

Chapter 422 Messages From Skylar

Jerome's POV:

Looking at how happy everyone was around me, I couldn't help but smile alongside them. But deep down, I felt sad and depressed. If only Skylar was here now!

'Stop it,' I told myself. I needed to cheer up. Wasn't this the peace Skylar longed for? Everyone was so happy, laughing and chatting about. I felt proud. This was all thanks to my Skylar. I just wished she could see it with her own eyes. That her sacrifice was not in vain.

Thinking about Skylar, who was so far away now, I marveled at her courage.

But I refused to be apart from her for too long. I planned on taking Godfrey to see her sometime soon.

And although Skylar couldn't be here in person to witness the fruits of her labor, I could let her catch a glimpse of it through a photo. So I stood up and walked around the hall, snapping some photos of the party. Then I sent the most decent ones to Skylar.

"Skylar, look! Mr. Jones is holding a banquet in celebration of the peace you brought about. Skylar, you did this! You made all of this possible!"

I didn't expect to receive a reply from Skylar very soon, but seconds later, Skylar sent me a photo in reply.

She was sitting at the head of a long table in a beautiful, luxurious-looking dress. The vampire king, Aldrich, was sitting next to her. The table was covered in plates of delicious food, and behind her stood a row of pretty maids.

"Honey, look! My father is so kind to me. For the first time in my life, I know what it feels like to experience a father's love! Honestly, it's not so bad here. But I still want to go back. I miss you, our child, and all my friends very much!"

Seeing Skylar's smiling face in the photo, I let out a sigh of relief. At least Aldrich treated her well.

I snuck to a quiet corner in the hall and called Skylar. The call soon connected.

"Hey, honey. I just saw your photo. You look gorgeous! What are you doing now? I'm still here at the banquet," I said excitedly.

"I'm just resting in my room," Skylar said in a smiling tone. "I want to tell you something. I talked about you with my father, and he said that he secretly observed you during the negotiation. He had a good first impression of you and even said you're handsome!"

"Really?" I felt flattered. "So now, all we need to do is get the elders' consent. Maybe I'll be able to visit you there!"

"Gosh, I hope so..." Skylar sighed, her cheerful voice faltering. It seemed that the elders were going to be a lot more difficult to deal with than Aldrich.

I told Skylar about an idea I had been thinking about in the hopes of cheering her up. "I was thinking of going to vampires' territory to hold a formal wedding there. We can invite your father. It'll be wonderful!"

"Wow! That sounds amazing. I can't wait for that day to come!" Skylar said in a more optimistic tone. "I love you so much, Jerome. I can't wait to see you again."

"I love and miss you too, honey," I replied sweetly.

"Oh, sorry, Jerome. Dad wants to see me. Gotta go. Bye!" Skylar blew me a kiss on the phone and then quickly hung up.

"Jerome, were you talking to Skylar?" Jennifer suddenly approached me. She probably noticed how happy I looked after getting off the phone.

"Yup! She just told me that she's having a good time over there." As I spoke, I held up my phone to show Jennifer the photo Skylar had sent me earlier. "Look! Isn't she beautiful?"

"Oh, my God! She's gorgeous!" Jennifer smiled happily. "She really looks like a princess!"

"Yeah. It means I'm not worthy to be her mate."

"Oh, don't say that, Jerome. Just work hard and help Anthony establish his business. By then, I'm sure the vampire king will approve of you!" Jennifer put her hand on my shoulder to comfort me.

"Jennifer's right, Jerome. I didn't want to say anything at first, but when the time is right, I'm going to make an exception and give you the title of earl. That way, you'll be able to be with Skylar." Anthony seemed to have overheard our conversation and chimed in.

Oh, my God! An earl?!

I felt both excited and terrified. A noble title? Did I really deserve such an honor? I told myself not to give up any chance to improve myself. The space between my status and Skylar's was too big, so I needed to do what I could to close the gap.

"Thank you so much. I'll work hard to live up to your expectations. I'll try my best to become a better man for Skylar!" I put my palm over my chest solemnly.

Jennifer's POV:

I stole a glance at Anthony secretly. What was he talking about? He was planning to make my brother an earl? This was not a small matter. He couldn't just joke about it.

"Anthony, are you drunk?" I joked nervously, pinching his arm to hint at him to stop talking nonsense. Although Anthony's voice just not wasn't too loud, it was possible that some werewolves nearby could've heard him.

I knew that Anthony meant well and was just trying to pave the way for Jerome and Skylar to be together, but he needed to see the bigger picture. Jerome was my brother and I was the queen. If my brother was promoted too fast, vicious rumors would definitely break out. Maybe they would say that Jerome only used connections to get the position, and that Anthony had favorites. Everyone would think that he was a king who adhered to nepotism. I wanted to avoid such criticisms. After all, he and my brother were both very important to me. I wanted Anthony to remain the lovable, noble king everyone looked up to.

"Don't worry, Jennifer. I know what I'm doing." Anthony just gave me a comforting smile and slipped his arm around my waist. "And I'm serious. As long as one works hard, they deserve a reward. I know Jerome is a capable man. After he's made some substantial contributions, no one will gossip about him being promoted. Austin's setting a good example."

"Thanks again, Mr. Jones! I won't let you down!" Jerome looked very excited, his eyes gleaming with hope.

"Don't thank me so soon," Anthony joked. "You have to do a good job first."

Anthony's explanation dispelled all my worries. It turned out that he had been thinking about this for a while now. I supported his decision and felt happy for my brother.

"Jerome, Anthony, let's go back. There are other werewolves who want to propose a toast." As I spoke, I pulled the two back to our table.

"Okay, but you can't drink! Don't forget about the baby!" Anthony said with a doting smile, pinching my cheek playfully.

"I know, I know!" Anthony always cared about me so much. This was the third time he had said something like this today.

I was going to be a mother soon. Of course I'd do anything to protect my child. I was looking forward to the life after the baby was born. It must be great, right?