

Turning Of The Tide #Chapter 551 - Read Turning Of The Tide Chapter 551

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In the VIP ward.

Rose sat on the bed, eating the breakfast that Grace had ordered. Meanwhile, Juana and Grace's breakfast was delivered by Edward himself.

Edward brought out an assortment of breakfast dishes and placed them in front of his mother and mother-in-law. Worried that his mother-in-law might not enjoy the food, he had specifically ordered the same types of dishes they usually had at the Roberts family villa.

As Grace came out of the room, her eyes immediately fell upon the breakfast spread on the table. She smiled faintly, feeling very satisfied with her thoughtful son-in-law. Meanwhile, Rose's gaze was fixated on the scrumptious food before her.

Feeling a sense of longing, she couldn't help but let out a sigh. "After giving birth, everything becomes easier, but the only thing I dislike is having to follow a restricted diet. There's so much food I can't eat. It's truly torturous!"

Grace found a stool and sat in front of the breakfast table. She didn't pay much attention to Rose's words, knowing she was just complaining anyway.

Edward respectfully handed the fork to Grace. "Mom, here is the fork."

"Yes, thank you," Grace replied as she took over the fork.

Edward then handed a fork to Juana, who gratefully accepted it. Turning to her daughter-in-law, she spoke in a cheerful tone and said, "Rose, please bear with it for just a little bit longer. If it bothers you to see us eating other foods, I'll join your diet from tomorrow onwards."

Edward stood there, his gaze fixed on Rose, still clutching the fork in his hand, as he muttered with determination, "I'll do it."

Rose hurriedly waved her hand that was holding a fork and rejected, "Oh, it was just a joke. Don't take it seriously. You don't have to worry about it, after all, you guys didn't give birth."

"I wish I could," Juana replied with a hint of sadness, "but I am too old to have another child.

Grace calmly picked up a piece of pizza as she helped her daughter defuse the situation with Rose. "You know Rose, she's always saying what's on her mind. She can be a bit blunt but don't take it personally. Why don't you finish your oatmeal first, Rose?"

Hearing her mom's order, Rose immediately lowered her head and focused on the oatmeal, daring not to speak anymore. Indeed, what she said was kind of rude, and embarrassing.

Observing the guilty expression on his wife's face, Edward couldn't help but smile. His eyes then shifted to the cradle beside the bed, where their baby peacefully slept, filling him with a profound sense of contentment. "Just a few more days," he softly murmured to Rose, filled with tenderness.

"Okay," Rose replied softly. But when she saw that Grace and Juana were not paying attention, she playfully mouthed to Edward that she had just been joking. It was clear that she was just trying to find more people to play Euchre with.

Edward had been closely observing, and he received the message conveyed by her actions, which left him momentarily stunned. He hadn't anticipated her seriousness in this matter.

When he was lost in his thoughts, someone gently opened the door and entered. In order to avoid disturbing the sleeping baby, Ava whispered in an almost inaudible voice, "Surprise..."

The entire dining table turned their attention towards the door as Frank and Ava entered the room, hand in hand.

Ava was in a blue oversized hoodie, leggings, white socks, and white training shoes, looking very sporty. Frank was dressed in a hoodie of the same design, paired with dark jeans. However, unlike Ava, he had opted for a pair of white shoes.

If there were leggings for men, Frank wouldn't hesitate to try them so as to match Ava's outfit better.

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The hoodies were carefully selected and bought by Ava over half a month ago. She had hidden them somewhere and brought them over this time.

As she looked at the couple dressed like a pair, Rose felt a surge of excitement knowing that Ava hadn't informed her about their visit in advance. She subconsciously raised her tone, which unintentionally awakened the sleeping baby in the cradle. The little one glanced around briefly before dozing off again.

"What brings you here? Didn't you say you weren't going to come over?"

Noticing the baby's movements in the cradle, Rose lowered her voice slightly in the second part of her sentence, although not too much. She believed that it wasn't necessary to be overly cautious, as the baby might become a light sleeper who could be easily disturbed by even the slightest noise.

"I can't wait to see you and the baby."

Filled with joy, Grace stood up and immediately asked, "Why didn't you send a message to let us know you were coming over?"

Frank felt his palm empty as Ava let go of his hand suddenly. However, he was used to the little girl leaving him and running towards Grace to throw herself into her arms.

She held Grace's arm intimately as if Grace was her own mother, instead of her mother-in-law. Juana, who was standing beside them was a bit shocked seeing Grace being so close to her daughter-in-law. Grace had not the least air that a mother-in-law usually presented.

"I didn't tell you because I didn't want to add more to your already tight schedule," Ava replied. "Besides, I have the keys to the door of the Roberts family, so I can enter whenever I want."

After saying that, she raised her chin proudly. Seeing that, Grace smiled dotingly.

"Hello, Mrs. Landor. Hello, Brother-in-law." Ava greeted them. She couldn't help but feel a bit amazed that her sister had married someone much older than her.

Juana didn't think there was anything wrong with it. She quickly answered, "Don't be shy, even if he is 50, now that he has married Rose, he is your sister-in-law. Bear that in mind."

At this time, Frank looked at Edward, his eyes clearly conveying some message. Afraid that Edward failed to understand, he moved his gaze from Edward to the little girl slowly.

Edward smiled helplessly. He didn't mind about the so-called seniority. Turning to Ava, she respectfully addressed, "Sister-in-law."

It took Ava a few moments to process what had just happened. "Oh... Hi," she finally said.

To ease the awkwardness, Ava decided to take a look at the child. Seeing the baby asleep in the cradle, she felt her heart melt at how adorable the little one was.

Frank also wanted a closer look and walked over to stand beside Ava. Grace soon followed suit, pulling Ava over to take a seat. She asked, "Have you had breakfast yet?"

"No, Frank and I came over first thing in the morning. I couldn't wait to meet my little nephew."

Edward, considerate as he was, pushed some breakfast to Ava. "I bought quite a lot of breakfast. Have a try."

Frank sat down without saying anything else. Juana also resumed her seat and picked up her fork. After serving Ava some food, Frank started eating. Food had always been very important to him.

