cutting your enjoyment but it's time to rinse off. I don't think it's a good idea to have the soap stay on longer than necessary... isn't it?" he said, but she heard an underlying teasing tone in his voice. He was of course tormenting her to death again.

p He pressed on the showerhead and the water that had gushed over her had taken her by surprise, wrenching a small but erotic shriek from her lips. Good lord... what did... was a spray of water supposed to feel that way?

She then saw him smiling in approval. His eyes glittering as he watched her face closely like he was enthralled by what he was seeing.

"That was unexpected," he commented. "Never played with the showerhead before?"

"...??!!" Elle frantically shook her head. She knew many girls who play on their own in the bath and she indeed heard a few saying that they had played with the showerhead, but she had not tried it. Or maybe she did once or twice before, but the feeling was not as how she thought it would feel. It had not been like this. At all.

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

The tickling sensation as he kept aiming the shower over her already highly sensitive nub in now a soft drizzle was something so... so good. It was ever so light, almost like a crisp breeze falling over her sensitive skin. How was there even such a sensation that could be evoked just by using the flow of water from the showerhead?! This was crazy!r

She had to nibble on her nails to keep her moans in check. Or more like, she was actually stopping herself from asking him to go ahead and increase the volume of the

water. This sensation was just so good but... but for how long? How long was he going to torture her with this light and breezy sensation?

To her relief, he finally moved on to the next level and increased the showerhead's volume. Now the light drizzle had turned into a heavy rain, covering more of her sensitive spot, feeling like the water was palming her so tenderly. Lord... how was this so good? She had no idea... was it really supposed to feel like this or was it because Sebastian was the one who was controlling it...r

Elle wanted to shut her eyes and keep it closed. No, her eyes were already almost fully closed so helplessly due to the pleasure of it all. But thank goodness because she managed to stop herself before her eyes were completely closed. She could not spread her legs any wider anymore, no matter how much Sebastian wanted her to. She would not be able to take it. r

"How was it?" came his sinful voice. "Feel good right now?" r

She nodded without hesitation. She could not help it at all! Her mind had turned completely blank and was reduced into a puddle, overcome by pleasure and lust. r

"Speak... Izabelle. How many times have I told you to use that lovely mouth of yours to communicate?" r

"It's... good." Was all Elle could squeeze out. She was somehow not able of more complicated words.r

"Just good?" Sebastian prompted for more.r

"So good." She could only be honest. She already knew that if she lied, he would just prolong the torture until she ended up admitting the truth, whether verbally or not. She had learned her lesson already. And she had learnt it well.r

He bit on his lower lip and then released them so slowly before he finally set the shower to an all-over steady spray that had her gasping from the sudden pressure change and the different sensations brought on by it. Oh, dear lord...!! She had literally salivated from that mad sensation she almost came had he not turn the shower off so suddenly. r

"Please..." the word came out. Her legs were just so weak now that they were trembling until her knees were almost knocking.r

"Please... what?" r

"My legs... they're going to give out." She whispered to him with her large eyes brimming over with unshed tears. Though she had wanted to say the word, it was not what she was saying 'please' for. r

"Lean against the wall." He instructed and she eased herself back slowly. The cold touch of the marble wall behind her created such a contrast to her blazing hot body. "And drop that hand. I want to see your full face, baby girl." r

Obediently, Elle slowly dropped her hand after taking a breath. r

"Now shall we continue?" he asked her and Elle once again nodded without hesitation. Almost frantically even. r

Her mind was no longer working. She could not think of anything else but to reach the orgasm that had been denied her ever since he had spanked her while at the couch. How long had it been? She could not even tell anymore. All she knew now was that she needed it or she would die from this overly sweet torture that had gone far too long. r

"Yes." She said when he did not move, thinking that he was waiting for her speak and not just nod. r

A wicked, satisfied smile curved on his lips hearing how she had responded. r

Then he lifted his hand again, this time, he put the shower head a little farther from her. When the water jetted out, a moan was torn from her lips. Lord... that was stronger than before. The water's pressure hit her everywhere, not missing even a single spot. r

And he did not stop there, he began to flip between the all-over steady spray to the maximum converging spray, alternating and creating a propulsive rhythm that had her writhing where she stood. Oh, my lord... she was going to... she was so so close...r

But then the wicked, cruel devil turned the shower off again. She almost screamed out a loud and resounding 'no'. r

"Seb... Sebastian..." her voice choked a little, coming out in a pleading manner. Now she knew. Now she knew why this was considered as a punishment. He was going to kill her with this. She was under his mercy and he was going to torture her endlessly. She never thought that she would ever think this was the worse punishment ever. r

