

Chapter 2153 Early Delivery

Johanna's eyes darted around the bustling ward, trying to keep her worry at bay. The doctors moved with practiced precision, and she didn't want to add to Janet's stress. Forcing a smile, she nodded. "Okay. What matters most is that you and the baby are healthy."

Brandon gave a reassuring nod. "We've got this, Johanna. Please, try not to worry."

Johanna sighed helplessly and forced a smile.

But she couldn't shake the anxiety gnawing at her. She squeezed Janet's hand a little tighter, despite her best efforts to appear calm.

Janet could sense her mother's tension, but the warmth of her family's presence chased away the lingering fears, bringing her a sense of peace.

She wanted to make sure the heavy atmosphere wouldn't linger, so she turned to her mother with a gentle smile. "Mom, what was it like when you had me? Were you as scared as I am?"

Johanna's expression softened, her mind drifting back to the day Janet was born. She studied her daughter, now grown and on the verge of becoming a mother herself, and felt a pang of nostalgia.

"Oh, Janet, you were the most beautiful baby," she murmured, running her fingers through Janet's hair.

Her smile wavered, and a shadow of guilt crossed her face. "You smiled at me the moment you were born. I wish I could've protected you better. I never wanted you to go through all the hardships you've faced."

Janet's heart ached at the sight of her mother's regret. She leaned in, her voice tender. "Mom, it's okay. The past is behind us. And after tonight, when my baby is born, you'll get to hold him, just like you held me. You can spoil him rotten, just like you always wanted to with me."

Johanna's eyes brightened at the thought, and she nodded eagerly. "You bet I will."

Janet couldn't help but smile, feeling the weight of the moment lift, replaced by a shared sense of joy and anticipation.

The doctors arrived, their crisp white coats signaling that the moment had finally come.

Janet, her face a mix of anxiety and determination, was wheeled towards the delivery room.

As the heavy doors swung shut behind her, the room seemed to hold its breath. Brandon's face fell as the doors closed, his anxiety turning into a tight frown. He glanced at Johanna and Beal, who were huddled together, their shared worry palpable.

His gaze then settled on Frank, who was visibly uneasy, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Frank cleared his throat, trying to sound confident. "Alright, everyone, don't worry. Medical technology these days is top-notch. Complications are rare."

But as he spoke, Brandon's grim expression only deepened. Johanna, usually the picture of calm, shot him a piercing look. "Men wouldn't understand. You're not going through this."

Brandon's frustration bubbled up, and he took a deep breath, trying to rein in his emotions. Beal, feeling the tension but not wanting to escalate it, gently tugged on Johanna's sleeve. "Honey, let's not make this harder than it needs to be. Everyone's just worried."

Johanna shot him a frosty glance, then turned her attention back to the hospital corridor.

Beal remained steady, trying to diffuse the tension. He turned to Brandon, trying to focus on practical concerns. "Do we have everything Janet and the baby will need?"

Brandon nodded. "I've already arranged for the butler to bring everything up to the ward."

Beal then looked at Frank, who immediately stepped in. "Don't worry, we're well-prepared. The hospital has all the necessary equipment and personnel on standby for any emergencies. We're doing everything we can to ensure Janet's safety."

Beal nodded, visibly relieved. "Okay, that's good."

While the tension outside the delivery room was palpable, inside, Janet was surprisingly at ease.

The skilled doula and psychologist worked their magic, creating a soothing environment that helped Janet stay calm. Apart from a few

moments of discomfort, the pain was manageable, and the anesthesia soon lulled her into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter 2154 The Birth Of The Baby

After what felt like an eternity, the quiet hospital atmosphere was pierced by the loud cry of a newborn.

The sound of her baby's voice snapped Janet out of her drowsy state, despite the lingering effects of anesthesia.

Her heart raced as she quickly turned her head, eager to catch a glimpse of her baby.

The nurse, cradling the newborn in her arms, approached Janet with a warm smile. She bent down so Janet could clearly see the baby's face.

The doctors and nurses, visibly relieved, exchanged smiles. "He looks so much like you, Mrs. Larson, you've got yourself a very handsome little boy."

Janet initially thought the compliments from the doctors and nurses were just polite remarks, but when she saw her baby boy's features closely resembling her own, her affection for him instantly multiplied by a million.

The nurse gently placed the baby beside Janet, and she couldn't resist kissing his forehead.

At that moment, a profound sense of completeness washed over her mingled with the joy and nervousness of becoming a mother for the first time.

The experience was nothing short of magical and exhilarating.

As she gazed at her tiny baby, she marveled at how, just an hour ago, he was still in her belly, and she wondered what kind of person he would grow up to be.

Soon after, the nurse gently lifted the baby. "Mrs. Larson, we need to conduct some routine checks on the baby. He'll be brought to your ward later."

Janet, feeling fatigued from the delivery, could only nod weakly as she

watched the nurse carry her baby away.

Only when the nurse and her baby were out of sight did Janet turn her gaze elsewhere.

A doctor advised, "Mrs. Larson, you're still quite weak. Please take some rest now. We'll monitor you for an hour before moving you back to your ward."

Though Janet initially wasn't sleepy, as soon as she closed her eyes, exhaustion overtook her, and she fell into a deep sleep.

When she woke up, she found herself in the ward surrounded by her loved ones.

Brandon, Johanna, Beal, Sonia, and Mona were gathered around her bedside, while Frank and the attending physician stood at the foot of the bed.

As soon as she opened her eyes, a chorus of voices filled the room with concern. "How are you feeling? Are you in any discomfort? Is there anything that doesn't feel right?"

Janet was momentarily taken aback by their collective worry and did not immediately respond.

Seeing her silence, anxiety swept over everyone, particularly Brandon, who, despite his usual confidence in the business world, now appeared visibly shaken. He quickly inquired, "Janet, what's wrong? Please don't frighten me."

Noticing Brandon's distress, Janet managed a gentle smile. Her voice, though weary, carried a soothing tone as she reassured them, "I'm fine, just a bit tired."

The group exhaled in relief when Janet assured them she was fine. Their previously tense and worried expressions relaxed.

Janet glanced around the room and asked, "Where's the baby? Why isn't the baby here yet?"

Brandon, caught off guard by the question, looked to Johanna and Beal for answers.

Johanna, feeling uneasy, averted her gaze.

Beal, remaining the most composed, turned to the doctor and asked, "The baby hasn't finished his examinations yet, correct? How long until

he's brought back?"

The doctor answered, "It will be soon. The baby just has two more tests to complete. He should be back in about ten minutes."

Everyone in the room felt a wave of nostalgia as they remembered past events.

Frank caught on to Janet's concerns and reassured her, "You have nothing to worry about. Since the moment you were brought into the delivery room, Brandon's team has ensured the entire building is secure. Not even a fly could slip through."

Janet smiled, turning to Brandon. "Have you seen our baby?"

Brandon, still caught up in his excitement, nodded. "Yes, I have. He looks so much like you, and he's very handsome."

Johanna chimed in, "You wouldn't believe it, but Janet was even more beautiful when she was born. Her little face was so delicate."

Beal couldn't help but smile. "Janet's baby is a boy, he doesn't need to be so delicate, but you can tell right away that he's from our family."

As the couple chatted excitedly, they began eagerly planning what to buy for their little one and imagining all the places they would take him in the future.

Amid their joyful conversation, Janet noticed Brandon had gone quiet. She gently took his hand, her voice soft as she asked, "Have you decided on a name for the baby?"

Brandon looked into her eyes, his tone filled with warmth and sincerity. "Let's call him Alaric."