

Chapter 557 Annoying Darwin

Emma's POV:

Damn you, Darwin! Fucking bastard! That cunning villain!

I angrily tore my pork chop apart with my fork and stuffed it into my mouth angrily.

Ever since I got into that big fight with Darwin, I refused to talk to him. I knew he was only going to kill me in the end, but damn it, I could feel my hatred towards him diminishing. Why? Why didn't I hate him?

This made me panic. I couldn't figure it out. Was it because he didn't hit me? Or because he didn't rape me before killing me? But he was a murderous maniac! We had been living together for days now. He took care of me and always made sure there was food on the table. Plus, I had never seen him actually kill someone, so I started to fantasize that we were actually friends.

"Oh, my God! What the hell are you thinking, Emma? He's not good to you! He just sees you as a host for Miya!"

I kept telling myself this over and over again. But no matter how I tried to reason with myself, it didn't work.

The fact that I didn't hate Darwin made me angry, and I had to look for an avenue for me to vent my anger. Darwin was nothing but a no-good scumbag, but even I had to admit that he was a great cook. No wonder Miya liked him back then.

I brought the fork to my mouth and ate the piece of pork, chewing it slowly as I stared at the wall blankly. What was I supposed to do? What on earth could I do? Was this the so-called Stockholm syndrome?

I had heard that some hostages had fallen in love with their captors.

Oh, my God! I hoped that wasn't happening to me!

The more I thought about it, the worse I felt. But there was nothing I could do but sit at the table and sulk.

After a long time, my eyelids suddenly felt heavy and I fell asleep on the table.

I had a strange dream. I dreamed that I became Jennifer again. I was wearing a white wedding dress and standing on a red carpet in the garden. Everyone around me was cheering for me.

"Congratulations to the new couple!"

"Marry him! Marry him! Marry him!"

The chants around were so deafening that I had to take a few steps back.

"Marry me, Emma." Suddenly, a gust of wind blew in front of me and I smelled a familiar scent. It was a little like Anthony's, and also a little like Darwin's.

I looked ahead in confusion. I couldn't see the man's face clearly through the veil. He walked towards me slowly, and I could feel that he was staring right at me.

But who was he?

And who was I? Why would I marry him?

I was Emma, but I was regarded as Jennifer. I was Emma, but I was regarded as Miya. This was so sad. I just wanted to live an ordinary, carefree life. Why did this have to happen to me?

"Jennifer, Jennifer..." The man kept calling me, but his voice was very strange. It was as though two voices were mixed, like if Anthony and Darwin were talking at the same time.

Finally, I tried lifting the veil to see the man's face clearly, but I was met with complete darkness.

"Miya, look at me..." The man's voice echoed in my ears again.

"Miya..."

"Enough! Stop torturing me!" I clamped my hands over my ears and gasped for breath, hoping that the dream would come to an end soon. "I'm not Jennifer. I'm not Miya. I'm Emma!"

"Get out!" I roared at the top of my lungs. "My name is Emma! Emma, the child who was never favored. Emma, the maid who did her job well and never made a mistake. Emma, the she-wolf in love with the lycan king but never lost her self-esteem!"

As I roared my identity into the abyss, the darkness suddenly began to disappear, replaced by light, puffy clouds.

"Emma, I'm looking for you." On the other side of the hazy cloud, Darwin was smiling at me.

Just then, I woke up.

When I peeled my eyes open, I met Darwin's deep-set eyes.

"Hey, you slept like a log." Darwin held up a disk in his hand. "Do you want to watch a movie with me?"

I was stunned for a moment and hurriedly sat up from the table. I didn't feel relax until I made sure that my clothes were intact.

"What's gotten you all worked up? I won't betray Miya." Darwin sat on the sofa and began to set up the movie. "Besides, I'm not so horny that I'll have sex with a random woman like you..."

"Why, you—!" I was so angry that my body started to tremble.

"Since you're awake, let's watch a movie. It's Titanic. I love this movie," Darwin continued as though he didn't notice my anger. He turned on the TV and soon, an old-fashioned romance movie started to play. The hero and heroine kissed each other, fell in love, and slept together.

I sat still and was forced to watch the two main characters have sex. I was so embarrassed that my cheeks began to flush.

"Are you a virgin?" Darwin suddenly asked.

"No!" I denied adamantly. "I've had a boyfriend. I just don't like watching movies like this."

Darwin raised his eyebrows and looked at me meaningfully. "Oh? Is that so?"

All of a sudden, he stood up and walked towards me. I was so scared that I screamed, thinking that he was about to violate me. But Darwin just came over to get the glass of water beside me.

Now, I was both angry and embarrassed. He was trying to scare me on purpose!

"Why did you stop? I don't mind when you shout," Darwin teased. "Your voice isn't bad, really. You should be a soprano. What a waste of talent."

"You're fucking crazy! Just do whatever you want already! It's not like I can beat you." I glared at him ferociously. Suddenly, I felt a lump in my throat. I tried my best not to cry, but tears started to roll down my cheeks uncontrollably. I didn't know what to do. I hated him so much, and I had every right to hate him. But when he didn't pay attention to me, I felt very angry. What the hell was wrong with me? I was never like this before when I was in love with Anthony.

"Don't cry. I'm sorry, okay?" Darwin sighed. He put down the glass, looked at me guiltily, and shook his head. "I'm sorry."

I looked up at Darwin in disbelief. How could this man, who had killed countless innocent people, apologize to me?

"I...I beg your pardon?" I asked in a daze.

"I won't repeat what I just said, if that's what you're asking for." Darwin turned his face away coldly. "I don't feel sorry for you. It's just annoying when you cry so loudly."

