

Surprised 1861

Chapter 1861: Insecure

Louis looked at him and asked softly, "Since she knows I'm a doctor, why didn't she ask me to treat her depression?"

"...", General Wind was a bit speechless and felt guilty in response to this question. He averted his gaze, unable to meet Louis's eyes.

Yes, he had ulterior motives, wanting to gain some favor from the royal family.

Louis didn't blame him much for that, his demeanor remained gentle, and he didn't say much more. But his attitude was clear, not up for negotiation.

Outside the study, Claire clearly heard the conversation that just took place inside.

Even though Rowan declined, she couldn't shake off the feeling in her heart.

Lu Layeka practiced polygamy... She realized this a little too late and felt insecure.

She didn't listen to the rest of the conversation and instead turned around and left, her steps becoming somewhat heavy.

Alone, she went upstairs to the terrace. Claire sat in a chair, her gaze turning towards the lush towering

trees nearby, unintentionally lost in thought.

Indeed, this was a country that practiced polygamy. She had known that before, but she hadn't given it much thought.

Doesn't this put a strain on the relationship between two people?

In this system, there must be countless families with multiple wives, which is so unfair to women. So, what is love, after all?

Even in a monogamous relationship, many people cheat. Human nature is like that, craving novelty and not withstand scrutiny.

Claire's heart ached... She was a princess living in a fairy tale world, with a romantic view of love.

She loved Rowan, admiring and revering him, desiring a love that would last forever, wanting to be with him until the end.

After an unknown amount of time, Claire heard footsteps. She snapped back to reality and saw Rowan approaching.

"I heard Arthur say you came up here." Rowan came in front of her, crouched down, and held her slightly cool fingers. He faced her gaze, smiling as he asked, "What are you thinking about? You

seemed lost in thought."

His eyes were affectionate and indulgent, gazing at her. "Do you have something on your mind? Are you unhappy?"

"No," the girl smiled, her eyes shining, as if there were stars in them. "Have you noticed how beautiful the view is from this terrace?" She tried to conceal her emotions.

She shifted her gaze to a nearby spot and said with a smile, "I love this vast expanse of green." Directly changing the subject.

"Have you finished writing your manuscript for today?" His gaze fell upon her face, not interested in the scenery. In his eyes, she was the best view.

"Yes, I finished it." Claire withdrew her gaze, smiling as she said to him, "Writing here has been extremely smooth, with no writer's block at all. I'm in a particularly good state."

"That's great, then consider it a vacation." Rowan squeezed her shoulder, stood up, and sat opposite her. "We'll be heading back to Arkpool City in a few days. How do you feel after resting?"

"Huh?"

The girl shook her head. "I'm not tired, I feel good."

"Then we'll go back on Monday, is that okay?"

"Sure."

Then Rowan sat in a chair and had tea with her, not bringing up the matter of General Wind being asked to marry Winnie.

In fact, Claire was somewhat anticipating that he would bring it up, even if he rejected it.

"Father, what did King Louis say?" the girl asked with anticipation.

Chapter 1862: Rowan's Way of Love

Upon hearing footsteps, the father and daughter turned to look at her. Seeing her unusual expression, the General asked, "What's wrong?" He couldn't help but feel a sense of nervousness himself.

"Look..." the woman said, slightly flustered, as if she had witnessed something incredibly unbelievable.

She handed him her phone, and General Wind glanced at his wife before taking the phone. As he read

the news, a look of shock appeared on his face.

The official and authoritative news release stated that King Louis had unexpectedly amended Lu

Layeka's marriage law, changing it from polygamy to monogamy, effective immediately!

Furthermore, there was another important notice: marriage certificates would be permanently valid, and

the department for divorce proceedings was abolished. A warm reminder emphasized the need for caution in love and careful consideration in marriage.

With this change, countless foreign couples in love would choose to obtain their marriage certificates in Lu Layeka... thus stimulating the economy.

General Wind and his wife felt a strange mix of emotions upon seeing this news. Not only did he refuse, but he also changed the law... How disdainful was that?

This is just... too unbelievable, right?

A truly awkward situation!

When the former King Bertie saw this news, he was initially shocked, but then he understood and supported his son's decision. This law should have been amended long ago.

Although Louis made this decision without consulting his father in advance, he was now the king with real power. He could make decisions on many things, and Bertie supported him unconditionally!

This was the first major event that Louis, as the king, had done for the people, and it gained the

approval of many. The country entered a time of jubilation, and countless girls began to dream about love again.