More than half an hour later, breakfast was finished. Grace put the tissue in front of Ava. Edward began to clear the table, but Juana quickly intervened. "You two can go outside and have a chat. The baby will need to be breastfed shortly."

At the end of the day, she was still afraid that Frank would feel uncomfortable. Frank strode out and walked to the smoking area. He leaned against the wall and handed a cigarette to Edward. Edward did not take it. "I'll skip it. I have to carry the baby later, you know."

With that said, Frank quietly put the cigarette back into the box and walked to the chair to sit down. The meaning was pretty obvious.

Meanwhile, in the ward.

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The little guy in the cradle had woken up. He kept moving his head to the side, probably looking for milk. Grace picked up the baby and placed him in Rose's arms. Juana cleaned the table, took the waste to the trash can outside, and then turned on the venter.

"He must be hungry. He's looking for food."

Rose reached out to tap her son's mouth and began to praise him. "What a good boy you are! You only woke up after I finished eating. Not bad, not bad. Keep it up."

Intrigued by Rose's seriousness, Ava leaned closer and asked with curiosity, "Can he understand?"

Rose replied, "From my perspective, I hope he understands. But from his perspective, he definitely can't."

Ava and Grace were lost for words.

"Come on, stop looking at me like that. I just hope my son won't be as reticent as Edward. I plan to train him to be a host. So I need to talk to him more."

Rose explained. She was afraid that her son would be as calm as Edward. She wasn't sure if he would be as lucky as Edward to find such an outgoing girl.

As the mother, she was full of concern for her son.

After all, Edward had strong genes.

Without any hesitation, Rose lifted her clothes, unbuttoned her breastfeeding bra, and commenced feeding the baby. Placing her dark grape into the baby's mouth, the little one eagerly began to enjoy the nourishing milk.

Ava wasn't particularly curious about this. After all, Natalie and Sherri's children were also born in Sapphire City, and she had already witnessed the process firsthand.

However, she couldn't help but wonder why Rose seemed completely unembarrassed despite being in the presence of Grace, Juana, and herself. After all, Rose had simply lifted her clothes without any reservations.

Noticing the doubt in Ava's eyes, Rose smiled and asked, "Are you perhaps wondering if you would feel a bit embarrassed about breastfeeding like this in the future?"

Ava nodded. She was indeed a little embarrassed.

"Ava, let me tell you, after we give birth, we'll be like cows. There is nothing to be embarrassed about. We're all women. We all have boobs."

Grace, who was drinking water, choked upon her daughter's words. She took a tissue to wipe her lips but did not stop her daughter from talking. Although Rose sounded a bit rude, she was telling the truth.

Juana chimed in, agreeing with Rose. "She's absolutely right. There's nothing to feel ashamed of. After all, we're all women. Before Rose gave birth, I even searched for videos of pregnant women on TikTok. Ever since then, my 'For You page' has been filled with similar content, which gave me a better idea of what it's like to be pregnant."

As Rose spoke, Juana took a seat on a stool and engaged in the conversation. Surprisingly, Grace also sat down and joined the chat, which was a slightly unusual occurrence. Juana took center stage as everyone eagerly awaited her words, their gazes fixed on her. Being the focus of everyone's attention made Juana's mood even brighter.

"A few days ago, I saw a video where Rose's milk wasn't particularly abundant. There were no signs of swelling in her breasts. The woman in the video I watched had more milk, and while she was out with her husband, her milk-soaked through her shirt causing discomfort. She then lifted her shirt in public and began to breastfeed in front of everyone, but she didn't seem to be embarrassed," Ava replied.

Everyone was speechless upon hearing that.

The lady completely disregarded the people around her.

Juana interjected, reminding Rose, "However, Rose, you shouldn't do that. It's fine to do it in front of us, but not in public."

Rose said, "Mom, you've overestimated my courage. I am not mentally strong enough to broadcast

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myself breastfeeding."

Ava did not want to disturb Rose's nap, so she went to the base to look for Natalie, and Frank went to the company. He would pick Ava up later.

After finishing work, Ava exited the base hand in hand with her sister and stopped outside the door. Frank was already waiting for them, and his car was parked beside Natalie's motorcycle.

"Sis, did you drive this here? Did my brother-in-law allow you?"

Ava couldn't resist touching the car as she found it incredibly cool. She had a great liking for it, but the issue was that she didn't know how to drive without a driver's license. Although she possessed a driver's license for regular cars, she had never driven one before. With a driver at their disposal, Ava never had the opportunity to take the wheel.

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"Absolutely. If you drive, Frank will be really concerned. Go ahead, Frank is waiting for you," Natalie said as her slender legs gracefully entered the vehicle. She glanced at Frank, and he nodded in agreement. Natalie started the vehicle with a loud sound.

As Natalie put on her black helmet, Ava reluctantly started to shift her feet. "Goodbye, sister. I will return tomorrow afternoon," she said, bidding her farewell.

Natalie half-squatted and propped her legs on the ground as she spoke, "I'll see you off tomorrow."

"I don't think so," Ava replied with a shrug and a smile. "You've already given me so many send-offs, and besides, Frank will accompany me this time. Hehe."

Natalie nodded at Frank, who had just exited the car, understanding his intentions. She twisted the accelerator and quickly sped away, leaving behind a fading roar in the distance.

Athana Hospital.

After parting ways with Natalie, Ava didn't immediately return to the hospital. Instead, she spent a few hours shopping with Frank and purchased some clothes for Rose's newborn baby.

Rose was asleep in the hospital ward, as was the baby. Grace was prepared to let Ava and Frank leave and go home. "You guys don't have to stay here. You can go home," she suggested.

Ava glanced towards the cradle and whispered to Grace, "Can I sleep here tonight?"

Grace was taken aback for a moment upon hearing this. Then, Edward turned to his mother and said, "Mom, since Frank and Ava are here, you can take the day off today. Come back tomorrow."

Juana was not oblivious to the fact that the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law desired some alone time together. It was true that Rose didn't need an excessive number of people looking after her.

Understanding this, Juana agreed willingly and said, "Alright, I will head back first. Please take care of

Rose."

