

Chapter 395 Skylar's Child

Skylar's POV:

Amidst the haze, I could vaguely hear someone talking. It sounded like Jennifer's voice.

"Jerome, you're finally a father!"

"I know. I feel like I'm dreaming!" I heard Jerome's deep, masculine voice.

"Jerome..." Trying to peel my eyes open, I struggled to call out his name.

"Where's my baby? Is he okay? I want to see my son!" I smiled weakly.

"Skylar, you're awake!" Jennifer was standing next to the bed, looking at me excitedly. "You scared me just now!"

"Skylar! See? I knew she was going to be fine!" Helen chimed in with a big, bright smile. I glanced around the room in a trance and found that Daniel and Anthony were also here. They too wore warm smiles.

"Oh, I'm sorry if I scared you guys." I was touched that my friends all cared about me deeply.

"Anyway, Skylar, they brought the baby to the care unit. I'll ask them to bring him here." Jerome hurriedly turned around to fetch a nurse.

"Relax, Jerome. I already asked a nurse to bring the baby here!" Seeing how anxious her brother looked, Jennifer couldn't help but burst into giggles. Then, her eyes went wide and she grabbed Jerome's arm excitedly. "Look, here they come!"

Heart beating rapidly in my chest, I watched as a young nurse approached me with a baby in her arms. She bowed respectfully to Jennifer and Anthony before saying to me, "Ma'am, here's your son. We just cleaned him up."

Jerome carefully took the child from the nurse and walked towards me. I stared at the child in his arms, tears welling up in my eyes. Oh, my God, this was my child. I had carried him in my belly for more than half a year.

Jerome stopped next to the bed and bent over to show me the baby. "Skylar, look! This is the fruit of our love. He's so cute! I think he looks a little like you. I'm sure he'll grow up to be a handsome young man."

I struggled to sit up in bed so that I could get a better look at the baby. His little face was red and wrinkly. What on earth was Jerome talking about? It was difficult to tell whom he looked like.

"Oh, Jerome, even though you're the father, you can't just say things to butter me up!" I poked fun at Jerome, smiling playfully. "How can you tell what he looks like?"

"All newborns look like this. It takes a couple of days before they look like proper babies." Jennifer approached the bed to get a glimpse of the baby. "But I have to agree with Jerome. Your son looks like you."

"Oh, I hope you're wrong! I want him to look like his father," I said jokingly.

"No, Skylar, I think he'd better look like you." Jerome chuckled softly. He couldn't stop smiling, ever since he held our son.

"He looks like both of you. Happy?" Jennifer laughed. "Oh, you two! You look so happy!"

Everyone burst into laughter and the atmosphere in the ward was warm and lively.

I turned to look back at my baby, feeling content and happy. This was my child—my child with Jerome. He looked healthy. His tiny eyes were squeezed shut, and his little red lips were pursed. I studied his features intently, determined to protect this child with my life.

"By the way, Jennifer, what's a good name for my son?" I suddenly turned to Jennifer seriously. "Thanks to you, my child was born, safe and sound."

"What?!" Jennifer looked taken aback. "Skylar, you and Jerome should name him. He's your child. Plus, I didn't do anything. It was thanks to all of us that you made it to the hospital in time."

I looked at Jerome meaningfully, and he nodded in understanding. I told Jennifer, "Back in the alley, when I was in excruciating pain, you were the one who took charge and gave orders to everyone calmly. It's thanks to you that the ambulance arrived in time and the robbers were dealt with accordingly. You're my best friend and you've helped me ever since we met. You're also Jerome's sister. You're one of the most important people in my life. I want you to name our child."

Hearing what I said, Jennifer smiled shyly. "Okay then. Let me think."

Jennifer took the child from Jerome and looked at him carefully. After a moment's thought, her eyes lit up excitedly. "Skylar, what do you think of the name Godfrey? It symbolizes the god of peace. This child was born during a war. I hope that maybe someday, he can bring peace."

"Godfrey. I like the sound of that," Jerome said with a nod. Then, he looked at me. "'Skylar, what do you think?"

Oh, my God! Peace! I was so overjoyed at the birth of my child that I had nearly forgotten the reality ahead of me. My father, the vampire king, was still waiting to take me home to vampire territory. But this child was a symbol of hope. I hoped that his birth would end the war between werewolves and vampires.

"Jennifer, it's perfect." I smiled softly, looking at my little Godfrey affectionately. In this very moment, I placed all my hope in him. "Jennifer, I pray that we'll be able to witness the peace between werewolves and vampires in our lifetime. Now, with Godfrey here, I feel that all the hardships I have suffered are worth it. He can be the bridge between me and Jerome—our hope."

"Skylar, I love you so much. Thank you for being so strong." Jerome wrapped his arms around me in a warm embrace.

"Jennifer." Anthony, who had been silent this whole time, suddenly spoke up. "There's something we need to discuss."

"What is it?" Jennifer cocked her head to the side questioningly and handed the baby back to Jerome.

"Skylar has just given birth. She's weak and needs time to heal. I don't think she can go and negotiate with Aldrich as originally planned," Anthony reminded. "Should we tell Aldrich the truth?"

Jennifer frowned and let out a frustrated sigh. "Anthony, you're right. I almost forgot about it. We need to postpone the negotiation —"

"Just tell him the truth," I said hurriedly, interrupting Jennifer. "I talked to my father on the phone earlier. He already knows that I have a werewolf mate and that I was pregnant with his child."

"Oh, I see..." Anthony nodded, scratching his chin thoughtfully. "I'll tell Aldrich about your situation right away. I think he'll understand."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Jones," Jerome said gratefully.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones. You're always helping us." I also hurried to express my thanks, nodding slightly.

"No need to thank me. I'm just doing my job." Anthony smiled politely. Then, he strode over to Jennifer and kissed her forehead. "I've got to go. You can stay here with Skylar. Call me if you need anything."

"Oh, okay. Bye, Anthony." Jennifer smiled gently and gave Anthony a quick hug.

"Oh, it's okay, Jennifer!" I said hastily. "You and Helen can go ahead and get some rest. I'll be alright as long as I have Jerome."

I knew that everyone was likely tired from waiting in the hospital for hours. I couldn't ask them to stay any longer.

Plus, now that Godfrey was born, Jerome and I were in high spirits. Hopefully, Aldrich would let me stay in werewolves' territory for a little while longer so that I could be with my child and his father. I really didn't want to leave them so soon.