All the media commented that this was the most direct way for King Louis to provide a sense of security to his newlywed wife. It was evident how much he loved her.

It made many people even more envious. The grand century wedding had just passed a few days ago, and everyone was still caught up in envy and excitement.

When Claire saw this news, it was already the next day at noon.

She held her phone and read every word, momentarily thinking she had read it wrong.

No, it was officially announced by the media.

The law was changed?

She found it incredibly unbelievable. Such a major issue... and he didn't mention a word of it to her?

Just like when General Wind had visited him yesterday, he kept it hidden from her. His demeanor was always gentle and carefree.

But Claire felt the sense of security he provided, and her heart was filled with deep gratitude.

He had silently done so much for her...

She got up and prepared to go downstairs to find him. As she reached the doorway, she saw Rowan approaching. Their eyes met, and the girl's steps faltered, stopping at the door.

Seeing her, Rowan's face involuntarily showed a faint smile. "Did you read the news?"

"Yes," she said, catching a glimpse of the depth in his eyes and couldn't help but smile. "Thank you for giving me a sense of security."

Rowan took a step toward her, opening his arms.

"I know," he said, looking down at her.

"You know?"

She gently rested her head on his warm chest, her hand encircling his waist. In this moment, she felt incredibly secure. This man belonged to her.

Chapter 1863: What is Regret?

Claire's heart softened. Although she married him, she truly, deeply loved him... Sometimes she didn't know how to love him the right way.

He was never meant to belong to her alone. In the hospital, he was a doctor, belonging to the patients.

In Lu Layeka, he was the king of all people.

"Claire," Rowan, who understood psychology, softly asked, "Do you feel that you love me more than I love you?"

Claire's eyes welled up with tears as she was asked this question that struck a chord in her heart.

She pursed her lips, a hint of a smile on her face. Looking up from his embrace, she sensibly replied, "I know that it's because you're busy, not because you don't have me in your heart. If you didn't love me, why would you have married me?"

"I love you, and you can confirm it anytime," Rowan said, lifting her face gently and lightly kissing her lips...

In Rowan's heart, he felt indebted to Claire.

During their time in Arkpool City, he often prioritized work, spending most of his time in the hospital, without even a proper date.

In the early stages of Lu Layeka, he focused on treating his father's illness and finding the hidden culprit, pretending not to know Claire.

But he loved her, and for the rest of his life, he would prioritize her... strive to live a good life and be a

good husband.

At dusk.

Tristan and Monica finished another set of wedding photos, taken by the lake, with a fresh and slightly

playful style.

For them, it wasn't tiring at all. It was like changing into beautiful clothes, wearing different makeup, and

traveling around while a photographer captured the moments.

They didn't pose formally, which resulted in exceptionally good photos.

"Monica, let's see which of the 100 little things between couples we can also do in Lu Layeka. We can

use this time to accomplish some of them," Tristan said, enjoying their time together. Sitting on a rock,

he put his arm around her shoulder and looked at her. "What do you think?"

"That sounds good. We can do everything here. Shall we choose randomly?" she also wanted to get

married.

"Alright."

Monica thought for a moment, unable to resist looking at him, she reached out and gently caressed his

face. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"When you saw my brother marry Claire, did you feel a little... a little regret?"

Bringing up the past again?

This was a dangerous pitfall. A wrong answer could lead to an irredeemable situation.

"What are you talking about?" The girl pounded his chest with her hand. "Who's an insignificant person? Don't you know how outstanding you are? Do you think I would like you if you weren't exceptional? I'm not shallow, just looking at appearances. I mainly look at the soul!"

"Oh my goodness!" The girl's cheeks were almost distorted from being held. "Your soul is about to float away. Let go!"

Chapter 1864: The Atmosphere Froze

Monica also knew that this question should not be asked. Asking would be disrespectful to Claire, knowing well that they were not together anymore. But girls, you know, are particularly sensitive about exes and always like to bring things up, unable to resist the urge to ask questions. Especially with Claire, she had become like family, someone they couldn't avoid or escape from. However, Monica believed that Tristan loved her because she could feel it herself. Leaning against his chest, listening to

his heartbeat, catching a whiff of his subtle scent, Monica closed her eyes in happiness.

The two of them sat on a large stone in the Royal Architectural Complex Park, bathed in the beautiful sunset. In front of them was a large artificial lake, shimmering in the sunlight, creating sparkling reflections. The peaceful doves flew up and down beside them, adding to the serene scenery.