Edward had accepted the fact that Ava was his sister-in-law.

Since Ava wanted to stay in the hospital at night, Frank did not object. It was fine as long as he could be with her.

Grace spoke up and said, "We are both mothers, and our ultimate desire is to see our children doing well." Juana nodded and added, "Indeed, indeed. Well, I'll be taking my leave now. Goodbye, Ava and Frank." Ava said, "Goodbye, Mrs. Landor."

The ward consisted of three rooms: Grace's room, Juana's room, and Edward's room. However, in order to provide better care for Rose, Edward opted to sleep on the sofa instead of his bed. As a result, Frank occupied Edward's room.

Edward grabbed his coat and spoke softly to his mother-in-law, saying, "Mom, I'll take my mother back first.

Grace responded, "Yes, take your time. Drive safe."

Edward replied, "I will."

Frank had already made his way to the cradle and was now standing beside it. His gaze was fixed intently on his sleeping nephew, not even blinking once. The little one looked so peaceful in his sleep. Grace took a quick glance at her son but chose not to say anything. Instead, she walked over to check on her son's

room.

Eagerly following behind Grace, Ava held onto her wrist from behind and whispered, "Grace, did you notice how much Frank loves babies? Look at his gaze just now. It was so warm and full of joy."

Grace had indeed seen it, although her son did not show any particular reaction. Perhaps he was worried that Ava might feel overwhelmed or uncomfortable. Knowing how his son's friends were either already pregnant or had several kids, Grace reassured Ava, "Don't worry about it too much. Just focus on

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completing your studies first."

“Alright.”

Grace helped them tidy up their blankets and went to the bathroom to take a look. “You and Frank stay here. I’ll go out for a while.”

“Oh, and at what time does the baby usually feed?” Ava asked, realizing that while she liked her mother-in-law, she didn’t want to constantly rely on her for every small detail. If her mother-in-law had something to say, she would naturally take the initiative to share it.

Grace said, “I’ll be back soon.”

“Okay.”

As Grace emerged from the master bedroom, she had barely pushed open the door and was preparing to leave when William confidently walked in and knocked into her. Fortunately, it was Grace. If it had

been Ava, it would have been rather awkward.

William’s eyes widened with surprise at the sight of Ava. His voice suddenly rose as he exclaimed, “Ava! When did you get here?”

Ava turned to Frank, her eyes silently questioning whether William had spent the previous night at the Roberts family residence.

Frank remained by the cradle as Rose slept soundly like a pig. The hushed conversation between the others didn’t seem to disturb her slumber in the slightest.

“Last night,” Frank said simply.

William’s eyes grew wide with disbelief. “Last night?” he repeated, turning to Ava for confirmation. Ava simply nodded in agreement, her expression serious.

Grace was speechless. “You weren’t at home last night?”

“Yes,” William replied. But he didn’t see any luggage this morning, so perhaps his son had already taken care of removing any signs of Ava’s arrival.

Grace glared at William, utterly speechless. She had asked him to stay at home and take care of things, yet he didn’t even realize that his daughter-in-law had spent the night there. “Just how soundly were you asleep?” she asked in disbelief.

“Hehehe, it’s because I’m older now and my sense of alertness has diminished a bit. Moreover, this house feels so safe that I can sleep soundly. It seems like I arrived here at just the right time. Are you planning to go out?”

William swiftly changed the topic, attempting to conceal the fact that he had dozed off and wasn't paying

attention.

"Yup." Grace was concise and did not intend to continue talking about him.

"Let's go together. I suddenly remembered that I also need to head out," William offered as he put his arm around Grace's shoulder and closed the door. "I'll drive you."

Ava, looking a bit disheveled, was still standing at the door. Finally, she looked up awkwardly and said, "I didn't even have a chance to say hi to your dad."

Ava quickly grabbed a stool for Frank to sit on, and he obliged by taking a seat. Then, he gently pulled her onto his lap.

Feeling a bit self-conscious, Ava was worried about the nurse coming into the ward. Meanwhile, Frank looked at the person in his arms who kept fidgeting, and suggested, "Let's sit together so that you don't need to get another stool."

The reasoning seemed somewhat superficial, but Ava chose not to dwell on it. Observing that the little girl had calmed down, Frank withdrew his arm and wrapped his arms tightly around Ava's slender waist.

The two of them gazed at the sleeping baby in the cradle. Turning towards Frank, Ava asked, "Isn't the baby just adorable?"

Frank leaned in and gave her a gentle kiss, savoring the sweetness of her lips. "Yes," he whispered, as they

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pulled away from each other.

Knowing that Frank would likely reject her, Ava chose not to say anything further. Instead, she asked, "Aren't you curious about what Grace is up to?"

Frank had already figured it out. As Grace entered and left the room, he remarked, "She probably went to buy some toiletries."

"Ahh... You're right. How could I have forgotten about that? Why didn't I consider it when we were out shopping?"

Ava couldn't help but blame herself for not informing Frank in advance that she wanted to stay in the hospital. She had only asked Grace to let her stay once she had already arrived at the ward.

"It's alright. They can go shopping together. William enjoys it," Frank reassured, rubbing her waist and pulling her into an even tighter embrace.

As Rose opened her eyes, she beheld her brother and sister-in-law flaunting their affection for each other. "Frank, did you two come to see me or to show off in front of me? That's not exactly appropriate, you know."

As Rose spoke, Ava quickly hopped down from Frank's lap. It wasn't that she herself felt embarrassed by Rose's words, but more so she was concerned that if Edward and the others returned later and saw her in that situation, they might feel uncomfortable.

Frank said, "Go back to sleep."

Rose turned her gaze towards her brother and lay on her arm as she asked, "Frank, do you think your nephew is good-looking?"

"Better than you anyway."

Rose said, "Of course. He is my son. He got to be better than me."

Observing the baby closely, Ava commented, "He's definitely your son. He has the same mouth and eyes as you."

"Grace said something similar. It gives me a real sense of accomplishment," Rose replied. "In fact, I'm already planning to have another child next year."

Frank said, "Why don't you take a break? Tell me what you want to eat now. Grace is shopping."

