

## Chapter 394 Skylar's Delivery

Skylar's POV:

Oh, my God! It hurt! It hurt so, so much!

I almost couldn't feel my body. I could only feel the sensation of countless knives stabbing at my stomach, making life itself unbearable.

"Skylar, please! Hold on!" Amidst the searing pain, I heard Jerome's voice vaguely. I tried my best to feel the touch of his hand.

"Jerome..." By now, I was so weak that I could barely hear my own voice. I just called out his name by instinct.

"We're almost at the hospital, Skylar!" Helen's voice also wafted over to me. "Think about your baby, Skylar! Don't fall asleep!"

Thinking about the child in my belly, I gritted my teeth with fierce determination. Helen was right. I couldn't let go so easily. I had to fight for my child's life.

I tried my best to sober up. After a while, I realized that I was being transferred to a stretcher and heard Jerome's voice fade away in the distance. I wanted to scream from the pain, but it was just too much that I could barely breathe.

"The amniotic fluid is gushing out. She's about to give birth. Take her to the delivery room. Hurry!" a doctor said with urgency.

Then, I suddenly felt as though someone had turned on very bright lights. Squinting, I wondered if I had been pushed into the delivery room.

"Doctor, I need to be there with her!" It was Jerome.

"Okay, but only one of you can come in," the doctor replied hesitantly.

"Jerome..." I shouted weakly.

"Honey, don't worry. I'm here. I'll always be here for you!" Jerome grasped my hand desperately.

His voice was finally loud and clear, and most importantly, it was comforting. Tears filled my eyes and I began to sob uncontrollably.

"Doctor, if I give birth now, will my baby be premature?" As I voiced out my concerns, another troubling thought occurred to me. What if the baby was in bad shape?

"Miss, don't worry. Your child is in good condition and so are you. There shouldn't be a problem with the baby." It was a midwife who was speaking to me. She was a young she-wolf. Smiling at me, she added, "Later, when you go into labor, you'll just need to exert more strength from the right position."

Her comforting words calmed me down somewhat. I stopped crying and took a deep breath, trying not to think too much.

Soon, the doctor entered the ward, followed closely by a nurse with a trolley of surgical tools. This was it. It was time to deliver the baby. It was a process that consumed way more energy than I ever had imagined. Just as I felt like passing out, Jerome squeezed my hand, and I thought of our baby. I needed to be strong for our child.

"Skylar, push! Just keep pushing, honey!" Jerome's voice kept encouraging me.

But no matter how hard I tried, the baby showed no sign of coming out. In addition to my exhaustion, I was in so much pain, as though my lower body had been torn in half.

"Doctor, Skylar looks like she's in way too much pain. Can you give her anesthesia?" Noticing my distress, Jerome asked the doctor anxiously.

"I'm sorry, sir. We're in the middle of an emergency delivery. It's too late to administer any anesthesia," the doctor answered apologetically.

"Jerome, I'll be fine. As long as the baby will be fine, it will all be worth it!" I panted through the pain.

Despite my resolute words, I felt like I was going to pass out any second now. I had never experienced such violent pain in my life.

But I knew I needed to hold on. I was going to be a mother. If I was so weak now, what would happen to my child?

Taking a deep breath, I encouraged myself silently in my head.

"Oh, my God, Skylar, this is all my fault. I shouldn't have gotten you pregnant. If I knew it'd be this hard for you, I would never have wanted a child!" Jerome burst into sobs.

I peeled my eyes open and tried to look at him. "Don't say that... Jerome, I wanted this child... And at least you'll be able to witness its birth, right?"

These days, I had thought that I would give birth after I arrived in vampires' territory, which meant that Jerome wouldn't be there to witness it. But it turned out I would give birth earlier than expected, and Jerome now had the chance to witness the birth of his child with his own eyes. Could this have been a blessing in disguise?

After what seemed like an eternity, when I actually felt as though I was going to die in this delivery room, I suddenly heard a loud cry.

"My baby—is that my baby?" I asked anxiously. My lower body was enveloped in pain that I couldn't tell if my baby had come out already.

"Congratulations, miss. The baby is healthy." The midwife looked at me with a proud yet gentle smile. "We're taking the child to the care unit. Oh, and it's a handsome boy!"

I finally felt as though a weight had been lifted off of my shoulders. Relieved, my head rolled backward and everything went black.

Jennifer's POV:

After handing over the three robbers to Anthony's men, I rushed to the hospital only to find out that Skylar was in the delivery room.

I waited outside the ward anxiously. This was a premature delivery, so naturally, I was extremely worried about her and the baby.

"Helen, Daniel, how was Skylar when she was sent to the delivery room?" I asked. They were also waiting outside the delivery room.

"Well, she was still awake when she was wheeled in. The doctor mentioned that she's going to be okay since she was brought to the hospital in the nick of time." Helen wrapped her arms around me comfortingly. "Skylar's fine, Jennifer. Don't worry."

Nodding anxiously, I quickly took out my phone and texted Anthony about Skylar's condition and the location of the hospital. I hoped he could come here as soon as he was finished with work.

It had been over half an hour of waiting before Anthony finally arrived.

"My men have already dealt with those robbers. They'll be punished severely," Anthony said. "Anyway, there's no need to worry, Jennifer. Skylar is going to be okay. The doctors of the capital hospital are some of the best in the country, next to that of the royal hospital."

"Good! I hope those robbers get what they deserve! God smiles on the good. I just know that Skylar will give birth to a healthy baby safely." I felt partly indignant and partly relieved when I heard Anthony's report.

"So how is she now?" Anthony asked, rubbing my tense shoulders.

Just as I opened my mouth to answer him, the door to the delivery room was pushed open and Skylar was wheeled out.

"Skylar!" I shrieked and rushed over. Jerome came out, following the bed closely. "Jerome, how is she?"

"Skylar passed out from exhaustion, but the baby is fine," Jerome said, his eyes flashing with uncontrollable excitement. "Jennifer, I'm a father now! And Skylar gave birth to a boy. Both the mother and the son are fine. Thank God!"

"Oh, my God! That's wonderful, Jerome!" I threw my arms around him, relieved. "As long as Skylar's fine, I'm glad! Where's the baby?"

"The child was sent to the care unit." Jerome wiped the sweat on his brow. It seemed that he too was also very tired from all the excitement. "I'll stay by Skylar's side and wait for her to wake up."

Despite his tiredness, I could tell he was bursting with unconcealed joy. I couldn't help but smile with him.

Skylar was a mother now, and my brother was a father. Just earlier, we had been depressed. Now, the birth of a new life had slightly dispelled the depressing haze, and a light seemed to shine at the end of the tunnel. I believed that God wouldn't turn his back on Skylar and Jerome.