

Chapter 380 Before Parting

Jerome's POV:

My hand reached out and gently touched Skylar's belly. From underneath my palm, I could faintly feel the heartbeat of new life. It was my child with Skylar—the fruit of our love.

"Skylar, you know what? I've been imagining what our future could've been like. After our child is born, we'd all live together in harmony, visiting the seaside to play in the sand, watching the sunrise and sunset together... It'll be wonderful! But now, I doubt any of these dreams will be realized..." My voice trailed off. I couldn't help but feel sad.

"Jerome, stop talking like that." Skylar buried her face in my arms and hugged me tight. "We can't just think about ourselves. Austin's and the soldiers' lives are at stake. Even if Austin is a convicted felon, I have no right to take his life in exchange for our happiness. Plus, he's a war hero now."

I sighed emotionally. The truth was, I agreed with Skylar. I knew that if we didn't push through with this, she would never forgive herself.

"Skylar, I know. I understand. Although I never really got to know Austin, I do know that he's a real soldier who fought for the werewolves. We can't let him die at the hands of the vampires. But Skylar, I really don't want to part with you." I gritted my teeth, trying to endure the excruciating pain in my heart.

"And I don't want to leave you, Jerome." With glistening eyes, Skylar reached for my hand and kissed it. "But..."

"It's okay, honey. I understand." I took a deep breath. "Skylar, I'll book tomorrow's flight now. Let's go back to the Osman Kingdom."

Despite my pained heart, I finally compromised for Skylar's sake. I knew that this was our only choice. Otherwise, we would live the rest of our lives in guilt, unable to be happy.

"Thanks, Jerome," Skylar said in a low, wobbly voice. "I know you're only doing this because you love me. So thanks for understanding me and doing the right thing. No matter what happens, you have to believe me when I say that I'll love you forever. I'll never love anyone else."

As Skylar professed her love for me, my eyes welled up with tears and I couldn't help but wince in pain.

"Of course, honey," I said in a raspy voice. "I'll call Jennifer right now and tell her that we've made up our minds." I was already on my phone, booking our flight for the next day.

"Thanks, honey." Skylar threw her arms around me and hugged me tight, as though she didn't want to let me go.

Not wanting to pull away from her embrace, I called Jennifer while she hugged me.

"Hey, Jennifer. It's Jerome." When the call connected, I did my best to make my voice sound less hoarse. "Skylar and I will fly in tomorrow morning. We've already booked our tickets."

I paused, unable to say anything more. Although I had tried my best to persuade myself, I still couldn't bring myself to ask Jennifer to give Skylar to the vampire king.

"Jerome...." After a long silence on the other end of the phone, Jennifer finally whispered, "Thank you. Thank you and Skylar. You've just saved the werewolves. I'm so sorry, Jerome. Anthony and I couldn't come up with a better solution. I'm really sorry."

I knew that she'd feel guilty over this, but this was the last thing I wanted to see. Although I didn't want to part with Skylar, this was not Jennifer's or Anthony's fault. It was those damned vampires who were at fault.

"Don't apologize, Jennifer," I said quickly. "You and Mr. Jones have already done more than enough for us. This time, let us help you. Skylar said that she had to be brave and needs to take responsibility for this. If something bad happens to Austin because of her, she will never forgive herself."

"Jerome... Thanks. To both you and Skylar." At the mention of Skylar's name, Jennifer's voice broke and she burst into sobs.

"Cheer up, Jennifer. Even though Skylar and I can't be together, at least we can rest assured that the vampire king will treat her well. After all, he went through great lengths to find Skylar. Maybe this is fate. Cruel as it may be, we can't avoid it." Despite trying to comfort Jennifer, I couldn't help but sigh heavily.

"Jerome, you and Skylar love each other so much. Why is it that your relationship always faces crises? Does God frown upon true love?" As Jennifer spoke, she started to cry even louder. "It's just so unfair!"

"Don't cry, my dear sister," I said helplessly. "Skylar and I will be content knowing that we're living good lives, albeit separately. I suppose you could say it's a blessing in disguise."

"Well, then you should go to bed early. I don't want you to tire yourself out. Skylar's pregnant after all," Jennifer said feebly.

"You are, too!" I finally cracked a small smile. "Good night, Jennifer. See you tomorrow."

"Good night, Jerome." Then, she hung up the phone.

"So how's Jennifer?" Skylar asked, looking at me with her big eyes. "She probably blames herself."

"She can't help it. She has a good heart." I sighed sadly. "But we can't do anything about it."

Hearing this, Skylar didn't say anything and buried her face in my arms once more. She was crying, but she was crying silently. I felt terribly sorry for her.

"Let's get some rest tonight, honey. We don't want to tire out the baby," I said softly. "Go to bed after dinner, okay?"

Skylar's POV:

At the mention of food, I shook my head. "No, thanks. I don't have any appetite right now."

"Honey, you're pregnant. You can't skip a meal." Jerome shook his head firmly. "I'm sorry. It's my fault. I didn't realize that you haven't eaten yet."

I really didn't want to eat anything, but when I thought about the baby in my belly, I relented. "Fine. I'll eat a little bit."

Then I followed Jerome into the kitchen.

He briskly started to prepare the food, while I assisted him wherever I could.

"Honey, here you go." I handed him the jar of salt. All of a sudden, I was filled with nostalgic regret and my eyes filled up with tears again. I was going to miss this routine with Jerome. The thought that I would never enjoy such a thing again made my heart ache.

"Oh, honey..." Jerome wiped my tears gently. "Dinner will be ready soon."

"Okay." I tried to force a smile.

When the food was ready, Jerome and I sat down at the table to eat.

"Skylar, have some of this. I know you love lemon goose liver." Jerome wasn't eating at all. Instead, he kept putting more food on my plate.

"Okay. Thanks." I slowly ate the food Jerome served me. My nose was so stuffy from crying that I almost couldn't breathe, but I still tried to swallow the food. "Jerome...this might be the last time I'll get to eat your food."

Damn it! I shouldn't have mentioned something so sad. It was useless to talk like this. We couldn't change our fate. But that didn't stop me from thinking about it sadly.

"Don't think like that, honey. If you're craving for anything I used to cook for you, I'll whip up something and ask Mr. Jones to send it to you." Jerome smiled at me gently, trying to make me happy. "Besides, maybe things won't be as bad as we think. Maybe the vampire king will allow you to come back occasionally. Maybe we will see each other again."

"Jerome!" I wailed loudly, my tears flowing freely now.

I couldn't stand the thought of leaving him. Although I had already made up my mind, I really didn't want to leave him.

