

# Married at First Sight 4326-4330

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“No need.”

Zhan Yin laughed. “You won’t even give your husband a chance to be considerate.”

Haitong replied, “I’m doing fine. I don’t need you fussing over me. Go out and chat with Grandma.”

“Alright.”

After watching her enter the bathroom and close the door, Zhan Yin turned and left.

When the old lady saw him coming out, she was about to speak, but Zhan Yin spoke first: “Grandma, Tongtong says she doesn’t need me to fuss over her.”

The old lady opened her mouth but said nothing in the end.

Zhan Yin walked over and sat beside her. He picked up the big goose pillow she was holding and smiled. “Grandma, why are you hugging this thing?”

“There’s no cat to pet, so I’m hugging a goose pillow instead.”

“Grandma, you can stay at my villa. All the pets are there.”

“But Tongtong likes it here. She says this is the first home we lived in after getting married—it feels like home to her.”

So, no pets here.

The old lady said, “I don’t want to live in a villa. There’s no one to talk to there. In this community, I can go downstairs every day, take a walk, and chat with the old ladies. I like listening to gossip.”

Most of the aunts and grandmas downstairs are helping their children raise kids or do housework. When they gather, they talk about everything—gossip is part of the routine.

If anything happens in a household, once one person finds out, it spreads through the whole community in no time.

The old lady loves to listen but never gossips about her own children or grandchildren.

No one can get any gossip about her family from her.

“Tongtong could give birth at any time. Even if I lived with you, I’d still worry.”

Zhan Yin leaned back on the sofa and said, “Yes, I’m even more anxious than you. When Tongtong turns over in the middle of the night, I get nervous, afraid she’s about to go into labor.”

Zhan Yin leaned back on the sofa and said, “Yes, I’m more worried than you, Grandma. Whenever Tongtong turns over at night, I get nervous, thinking she might be going into labor.”

“When she gives birth, I’ll be right there with her.”

Zhan Yin had decided to be present during the delivery.

The old lady tilted her head to look at him and gently reminded him, “Can you handle it? Don’t be like Su Nan, who fainted from fright.”

“Childbirth is incredibly painful for women. Tongtong is having her first child, and first-time deliveries don’t usually happen quickly. The pain will feel like being cut to pieces.”

“Of course, from a woman’s perspective, Grandma still hopes you’ll be there. Once you witness how painful childbirth is, you’ll cherish your wife even more.”

“If she didn’t love you, she wouldn’t carry your child, endure the discomfort of pregnancy, lose her figure, go through level-ten pain in labor, breastfeed afterward, stay up late caring for the baby, and consider a full night’s sleep a luxury.”

Mothers tend to wake instantly at the slightest movement from their child.

If the baby isn’t feeling well, the mother often stays up all night, unable to rest.

“People like us are fortunate—we can afford a nanny or a confinement caregiver. Ordinary families can’t afford that kind of help. They have to do everything themselves, which is exhausting.”

Zhan Yin said, “Grandma, I know. I love Tongtong like I love my own life. She is my life, so of course I love her. In this lifetime, I’ll make sure she’s taken care of.”

“No matter how scary it gets, I’ll face it with her.”

Zhan Yin was firm in his decision to be by Haitong’s side during childbirth.

He had even discussed it with her in advance.

Haitong playfully teased him like an old lady, worried he’d faint like Su Nan did.

He told her that if he had to faint, he'd wait until after the baby was safely born and both mother and child were fine.

Haitong felt a little flustered—but also deeply touched.

## Married at First Sight

The old lady finally patted her grandson's shoulder with satisfaction and said, "Not bad—you're responsible. Grandma supports you."

Zhan Yin replied, "I was raised by my grandparents. If I didn't take responsibility, I'd be afraid Grandpa would come back in the middle of the night to settle the score with me."

He was referring to the old man who had passed away many years ago.

The old lady suddenly sighed. "If only your grandfather were still alive. He'd be so happy to see you find happiness. Soon, he'll even be promoted to great-grandfather."

"It's a pity he didn't live to see you get married."

"When he first passed, I could still connect with him in dreams, but now I haven't dreamed of him for a long time. Ayin, has your grandfather come to see you? Do you think he's doing well down there?"

Zhan Yin was silent for a moment, then said, "I haven't dreamed of Grandpa since he passed. I often wonder if he blames me for being ignorant, or maybe I haven't done well enough, and he's disappointed in me."

