

The Tide 547

[Chapter 547](#)

Actually, Edward wanted to accompany Rose into the delivery room, but he was dissuaded by Sherri. They believed that in order to ensure Rose's happiness and well-being, it was crucial to prevent Edward from experiencing any negative emotions or psychological burdens.

After Rose entered the operating theater, Frank found a spot to hide and smoke, while Edward anxiously leaned against the door of the operating theater, waiting. His hands, clenched tightly into fists, were stuffed inside his pockets.

Among the three elders, Richard remained the most composed. Juana, on the other hand, seemed unable to sit still for more than three minutes. She would sit down but soon stand up and go to the door of the operating theater to take a look. Then she would sit back down, only to stand up again. Within a short period of time, she must have done this countless times, going back and forth.

William, on the other hand, was the most nervous. He continuously rubbed his hands on his legs to alleviate the tension in his heart. His gaze remained fixed on the tightly closed door of the operating theater without blinking.

Rose lay on the delivery bed with her legs spread open. Tears welled up in her eyes as intense contractions caused waves of pain. She gripped one side of the handrail with one hand while holding her mother's hand with the other. She didn't cry out in pain but would tightly furrow her brow when the pain became particularly intense.

In this tense atmosphere, Sherri suppressed her urge to tell a joke and said seriously, "Rose, try not to exert too much force to avoid tearing. Let's avoid stitches if possible. Just follow my lead, and when I say not to push, you should ease up, okay?"

Rose nodded cooperatively. Sherri was wearing a mask, so the smile on her face could not be seen, but it could be seen from her eyes.

Grace looked at her daughter, who was clearly in pain but was holding back from screaming. She held her daughter's hand tightly and forced a smile. "Don't be afraid. Mommy will accompany you."

Upon hearing this, Rose smiled. A crystal-clear drop of water fell from the corner of her eye. "I'm very relieved to have Mommy around."

Sherri checked Rose's uterus again and confirmed that it was ready to give birth. "Rose, we're about to start. Listen to my guidance. Don't be in a hurry to use force. Follow my rhythm. I can guarantee that you won't tear."

Sherri reminded her again, "Okay, don't squeeze down hard now. Hold it in, and don't clamp your legs. Take a deep breath and exert force. 1,2,3,4... Okay. Don't exert force. Rest for a few seconds.

"One more time. Take a deep breath and exert force. One, two, three... gently exert force. Don't struggle with brute force. If you exert too much force, restrain your strength...

Sherri shouted in the gentlest voice.

Actually, before giving birth, she had arranged for a midwife to lead the way. However, Sherri did not want it. She chose to do it herself. If Rose had tears on her body, she was afraid that Edward would beat her.

After Sherri's times of guidance and Rose's relentless efforts, Sherri finally saw the little baby they had been looking forward to.

Under the mask, the corners of her mouth were almost stretched to the back of her ears. Sherri's voice was a little louder. "He's out. My little nephew is out. Rose, you've worked hard."

Sherri pulled the child out and kept talking. The corners of her mouth curled up as she flicked the child's toes. "Woo..."

Seeing that the child was crying loudly, Sherri was overjoyed. "When he grows up, you can't tell him that I'm the first to hit him. I'm afraid that this kid will bear a grudge."

Following the child's cry, Grace's hidden emotions burst forth. The tears at the corners of her eyes kept flowing down. Rose's stomach had already flattened. She raised her hand and touched her mother's face. "Mom, I've felt it. It hurts."

In the past, when her mother gave birth to her, it should have hurt even more. She could feel it.

"It didn't hurt when I gave birth to you. As long as you and Frank are fine, this is my and your father's greatest wish."

The corners of Sherri's eyes were also slightly moist. It was too touching. She almost shed tears. Natalie was born with Trevon. If it weren't for the fact that Rose wanted to prevent Edward from experiencing negative emotions, she would probably have liked him to witness this moment together.

Rose, on the other hand, was accompanied by her mother. After giving birth, Rose didn't ask if it was a son or daughter. Instead, she said that she had felt it. Sherri didn't want to know the reason.

She could basically guess that it involved something unpleasant. As long as Rose and Edward were happy forever, just let bygones be bygones.