He didn't want to argue with his sister about having more children. After all, she had just given birth and was still recovering in bed. Yet, here she was already planning to have a second child. Did she really think she was a hen laying eggs?

"Another child? Can you? It should take two years to recover, right?" Ava sat close to Rose's bed.

Worried that Grace might return soon, Rose quickly decided to take care of her dietary needs. "Hold on a minute; I need to order some food now. If Grace is on her way back, Frank, please help me buy the food," she instructed.

Rose had no idea that the food she was consuming had been specially prepared by Grace. Every aspect, from the taste to the ingredients, had been carefully modified to cater to the dietary needs of a pregnant

woman.

Frank didn't answer his sister's question because it was nonsense.

Rose sent a message to Grace, [Grace, can you bring back some dumplings?]

Grace replied, [Sure, but they shouldn't be too salty.]

Rose replied, [Okay.]

Putting away her phone, Rose prepared to answer Ava's question. "Logically speaking, it usually takes about a year and a half to recover after giving birth. But look at how I'm being treated like an empress, I'm sure I'll recover much faster. I've already carefully planned to conceive a child around a year later. See, Edward is about to turn 30. If we wait too long, I'm afraid the quality of his sperm won't be as good." For her final sentence, Rose whispered and covered her mouth with her hand.

Frank looked at his sister in disdain. He really wanted to slap her. "I'm not deaf."

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Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the cries of the baby. The little one in the cradle had woken up and turned his head, seeking attention. Rose, who had been lying on the bed engaged in conversation, was so engrossed in chatting that she hadn't noticed the baby's awakening.

The baby had wet himself, and Frank sat helplessly at the side, not knowing what to do. Rose looked at him and urged, "Frank, pick him up. What are you waiting for?"

Frank felt a sudden wave of embarrassment, evident in his coughing and stammering. "Um, cough, cough... Quiet down. You're being too loud," he muttered.

Ava remained seated on the bed, feeling unsure of what to do. Rose had already gotten up and both of them watched in confusion as they awaited Frank's next move.

Frank leaned down and gently lifted his nephew, placing one hand on the back of the baby's head and the other on the crook of his leg. He lifted the little one up into the air, cradling him gently.

Rose kindly reminded Frank, "Frank, please hold him. He's not accustomed to the vast world yet, and he might feel quite insecure if you hold him up in the air like that. He might feel as weightless as a pilot, which can be quite uncomfortable for him."

Frank coldly scolded his sister, saying, "If you can't find the right words, just keep quiet." Despite his harsh tone, Frank still heeded his sister's advice and gently embraced the little one in his arms.

His movements were incredibly gentle, almost as if he were holding a ball of cotton in his arms, petrified that he might accidentally break it if he exerted too much force.

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Some things were very mysterious, and some things were extraordinary. For example, the little one, initially crying, was now peacefully nestled in Frank Roberts's arms.

He stared curiously at the unfamiliar and strange face that had never hugged him. His small eyes rolled around, creating a heartwarming scene. It was not out of place for a person to embrace a tiny bundle. Ava Turner and Rose Roberts were stunned by this scene. Ava could not help but take out her phone to take a photo. She had imagined Frank holding a child, but she did not expect the scene to be so loving. Rose said cautiously, "Frank, can you help your nephew to change his diapers? No matter what, you're still his uncle, right?"

He glanced at the little one in his arms. He was adorable, and he rolled his eyes at his sister.

Meeting Ava's expectant gaze, Frank finally compromised. In his memory, Trevon Wilson was quite proficient in changing diapers. It did not seem to be that difficult. He replied faintly, "Yes."

Rose pushed Ava. She was excited as her brother agreed to help the baby change his diapers. She quickly pointed out the exact location with her hand and said, "The diapers are in the cabinet."

Ava stood up and walked towards the cabinet. After a few steps, she turned back to look at Frank. Seeing that he was waiting, she opened the cabinet door and took out the diaper.

Frank glanced at his sister coldly, saying, "Move a bit. One bed isn't enough for you to sleep alone, are you?"

Rose moved her butt and lay inside. Frank placed the child on the bed and removed the child's pants. He carefully untied the diaper and threw it in the trash can at the side. He continued, "Ava, I'll get some

water."

Ava walked around the end of the bed to look at the little guy on the bed and replied, "Alright, I'll look at him then."

Rose continued, "There's no need to do so. Frank has already placed him in the middle. It's not like he can turn over and fall."

After a while, Frank held a blue flower-shaped washbasin in his hand and used a disposable cotton cloth to wipe his nephew's butt. He imitated Trevon Wilson and slowly wiped it carefully. This scene made Rose anxious.

She couldn't help but say, "Frank, you can use more force. I didn't give birth to a delicate doll."

A stern gaze from Frank silenced her.

Rose swallowed and murmured, "I will shut my mouth up. Forget about what I said. Just do whatever you want."

She pursed her lips and leaned against the bed leisurely.

The door of the ward was pushed open. When Grace Roberts and the others came in, they saw Frank carefully wiping her grandson's butt.

Grace was not very surprised. She was very calm and felt it was only a matter of time. William Roberts was smiling. He was shocked and gratified as he walked over and praised, "Not bad, Frank. It would be best if you practiced in advance. Now, Rose's child will be your free internship."

Then, Edward Landor came in with a speechless reaction. He thought that he had seen it wrongly and even blinked.

Frank saw Edward's shock and instructed, "Dump the water."

"Alright," replied Edward.

After confirming that it was not an illusion, Edward quickly returned to his senses. He did not refuse Frank's instructions and walked over to pick up the washbasin before entering the bathroom.

Grace placed the toiletries in the room. When she came out, she said, "Ava, all the toiletries are in the

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bathroom."

"Thank you, Grace," Ava thanked her sweetly.

Ava held Grace's wrist, and after a few seconds of silence, Grace instructed William. She said, "It's about time. You can go home after seeing the child. Ava and Frank will stay here tonight."

Meeting his wife's gaze, William was about to say he stayed here too, but he changed his words. "I'll leave after seeing the child. I'll go back and look after the house. It's such a big house. At least someone has to be there," said William immediately.