"Why doesn't he appear in my dreams to praise me?"

"If I haven't done well, he should visit my dreams to scold me and give advice."

He thought of his grandfather often.

When Grandpa first passed away, Grandma was heartbroken—and he was devastated too.

In private, he would often drink alone, calling out for his grandfather. Sometimes, he would hug Su Nan or Duncan and choke out, "I don't have Grandpa anymore."

His grandfather was his first mentor in life and taught him so much.

They shared a close bond.

Grandpa always said that although he had nine grandchildren, none compared in importance to his eldest grandson.

Zhan Yin was the old man's favorite.

"He must have felt that since I'm still alive and guiding you, everything would be fine—so he rests in peace."

But Zhan Yin had always done well.

When the old man was alive, he recognized his eldest grandson's abilities. His only concern was Zhan Yin's love life and marriage.

Fortunately, Zhan Yin did not disappoint him. He found a good partner and is about to become a father.

"Every time there's a wedding in the family, I think of Grandpa. It would've been wonderful if he were still with us."

Grandpa was only a few years older than Grandma. If he were still alive, he wouldn't even be 90 yet.

Grandpa was only a few years older than Grandma, and even if he were still alive, he wouldn't yet be 90.

The old lady sighed. "He wasn't destined to live that long. After Tongtong gives birth, I'll visit your grandfather and tell him that your wife has had a baby—he's now a great-grandfather."

"Grandma, I'll go with you."

"No need. Tongtong will be in postpartum confinement after giving birth. You should stay with her and take care of her. Don't go to the cemetery with Grandma."

"Especially with a newborn, there are traditions that should be respected."

Zhan Yin said, "Then let's wait until the baby is one month old before visiting Grandpa. According to custom, we should burn incense and inform our ancestors on the baby's full month."

"That's fine. We'll wait until then, and you can go with me."

The grandmother and grandson continued chatting about family matters until Haitong came out of the shower and called for Zhan Yin, at which point they stopped talking.

The old lady returned to her room to rest, not wanting to disturb the young couple.

Haitong was pregnant, so Zhan Yin didn't dare let his thoughts wander. Before they could finish their conversation, Haitong had already fallen asleep.

When she didn't respond, Zhan Yin realized she was sound asleep.

He leaned in, kissed her gently on the forehead, and whispered, "Good night, honey."

Then he quietly got out of bed and went to take a shower.

No more words were spoken that night.

The next day—Friday—Zhan Yin got up early as usual, did his morning exercises, came back to prepare breakfast, and then went to the guest room to wake up Yangyang.

When they returned home the night before, Yangyang had already been coaxed to sleep by the old lady.

Yangyang didn't attend Shen Xiaojun's son's full moon banquet because he had to go to kindergarten.

The little guy had tried to ask his aunt for leave to attend the celebration, but she turned him down.

Haitong was concerned that if she gave him time off this once, he might start asking for leave from school over every little thing.

Taking leave can easily become a habit.

Since Yangyang didn't attend the full moon banquet, he naturally didn't go to the business venue either.

## Married at First Sight

After school, the old lady who had returned early from the Su family kept Yangyang company.

She was still downstairs in the community, dancing square dance with other elderly ladies.

Yangyang sat at the dining table and asked, "Uncle, where's Grandma?"

"She's downstairs square dancing."

Every morning, the older ladies gathered to dance. Thankfully, they were considerate of the younger generation's routines and kept the music volume low so as not to disturb others who were still resting.

Unlike some other groups that blasted loud music during their square dances, disturbing nearby residents and causing complaints.

If those ladies ever made a commotion early in the morning, Zhan Yin wouldn't hesitate to lecture them.

Grandma had always said that if she ever disturbed others, she would stop dancing altogether.

She knew how hard life was for young people nowadays.

Their dance team usually started at 7:00 a.m. and ended by 7:30, only dancing for half an hour.

In the evenings, they wrapped up between seven and eight.

The music was kept low, and everyone followed the lead dancer's movements, so there was no need for loud volume.

"Where's my aunt?"

"Your aunt is still sleeping. Let's not wake her. She doesn't sleep well at night."

Although Haitong fell asleep quickly, she woke easily and often tossed and turned throughout the night.

Yangyang nodded thoughtfully.

After breakfast, Zhan Yin took Yangyang to kindergarten. On their way out, they ran into Grandma, who had just returned from her morning dance.

"Grandma!"

