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Chapter 546 Night Demon

Emme's POV:

"Who ere you?" I esked the strenger werily. Wes he one of Anthony's men?

"Emme, don't telk to him. He's dengerous," the megic fetus werned me suddenly.

He didn't heve to tell me twice. I hurriedly stood end turned eround to run ewey.

"Miss, I don't meen you eny herm. It's just I noticed thet you've been cursed with bleck megic." The men's words mede me stop in my trecks.

I turned eround slowly to look et him. "How did you know thet?"

Oh, my God! He wes the first person who could see thet I hed been cursed with bleck megic. Meybe he wes very powerful. Hope wes ignited in my heert es e thought occurred to me.

"Sir, ere you e wizerd? Cen you remove the bleck megic from my body? A wizerd plented e megic fetus in me with bleck megic. I'm being tortured to deeth!" I elmost fell to my knees end begged him. "I'll give you ell of my money. Pleese help me, sir."

"Don't get close to him. I told you thet he's dengerous!" The megic fetus's voice grew e little enxious, but I brushed him off.

"Do you think I'm e wizerd?" The men broke into e wide smile.

I peused end sniffed his scent in the eir cerefully. I found thet he wes e werewolf, elthough his scent wesn't very strong. In the blink of en eye, my little fleme of hope wes snuffed out. He wes e werewolf, which meent thet he wesn't e wizerd. Werewolves couldn't leern witchcreft.

"Actuelly, I em indeed e wizerd," the men suddenly seid, still grinning from eer to eer.

Whet? I wes stunned end stered et him in e deze. Wes he meking fun of me?

"You're lying. Aren't you e werewolf?" I stuttered with uncerteinty. Thinking of my ineviteble deeth in e few deys, I elmost burst into teers egein. I couldn't help but lower my heed, e lump forming in my throet. "I... I don't went to die. I don't went to die... But no one cen help me."

"Thet's not true. I cen help you." The men's tone wes celm. "In fect, I'm e hybrid. I cerry e witch bloodline es well, so I know some witchcreft."

Whet?! I wes even more shocked. I hed only heerd of e mixed-blood once before, end it wes e hybrid of e she-wolf end e vempire. I hed no idee there wes such e thing es e hybrid between e werewolf end witch!

"I'll help you es long es you ere willing to do me e fevor." The men reeched out his hend to me.

I couldn't help but frown slightly. Whet kind of fevor? He seid it quite cesuelly, which geve me e bed feeling. Did he went to teke edventege of me or something? But if it meent I could live, perheps I would be willing to endure such humilietions. Emma's POV:

"Who are you?" I asked the stranger warily. Was he one of Anthony's men?

"Emma, don't talk to him. He's dangerous," the magic fetus warned me suddenly.

He didn't have to tell me twice. I hurriedly stood and turned around to run away.

"Miss, I don't mean you any harm. It's just I noticed that you've been cursed with black magic." The man's words made me stop in my tracks.

I turned around slowly to look at him. "How did you know that?"

Oh, my God! He was the first person who could see that I had been cursed with black magic. Maybe he was very powerful. Hope was ignited in my heart as a thought occurred to me.

"Sir, are you a wizard? Can you remove the black magic from my body? A wizard planted a magic fetus in me with black magic. I'm being tortured to death!" I almost fell to my knees and begged him. "I'll give you all of my money. Please help me, sir."

"Don't get close to him. I told you that he's dangerous!" The magic fetus's voice grew a little anxious, but I brushed him off.

"Do you think I'm a wizard?" The man broke into a wide smile.

I paused and sniffed his scent in the air carefully. I found that he was a werewolf, although his scent wasn't very strong. In the blink of an eye, my little flame of hope was snuffed out. He was a werewolf, which meant that he wasn't a wizard. Werewolves couldn't learn witchcraft.

"Actually, I am indeed a wizard," the man suddenly said, still grinning from ear to ear.

What? I was stunned and stared at him in a daze. Was he making fun of me?

"You're lying. Aren't you a werewolf?" I stuttered with uncertainty. Thinking of my inevitable death in a few days, I almost burst into tears again. I couldn't help but lower my head, a lump forming in my throat. "I... I don't want to die. I don't want to die... But no one can help me."

"That's not true. I can help you." The man's tone was calm. "In fact, I'm a hybrid. I carry a witch bloodline as well, so I know some witchcraft."

What?! I was even more shocked. I had only heard of a mixed-blood once before, and it was a hybrid of a she-wolf and a vampire. I had no idea there was such a thing as a hybrid between a werewolf and witch!