Hearing William's words, Grace retracted her gaze and stopped talking.

"The deterrent effect of Grace was that she did not need to speak and only used her eyes." thought Ava inwardly.

Frank's mind was filled with how Trevon changed the baby's diapers. He followed the instructions step by step. Whether it was Rose, Ava, or Edward who came out of the bathroom, they all looked stunned. Edward's surprise only lasted for a few seconds before he slowly walked towards the bed.

On the other hand, Rose was different. She had always remembered the education of primary school teachers. If she had any questions, she had to ask them. That was a good child. Rose spoke, "Frank, you didn't practice in private, did you?"

Meeting Ava's puzzled gaze, Frank softened his voice. He gently carried the child and prepared to put him back into the cradle. It was too soft. "Frank, give it to me. My son should be hungry," said Rose. "Frank, give it to me. My son should be hungry," just as Frank was hugging him, Rose spoke.

Men were all very self-aware. William said, "Then I will go back and come back tomorrow. Ava, I am leaving now."

Ava finally had the chance to call him, "Goodbye, William."

Frank followed Edward out. Edward wanted to send William back, but he was rejected. William came by car. Thus, he just emphasized that Edward had to take good care of Rose as there were no other requirements.

They left the ward.

After that, Frank followed Edward to the end of the corridor. He opened the window a little, and a breeze entered. Frank did not smoke this time. He only threw a piece of xylitol into his mouth and handed another to Edward. "Do you want it?"

Edward took it and poured one into his mouth. Frank didn't take it when he returned, and thus, he stuffed it into his pocket.

No one spoke. After a long while, Frank narrowed his eyes and asked, "Are you in a hurry to have a second child?"

Upon hearing this, Edward was dumbfounded. He hadn't even figured out how to carry the child. He hadn't learned how to carry the child, ultimately. Just learning to walk was challenging enough, let alone taking off.

"No, I told Rose to have only one baby," Edward said honestly and thoughtfully.

The xylitol in Frank's mouth seemed tasty as he chewed on it. He asked doubtfully, "Rose said that she want to have another baby for the following year. Isn't that your idea?"

Edward had one hand on the railing and the other in his pocket. Frank leaned lazily against the railing, waiting for Edward's answer.

"No. Before Rose gave birth, I told her that I would only give birth to one child. However, Rose said that if we give birth to four children, we can make a rummy table. Otherwise, we will be short of three children."

Frank felt speechless at Edward's words. He could tell this was ultimately Rose's vocabulary. His head throbbed. Of all the things she liked, she just had to like having children.

"Are you sure you want to give this as a present? Won't that be stingy? Why don't you buy some big items?" Natalie Foster was led out of the elevator by Trevon. Both of their hands were empty. Those who

knew were here to see Rose. Those who didn't know thought that they were here to visit.

Trevon immediately saw the two men in the distance. Trevon stopped in his tracks and patted Natalie's shoulder. He said to Natalie, "You go in first."

Following the man's gaze, Natalie saw Frank and Edward. She immediately understood. "Yes, sure. I'll send you a message after."

"Yes," he replied concisely. As soon as he finished speaking, he strode towards Frank.

In the empty corridor, a man in a suit appeared. He was over 5.9 feet tall and very eye-catching. His aura was incompatible with the hospital.

"You're early," Frank teased, then looked at the man with his hands in his pockets.

"Don't worry, I'm not empty-handed. It's just that something has been compressed," said Trevonas. He automatically interpreted Frank's gaze.

Trevon raised his hand to look at his phone and said to Edward, who had been silent all this while, "Congratulations on levelling up."

Edward smiled politely and calculated the time. Rose was almost done feeding. He walked towards the ward door, and the two men behind him were teasing each other. Trevon teased Frank, "You're behind." Frank replied, "Do you find that an issue? Wouldn't you feel embarrassed if I was levelling up before you? I am staying on your dignity."

"Indeed, I have to thank you. Do you mean that?" asked Trevon.

Frank quickly replied, "You're welcome."

In the ward, it was extremely lively. The few women kept chatting. Compared to Rose, Natalie was much more professional in carrying children since she was the mother of three children. While Ava was carrying the children, Natalie helped her and patiently guided and explained the method.

Ava hugged him very well. The smile on her lips kept widening. She looked pleased, making Frank, who had just entered, bewitched.

Trevon's mouth twitched and said, "Even if you're tempted, you can continue pretending."

After saying this, he ignored Frank's thoughts and walked straight to Natalie's side to see the child. Then, he placed a card in the child's arms. "Keep it. Your uncle is watching me," said Trevon.

Frank glanced at the card in his nephew's arms and smiled with narrowed eyes.

Rose was so excited that she lifted the blanket and checked. Grace was afraid that she would fall, so she quickly went to hold her and reminded her, "Slow down, Rose."

She put on her slippers haphazardly. Rose's movements were so agile that she did not look like a pregnant woman who had just given birth. She picked up the card in her son's arms and looked at it. "What card is this? It can't be a dime, right? Trevon, it couldn't be empty, right?" asked Rose.

"Wow, it's so lively. What's going on? Trevon, what did you give? A supermarket membership card?" Hackett Blackwell, who had just entered, took the card from Rose's hand.

Rose tiptoed to retrieve it. However, due to the height difference, Hackett held the card in the air and shouted proudly, "You can't get it, you can't get it. It's useless even if you tiptoe."

At this moment, they had completely forgotten that one was a pregnant woman who had just given birth and the other was a person who had come to visit. Neither of them was giving in to the other.

Ultimately, they were pursuing a narrow gain while neglecting a greater danger. Edward directly took the card that was raised in the air. Hackett's hand was empty as he cursed, "Fuck, who is it?"

Edward said heavily with a warning tone, "It was me."

"I'm just taking a look. It's not like I'm taking it away. Sherri, look at how stingy Edward is," said Hackett. Sherri Landor did not stop the two of them from bickering. It was the same in the Landor family

previously. She was already so used to it that she could not get used to it anymore. She went to see Rose's child, saying, "Oh wow, I haven't seen you for a day. Why does my nephew become even more handsome?"

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Natalie said when she heard Sherri's words, "You must have eaten honey before coming here."

