

Chapter 418 The First Night After Parting

Skylar's POV:

"Thomas!" I jumped in surprised and hurried to the door.

The first time I saw Thomas by my father's side earlier, I was completely shocked. And when I met him again just now, Crystal even poked fun at us, joking that we should become a couple.

"Thomas, why are you here? And sorry about earlier. I was just shocked to see you. I had no idea you were my father's subordinate. I didn't mean to pretend that I didn't know you. I was just so nervous. You see, I don't want my father to know what happened to me on the Rube Island yet." I rambled until I was out of breath.

"It's okay, Miss Dracula," Thomas said with a knowing smile, his beautiful eyes shining brightly. "Anyway, I just came here to say hello as a friend."

"Please come in, Thomas. And don't call me Miss Dracula. There's no need to be so formal." I stepped aside to let him in, smiling sheepishly.

"Okay. Thanks, Skylar. But I'd better call you Miss Dracula in front of the others." Thomas waved his hand with a smile, but he didn't make any move to come inside. "There's something else I have to do. I really just came to see how you're doing, so I won't enter your room. By the way, I wanted to ask how you and Jerome are doing."

At the mention of Jerome's name, I felt very sad. I didn't answer him right away, for fear of bursting into tears on the spot. Finally, I sighed and said, "We're separated for the time being. My father brought it up with the elders and asked if I could bring Jerome back with me, but it was futile. The elders will never accept a werewolf. Tolerating a hybrid like me was already their limit."

"But what about your baby?" Thomas's gaze landed on my flat belly. "Is it okay?"

When Thomas mentioned Godfrey, I couldn't help but smile. "Thanks for the concern, Thomas. I gave birth before coming here. We named him Godfrey, and he's a healthy little baby. Jerome's the one who will take care of him."

"Well, I'm glad that you and your son are safe. As for the rest, there's still time. Don't be too sad, Skylar. I'll visit you often in the future, so don't be a stranger! And if you encounter any trouble, just tell me. I'll help you in any way I can." Thomas smiled at me reassuringly.

"Okay. Thank you, Thomas. You're too kind." I looked at him gratefully.

"Then I'll get going now. Bye, Skylar. Take care of yourself!" Thomas smiled, waving his hand.

"Bye!" I smiled back at him and waved. When he turned around to leave, I closed the door and went back to the bed to pick up my phone.

Thomas was such a good friend. I felt better knowing that he was there for me. But now, all I wanted to do was call my dear Jerome and tell him everything that had happened today.

Jerome's POV:

Just as I was lulling Godfrey to sleep in my room, my phone suddenly started to ring. Glancing at the caller ID, I saw that it was Skylar.

"Oh, my God!" I hurriedly picked up the phone and muted it, feeling a little flustered. If I answered, Godfrey would've woken up and cried. It always took him a long time to fall asleep. On the other hand, I wanted to answer Skylar's call and talk to her. I missed her so much already.

"Jerome?" Just as I was hesitating and at a loss, Jennifer suddenly pushed the door open and walked in. She smiled and whispered so as to not wake up Godfrey. "As soon as I arrived at your door, I heard your phone ring. Is it Skylar calling? Go and answer the phone. I'll take care of little Godfrey."

I looked at her gratefully and walked out of the room with my phone, finally answering the call in the corridor.

"Hi, honey. So sorry. I was taking care of Godfrey just now so I wasn't able to come to the phone right away," I apologized as soon as I picked up.

"Oh, don't apologize, Jerome. I called at the wrong time." Skylar's soft voice sounded from the other end of the line.

"So, Skylar, how are you doing with the vampires? Did anyone make things difficult for you yet? Oh, honey, I miss you so much!" My voice was thick with affection and I felt as though all my love was going to explode from my heart. "I miss you so, so much—I'm going insane. I'm so scared that you'll be bullied over there and I can't do anything to help. I don't deserve you. I'm so useless!"

"Oh, my God, Jerome... Please don't talk like that. It makes me want to cry." Skylar's soft voice was like medicine that healed my wounds. Her soothing tone comforted me instantly. "Actually, everybody's so good to me here. My father is kind, and his queen even treats me as her own daughter. They were worried that I'd be too nervous when I got here, so they kept talking to me about interesting things during the meal."

"What?! The vampire king has a queen?!" My voice went shrill from disbelief. "You have a stepmother? What the hell is the vampire king thinking? Everyone knows that stepmothers are difficult to get along with!"

My blood pressure escalated all of a sudden. I had always seen news about stepmothers maltreating stepchildren. Oh, my God! Now I was doubly worried about my mate's situation.

"Calm down, Jerome!" Skylar cut me off. "I just told you that Crystal has been good to me."

Hearing this, I felt somewhat relieved, but not completely. "Well, okay then...Anyway, how's the food there? They wouldn't force you to drink blood, would they? Oh, my God!"

When this thought crossed my mind, I got worked up again. Vampires drank blood all year round. How could a mixed-blood like Skylar accept such a brutal truth? She had been eating food like a normal person ever since she could remember!

"Don't worry, Jerome. My father and Crystal have taken these things into consideration. They specially hired someone to cook a lot of delicious food for me. They would never force me to drink blood," Skylar said in a smiling voice. "You really care about me too much! But truthfully, I was also worried about these things before. Thanks for the concern, Jerome."

Hearing Skylar's sweet words, I felt as though a cool spring breeze blew at my restless heart.

"Of course I care about you, honey. You're the one I love. If I didn't care about you, who else would I care about?" I said gently.

"Godfrey, of course!" Skylar giggled. It was music to my ears.

"Most of my heart is dedicated to you, honey—and of course, I'll love Godfrey, too." I promised. "When our son grows up, he'll get married and start his own family. Then I'll keep you company for the rest of our lives."

Skylar chuckled, "Jerome, how could you say that about your own child?"

"Babe, I just love you too much. Don't get me wrong. I also love our child, but you'll always take first place in my heart." I spoke truthfully. "No matter what, I will take good care of Godfrey. I will be a good father."

"Jerome, you're going to be the best father in the whole world! Oh, by the way, I met Thomas today. He came to see me, which made me happy," Skylar added excitedly.

"Thomas? Yeah, when I saw him at the negotiation venue, I was surprised. I had no idea he was so close to the vampire king." I sighed wistfully. "I don't know if this is a good thing or a bad thing, but I have a feeling he's a well-meaning vampire. Maybe he can help you adjust to your new life."

"I think so, too. Anyway, Jerome, don't worry about me. The situation here is much better than I expected. I thought I'd have to learn to drink blood!" Skylar said with a chuckle.

"Oh, honey, I'm also working hard to become worthy to be the princess's mate. I'll soon become Mr. Jones' secretary. I promise I'll work hard and take good care of Godfrey," I shared the good news happily.

"Oh, Jerome, that's wonderful! But princess is just a title that I couldn't care less about. You'll always be my beloved mate, Jerome. No matter what. But I'm glad that you'll be working for Mr. Jones. Congratulations, honey!" Skylar spoke softly, and I could just picture her eyes twinkling. "Oh, Jerome, I just feel so hopeful about the future! By the way, Jerome, why do I hear cries? Is that Godfrey crying?"

"Yeah. He doesn't want to sleep. No matter how I much I coax him, it's useless. Now Jennifer's trying to get him to sleep," I explained helplessly.

Ever since Skylar left, Godfrey had been restless. Perhaps he could sense the absence of his mother. Every time I thought of my child being forced to be separated from his mother at such a young age, I felt so sorry for him.