Yangyang called out sweetly.

The old lady smiled, gave him a warm hug, and said gently, "Yangyang, be a good boy at kindergarten. Today is Friday, and tomorrow is the weekend. Grandma will take you to the park."

"Okay!"

Yangyang beamed with joy.  
Yangyang was overjoyed.

He loved going out with the old lady because she always made things fun.

His aunt and uncle had rules, but his great-grandmother didn't. She would let him play however he wanted, as long as it was appropriate for his age.

"Ayin, ask the driver to slow down. Is Tongtong awake?"

"Not yet. I left breakfast for both you and Tongtong."

"Alright, then take Yangyang to school quickly. Don't let him be late."

Zhan Yin told Yangyang to wave goodbye to the old lady, then led him downstairs.

When they arrived at the kindergarten, Zhan Yin helped Yangyang out of the car and personally walked him to the gate. He handed Yangyang over to the teacher, received the pick-up card, and turned to leave.

"Master Zhan."

An unfamiliar female voice called out.

Zhan Yin instinctively looked over.

It was Mrs. Long.

Ning Siqi approached quickly, stopping about three meters away from him. She smiled and asked, "Mr. Zhan, I haven't seen Madam Zhan in a while. Has she given birth?"

She dropped off her so-called sister-in-law at kindergarten every day but rarely saw Haitong.

Zhan Yin replied coldly, "Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Long."

Then he turned and left.

He didn't answer her question.

Ning Siqi didn't dare stop him. After that curt response, she knew she couldn't press further. All she could do was watch Zhan Yin walk to his luxury car and soon drive away.

She guessed that Haitong probably hadn't given birth yet.

If the baby had arrived, the Dongguan media would surely have reported it.

## **Married at First Sight**

Ever since Haitong became the eldest lady of the Zhan family, her every move had been closely followed by the media.

However, any news related to Haitong required Zhan Yin's approval. Publishing without his consent meant trouble.

By now, everyone in Wancheng knew: you might dare offend Young Master Zhan, but never offend Young Madam Zhan.

Ning Siqi walked away with a dark expression.

In the days that followed, she showed up at the kindergarten gate every few days.

But she never saw Haitong again.

Yangyang was either dropped off by Zhan Yin, another young master of the Zhan family, or sometimes by his biological father, Zhou Honglin.

Ning Siqi assumed Haitong was nearing her due date—or perhaps had already given birth, but the media hadn't reported it yet.

The sun continued to rise and set, day turning into night as always.

In the blink of an eye, Haitong's due date arrived.

Although she hadn't experienced contractions, water breaking, or bleeding, she had already been admitted to the hospital to prepare for delivery.

They expected something to happen within a couple of days.

But even after a week in the hospital, there was still no sign of labor.

The doctor suggested inducing labor. Haitong was already past 40 weeks, and there had been no progress, so they recommended an injection to start the process.

Haitong asked the doctor, "Everything is normal, right? Can we wait two more days?"

The doctor replied, "Yes, you can wait two more days. But if there's still no progress, we'll have to induce labor."

Haitong gently touched her belly and said, "This baby is taking their time. No rush."

Quite the opposite of Shen Xiaojun's son.

Her friend's baby had been eager to come into the world, while the little one in her belly seemed calm and in no hurry.

Zhan Yin asked anxiously, “Is the baby okay?”

“Yes, everything’s normal. Some women give birth after 41 weeks,” the doctor reassured him.

Zhan Yin felt a little more at ease after hearing that.

He helped Haitong out of the consultation room and took her for a walk.

“Baby, hurry up and get moving. Everyone’s getting nervous,” Haitong said while rubbing her belly.

“Your aunt even stopped working and came back just to welcome your arrival.”

“Your aunt even stopped working and came back especially to welcome your birth.”

Liberty had returned from Jiangcheng a week before her sister’s due date, but even half a month later, Haitong still hadn’t gone into labor.

Everyone in the Zhan family was waiting anxiously.

“Maybe the baby will stir things up tonight,” Zhan Yin said comfortingly.

Just as he finished speaking, Haitong suddenly stopped walking.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

After a brief pause, Haitong replied, “Honey, I think I’m feeling some pain.”

“Really?”

Zhan Yin was startled, then slightly panicked, and immediately moved to carry her back to the room.

But Haitong stopped him.

“I’m really heavy now. Don’t carry me. It’s not far—I’ll walk.”

“Are you sure it really hurts?”