On their way back to the palace, Tristan and Monica walked hand in hand, their fingers tightly interlocked. Everyone they encountered along the way would stop and bow, greeting, "Hello, Princess.

Hello, Mr. Tristan."

"Hello!" Monica displayed her good mood on her face. She was a princess without any airs, particularly easygoing after returning. As a result, the people in the palace liked her very much and held her in high regard.

"Do you think Mr. Tristan is handsome?" After the maidservants had walked far away, they couldn't help but turn their heads to steal a glance at the tall figure holding the princess.

"Those slender legs, deep eyes, straight nose, and perfectly sculpted features are truly noble and unattainable."

"Our princess is so fortunate. I'm truly envious."

"If I woke up every morning to see such a handsome face, I would have a good mood for the whole day. I'd be excited about everything."

"I just wonder... when will the princess marry her knight?"

"It should be soon. They've been taking wedding photos recently, and their relationship is particularly stable."

"I'm really envious."

"..."

"..."

After dinner, Tristan and Monica went upstairs. During this period, they hadn't been sleeping together, but they stayed in the same suite. Their bedrooms were separated by a wall, and they would bid each other goodnight and good morning every day. This slightly distant arrangement of life brought them happiness as well. Love and affection don't always require possession. Taking things slowly might be more comprehensive.

Upon reaching the upper floor, Monica took out a book titled "100 Romantic Things Couples Must Do"

from her bag and handed it to Tristan, sitting beside him on the couch. Tristan flipped it open and picked up a pen to write down the date under the "Take wedding photos" section. Monica took out a lipstick and lightly applied it to the pads of their index fingers, helping him do the same. Both of them pressed their fingerprint on the date they had just written, forming the shape of a heart.

"What should we do next?" Tristan asked her. "You choose?"

"Sure!" Tristan agreed with a nod and a smile, then closed his eyes.

Tristan reached out and his finger glided over the pages, coming to a stop randomly. "This one will do."

These four words were: "Take a shower together!"

Chapter 1865: About to Give Birth

Monica knelt on the sofa, holding a book and staring at the four words in front of her without blinking.

She seemed like a plaster statue.

Tristan raised an eyebrow and looked calmly at her face.

Monica cleared her throat and looked up at him. "Um... This... This can't count..."

"Why can't it count?" Tristan was puzzled, looking at her seriously. "If this doesn't count, then we only have 99 things left. Are we still getting married?"

Monica looked helpless, despite her seemingly carefree appearance. The thought of taking a bath together was beyond her imagination.

Tristan took the book from her and lifted her from the sofa, carrying her straight to the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" The girl blushed, trying to wriggle out of his arms.

Ignoring her protests, Tristan kissed her as they entered the bathroom. He gently placed her in the tub and adjusted the water temperature.

With warm water flowing down, Monica sat in the tub, staring at him, her heart pounding in her chest.

Kneeling beside the tub, Tristan gazed affectionately at her and softly asked, "Princess, shall I help you undress?"

The girl blushed even more.

"I'll help you undress!" Monica blurted out boldly, reaching for his collar and unbuttoning the first button

underneath his neck.

In shock yet amused, the man enjoyed the moment.

The warm bathroom was filled with a soft yellow light and steam, making the girl's dark eyelashes even

more enchanting. She hesitated to look into his eyes as she unbuttoned his shirt, her cheeks burning.

After taking off his shirt, she buried her head in his chest, gently nuzzling against him.

Tristan couldn't resist and lifted her face, kissing her again passionately.

Her chest rose and fell slightly, stirring something within him.

After about an hour, the two, clad in bathrobes, emerged from the bathroom, the sweet ambiguity still lingering between them.

They sat on the sofa, Tristan turned the page and inscribed the date at the end of the 'taking a bath together' entry, then they pressed their fingerprints.

"Goodnight." Monica got up from the sofa, swiftly heading to the bedroom without looking back.

As she closed the bedroom door behind her, her heart felt like it was going to burst. Her hands cupped her face, feeling the heat.

Oh god! She had just taken a bath with him!! She even helped him undress!

She dared not dwell on that thought any longer.

This in itself was a romantic gesture.

Once all these tasks were completed, he would give her a grand wedding and make her a happy bride.

Tristan spent every evening planning the wedding in Arkpool City, in the Russell family estate.

