

# Married at First Sight Chapter 4427

“When we have a second child in the future, if it’s a daughter and you end up loving her more, I’ll feel jealous too.”

Zhan Yin responded warmly, “Even if we have a daughter, you’ll always be first in my heart. I’ll never love our children more than I love you.”

“Our children will grow up and build lives of their own. Eventually, they’ll leave us to create their own homes. But you, you’ll be the one who stays with me as we grow old together.”

“In my heart, Tongtong, you are the most important. No one can ever take your place.”

Haitong smiled and said, “I’ll wait and see if you keep your word once you actually have a daughter.”

“Honey, in a few years, if our second child is also a boy, should we try for a third?”

Zhan Yin paused and said thoughtfully, “Let’s not go for a third. Two children are enough. If the second one isn’t a girl, we’ll leave it at that.”

“No matter how skilled the master is, he’s not a god. He can still be wrong. There’s no need to have three or four kids just because of his prediction.”

“My aunt wanted a daughter so badly, she kept trying. After her third child, she had another son, then went for a fourth—and still had a boy. He was her ninth child.”

Learning from his aunt’s experience, Zhan Yin didn’t want his beloved wife to endure multiple pregnancies unnecessarily.

“I don’t want to have too many children. One child can feel a little lonely, but two is perfect. Having both a son and a daughter would be ideal, but if not, we’ll accept whatever comes.”

“Your family hasn’t had a daughter in generations. It’s not just us.”

After saying that, Haitong chuckled, “I’ve only just had my first baby and I’m still in confinement, yet here we are talking about having a second and third.”

“But honestly, I am a little disappointed the baby wasn’t a girl.”

“Why couldn’t I have twins—a boy and a girl—like Mu Qing?”

Zhan Yin gently touched his son’s cheek. “He’s asleep again.”

“He always does this during feeding. Falls asleep in minutes, then wakes up crying not long after because he’s hungry again.”

“Breastfeeding really does make you hungry faster.”

“Come on, little one, eat before you sleep.”

Zhan Yin gave the baby a soft pinch, waking him up just enough to resume feeding.

Zhan Yin gave the little one a gentle pinch, waking him up just enough to start nursing again.

“I had a feeling it would be a boy. Like you said, our family hasn’t had a daughter for generations. This is only our first child—it’s not so easy to break a generational pattern.”

Ever since learning his wife was pregnant, Zhan Yin had suspected the baby would be a boy.

Later, when Yangyang kept saying his aunt was having a little brother, Zhan Yin became even more convinced.

“Then why did you buy so many princess dresses?”

Zhan Yin chuckled, “The baby can still wear them.”

“No way. What if he ends up too soft? Boys should look like boys. You bought so many clothes already—he can’t wear them all even if we change his outfit daily. He definitely doesn’t need to wear girls’ clothes.”

Haitong firmly rejected the idea of letting her husband dress their son in princess outfits.

Even if they didn’t have a daughter, that didn’t mean they should raise their son like one.

“You’re right. We’ll save them. When we have a baby girl someday, we can bring them out again—wash them, let them dry in the sun, and dress her in them.”

The baby soon drifted off to sleep again.

Haitong stopped feeding him and handed him to her husband. “Hold him for a while. He just ate, so don’t put him down too quickly. I’m going to the bathroom.”

Zhan Yin carefully took their son and reminded her, “Be careful. If you feel dizzy or unwell, call me right away.”

It had only been a few days since Tongtong gave birth, and her body was still very weak.

Seeing her pale face, Zhan Yin's heart ached—he wished he could take away her exhaustion instantly.

“Got it,” came Haitong's voice from the bathroom.

Zhan Yin's concern may have come off as nagging, but in her heart, Haitong felt warm. His fussiness came from love, care, and deep affection for her.