Sherri replied, "You've already discovered this. I've already finished a bottle of honey at home." Yet, she turned and said, "Ava, you're hugging the baby pretty well. You feel like a mother now."

“Frank, Doesn’t she look like a mother now? Do you feel that?” asked Sherri. Ava held the child and shook it slowly. It was very light and small, like a cradle.

Frank didn’t know how to respond to Sherri’s words. Recently, Ava had been talking to him about the child. Frank said, “Yes, I did.”

At this moment, Ava found it fun and said, “Grace, am I good enough?”

Grace walked over and took the child away from Ava’s arms. “You are quite good at that. You guys can chat for a while. I’ll take the child to bed,” said Grace.

“Thank you, Grace.” Rose acted cutely.

“Lie down on the bed,” Grace reminded. Edward handed the card to Rose and helped her sit down. He helped to cover her with the blanket and shook the bed high so that Rose could lean more comfortably.

Hackett did not give up and continued to ask, “What card is that? It can’t be a supermarket card, right?”

Trevon did not want to bother people who could not get past the supermarket card. When he saw a blanket on the sofa, he did not need to think to know the reason. He said to Edward, “You’re quite enlightened.”

Edward replied, “It takes one to know one. Have a seat.” He walked over and put the blanket away. He placed it in the cabinet to empty the space for everyone to sit.

Natalie and Sherri sat on the edge of Rose’s bed, one on each side. Ava sat beside Frank and quietly said something. From time to time, the corners of Frank’s mouth curled up.

Trevon instructed Edward, “I also brought a gift here. Give me a bottle of soda water.”

Edward took out soda water from the cabinet and did not hand it to Trevon immediately. “If you want coffee or even a milkshake, I can arrange that for you.”

“Never mind, soda water is fine,” said Trevon, looking like he was settling for it.

Sherri teased, “Old Trevon is putting on airs with my brother again.”

Natalie said, “Edward, just give him soda water. It’s quite good. He’s not very picky.”

Everyone felt he was the only one who said that, as they could only agree with her statement. Edward, soda water. They felt that Trevon had an intrinsic meaning in his words.

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Trevon's words had no hidden meaning. It was because Natalie was the chef at night. It had been a long time since he had eaten Natalie's dishes. It was rare for Natalie to cook. He had overeaten at night and ate salty food.

He just wanted to drink some water.

However, Trevon usually had a hidden meaning in his words. He consciously made everyone feel that his words were abnormal.

For example, the story of the boy who cried wolf. Telling too many lies could make people doubt the truth. Even when it was told, people would inevitably suspect him, and his credibility would be significantly reduced.

Hackett was still struggling with the problem of the card. It was evident that Trevon had diverted the question and deliberately did not explain. "You didn't give me a supermarket card, did you?" asked Hackett. "You're having trouble with the supermarket card. If you have nothing to do, read the dictionary more to expand your vocabulary," said Trevon.

Trevon took a few sips of soda water and glanced at Hackett in disdain.

Edward went to take a look at the child. He came out of the room and closed the door for Grace. Then, he pulled a stool and sat beside Rose.

Natalie explained to Hackett kindly, "This is the Athana Building's One-Card Pass customized by Trevon for the child. With this card, you can make purchases directly at every counter in the Building Athana. You don't have to apply for membership in every specialty store, nor do you need to charge money."

Upon hearing this, Hackett directly said, "Damn, isn't this playing favorites? Why wasn't it when I was born? Why wasn't it when our Sherri was born?"

Frank smiled after listening to Natalie's explanation. With Trevon's personality, it couldn't be custom-made for a child. It was probably something that had been available a long time ago, and some might have been custom-made for his wife.

Frank was right.

Trevon indeed customized it for Natalie. With Natalie's personality, she preferred to keep things simple and didn't like dealing with the hassle. On the other hand, all the counters in all the luxury shops in Athana

Building needed to get cards. Ten shops had ten cards. It was too troublesome for Natalie.

Trevon ordered Jim Hawk to procure six One-Card Passes to make it easier for Natalie to shop. This was an unprecedented card. Currently, there were only six cards in the entire Athana. The first card was given to Natalie, the second card was given to Rachel, and the third card was given to Emma the last time she came to Athana.

Rose suddenly realized the actual value of this card, which was worth a lot of money. It glowed in her palm, and she covered it against her chest, saying, "Oh my god, Trevon. I just realized how handsome you are today. I won't pick on you anymore."

Edward did not expect Trevon to be so generous. One had to know that in a specialty store, different amounts need to be recharged to reach the highest star level. If it was universal, how much would it cost?

Although the entire Athana Building belonged to him, he still had to charge. With Natalie's personality, she wouldn't buy things in the name of Trevon.

What was certain was that it was a substantial amount of money.

Trevon did not say anything. Natalie, on the other hand, smiled and let Sherri reminisce. "Do you need me to rewind it for you? It's one to two. I'm just reminding you out of kindness," said Natalie.

Rose was so happy that she did not feel sleepy and began to answer actively. She was highly enthusiastic and said, "I know the answer. This is an additional question. It's one to two. I've suffered a huge loss so that we won't exchange gifts. Sherri, I'm sorry. Let me be tacky for once."

Sherri and Hackett were instantly speechless recall the lines. This was because they were too wise at that time and said that there was no need to send each other off.

A few saw that the couple had thought of it and laughed simultaneously.

Ultimately, Trevon looked at Hackett's dark expression and sneered.

"Don't look like you want to jump off a building. Natalie will give it to your wife tomorrow."

Natalie had a look of pity on his face. She spread his hands and said,

“Trevon has long been prepared. It was you who said that you didn’t want it. We can’t force it on you.”

Sherri remained silent and felt somewhat hasty.

Hackett started to prepare his flattery, but Trevon stopped him. “You’d better shut up. I’m afraid of wasting soda water,” said Trevon.

Alright, whatever the financier said, as he was so generous. When he took someone’s things, his hands and mouth were limp as if they were paralyzed. He could not say anything unpleasant at all. He could only say good things.

Money had such an effect. It was especially magical.

