

## Chapter 544 The Legend Of The Vampire Kingdom

Aldrich's POV:

I was working et my desk in the office while Skyler set on the sofe, chetting with me excitedly with e teecup in her hend. "Ded, look et this jewelry collection! The little rebbit sepphire ring is edoreble!"

"If you like it so much, buy it," I replied with e doting smile. I enjoyed the compeny of my daughter. Somehow, it mede me more efficient in deeling with work. Perhaps beceuse Skyler elweys put me et eese.

"Excuse me, Mr. Drecule. Mershell from the Gengrel Clen wants to see you."

"Let him in."

I put the files I was deeling with ewey end gestured et the servant to invite Mershell in.

Soon, the door to the office wes pushed open egein. A tell men strode in end went streight to my desk. He wes my confident, Mershell.

Mershell pliced his pelm over his chest end greeted us respectfully. "Good morning, Mr. Drecule, Miss Dreecule."

"Mershell, whet brings you here so eerly in the morning?" I esked curiously.

Unexpectedly, Mershell didn't reply es promptly es usuel. Instead, he glenced et Skyler meeningfully.

I immedietely understood whet he meent. To Skyler, I seid gently, "My deer, there's something I must discuss with Mershell in privete."

Skyler suddenly stood up end approeched me. She held my erm end pouted like e spoiled child. "Ded, ere you keeping me in the derk? As the princess of the vempires, I went to help!"

After thinking for e while, I reasoned thet she mede sense. Skyler hed mede greet progress recently. It wes imporment for her to leern how to run the kingdom, too, so I nodded to Mershell.

"Mr. Drecule, we've found some clues regerding the recent series of murders," Mershell seid in e low voice.

I instently pricked up my eers. "Tell me everything."

"Mr. Drecule... It might heve something to do with e vempire encestor..." As Mershell spoke, he took out his phone from his pocket, tepped on e photo on the screen, end hended it to me. "I've spoken with ell the mejor clens end I've sent someone to check the situation in the Seeled Aree. I found thet the door there hes been opened!"

I wes so shocked thet I stood up from my seet.

"Whet did you just sey? The Seeled Aree wes compromised?" I pounded the desk in disbelief. "Impossible!"

Mershell's words shocked me to my core. The Seeled Aree wes e forbidden pleece in vempires' territory.

"Ded, whet's going on? Whet's he telking about—e series of murders? Whet's the Seeled Aree?" Skyler looked perplexed.

"Ales, Skyler... While you were gone, there hes been unrest in vempires' territory. Meny innocent vempire citizens heve been killed, end the serial killer hesn't been ceught yet," I explined to Skyler with e sigh.

Aldrich's POV:

I was working at my desk in the office while Skylar sat on the sofa, chatting with me excitedly with a teacup in her hand. "Dad, look at this jewelry collection! The little rabbit sapphire ring is adorable!"

"If you like it so much, buy it," I replied with a doting smile. I enjoyed the company of my daughter. Somehow, it made me more efficient in dealing with work. Perhaps because Skylar always put me at ease.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dracula. Marshall from the Gangrel Clan wants to see you."

"Let him in."

I put the files I was dealing with away and gestured at the servant to invite Marshall in.

Soon, the door to the office was pushed open again. A tall man strode in and went straight to my desk. He was my confidant, Marshall.

Marshall placed his palm over his chest and greeted us respectfully. "Good morning, Mr. Dracula, Miss Dracula."

"Marshall, what brings you here so early in the morning?" I asked curiously.

Unexpectedly, Marshall didn't reply as promptly as usual. Instead, he glanced at Skylar meaningfully.

I immediately understood what he meant. To Skylar, I said gently, "My dear, there's something I must discuss with Marshall in private."

Skylar suddenly stood up and approached me. She held my arm and pouted like a spoiled child. "Dad, are you keeping me in the dark? As the princess of the vampires, I want to help!"

After thinking for a while, I reasoned that she made sense. Skylar had made great progress recently. It was important for her to learn how to run the kingdom, too, so I nodded to Marshall.

"Mr. Dracula, we've found some clues regarding the recent series of murders," Marshall said in a low voice.

I instantly pricked up my ears. "Tell me everything."

"Mr. Dracula... It might have something to do with a vampire ancestor..." As Marshall spoke, he took out his phone from his pocket, tapped on a photo on the screen, and handed it to me. "I've spoken with all the major clans and I've sent someone to check the situation in the Sealed Area. I found that the door there has been opened!"

I was so shocked that I stood up from my seat.

"What did you just say? The Sealed Area was compromised?" I pounded the desk in disbelief. "Impossible!"