Chapter 1866: Embracing New Life

"Don't be nervous." Mya held his hand, comforting him. "Contractions are normal, and sometimes

Braxton Hicks contractions can occur. I wasn't sure if I was really going into labor, that's why I didn't call

you."

"Regardless of whether you're in labor or not, you need to go to the hospital!" Finnley was genuinely

worried, regretting not waking up earlier.

"But from what I can tell now, the contractions are lasting longer and coming more frequently, so they

shouldn't be false." Mya whispered softly.

"No more talking, let's go to the hospital!" Finnley lifted the covers, getting dressed and calling his

mother on the phone, "Mom, Mya is going into labor! Get ready to go to the hospital!"

After hanging up, he quickly grabbed the labor bag that had been prepared in advance.

Then, he helped Mya sit up.

Soon, Violet and Albert rushed in wearing pajamas, their hair disheveled, looking anxious.

"Mya! Are you okay? Is it painful?"

"Is this it, are you going into labor?"

"Mom, I'm fine." Mya smiled, remaining optimistic not wanting to worry everyone too much.

She knew that childbirth was a natural phenomenon for women. Being assisted to the edge of the bed,

Mya held her pregnant belly with a mix of emotions-excitement, nervousness, unease, fear, and joy.

"Mom, why are you all just standing there? Hurry up and change clothes!" Finnley urged, then bent

down to help Mya put on her shoes.

"Oh, yes, yes!" Violet finally reacted, "We're going now! Hang in there!"

Then, she quickly dragged the anxious Albert and hurriedly left!

Finnley helped his wife put on her shoes and draped a thick coat over her. "It might be a bit chilly

outside, so make sure you're warm!"

At this moment, Mya sat on the edge of the bed, calmly timing her contractions: 13 seconds, 14

seconds, 15 seconds...

Each contraction was lasting longer and longer, confirming that this was not false labor.

"Let me carry you!" Finnley bent down to hug her.

"No, no, I'm too heavy." Mya stopped him, holding his arm, trying to stand up on her own. "I'll walk by myself."

"You can't walk in this condition, dear, please listen to me! You're about to give birth!" Finnley, anxious and eager, lifted her horizontally and carried her out of the bedroom.

"Can you really carry me?" Even in pain from the contractions, Mya continued to worry about this issue.

"I must be able to carry you! To prepare for this day, I've been working out a lot recently!" Finnley assured her as he carried her downstairs, stepping steadily with each stride. "Don't worry! I won't drop you or the baby!"

Still on the stairs, he instructed the servant downstairs to quickly bring the labor bag upstairs!

Once downstairs, he rushed out of the living room and directly lifted Mya into the car.

At that moment, Albert came out putting on his coat, "Son, I'll drive! You sit next to Mya and take care of her!"

"Okay." Finnley got into the car as well.

"Yes, madam!" The servant quickly turned and entered the kitchen.

The car doors closed, and the car quickly started driving towards the hospital.

Chapter 1867 Welcoming New Life 2

Violet sat beside her, her brow furrowed tightly, gripping her daughter-in-law's arm, only wanting to convey a hint of strength.

A pair of eyes never left her face, watching her contorted in pain, and her mother-in-law's heart clenched in unison. "Child, how are you? Can you hold on?"

The pain of childbirth, Violet had experienced it, and now thinking back, she still felt a shiver down her spine.

So at this moment, she could particularly empathize.

"Pain... Mom, I'm in so much pain..." Mya answered intermittently, using the right breathing technique, trying to keep her strength without yelling.

But that kind of pain made her fearful and helpless, she kept gasping for breath, then biting her lip tightly.

Finnley hugged her tightly, wrapping her in his embrace, his heart in turmoil too.

The car was already speeding fast enough, but he wished his father could drive the car like an airplane!

Seeing the doctor was the only thing that could slightly reassure him.

Equally nervous was Albert, driving the car carefully but his heart on his daughter-in-law, occasionally

looking back through the rearview mirror.

He treated Mya as his own daughter, seeing his daughter suffer, naturally, he felt heartache.

"Ouch... it hurts..."

Even if Mya couldn't help it, she wouldn't scream out loud, sweat beading on her forehead, "Mom, I

think... my cervix is dilating, just like how it's described in the books."

"Child, hold on a little longer, we're almost at the hospital! As long as the baby is in the right position,

you can have a natural birth."

Violet held her hand tightly, rubbing it back and forth in her palm, cheering her on, "We can't

accompany you into the delivery room, you have to stay strong, Dad, Mom, and Finnley will all be

waiting outside for you."