Few of them stayed for more than an hour. After all, Rose was a pregnant woman who needed to rest. In addition, it was already very late. There were still children at home, so Natalie and Sherri went back.

Ava and Frank were the only ones still sitting on the sofa and looking at their phones. No one knew what they were looking at.

Rose handed the card to Edward as if it were a treasure and told him to hide it well. It might be worth tens of millions. She said, “Hubby, just hide it. They say one becomes a bit slow-witted during pregnancy, and I’ve just given birth. I’m afraid that I might lose my wits after sleeping. I’m more at ease if you keep it. This is a huge sum of money. I didn’t expect Trevon would be so generous.”

Frank, sitting on the sofa, overheard and said unhurriedly, “No one is eyeing your stuff.”

Rose replied, “I’m not guarding against you. I’m afraid I’ll leave it here when I get discharged. If someone else picks it up, I’ll be gone. This is a limited edition. I don’t think there will be more than ten.”

Frank couldn’t be bothered to argue with his sister anymore. They were close, so he had no choice but to remind her patiently, “I think you’re already stupid and have become a bit slow-witted. This card is registered in your name, and it has a password setting. Is it confidential even if you deposit a huge sum of money in the bank?”

His words enlightened her. As expected, it was as if a light bulb had gone off in her head. She couldn’t believe she hadn’t thought of setting a _password.

This was a mistake.

After saying that, Frank continued to look at his phone with Ava. Ava Frank’s shoulder.

Rose was already used to his brother and Ava showing off their affection at any time. She was used to it. Her brot was a reserved man.

Edward was also surprised by this card. Back then, after Natalie gave birth, although she and Rose had given her double gifts, it still couldn't compare to this card.

Trevon had indeed made a grand gesture.

Edward said, "Okay, then I'll keep it in my wallet. If you want to use it, get it directly from there."

Rose replied, "Okay, okay. I'm rich, sudden riches from the heavens. I'm happier than winning the lottery. Of course, I'm not such a materialistic person. Even if I accept gifts, it depends on the person. I'm just being kind. I'm afraid I won't be able to sleep with so much money."

Edward reminded, "He has three children."

Frank commented, "You could write a whole TV drama based on this reasoning."

Ava added, "This excuse sounds a bit lame."

Rose said excitedly, unwilling to admit defeat, "What's the big deal with having three kids? I wasn't making things up. What's the matter with that? In the future, I might even have four, five, six, and..."

Frank and Ava remained silent as they didn't want to engage in this conversation. They knew it was going to be endless. If they continued chatting, it would be a football team.

Just as Rose was about to count down, Edward sat on the edge of the bed and stopped. The number soared. Edward said anxiously, "Rose, that's enough."

"Don't worry. I'm just throwing out a random number. It's not like I can give birth to seven or eight kids. If I can, you won't be able to handle it by then," said Rose.

Noticing Edward's dark expression, Rose retracted his tongue. "No, I didn't say that you cannot handle it. It's just that our bodies determine it. I didn't mean you can't handle it."

He felt that he could not explain it clearly.

Frank already felt that his sister's brain was on the fritz, and she was talking nonsense. He was unprepared to listen to their daily conversation and brought Ava into the room. He said, "You guys continue, We're going to sleep."

Rose waved at Ava and said, "Good night."

Edward knew that she didn't mean he couldn't handle it, but he didn't intend to continue discussing where he couldn't do it. "I know. Do you want to sleep for a while? The child is going to be fed again later. Take a nap," said Edward.

Rose continued, "Alright, but I must still analyze this matter for you before I can sleep. I'll tell you. You're already pushing thirty. If I give birth naturally, I'll need at least a year to recover. According to a year and a half, four will take six years, which is even faster. If there's an additional year, you'll be almost 40. The quality will deteriorate. Your genes will not deteriorate, so at most four. I don't plan to have more."

Rose counted with her fingers. She looked severe as if she was solving a math problem.

Looking at his wife, who was seriously calculating, Edward was amused. He thought she was thinking for a moment and would forget about it in a few days. In the end, she was serious and could not refuse. Hence, he disagreed. "Got it. It depends on the situation. The plan can't keep up with the changes. Let's sleep first," said Edward.

"Alright, you should get some rest, too," replied Rose.

"Sure, you go to sleep first," Edward covered her with the blanket and carefully tidied Rose's collarbone hair. He was highly doting and leaned over to kiss her forehead.

Looking at Rose, Edward couldn't help but want to kiss her.

In the room, Ava and Frank were still looking at their phones. Ava was laughing uncontrollably. "That's too funny. I tried to hold in my laughter outside because I feared scaring Edward, but I couldn't help it. Hahaha."

Frank whispered, "Shh."

Ava whispered like a thief, "Oh, keep your voice down. We'll wake the baby up later."

Frank asked her to be quiet, not because he feared waking his nephew up but because he feared Rose would see her sneaking a peek at her phone.

After looking at it for two hours, her phone was slightly hot. Frank reminded Ava to take it and asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I think so. Why don't we go out and eat? If we order takeout, I'm afraid Rose will be jealous. She can only look at what I want to eat," said Ava.

Ava analyzed.

"Sure, wear your coat," said Frank, as it might be windy outside.

The two of them went out. The little guy had fallen asleep again after being fed. Newborn babies spend their time sleeping.

Their sleep duration would gradually decrease as they grew older.

Seeing that Frank and Ava were holding hands and preparing to go out, Rose, who had finished feeding his son, asked, "Where are you guys going?"

Frank asked in response, "You can still go with us?"

The rhetorical question made the restless Rose choke. A moment later, she said, "Don't tell me you guys plan to eat something delicious?"

Ava was sincere. "Yes, I'm a bit hungry. We're preparing to go foraging. Edward, are you hungry? We can bring something back for you."

Grace came out of the room after washing up. She was prepared to see her grandson before going to bed. "Are you going out to eat?" asked Grace "Yes, Grace, are you coming? What would you like to eat? We can buy it for you," Ava said with a smile.

"I'm not hungry. You guys go ahead and eat. Take your time," replied Grace, as she did not have the habit of eating supper at night.

Occasionally, there would be, but it was rare unless she worked overtime until midnight.