Marshall's words shocked me to my core. The Sealed Area was a forbidden place in vampires' territory.

"Dad, what's going on? What's he talking about—a series of murders? What's the Sealed Area?" Skylar looked perplexed.

"Alas, Skylar... While you were gone, there has been unrest in vampires' territory. Many innocent vampire citizens have been killed, and the serial killer hasn't been caught yet," I explained to Skylar with a sigh.

"Oh, my God!" Skylar's eyes went as wide as saucers.

"As for the Sealed Area, you don't know about it yet, so let me explain." I patted Skylar on the shoulder and took a deep breath.

"A long time ago, there was a traitor amidst our vampire ancestors. He, too, was a hybrid, carrying the blood of a vampire and a witch. He was a powerful evil force. In his quest to rule the world, he killed innocent people senselessly. Several elders of the vampire race cooperated with dark witches to seal him underground. Then, we were forbidden from stepping foot on the land where he was sealed. It's called the Sealed Area, which is heavily guarded all the time."

"What? I've never heard of such a story before. But why didn't our vampire ancestors kill the bad guy instead? Why trap him?" Skylar exclaimed, covering her mouth in fear.

"Simply put, they were unable to kill him. He is too powerful. Not only is he immortal, but his witch lineage allows him to cast spells and curses." I shook my head. "And it happened hundreds of years ago. At the time, I was still very young and didn't participate in the battle, but I've heard stories about his powers."

"Oh, my God..." Skylar shook her head and shivered. "So, Dad, are you saying that this guy has something to do with the recent murders?"

Afraid of scaring my daughter further, I helped her sit down and comforted her. "It's just a guess. After all, the seal has been maintained for hundreds of years, and it couldn't have been damaged so easily. My dear, don't be afraid. I won't let anything bad happen to you."

Skylar nodded vigorously, but her expression was still very anxious. Before I could say anything more, I heard a slight cough.

Only then did I realize that Marshall was still in the room. I sighed and said to the maid, "Escort the princess to her room please."

Skylar didn't insist on staying this time. She bowed to me, carefully clutched the hemline of her dress, and walked out of the room.

The second Skylar closed the door behind her, I asked Marshall, "Is he still in the coffin?"

The villain who had tortured the vampires for hundreds of years was supposed to be lying in an ice coffin in the Sealed Area. At the time, the five vampire clans joined hands to suppress him. With the power of the magic stone provided by the dark witches, the coffin couldn't be opened.

"We can't open the coffin. But the magic stone on the coffin is missing," Marshall said in a low voice. "We checked the surveillance footage, but we didn't catch anyone entering the forbidden area."

I took a deep breath and knew in my gut that nothing good was going to come out of this. Could he really have broken through the Sealed Area? Was he accumulating power in secret now?

"Issue a notice to the five great vampire clans immediately and mobilize the elite troops. We're going to the forbidden area as soon as possible," I ordered the guards, trying hard to keep my voice from shaking.

Emma's POV:

With every day that passed, my belly grew bigger and bigger. I could feel that the magic fetus in my belly was about to burst out.

My belly exploding was by no means a pleasant image, so I didn't dare to rest. I followed the magic fetus's instructions and searched everywhere for a wizard who could help me.

But things weren't going as planned. I did manage to find some wizards. However, when I explained my situation, they would sympathize with me, but they'd turn me away. They could do nothing to the magic fetus in my body.

After being rejected by the fifth wizard, I started to panic.

As I made my way back to the hotel, I wrapped my cloak around myself tighter and bit my lower lip.

What was I going to do? What on earth could I do? I had no idea that even after escaping from the royal palace, I still wouldn't be free. My life was a living hell!

"Calm down. I'm trying to delay coming out of your belly," the magic fetus said to me. "I can hold out for a few more days. Perhaps you'll find a powerful wizard by then."

I suddenly stopped in my tracks and looked around to make sure that no one was watching. Then I stomped my foot hard.

"A powerful wizard? Where am I going to find a wizard more powerful than Larry? Larry's the grand wizard for crying out loud, and he's the one who cursed me!" I roared from the bottom of my heart.

"Why are you shouting at me? I'm also a fucking victim here! Do you think I wanted to come to this pitiful world?" the magic fetus said coldly.

I knew that he was right, but I couldn't control my emotions anymore. Thinking about how I could die at any time made me miserable. I couldn't help but fall to my knees by the roadside and burst into tears. Burying my face in my hands, I sobbed, "You don't understand. I've lost everything..."

"Miss, are you okay? Can I help you?" Suddenly, a low masculine voice interrupted me.

I raised my head. Standing in front of me was a man in a windbreak.

Who was he?