"I can't let you finish when my task isn't done yet, Izabelle. Have you forgotten? I haven't used my tongue yet, remember?" and there, he reminded her of the two options he had listed out from earlier.r

"The... showerhead would do, Seb. It's enough. Please continue with the shower—" Elle begged.r

"Are you saying you'd rather me use the showerhead on you than having me use my tongue?" r

She immediately nodded before she froze at the expression that had instantly crossed his face at her response. Did she make the wrong response?r

Something devious danced across his eyes and he flung the showerhead to the side, not even bothering to return it properly to its holder as it clattered noisily on the floor. He acted and looked as though the showerhead had done him some major wrong and now, he was casting it aside. r

And then his face was an inch before her. "Such bad and naughty little... I've decided to prolong your punishment. You deserve it..." he trailed off and stuck out his tongue. Without breaking eye contact, he gave her a long, dirty, shocking lick from her ass to her hard nub. r

That long and dirty lick sent Elle's mind and body spiraling into nothing else but focusing solely on her over sensitive nerve endings. She was shocked by his action and how surprising it had felt. Dear lord... how could something so... so dirty and shameful felt so crazily good? r

After that rude, infuriating way he had stopped his stimulations from earlier, that almost brought her to her knees, crying in utter frustration, she was quickly whizzed back up to heaven again. Her head was spinning at the sudden change between heaven and hell, from being suddenly deprived to being suddenly fulfilled. Dear Lord... if he were to do this to her a few more times, she did not know if her mind would be able to maintain its sanity!r

He already had one of her legs lifted and draped over his shoulder as he took his time licking her inner thighs. Then he started licking around her now hard and sensitive nub, slowly and patiently as though he had all the time in the world. r

It did not take long for her to feel the slow build up that his hot skillful, slick, tongue had created. And before long, the showerhead that had brought her so much pleasure from before was totally forgotten. What showerhead...? Was it that great in the first place? Nothing was making her feel more alive and tingling from every single pore on her body that what he was doing to her right this moment.r

He started to suck and rub her using a steady and delicious rhythm, driving her absolutely crazy in the best possible way. He was so focused in taking his time, as though he himself was enjoying the process as well. r

For a long while, he focused his attention on her little nub – that sensitive bundle of nerves – keeping a steady circular motion going with his slick tongue for some time, before trying another movement on her. Up and down, side to side, and the rapid pushing of his tongue. Every swipe, every circling, every stab that lashed at her poor little nub kept Elle constantly gasping and small moans were starting to escape her lips before long. And when he finally pulled away a little and blew lightly on her, she shuddered so hard from that gentle stimulation.r

,m "Beautiful..." he breathed out in what sounded like a worshiping tone, his eyes glistening as he stared at her down there before seemingly struggling to drag his eyes up to look at her. "So, fucking beautiful." he added and then he promptly buried his face right into her core, moving his face around as he latched his mouth onto her nether lips in an almost starving manner, tearing an erotic and loud shriek from her lips. r

He truly began eating her out in wild abandon. It was as if something had turned his beast mode on. His nose was pushed right up against her as he relentlessly ate her, providing more crazy stimulations that Elle could no longer help but reach both her hands out to grab onto his dark and silky hair. His hair felt so smooth and luxurious even as she felt the texture in her hands while being so consumed with what he was doing to her.r

"Ah, yes... Seb... yes!" She started to make suggestive sounds, begging him to bring her higher to the heaven of pleasure she had been dying to reach for what felt like eternity now. r

And then something entered her – his fingers. "Lord yes..." she moaned out without restrain as he began to glide his long tapering digits inside of her, in and out, while his hot, delicious mouth continued its attack – pleasuring her enthusiastically.r

Elle tightened her grip on his hair harder and before she knew it, she was pressing herself into his godly face, grinding herself up against him. She was going crazy... no, she had long since gone crazy... this pleasure... oh, lord... it was going to happen again... she was going to blow up again like fireworks in the sky on the fourth of July. r

Sebastian pulled away without warning, tearing a desperate cry from her lips. "Oh please, don't!" she really teared up, looking at her big, bad and cruel husband. r

But he was already standing. His leg was between her legs to keep her from melting into a puddle of Jell-O right onto the floor. r

"Izabelle..." he called out and Elle realized the hunger, the utter longing that was in his voice now. "Tell me... tell me you want me inside you again. Tell me you miss my hard dick inside your lovely cunt. Tell me baby..." he kept whispering such suggestive words into her ears.r

His breaths were labored and his gaze... dear lord, even his eyes looked like heaven was on fire. She could see how he hungered for her. That lust, that desire... the intensity of it was something she had never seen or known to be possible. He wanted her, and it was far more than the desire she was capable of feeling. r

Their gazes held and the blazing inferno between them seemed to burn even wilder, if that was even possible. r

