

Chapter 392 Aldrich's Pas

Aldrich's POV:

I called my daughter Skylar. I figured we needed to get to know each other. I really wanted to make things up to her. Insurmountable guilt kept eating me for what I did to her, but when I tried to apologize, I was met with silence.

I held my breath, anxiously waiting for her answer. Suddenly, I heard her calm, crisp voice.

"You don't need to make it up to me."

What? What was that supposed to mean? Did she not want to accept me as her father?

"The truth is, I've found my lifelong mate here. We love each other very much. If I had any other choice, I would never want to part with him and return to the vampire clan. Please, will you let me go back to my mate?" Skylar explained in a pleading tone.

I was absolutely stunned.

A lifelong mate? If she had already found her mate, that meant he could only be a werewolf.

Damn it! Was my daughter going to follow in my footsteps?

The werewolves were always against us vampires. Noble vampires were supposed to have nothing to do with werewolves, but my daughter wanted to be with one. How could this have happened?

My shock was gradually replaced with anger. But I didn't want to scare my daughter off, so I swallowed my dissatisfaction and replied calmly, "Oh, my dear daughter, it's too sudden, too unexpected... Anyway, we can make a decision later. When you come back, I'll find a way to test him. If your mate passes the test, I'll consider letting you be with him. After all, not just anyone can marry my beloved daughter. You're the princess of the vampires."

From the other end of the line, I could tangibly feel Skylar's excitement. "Oh, my God! Really? Thank you! You're such an open-minded father!"

Sensing that things were going to be a little tricky, I tried to reason with her. "Skylar, don't get your hopes up, okay? My test won't be easy to pass."

I could tell that Skylar cared deeply about her werewolf mate.

"My mate is the best. He's the kindest, bravest person I've ever met, and I'm pregnant with his child," Skylar continued slowly.

What?! She was already pregnant?

I pressed my fingers against my aching temple. Truth be told, I had imagined such possibility. After all, my daughter had been living in exile for many years, and now she was indeed of age to be married, but I was still shocked to hear that she was already pregnant.

In my youth, I had gotten a she-wolf pregnant and she gave birth to a mixed-blood. I already felt incredibly guilty to my ancestors because of this. Now, my daughter was pregnant with a werewolf's child. Was it now a generational curse of the Dracula Clan? It was such a pity. Our noble bloodline was becoming less and less pure.

But I couldn't tell Skylar these things. She looked like a sensitive and fragile girl in need of my teaching and guidance. After all, she wasn't brought up as a noble vampire. It was only natural that she had grown comfortable with those dirty werewolves, since she was raised by them.

"Skylar, you're my daughter. I'll accept just about anything about you, but I'll have to think carefully about your mate and child." I did my best to speak as calmly as I possibly could.

"What? No!" Skylar became agitated suddenly. "If you're able to accept a mixed-blood like me, why can't you accept my mate and child?"

"Calm down, Skylar," I said quickly, frowning slightly. "Let's talk this over when we meet. Take care of yourself, Skylar. Goodbye."

Without waiting for a response, I hung up the phone.

I sat on the throne silently for a very long time, deep in thought.

"Mr. Dracula, did something happen with the princess?" Marshall, one of my confidants, asked. He was a duke from the Gangrel Clan, and also one of my most trusted ministers.

"Nothing serious." I sighed. "It was nothing outside my expectations, at least."

I had been king for too long—so long that I was used to the feeling of endless loneliness. But it was because of this loneliness that made me remember my poor daughter. Thinking about her, I couldn't help but wonder if she was still alive. And what did she look like? How was she doing these days?

With so many questions, I became more and more curious about her. And as loneliness slowly consumed my heart, the more eager I was for family affection. So one day, I finally decided to look for my daughter.

I sent many men to search for her in vampire territory, but nothing turned up. In the end, I was led to believe that my daughter was in werewolves' territory. After all, I was the one who had abandoned her in a pack all those years ago.

After thinking it over for some time, I chose to invade their packs and declare war with the werewolves. Many vampire clans had declared war on the werewolves in the past. So I used the war as an excuse to appease the vampires as well as a facade for my search for my daughter.

Unfortunately, our army had been a bit too idle for many years, so a powerful general from the werewolves' side, Austin, beat them back. I had no choice in the end but to capture Austin and use him as leverage.

"Mr. Dracula, don't worry. I'm sure that when she comes back, you two will get along well. After all, blood runs thicker than water," Marshall said sincerely, patting his chest.

"Well, I hope you're right." I nodded absentmindedly.

Suddenly, I thought about Daisy, Skylar's mother.

When I met her, I was still just a prince. I had accidentally infiltrated werewolves' territory and injured myself in the process. She was the one who saved me.

She was such a beautiful and kind-hearted soul. Although she was a she-wolf, I felt drawn towards her. It didn't take long before we fell in love.

But our relationship was doomed from the start. When I proposed to take Daisy back to vampires' territory to live with me, the ministers violently objected. They thought that I had an affair with a she-wolf, which violated the royal rules. I didn't dare to face a possible impeachment, so I was forced to hide Daisy in my private mansion and could scarcely see her.

Our relationship was difficult, but I was willing to make it work. Once, I asked Daisy, "Doesn't it scare you that I can't give you a future?"

I'll never forget her answer to my question. "Aldrich, you're my only future."

In that moment, I swore that I would find a way to make her my legitimate wife sooner or later.

A little while later, Daisy got pregnant. I was so excited to become a father, but as luck would have it, disaster struck. Daisy died giving birth to Skylar. I wasn't even there in time to see her go. When I arrived, she was already a cold, lifeless corpse.

Then, Skylar's existence was soon discovered. At the time, I was fighting for the throne, along with other members of the royal family. Although the elders recommended me, Skylar became my weakness. The aristocrats began to argue that a vampire who had a mixed-blood child wasn't qualified to be the vampire king.

And I wanted to be the king. I had already lost Daisy. I couldn't lose the throne. So, I was left with no choice but to abandon Skylar.

I always thought I would never regret such a decision. I only loved Daisy. With her gone, my heart withered to nothingness. So even her child was meaningless to me. Besides, Daisy died because of Skylar. So I figured that, if ever I saw that child's face again, I would only think of her poor mother. I had originally thought it was the right decision to abandon Skylar, but years later, I regretted everything.

I felt so guilty towards Daisy. I had made our child suffer so much.

I decided that I would be good to Skylar from then on.