

Chapter 554 Emma's Predicamen

Emma's POV:

Today was my seventh day being held captive by Darwin.

Every day, I woke up fearing that it would be my last. But Darwin did not kill me, not did he abuse me. On the contrary, he treated me very well and gave me everything I wanted—well, other than letting me leave the villa.

I didn't know why Darwin was doing all this, but I knew that it had something to do with the woman named Miya.

In the seven days of keeping me captive here, Darwin poured out all his frustrations to me. Since I was stuck in this villa with him, he opened up more and more to me.

Slowly, bit by bit, I learned about his identity and his past.

To my surprise, Darwin turned out to be a hybrid. His father was a vampire, while his mother was half-shewolf, half-witch. Most importantly, Darwin was the legendary Night Demon who had massacred countless people. Everyone knew that Night Demon was descended from a witch and a vampire, but what they didn't know was that he was quarter-werewolf as well. This made it easy for him to hide within the werewolves' territory after his reappearance. That was why even though people searched for him high and low, they couldn't find him.

I really hoped that Anthony could get rid of him as soon as possible.

I didn't even dare to think about how many people Darwin must have killed. Every day, he would come back home with bloodstained hands. Despite slaughtering so many people in cold blood, he didn't seem to feel even a hint of remorse. Instead, he would happily hum a tune while washing the blood off of his hands. He was the devil incarnate. Larry was nothing compared to him.

Now that I thought about it, Larry must have noticed that I was abducted by Darwin. Why hadn't he come here then? Was he afraid of Night Demon? That must be it. Night Demon was too powerful to defeat, even for a great wizard like Larry.

"Dinner tonight is fried saury."

While I was sitting on the sofa in a daze, Darwin walked in with a basket of groceries in his hands. He seemed to be in a good mood, and asked me in a jolly tone, "Do you like it, Emma?"

I knew Darwin didn't need an answer from me. He was used to talking to himself, so I ignored him silently.

As expected, Darwin wasn't offended by my lack of response at all. With a bright smile, he went into the kitchen and began to cook. He quickly washed and cut the vegetables, and then cleaned the fish.

As I watched him numbly, I couldn't help but think of the woman named Miya.

As far as I knew, all the murders Darwin had committed until now was for the sake of that dead woman. He wanted to bring her back to life with black magic. What kind of woman would Miya be? What kind of woman was she that her death managed to drive Darwin to the point of no return?

There was no doubt that Darwin loved Miya very much, perhaps even more than Anthony loved Jennifer.

However, Miya's death turned Darwin's love for her into something twisted and crazy.

"Do you like black pepper? I'm going to add a lot of it. Miya likes black pepper very much." Darwin's voice came from the kitchen. His voice was deep and magnetic, pleasant to the ear. Every time he spoke, it was like he was singing.

He didn't look like a murderer at all, and yet, he had a frightening amount of blood on his hands.

What the hell!

Thinking of how many people he had hurt made me want to scold him and beat him, but of course, I didn't dare to do that. Even though this devil might have killed my family and friends, there was nothing I could do.

The only way I could show my unhappiness was by giving him the silent treatment, even though he didn't care about my reaction at all.

Damn it! I wished that God would send down a bolt of lightning to kill this evil bastard.

"Emma, let me remind you that you are thinking aloud. I can hear you." Darwin's voice rang beside me.

Not having noticed him approach, I almost jumped up in surprise. It was only then that I realized that he had come out of the kitchen and put a plate of steaming saury on the table.

"I...I am not!" I retorted in a mixture of embarrassment and fear.

Without even glancing at me, Darwin said coolly, "All right. Come here and eat. Are you planning on starving as a form of protest against me? I won't allow it. You know what kind of person I am, right? If you don't eat on your own, I will force feed you with my mouth."

What? At the thought of that scene, I couldn't help but tremble in fear and disgust. Without a second's delay, I picked up the fork in front of me and stabbed it into the fish head.

"Ha-ha! You really look like some kind of silly animal," Darwin said, bursting into laughter. "Although you are not as intelligent as Miya, she would probably like you."

His words grated on my nerves.

Miya, Miya, Miya! He was always going on about that woman. I knew that he was just treating me as a substitute for her. In his eyes, I was just a puppet to play with. I was fed up with all of this! I couldn't stand being treated as a substitute for someone else.

I was not Miya, but myself! Why did I always have to be a substitute for someone else? First, it was Jennifer, and now it was Miya! It seemed that I could never be that simple maid Emma again!