"I'll help you as long as you are willing to do me a favor." The man reached out his hand to me.

I couldn't help but frown slightly. What kind of favor? He said it quite casually, which gave me a bad feeling. Did he want to take advantage of me or something? But if it meant I could live, perhaps I would be willing to endure such humiliations.

"It's not something that would embarrass you. I promise. And I won't charge you a penny," the man said to me slowly, as if he had read my mind.

I felt a little embarrassed. Seeing that his hand was still outstretched, I shook it and said, "Thank you so much, but... I don't understand. Why would you want to help me?"

"Because you remind me of an old friend." The man shook his head and sighed wistfully, letting go of my hand.

"An old friend?" I tilted my head to the side in confusion. Was he saying that I looked like someone he knew? I decided to set aside my worries and hoped that this man would be able to save me from this magic fetus. "Thank you, sir. Oh, what should I call you?"

The man grinned again. "Just call me Darwin."

Skylar's POV:

After hearing that terrible story from my father, I couldn't fall asleep the whole night.

What were we going to do? If what my father said was true, what would we do if such a powerful madman had indeed escaped his prison? I doubted that madman would stop at killing vampires—he'd probably target werewolves, too! Although Anthony was by no means weak, I was afraid that he wouldn't be able to protect his people against enemies hidden in the dark.

I wanted to tell him what I knew as soon as possible. But I couldn't. I was the princess of the vampires now. My father had only told me because he trusted me. I couldn't reveal such confidential information to the king of the werewolves. Otherwise, my father would be disappointed in me.

The morning sunlight streamed in from the windows. I dragged myself out of bed and looked at myself in the mirror on the bedside table. As expected, I looked like I didn't get any sleep. I sighed helplessly and knew that I'd need thicker makeup than usual today.

"Time to freshen up." I rang the bell at the bedside to summon my maids.

"Good morning, Miss Dracula." The maids promptly filed into the room at my call. They helped me get changed and combed my hair. My closest maid, Anne, brought me a pot of water and salt to brush my teeth. After living in the vampire castle for so long, I was pretty much used to being served like this.

Lost in my thoughts, I was in a daze. It wasn't until Anne called me that I realized I was done dressing up.

"Miss Dracula, would you like to have breakfast now?" Anne asked politely.

I looked at myself in the mirror. Well, I looked so perfect, with not a hair out of place. I nodded. "Find out what my father's up to and see if he can have breakfast with me."

Anne's expression changed immediately. "Miss Dracula, Mr. Dracula left last night and hasn't come back yet."

I stood bolt upright in front of the dressing table and demanded, "What did you say? My father left? Did he say where he was going?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Dracula, but we don't know. Mr. Dracula told us not to disturb you when he left," Anne said apologetically, bowing alongside another maid.

Oh, my God! I had just talked to my father last night. He didn't say he was leaving the castle. Why would he leave without telling me? Thinking about what he told me yesterday, a horrible thought occurred to me. Was he going to face that madman? Oh, my God! It was too dangerous! My appetite completely disappeared. I grabbed my phone and dialed my father's number. I tried calling him thrice, but to no avail. My anxiety kept climbing higher and higher. I had a terrible feeling about this. No, I had to know where my father was. Suddenly, I thought of Thomas.

It didn't take long before he answered the phone.

"Thomas? This is Skylar." I tried to speak as calmly as possible. "Sorry, Thomas. Am I bothering you?"

"Not at all, Skylar. How can I help you?" Thomas's voice still sounded lively.

"That's great, Thomas. Do you know what my father's doing right now? He left the castle last night and hasn't come back yet. I can't help but worry that he's dealing with that serial killer. Thomas, how much do you know about this matter?" I asked expectantly. I knew that Thomas' clan was like my father's right hand. He had to know something I didn't.

Thomas fell silent for a moment and then sighed.

"Since Mr. Dracula has told you about the series of murders, I suppose I can tell you the truth, Miss Dracula. All the major clans have been extremely busy trying to catch this killer. The Sealed Area has probably been breached. We suspect that the killer has escaped. Mr. Dracula must've taken the elites of all the clans to the Sealed Area last night to check on the situation," Thomas said to me carefully.

I gasped in astonishment. I had guessed right!

"Thomas, do you know the killer's name? Who the hell is this man?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"He goes by the title Night Demon, but his real name is Darwin Dracula," Thomas answered gravely.

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