This time, Haitong answered firmly: “Yes, it really hurts. I think the baby heard us talking and is finally ready to come out and meet us.”

Zhan Yin helped her back to the room and immediately called the doctor, reporting that Haitong was having stomach pain.

Then he quickly contacted his parents, grandmother, aunt, Audrey, and the others to let them know what was happening.

As soon as the pain began, Haitong's contractions grew stronger and more frequent.

"Has Tongtong given birth yet?" asked the last person to arrive—Audrey. She came from the Shang residence, which was about a half-hour drive away, but due to traffic, it took her an hour to reach the hospital.

Just as she asked, she saw Zhan Yin returning, supporting Haitong as they walked.

Although Haitong's contractions were intensifying, she couldn't be admitted to the delivery room just yet. The doctor advised her to walk more to help her cervix dilate faster.

"Tongtong, are you alright?" Audrey asked, stepping forward with concern.

Haitong's face was twisted in pain. "It hurts so much. It hurts a lot now. Will it get even worse later?"

## Married at First Sight

It's said that childbirth is a level-10 pain experience.

"It hurts, but it'll be over once the baby is born," Audrey said, trying her best to comfort her.

"Maybe we should go with a C-section," Zhan Yin suggested, distressed by how much pain Haitong was in. His heart ached every time she said it hurt.

He wished he could bear the pain in her place.

"No C-section. The doctor said everything is normal, and I'm fit for a natural birth."

Haitong didn't want surgery—recovery from a C-section was slower and more taxing on the body.

She'd have to stay in the hospital for at least a week after the procedure.

Having already been admitted early to prepare for labor, she was eager to go home.

Natural births usually allowed for quicker discharge, just like Xiaojun, who was released after two or three days.

The elders also said natural birth was better.

She was determined to try for a natural delivery first; only if it didn't go well would she consider a C-section.

Bah, bah, bah—everything would go smoothly! No need for surgery!

Audrey agreed, "Let's try for a natural birth first. It's better for both mom and baby."

"It's your first child, so don't rush it. When I gave birth to your older cousin, I was in labor for three days and three nights before delivering."

Haitong cried out, "I'm not going to be in pain for three whole days and nights, am I?"

"No, not everyone takes that long. Some women feel pain at noon and give birth by evening. It might only take a few hours."

Audrey tried to reassure her.

Haitong recalled how her sister was in pain for an entire day and night while giving birth to Yangyang.

She immediately prayed silently that her own baby wouldn't torment her and that she wouldn't have to suffer so long before giving birth.

Thankfully, she didn't. Around six in the evening, Haitong delivered a healthy seven-pound baby boy. Both mother and child were safe.

Zhan Yin stayed by her side the entire time.

Unlike Su Nan, he didn't faint during the delivery.

But when he came out of the delivery room, his face was as white as paper—paler than Haitong's.

But when Zhan Yin stepped out of the delivery room, his face was as pale as paper—worse than Haitong's.

As soon as he came out, his second and third brothers rushed to support him. They were afraid their usually calm and capable eldest brother might collapse from shock like Su Nan had.

"I'm fine," Zhan Yin said, brushing off their help.

"Your sister-in-law and the baby are both safe."

Zhan Yin spoke softly, his voice still shaky.

Zhan Yichen quickly echoed, “The doctor confirmed it—both mom and baby are safe. Don’t worry, big brother.”

“Come sit down and rest a bit. You look awful. Honestly, sister-in-law looks better than you do right now.”

Meanwhile, Haitong had been moved to the postpartum lounge, where she was surrounded by the family’s female elders, all fussing over her recovery.

“Where’s Ayin?”

Despite the lingering pain, Haitong’s heart was filled with joy. Not seeing her husband with her made her uneasy.

“Ayin didn’t faint, did he?”

He hadn’t fainted in the delivery room.

Haitong had been in too much pain to notice his expression at the time. She only remembered biting his hand during a particularly painful contraction.

He must’ve been hurting, too.

She’d been surprisingly strong.

“He’s outside,” one of the elders replied. “Don’t worry, he didn’t faint. Second and third brother are watching over him. He’s just resting for a bit—his face is even worse than yours.”

The old lady sat beside Haitong’s bed, looking lovingly at her and the baby boy lying peacefully at her side.

Though newborns aren’t typically considered cute, Haitong thought her son was adorable.

And the doctors and nurses had all agreed—her baby looked just like her.