"Izabelle..." he uttered her name again, almost in a ragged and begging voice. "I want you. I f**king want you right now. So, tell me now, baby. Tell me that you want me inside you again. That you want my dick screwing you into oblivion again... tell me, baby... please..." his voice cracked a little at the end and showed Elle how much he was barely able to control himself by now.r

She was shocked at his words but the lust that he made explode within her quickly clouded whatever thoughts she had left. Lord... he was right... she wanted to feel him inside her once again. She wanted his hard and hot length buried deep within her again, filling her up to the brim. She remembered how wonderful it was for the both of them during their wedding night. That was all that remained in her mind.r

She had a fleeting thought that she might later regret this event, but it seemed that she was not strong enough to continue resisting. This devastatingly beautiful temptation was just impossible to resist. Just impossible. r

Her body, mind, and heart had given in. She was going to have to eat her words and have sex with him again, only this time, she wanted to touch him. She was dying to touch him and hold him while they become one again. She did not want it to be so detached and impersonal... as though it was merely a transaction between them.r

Lifting her hand, Elle reached out to touch his chest as she opened her mouth to tell him to take her again. r

This bonus chapter is dedicated to @Ivette_M11! Thank you so much for the supergift!!!
<3

Elle felt as though something inside her had crashed. His grip on her wrist felt ever too tight. It was not painful, but her throat was somehow aching. A little. Or so she told herself.

The moment she reached out to touch him, he reacted as though... as though her hand was some kind of deadly weapon that could kill him. She did not even manage to touch him. At all. Not to mention touch... she was not even near enough to feel the warmth radiating off his skin. Nor did she manage to say what she had so desperately wanted to say.

No matter how wild the blazing inferno between them was just a little while ago, to Elle, that one reaction was enough to douse the fire and turned it directly into ice. His reaction had hurt her damned little heart, more so when she saw how violent his reaction was. How could he tell her he wanted her so badly and yet not allow her to even touch him? She could not comprehend how his path of logic was. And she suddenly had the thought that she might never do.

Slowly, she shook her head at him when both of them finally seemed to snap out of that shocking trance they were caught in. Elle being shocked was a given as her move to get closer to him had been rejected without even being given a chance. But she did wonder why even Sebastian himself had been thrown into a trance as well. Was he not the one who had so violently rejected her advances?

His grip on her wrist then loosened and then he opened his lips to speak as his other hand reached out to touch her chin. "Izabelle –" he started but was forced to stop.

"No." Elle's clipped tone cut him off from continuing.

That one word had him immediately freezing in his tracks. His eyes widened with shock as his hand hung uselessly in mid-air.

Elle clenched her fists tightly by her sides. She hated how badly this was affecting her. She hated the way her heart was reacting to him. This should not have come as a surprise to her in fact. Sebastian had said it clearly to her before... he never wanted her to touch him. She had heard him and had kept this rule of his in her mind, never forgetting about it no matter what. But tonight, when he had earlier on said that he wanted her so so badly... and she too, had seen how much he had wanted her... she had thought that... Well, it was apparent that she had overestimated her worth to him and thought too much.

Why? How could he ask her to give herself to him again when he could not even... could not even let her do a simple thing like touch him? How could he? Or perhaps she was being unfair in jumping to conclusions and getting upset with him? After all, they do not know each other well at all.

"Is there... a reason why you don't like to be touched?" she asked in a weak voice. Something in her wanted him to explain to her. To say something about the reason why he was behaving this way. She needed him to tell her that there was a serious reason why and that her touch did not disgust him at all.

But his expression had only turned blank at her words. His eyes turned unfathomable. One look and Elle could already tell that he was not going to say anything. She could just feel it. Her gut was telling her.

At that moment, a new decision reigned firmly in her mind. She was going to tell him... she was going to have a bargain with him. She would be willing to have sex with him again. But only if he allowed her to touch him. She would be willing to give herself to him again, but in exchange, he must then give a piece of himself to her too. Even if it is just the privilege of her touching him. He needed to give something to her. Even if it were not all of him, it was at least something. If he can't even do that...

Braving herself as she tipped her chin up at him with a challenging look, Elle opened her lips to speak when suddenly, a voice echoed at the back of her head. It was

Sebastian's voice and words from that night she had proposed him a marriage of convenience, that same night she had made a bargain with him. 'Because the moment you start to want more from me, I will divorce you.'

Those words echoed in her head like a voice that belonged to the devil in the pits of hell itself. It resounded over and over in her head until whatever courage she had mustered to speak up was immediately shattered into pieces.

Suddenly, fear crept through her. Saying those words only meant she wanted more of what he was willing to give. And wanting to touch him was obviously under the category of 'more'.

