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Chapter 429 The Story Of Daisy

Skylar's POV:

"No, Skylar, please don't go!" My father's pleading voice made me stop for a moment. "Give me a chance to explain, Skylar..."

But I quickened my pace. I didn't want my father to see my pained expression. Unexpectedly, as soon as I started to run, my feet slipped and I lurched forward.

"Ah!" As I plummeted to the floor, I was so scared that I shrieked.

"Skylar!" My father shouted anxiously from behind me.

All of a sudden, I felt a strong gust of wind blowing from underneath. In the blink of an eye, I was swept into my father's protective embrace. He quickly wrapped his cloak around me before I could gather my bearings.

I looked at him, wide-eyed from the shock. My father acted so fast, like a bolt of lightning. Oh, my God! I didn't know vampires were this strong.

"Are you okay, Skylar?" My father loosened his cloak and led me to the bedside. After making me sit down, he looked at me seriously and sighed. "I'm sorry, my dear daughter. I won't ask you to forgive me. I don't deserve your forgiveness. I just wanted you to know that your mother loved you so much, as do I."

His monologue was met with silence. I didn't know what to say. I could only lower my head quietly.

"Wait. Skylar, what happened to your knee?" All of a sudden, my father squatted down hurriedly. He gently lifted up the hem of my dress, looked at my scraped knee. "Who did this to you? Why didn't you tell me someone hurt you?"

I didn't expect my father to find the wound on my knee. I quickly explained, "No one did this to me, Dad. I just accidentally fell off my horse in riding class."

Despite my explanation, my father still frowned deeply. He turned around and ordered a maid, "Bring some medicinal herbs. I need to treat Skylar's wound."

The maid nodded respectfully and scurried off to do as he said.

I quickly waved my hand in protest. "I'm fine, Dad. Really. A she-wolf's blood runs in my veins, remember? We recover very quickly."

But my father didn't say anything. Instead, he simply proceeded to take the first aid kit from the maid wordlessly.

Seeing my father kneeling on the floor and meticulously applying medicine to my wound, I suddenly felt extremely sad. This man held the highest position among the vampires, yet he was willing to kneel down in front of me and treat my wound. All because I was his daughter, and as a father, he loved me deeply.

"Thank you, Dad..." My voice cracked.

I didn't know how to face him. I kept thinking that, if he had just protected my mother, she might not have died. And I wouldn't have been abandoned. But I also knew that my father faced his own struggles. I needed to be more understanding.

I didn't know what I should do.

Aldrich's POV:

As I treated Skylar's wound, my heart softened. She was the fruit of my love with Daisy. My dearest daughter. I used to think like the other vampires—in order to reach the peak, I was willing to abandon everything. But ever since I met Daisy, my mindset slowly changed. And Skylar was just like Daisy. Whenever I looked at her, I'd always think of Daisy—her sing-song voice, her twinkling eyes, and her dazzling smile.

When I was done treating Skylar's wound, I looked up to give Skylar a small smile. To my surprise, I found that her eyes were brimming with tears. I immediately threw my arms around her and cried, "You don't have to believe me, but I really loved your mother. But werewolves and vampires are natural enemies. Our love was forbidden. I swear, Skylar, if I could change the past, I would've done everything I could to protect you and your mother, even if it meant giving up the throne."

"Thanks, Dad. The truth is, I don't think you were wrong to love Mom. I think that it's the stubborn vampires and werewolves who were wrong. I really wish I'll live to see the day vampires and werewolves can live together in peace," Skylar said softly.

I shook my head and sighed. "I'm afraid it won't be that easy."

However, Skylar shook her head stubbornly. "Dad, I'm not going to give up on my mate. I'll do everything I can to convince the

elders to accept Jerome."

My heart sank. I didn't know that Skylar was still thinking about this. I shook my head firmly and warned, "Don't be impulsive, Skylar."

"I'm not, Dad. I just don't want to live a life with regret like you!" Skylar shot back, her eyes flashing with fierce determination.

I fell silent. She was becoming even more like her mother.

But she was right. I had no right to get in the way of her love for her mate.

However, I also knew that I couldn't convince those stubborn elders otherwise. I felt helpless and depressed, being caught between a rock and a hard place. "I'm sorry, Skylar. I've hurt you once again by forcing you to come here."

"Dad, I know you meant well." Skylar sighed and patted my hand gently. "I don't want to make things difficult for you. It's my problem, so I'll solve it myself."

"My daughter, you're a really strong girl." I sighed, my heart conflicted. My daughter was an independent woman. I wished Daisy in heaven knew that her little girl had grown up to be so strong.

But I also felt that Skylar was too naive. She didn't understand just how powerful those stubborn elders were. Countless vampires supported them, and they all hated werewolves.

"Okay, Skylar. I suppose we will just have to wait and see. No need to rush into things," I said slowly. "I'll try to help you and I'll talk to the elders again. I might not be able to bring your mate back, but at the very least, I might be able to bring your son. After all, my grandchild still carries the Dracula Clan's bloodline. The Dracula Clan won't allow a member to stay outside vampires' territory."

Skylar's POV:

I could tell that my father was trying to look out for me.

"Thanks, Dad. I'm really grateful that you're willing to do anything for me," I said sincerely, holding his hand.

"But in the meantime, Skylar, don't bring this up with the elders just yet. It'll only make things worse. Those stubborn old men are trying to find fault with you. After all, you're a hybrid, so some of them will always look down on you."

Oh, my God! Why did everything have to be so complicated? I had no idea things would be this difficult.

I sighed. "Okay, Dad."

"It's getting late. You should get some rest, my princess." My father patted me gently on the head and chuckled. "If you need anything, just tell me. I'm always here for you."

My eyes lit up. "Actually, I did have one request..."

"What is it? Tell me." my father asked with great interest. "This is the first time you're requesting something of me, isn't it, Skylar?"

"I want a photo of my mother." I pointed at the old photos strewn on the desk and picked them up. "Could I have a copy? So that I could look at her when I miss her."

"Of course, Skylar. In fact, why not take all of the photos with you?" my father said with a smile.

"Oh, no, Dad! That'd mean you wouldn't have anything to remind you of her!" I stuck out my tongue and teased him playfully.

"Don't worry. I'll never forget Daisy." My father ruffled my hair. "Well, good night, Skylar. Oh, and don't forget the ceremony tomorrow."

I nodded and got up to leave. "Okay, Dad. Good night!"

After saying goodbye to my father, I went back to my room with my mother's photos. I lay on the bed and stared at them in awe.

This was my mother, Daisy.

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