In order to ease the atmosphere, Sherri tried to find a topic. "Back then, when I was watching handsome men play basketball, I didn't even shout so sincerely."

When Sherri saw that the baby was out and that Rose was not torn apart, she finally felt relieved. She wondered if she could take credit from Edward now.

The nurse at the side burst out laughing. Sherri could always make a joke from time to time. "Dr. Landor, you also fancy good looks."

"Isn't that obvious? Isn't Hackett handsome? Do you dare to say that he isn't handsome?"

A few nurses said in unison, "Handsome."

"Of course."

As Sherri praised Hackett, Grace and Rose wiped their tears and laughed.

After the nurse finished wiping the little guy's body, she put on the floral bedsheets that Sherri had brought in. It looked quite fashionable.

The complicated atmosphere was instantly broken by the bedsheets. After weighing the child, Sherri carried him into Rose's arms so that the little guy could feel his mother's scent.

"You ate quite well during your pregnancy. Why are you only six pounds? However, this number is also quite good. Mrs. Roberts, do you think he looks like Rose?"

Sherri deliberately drew everyone's attention to the child. Sure enough, when Grace saw the floral clothes, she could not help but smile. However, she did not complain about the clothes. "His eyes and mouth look like Rose's."

There were sweat stains on Rose's collarbone. Grace took a tissue and wiped it very carefully. Rose lowered her head and looked at the baby.

Sherri spoke with a positive tone, saying, "Regardless of who the child takes after, he will definitely be a handsome guy. Both Rose and Edward have excellent genes. How could there be any difference? Right?" The nurse chimed in. "Yes, it's just that this floral bedsheet is a little ugly."

Rose, who was lying on the production table, couldn't help but laugh. She lowered her voice and said to his mother, "Sherri bought this clothing. She insisted that I bring this in."

Grace smiled and touched her daughter's forehead. She said in the gentlest tone, "Do you want to tell Edward the good news?"

Rose nodded. "Mommy, help take a photo of the baby. I'll send it to Edward."

Grace took her daughter's phone and began to take the first photo of her grandson seriously. She took a few photos and only returned the phone to Rose after forwarding the photos to her phone.

Rose looked at the little baby on the phone screen and smiled in satisfaction. She was a mother now. She clicked the plus sign, opened the photo album, and sent a picture.

Rose also sent a photo of the baby to Frank and William separately to prevent her father from being jealous.

Sherri was still glaring at the nurse, trying to get her to change what she had just said. The other two nurses were confused. Seeing that the three of them were still in a deadlock, Sherri almost had her

eyes

Rose broke the deadlock. "If you guys had just praised Dr. Landor's taste, you wouldn't have been cross-eyed."

They suddenly realized that this clothing was Sherri's masterpiece. Another person immediately changed her words. "This dress is quite good-looking. It didn't look very appealing earlier, but the more I look at it now, the better it appears."

“Hahaha...” laughter filled the operating theater. Sherri playfully said, “Too late.” Then, she went to assist Rose in controlling the secretions. “Rose, bear with it for a moment. It might be a little uncomfortable, but I’ll help you clear it out.”

The people outside the consultation room had gone crazy. Juana and William huddled together, looking at the photos on Edward’s phone. William, on the other hand, sat in a chair, his head lowered as he attentively looked at his own phone. After a while, a smile gradually deepened on his face. He immediately forwarded the photos to Charlie with a message saying, “Take a look at my grandson. Let me give you a glimpse first. There’s no need to envy. He’s handsome, right?”

Afterward, he continued to gaze at the photos, and his mouth widened into a grin that reached from ear to ear.

When Edward received the photos from Rose, he was moved to tears. Yes, genuinely moved to tears. Finding a wife like Rose in this lifetime was truly a blessing for him.

Juana noticed her son’s dumbfounded expression and urged him, saying, “Are you out of your mind? Stop standing there grinning foolishly! Quickly reply to Rose and then call Sherri to inquire about Rose’s condition. Why are you acting so absent-minded?”

“Oh my, I’m so happy. Richard, are you happy? William, thank you so much. Rose is such a sensible child, exceptionally obedient, and always thinking about us. You’ve raised her so well!”