An urge to laugh bitterly came to her. Dear Lord... she had almost screwed up. It had not even been a week yet... and what was she even thinking? Risking herself to be divorced? What in the world was she thinking?! How could she have been this naïve to think she could ask anything of him just because he had said he wanted her? How could she have forgotten that it was only her body that he wanted?

"I'm... cold." She muttered as she hugged herself. "I want to go get dressed now." She waited for a moment. Not wanting to anger him.

When he did not move, Elle slowly turned around and trudged out of the bathroom.

As soon as the door quietly shut closed behind her, Sebastian's jaws clenched and worked. Then his palm slammed against the wall.

Chapter 70

Letting the now cold water continue flowing down over his form, Sebastian remained unmoving from the spot where Elle left him. He was still there, under the shower, head hung down low and both hands firmly bracing himself against the now cracked wall.

He cursed as he stared down at the bathroom tiles. His eyes glimmering so intensely as the water pitter pattered onto the floor. He had planned to punish her. To pleasure her until she would be begging him herself to f**k her. But what the hell, the opposite had happened instead. All because he had failed to control himself. He was the one who had given in first as his lust and desire for her had gone so unbearable to the point that he felt like he would have gone mad if he was not able to have her again during those moments.

Never did he feel so crazy about wanting to have sex to this extent. Never had he lusted after a woman to the point that he was willing to beg like that. He never begs. It was always the other way around. Women were the ones who usually begged for his favor. They were the ones who were dying for him and his dick.

But now, here he was, on the other end of the stick. It was so unbelievable that it was almost unreal. The kind of mad desire he had for Izabelle was just... unthinkable. The woman whom he thought was just... was just... f**k...!! He had confirmed all over again that he was really hopelessly crazy for her.

But it seemed she did not feel the same way for him. He knew he had managed to pleasure her but... she could still resist him... no matter how much he burned and tempted her, she somehow still could hold her ground. While he could f**king not. At all. In fact, the entire punishment had been hell in heaven for him. He ended up feeling as though he had been punishing them both.

The moment he saw her tonight, all he wanted to do was pin her back onto their bed or anywhere hidden and f**k her brains out all night. No, not just all night but for three days straight and most probably even more.

That was how much he wanted her. It was insane, he knew. But it seemed to be something that he could do nothing about. At least for now.

She had literally turned him into an animal that was in heat. And then this... f**k...

He raked his fingers through his hair before turning his face up, letting the cold water fall directly on his face. Perhaps the cold would be able to jolt him out of this weird condition he found himself stuck in.

The look on her face when he had grabbed her wrist from before suddenly flashed across his mind and his brows knotted hard.

After what seemed like a long time, a smile curved across his face. It was a smile filled with disbelief, wonder, and something... hysterical.

p ...

Elle forced herself to go to sleep. She wanted to make sure she was asleep before he comes out of the shower and that was why she had rushed to change and tuck herself back into their bed.

She was a little thankful that he had not decided to follow her out of the bathroom, and she was glad as well that he was still inside up until now. She still had no idea on how to face him just yet. The loud sound she had heard when she left the room had her heart thudding nervously. Whatever had happened inside after she left, she knew that it was all because his anger had been sparked. He must have slammed something hard and heavy onto the wall to make such a sound. After all, this palace was very sturdy. So for something to be destroyed, it must be an object that was heavy or solid that could do it.

At that moment, her heart was a bit in fear. Not because she thinks that he would hurt her, but because he might be too angry and would suddenly decide to divorce her out of

frustration or anger. She was not ready for that to happen yet! There was no way he would do that just because she had not consented to have sex with him. Right...?

Trying her best not to think of the worse and to quickly go to sleep, Elle shut her eyes tightly closed.

But time ticked by, and she still could not bring herself to sleep despite feeling extremely tired. Most likely the reason must be because she was the reason that he had yet to come out of the bathroom. Suddenly, she was wondering if he was alright. She could not help but think about that sound. Should she go back in to check on him?

Just as those thought came to her, she heard the soft swishing sound of the door opening. She immediately shut her eyes and pretended to sleep on her side. Her heartbeat rushed wildly but thankfully, her back was facing him and she had already turned the lamp on her side off. He would not be able to see her clearly even if he walked around and stood before her.

But... His presence was just too much to ignore. It was just impossible. Was he still mad?

Minutes passed but he did not climb back onto the bed. He did not make any sounds either, but she knew he was there, probably sitting on the couch.

Another several minutes passed when she heard the door opening, causing her eyes to fly wide open. She immediately turned around but he was already closing the main door behind him.

Silence reigned as she stared at the closed door, not knowing what to feel. He left again... just like that night... was he going to disappear on her for few days again?