

Hellbound Heart Chapter 8 - Unthinkable

Chapter 8: Unthinkable

The world outside looked peaceful.

When her eyes looked down, she saw the beautiful massive garden. She remembered when she used to play there with Ellaine happily – it was in the past when they were children.

Now Ellaine was gone, and she was...

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Her gaze focused on the concrete pavement right below. She thought that anyone who would fall from this window would definitely die in an instant. This kind of height was enough, right?

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She felt her heart shudder at the thoughts that were crossing her mind. No... she must not be thinking about... but... no...

Her knuckles turned white as paper as she subconsciously tightened her grip on the windowpane when that sinful voice jolted her out of her musings.

"You're not trying to escape by jumping out of that window, are you?" the voice had a cold edge to it.

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Elle turned around with a start. Her eyes wide at the prince's sudden reappearance. It seemed that she was too out of it to not even hear him entering the room. But what was he doing here? She had thought he did not want to spend another minute in her presence.

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He was leaning on the bed frame across her. His stance was deceptively relaxed.

"Jumping out of this window won't be called 'escape', prince Sebastian. It would be called 'suicide'." She finally spoke, clenching her fists into tight balls as she berated herself inwardly. She was remembering her promise to her sister, that she would never surrender just like that and that she would fight her way out of this hell until the end.

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It was still too early for her to give up. Not just yet. She must keep trying until she could no longer do so.

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Holding his gaze, Elle straightened her posture. "Did you... already inform my father that nothing had happened between us?" she asked even though she was quite certain that it was the reason why he took such a long time in coming back.

Before Sebastian could make any reaction, a soft knock echoed on the other side of the door again and his gaze finally moved from her face.

The red-haired man from earlier stepped inside this time and looked straight at Sebastian. "Uhm, they're here sir."

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"Hey, Sebby!" a masculine voice thundered out before the door was pushed wide open.

9

Then another tall man entered. He had the same raven dark hair and grey eyes and... just drop dead gorgeous. One look and she could tell he was definitely related to Sebastian.

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"I can't believe you have already made a scene that fast!" By the way the man spoke to Sebastian, it told Elle that the man must be in a higher position than the prince. But who could be higher up than Sebastian, the crown prince, than their king? And she had never seen this other gorgeous man's face anywhere!

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"You only arrived ahead of us for like... what? Two hours? And you've already..." the man trailed off as he looked meaningfully at Elle. He did not continue his sentence, but his eyes spoke volumes.

2

She could not help but keep still. He did not feel scary, but just like Sebastian, this man had that seemingly unnatural aristocratic air around him that could make anyone feel intimidated. It gave others the feeling that these people were superior to the masses in every way possible.

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Elle found that strange and intriguing because she had never felt this way towards other powerful leaders she had come across with before.

"You must be... Princess Izabelle." The man asked, his gaze softened as soon as his eyes turned to meet hers.

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"Yes..." Elle nearly stammered when he smiled at her.

"I'm Alexander Reign. I'm Sebastian's uncle." He immediately introduced himself, not stingy with his words.

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Elle had never heard of this person before. But he seemed to be really nice. His eyes did not look icy and cold at all. So unlike Sebastian.

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"Nice to meet you, Mr. Reign." Elle greeted him back, trying her best to just act normally, despite feeling quite embarrassed at her state of clothing at this moment, while meeting with these distinguished guests.

"Well... I don't know what to say at all, Princess Izabelle but –"

"Uncle," Sebastian cut him off, causing Alexander to return his attention to him. "Has the host already shown you to your room?"

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"Ah, yes. Your father is still talking to King Markus right now. I left after we've finished discussing about the main issue between the two of you."

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Elle's lips parted at what she heard. What? Her father and Sebastian's... what? They were talking about the two of them?! Why?! And why on earth was the king of Viscarria here as well? Was King Rudy of Viscarria not rumored to be gravely ill just a few weeks ago?

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Her heart thundered fast within her ribcage. It was hard for her to believe that not only the crown prince, but the King himself, was also here the night before her wedding.

Were they really here to attend her wedding without prior notice?! That was just unthinkable!

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She felt like her mind was going to burst with all these unexpected happenings that suddenly popped out of nowhere. But what made her really feel like passing out was the talk that was going on between the two kings right now.

"M-Mr. Reign. Why... why were... I mean... May I know why they are discussing about me and Prince Sebastian?" Elle found her courage to ask, though she stammered through it.

Alexander tilted his head a little. "Well, as soon as we arrived, your father came to us and told us the... well, everything that had happened between you two. He'd also explained to us the whole situation. I mean about your groom-to-be's rather ridiculous condition and that there was no way out of this other than having you two get married as the deed had already been done."

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