Mya gasped for a gulp of cold air, feeling even more scared.

The contractions had been lasting for over a minute, the time between two contractions shortened to

seconds, she was starting to struggle a bit.

Pain! Excruciating pain!

Only those 10 seconds were comfortable, but before she could recover from it, she would be plunged

into the next wave of even more intense pain.

Straight to the hospital!

For Mya at this moment, every second was unbearable.

Finnley had already called the emergency hotline on the way and informed the medical personnel

about the situation.

So when they arrived at the hospital, the professional medical staff were already waiting at the

entrance.

Everyone lifted Mya, who was about to give birth, onto a stretcher, Finnley helped the medical staff

push the stretcher towards the emergency entrance.

Violet and Albert followed anxiously, Violet even took out her phone and called Mya's mother, informing

her of the situation.

Upon learning that her daughter was about to give birth, Shirley hurriedly drove to the hospital!

"Alright, alright." Violet replied, holding onto the edge of the stretcher, her heart pounding in her throat.

Ding, the elevator stopped, everyone pushed the stretcher out, heading straight to the delivery room.

"Doctor! Can I go in?! I'm her husband!"

Finnley, who had been holding Mya's hand tightly, bent over and ran alongside the stretcher, nervously and expectantly asked the doctor, "Let me go in to be with her!" His eyes filled with pleading.

Upon hearing this, Mya's fear intensified, but she was in too much pain, too preoccupied to speak with Finnley.

"Wife, come on, we all love you very much!"

Chapter 1868 Embracing New Life 3

Finnley was tactful and wasted no time, as the kiss ended, although he felt reluctant, he decisively let go of his wife's hand.

With an extremely complex mood, he watched the stretcher being pushed in, watched his beloved woman who had stood by day and night disappear from sight, watched the thick door tightly shut...

And so, Mya, who was experiencing everything for the first time, full of anxiety and unease, with pain and her strength, was pushed into the sterile delivery room.

For a young girl like her, giving birth was always somewhat frightening.

The delivery bed, the shadowless light, the cold medical equipment, the unfamiliar doctors and nurses, all gave her a sense of unease.

"Help the mother onto the bed, Linh, check her cervix, I think it's about ready."

"Okay, Doctor Su."

"Prepare for an ultrasound to check the baby's position."

"Okay, will arrange it immediately."

"Prepare the IV drip."

"Yes."

Doctor Su began putting on gloves, getting ready to deliver the baby, preparing the necessary tools. "Doctor Su, the umbilical cord is wrapped around the neck twice," reported the doctor doing the ultrasound.

Upon hearing this, Mya, unable to bear the pain, instantly became anxious, "...". Because she had already checked, many doctors were not willing to take the risk of umbilical cord around the neck and would choose a cesarean section.

And she, least of all, wanted a cesarean section!

"Doctor, what's the situation? Do I need a c-section?" She was frightened, tears welling up in her eyes, her whole body tense to the point of numbness.

"No need." Surprisingly calm, Doctor Su replied, "We just need to be careful during delivery, don't push too hard, follow my guidance to conserve your strength, don't strain yourself when it's crucial, you might harm the baby."

Mya nodded, "Mm," but still couldn't completely relax. A wave of intense pain engulfed her, "Ah!" Unable to contain it any longer, she twisted and screamed in pain. "Doctor Su, her cervix is dilated to eight centimeters."

"Got it." Doctor Su glanced at Mya, who was busy and in pain, "When it hurts, scream. You're already in a lot of pain, you're very strong, really, it's not embarrassing to scream, but don't push blindly."

"Ahh..."

"Ahh!"

"Ahh..."

Her contractions continued, she had no time to catch her breath, waves of intense pain hit her, one after another. She soon broke out in a cold sweat, hands gripping her clothes tightly, wishing she could tear them apart...

The kind of pain she had never experienced in her life, unbearable even for a second longer.

Meanwhile, outside the delivery room, Albert wore an anxious and nervous expression. He paced back and forth, more anxious than when his own wife was in labor.

Violet sat on a bench, hands tightly clasped together, so worried she was expressionless, clearly lost in thought.

She was praying!

In her mind, she could only picture the scene in the delivery room, Mya lying alone on the bed, she must be so scared?

She endured the intense pain, endured the tension and fear... bearing it all alone, must be the loneliest and most helpless moment in a woman's life.

