

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 974: Do You Prefer a Son or a Daughter?

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The bathroom was filled with a faint fragrance, permeating the space with a sense of romance...

In the end, Aria Richardson felt she was being worn down to exhaustion.

"No... no more..."

Her soft voice sounded truly pitiful.

Wyatt Lewis gazed at her flushed cheeks with eyes full of amusement, lowered his head, and kissed her forehead tenderly.

But it wasn't easy for a man who had just tasted intimacy to accept her refusal.

After countless rounds of demands, Aria was completely drained of energy.

Wyatt lifted her limp body and carried her straight to the bathroom, placing her into a bathtub filled with warm water, where Aria let out a comfortable sigh.

Wyatt smiled, "Shall I help you wash?"

Upon hearing his words, Aria's tired and sleepy eyes opened immediately, her lashes fluttered as she recalled the restless moments just before. Worried about sparking another round, she pointed to the doorway, "You go out, I'll do it myself."

"Do you have the strength?"

Hearing this, Aria bit her lower lip, feeling a mix of indignation.

She glared at him with eyes that held a touch of anger.

"Wyatt Lewis, one more word and you'll be sleeping on the floor tonight."

Wyatt chuckled, "Why?"

"Because you're excessive, I'm... very tired."

"Hmm, look how irresistible you are."

Aria reddened even more under his gaze, her cheeks so hot they seemed about to burn, as she prepared to leave the bathtub, "... You wash yourself, I'm done."

Wyatt gave her a look, and with strong arms, pulled her back with precision into his embrace.

Aria blinked, her gaze meeting his fleetingly, noticing in his eyes an emotion she was familiar with.

Pulling a towel over to cover herself, Aria's beautiful eyes showed a tinge of helplessness, "Wyatt Lewis, I'm telling mom tomorrow."

"Telling what?"

"Telling her... that you're still pestering me while I'm 'pregnant.'"

"Hmm, if that's your reason, I might have to keep working hard."

Wyatt laughed gleefully, carrying her out of the bathroom, drying her off, and tucking her into bed before joining her, pulling the blanket snugly.

Thinking of children, Wyatt looked at the woman in his arms, his lips twitching slightly.

He suddenly remembered months ago, when his father looked at Baby and asked him, "Your brother has three children, what are your thoughts?"

Wyatt had replied then, "I don't dare think about it."

Back then, indeed he didn't dare entertain such thoughts.

The word 'father' felt too distant to him at that time.

But now...

He was genuinely anticipating and wondered if he and Aria had a baby, what it might be like.

As he thought, Wyatt began to chuckle to himself, his voice carrying a blend of joy and excitement.

Originally tense, Aria, hearing his self-contented laughter, was puzzled for a moment, raising her head to look at him, "Why are you laughing foolishly?"

"Thinking about our future child." Wyatt lowered his eyes, serious in his gaze.

What he said, in earnest, was about their prospective child.

Aria's heart stirred slightly, watching the man, her eyes deepened.

Previously, it had been joking, now with his serious talk of their future child, anticipation grew inexplicably within her.

Marrying the one you love, having children, spending a lifetime together, perhaps is the most blissful thing in life.

Now she married the one she loves, having children...

She hadn't considered it before, but now Aria's eyes were filled with excitement and nervousness.

What would their baby look like?

Wyatt observed each subtle expression on her face, his demeanor unconsciously becoming more tender.

"Aria, let's have a child."

Aria's anxious eyes fluttered, the rising emotions on her face made her appear even more captivating, "Hmm."

Wyatt pulled her even closer, "Then I need to think of a name for the baby diligently."

Aria couldn't help but laugh softly, "The baby hasn't even appeared yet, why rush to think of a name?"

"Let's prepare early; it might be soon."

Aria cooperatively lifted her lively eyes to look at him, "Then congratulations in advance, on becoming a dad soon."

Wyatt's dark eyes fluttered slightly, then slowly curved his lips, his gaze fixed firmly on her face, unable to stop smiling.

"Hmm, congratulations to me."

Aria's face was lit with joy, she couldn't help but ask, "Do you prefer a son or a daughter?"