Rose had always been praised. As a father, how could he not be happy?

Meanwhile, Frank, who was hiding in a corner, leaned against the wall with one foot propped up against it. One hand was casually in his pocket, while the other held his phone as he looked at his nephew’s photos. A satisfying smile curved at the corners of his mouth, and he lightly tapped his fingertip on the screen, as if he could almost touch the little one.

Edward, filled with excitement, had slightly trembling hands as he held his phone. It almost felt like he had developed Parkinson’s disease. He dialed Sherri’s number, and Sherri, who had just finished assisting with the secretions, answered the call. “Edward, Rose has given birth. He’s a handsome little guy, and he looks incredibly adorable. Shall I take some more beautiful photos for you?”

His voice was a little broken. He did not ask the child, “Is Rose okay?”

After a moment of silence, the corners of Sherri’s mouth curled up. He knew that Edward’s heart ached for Rose. “It’s quite good. Mrs. Landor is accompanying her. Don’t worry. After all, I’ve been through hundreds of battles. My skills are good. I won’t let Rose suffer too much.”

Originally, Sherri wanted to comfort Edward. In the end, Edward heard other decompositions. What Sherri said meant that Rose still suffered. How could she not suffer? She did not even receive anesthesia. He could understand why Rose did this, but his heart ached for her.

The elders chatted with each other and looked at the photo in William’s hand from time to time. Frank continued to be in the corner, but he had forwarded the photo to her girl. It was just dawn now, so she must still be sleeping.

After sending the message, Frank put his phone back into his pocket while Edward kept holding his phone. After thinking for a while, he sent another message to Rose: [Rose. Don't look at your phone after giving birth. It's easy to be short-sighted.]

Rose: [Yes, Baby's daddy. I haven't given our baby a name yet, so I can only call you that.]

3/5

With the support of everyone, Rose returned to the room prepared by Trevon. Edward gently lifted Rose and placed her on the bed. Frank slowly pushed the hospital bassinet behind them.

Although the ward was very big and it was a big suite with three bedrooms and one living room, Rose had just been born. She could not let so many people stay here.

to the company.

Grace tidied up her daughter's blanket and turned to William. "Go back first. I won't go to the Frank, take over all the projects I have."

Frank, "Yeah."

William was reluctant to leave, but he had no choice. When he met Grace's gaze, he already understood what she meant. He could only bend down and hold his sleeping grandson's hand. "Grandpa is going to earn money to buy you milk powder. I'll come and see you tonight."

Juana also instructed Richard, "You should go back too. Edward will take care of here."

Juana was certain that William would not leave. "Go ahead. Are you sober? Can you drive? If not, leave the car here and come back tomorrow."

Actually, the thought of having a grandson made him spirited and full of energy. "Alright, take good care of Rose. Rose, then I'll leave first," Richard said to Rose on the bed.

Rose was awake. Just moments ago, in the operating theater, she was discussing with Grace about hiring a postpartum caregiver. Grace asked her if she preferred to have a nanny take care of the baby or if she wanted her mother to take on that role. She encouraged Rose to decide based on her own preferences. Rose knew that Grace wanted to take care of her, so she cooperated and said that she would not hire a confinement nanny.

"Alright, Dad. It's fine if you're too busy to come over. You don't have to run around. I'll be discharged in a few days."

Richard signed.

William walked to Rose's bed. "Then Daddy will go back too. Sleep. If there's anything you need or want, call your brother and ask him to buy it."

How could Edward dare to order Frank around? He quickly expressed his stance. "Dad, I'll go. Frank hasn't slept all night either. Let him go back and rest."

Seeing Edward was sensible, William was happy.

Frank pushed the bassinet to a spot and, with a warm expression on his face, locked eyes with his nephew. Unable to resist, he reached out and gently tapped the baby's cheek, unable to contain his smile. He then turned his head to see Rose looking at him at that very moment.

He stopped smiling and said seriously, "Rest well and behave yourself."

Rose knew that Frank cared about her and could tell that he liked the little guy. She smiled sweetly and happily. "Got it, Frank."

It made Frank stroke Rose's hair.