Finnley, as Mya's husband, as the father of the child, his inner anxiety was indescribable.

His heart and eyes were all on Mya and the baby, but he couldn't help at this crucial moment. The agonizing half hour passed...

No message came from the closed door, only increasing his unease.

She was already in intense pain when she got off the car, how could Mya endure this half hour? How could she bear it alone? There was no one to comfort her by her side.

Finnley couldn't stand still, he became agitated, not knowing what to do, Finnley finally raised his hand to punch the wall! The heavy blow startled both his parents, who looked up at him.

"I wish I could take her place in childbirth!" Finnley's fist against the wall, the joints showing slight blood, his eyes bloodshot and breathing heavily.

He was losing his mind, breathing heavily.

At that moment, the elevator door opened, Shirley finally arrived after a traffic jam, walking towards the delivery room.

Chapter 1869 Welcoming New Life 4

Hurried footsteps were heard, catching the attention of the Russell family. Finnley also turned to look.

Upon seeing his mother-in-law, Finnley contained his emotions. "Mom," he said, moving his hand away and greeting her first. "Shirley, Mya has been in the delivery room for half an hour," Violet stood up from her chair and informed her.

As fellow women, especially as Mya's mother, Shirley's worries were no less than anyone else's.

She held Violet's hand. "You must have had a sleepless night last night, didn't you?"

"The child is very considerate, only mentioning it this morning," Violet also felt apologetic. "Thankfully, everything went smoothly."

The two chatted about the last check-up, the baby's position, Mya's condition before the onset, in order to determine how much longer she would suffer.

"The ease of childbirth is also related to one's physical condition. Some people suffer for three days and nights without giving birth, eventually having to undergo surgery. It's like suffering twice."

"Mya went straight to the delivery room, she's probably giving birth. The cervix is already dilated. If a C-section is needed, we'll have to sign for it ourselves. No one has informed us."

"Has it been half an hour?"

"Yes, there has been no news all this time. Maybe she's giving birth..."

At that moment, the tightly closed delivery room door was opened from inside, and a midwife nurse came out. Everyone waiting outside hurried over!

"Congratulations! She has given birth to a beautiful daughter, both mother and child are safe. The mother gave birth quickly, no need for an episiotomy, no need for stitches. The baby is getting dressed, weighing six pounds. She'll be able to hold her in a little while for everyone to see."

Upon hearing this, everyone breathed a sigh of relief, and the joy on their faces was long overdue.

"When can I see my wife?" Finnley couldn't wait. "Can I go in to see her now?"

"Not yet," the nurse told him. "It'll probably be another half an hour. The doctor is handling the placenta. She's a bit weak right now, but it's normal. She needs some rest."

"Alright, alright," Finnley nodded. "Thank you all for your hard work."

"See you later," the nurse sweetly smiled at everyone, then turned and went back inside, closing the door behind her. The people outside were still waiting, but the anxious and worried feeling had reduced by half.

On one hand, they worried about Mya's frail body, on the other hand, they were happy.

"Shirley, your daughter has really been through a lot," Violet gripping Shirley's hand with emotion. "This child is really strong, she's been reading books on natural childbirth recently. She's been having contractions for a while now, only telling us when they increased."

"It's good she's having a natural birth. I always worried about having a surgery on the stomach, that's real suffering." Shirley finally relaxed. "Has a name been chosen?" As she said this, she looked at Finnley.

Finnley happily replied, "Mom, the little one is named Witney, it means intelligent and grateful."

"Such a good name, it's really nice." Shirley softly called out, "Witney, Witney, sounds really nice." She wanted to tell this good news, along with the name, to the child's grandfather still in prison.

Inside the delivery room, Mya, who had finally delivered, no longer had to endure the intense pain of contractions. As the baby slipped out of her body with the amniotic fluid, she felt incredibly at ease.

Her forehead was still sweating, and the doctor was doing the final procedures for her. The baby's cry became the most beautiful sound in the delivery room, loud and wonderful. The nurse gently wiped away the blood from the baby's body, beside were the prepared tiny clothes.

Mya turned her head slightly, her joyful gaze fell on the tiny figure. So small, a small face, small hands, small feet, like a little kitten.

Life is truly miraculous.

Although she had gone through pain and felt physically exhausted, as if she was drained, the happiness rising in her heart at that moment was incomparable to the moment she put on her wedding dress.

At that moment, she felt great, feeling that happiness permeated the air around her.