Just as Frank and Ava stepped out the door, Rose said sternly, "You have to buy it home to eat. I'm hungry, too. Buy me another serving of potato soup with tomato strands. It doesn't have to be too salty. Just like the taste of Grace that I bought."

Frank wanted to take off his shoes and beat them up. She didn't want them to eat separately. He glared at his sister and said, "Is there anything else you want to eat? You'd better explain it to me in one go."

Edward suggested, "How about I go and buy it? Rose, text me when you're ready."

"Stay here. I'll go. Watch her and stop causing trouble. Think about it and -send me a message," said Frank as he glared at his sister again and led Ava out.

Grace returned to her room and sent a message to his son, telling him where to buy the soup. At the same time, she also told Frank that they had hired an expensive chef who could make it anytime.

Rose got her way, and she was ecstatic. She wriggled on the bed, just shy of breaking into a dance. She didn't look like someone who had just given birth to a child.

Edward didn't say anything about her either. She was highly indulgent.

Rose thought that it would be satisfying to watch them eating even if she could not eat it.

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An hour and a half later.

The door of the ward was pushed open again.

Frank Roberts was carrying several takeaway boxes, while Ava Turner was holding Rose potato soup. She placed the thermos box on Rose's dining table. "Rose, your soup is here. Please enjoy your meal."

Rose was in a good mood and floated with joy. She asked Ava to change his words, "Please address me as 'Your Highness' when you invite me to dine."

As Ava was about to say it, a reprimanding voice interrupted her, "You'd better finish your soup obediently. Your Highness'? Why don't you call yourself an alien?"

Edward came over to help open the thermos box and handed the spoon over. He said, "Eat it while it's hot."

Rose looked up and asked Edward with a pouting mouth, "Hubby, am I like a goddess to you?"

Edward replied calmly, "Yes."

After getting a satisfactory answer, Rose stuck out her tongue at Frank smugly as if to say, "Look, I am. It's useless even if you don't admit it."

Frank could not be bothered with her.

Seeing that her brother was ignoring her, Rose did not mind and said, "You guys even bought a thermos box. It doesn't have to be so good." Looking at the pink thermos box on the table, Rose was touched.

"We didn't buy it. The shop owner gave it to us," replied Ava as she helped Rose bring some tissues to the dining table.

Rose looked intently at the other table. She and asked curiously, "What did you buy? Let r After saying this, she received a warning from

Rose, who received the look, puffed up her cheeks and shrank her neck. She puffed in her mouth and said pitifully, "I'm not eating. I can't even take a look. Why are you so petty?"

Frank placed the takeout on the table one by one. There was grilled fish, barbecue, milkshakes, stir- fried pasta, and fried rice. They were all bought at the food street.

The smell of various delicacies silently drifted into Rose's nose. She instantly felt like she was masochistic.

The small table was instantly filled with delicious food. Seeing this, Rose instantly felt that the potato soup in front of her was not fragrant. She licked her lips and sighed heavily. She resigned herself to her fate and enjoyed her soup. Fortunately, the soup was delicious.

When he heard his sister's sigh, Frank mocked her mercilessly. "You have self-abuse tendencies," said Frank. They were supposed to eat outside but had to pack it back.

Her brother's words were exactly what she had been thinking. She

definitely could not admit it. Rose retorted indignantly, "I'm willing, so go, ahead and hit me."

"Rose, bear with it a little longer. Do you want me to have the soup with you?" Edward felt a little sorry for his wife as she could not eat this pile of delicacies and could only watch.

"Do you know that food is precious?" Frank asked Edward profoundly. Ava, who understood what he meant, quickly interpreted the inner meaning and called out to Edward, "Let's eat together. There's so

much food. It'll be a waste if we can't finish it."

The more Rose drank the soup, the more fragrant they became. Her mood also improved. She raised her chin and let Edward taste with her. "Hubby, have a try at this. My soup is also very delicious. I'm just venting my frustrations."

The next day.

Ava woke up early. Grace bought a lot of breakfast for her to choose from. Rose could only drink the potato soup.

After breakfast, Ava left with the child in her arms and spent time with Frank. Later in the afternoon, Frank accompanied her to the hospital and sent her back on a plane before returning to work at the company. Juana Landor came to the hospital after Frank and the others left. She made a large pot of creamy potato soup and fish soup.

Rose was taken care of meticulously in the hospital in this way. It could be said that she was provided with everything she needed.

Sherri Landor had another meal in the past few days, which was in Rose's ward. She rarely went to the cafeteria these days and came to the ward every day to freeload. It was either breakfast or lunch.

Although Juana despised her, she still prepared her daughter's portion daily. If her daughter hadn't shown up at mealtime, Juana would still stubbornly ask Edward to ask.

At Edward's villa.

Rose was discharged from the hospital today. Considering that Juana would be taking care of Rose, the meticulous Edward arranged for his wife to stay in the villa he had bought. In this way, his mother-in-law, father-in-law, and brother-in-law would feel at ease living together.

In the downstairs kitchen, both mothers were busy with their cooking. Grace was cooking creamy potato soup, and Juana was making regular meals.

The division of labor was detailed. Juana was not very confident in her cooking skills. It was edible, but delicious was impossible. She gave her a heads-up in advance. "In-law, just to let you know, my culinary skills are not exquisite. I might be a little lacking from being exquisite."

It meant that she had to be mentally prepared.

Grace stirred the creamy potato soup in the pot with a spoon and found it very fragrant. She served a bowl to Juana and said, "Give it a taste. My culinary skills are not good either. I'm not picky."

"That's good, that's good. Hehe, it's mainly because I haven't had a chance to showcase my skills. If I can perform every day, my skills will soar," explained Juana when she picked up the bowl.

After a sip, she said, "Mmm, it's delicious. Your culinary skills are much better than mine."

"What's so delicious about it? Let me try it. Oh, Grace, you're cooking." This was not common. Joy Blackwell was here to see the child. Usually, Sherri was working with her

son, so she could not leave. Now that her daughter-in-law was home, she took the time to come over with Nathan Blackwell.

Juana quickly went out to welcome her. "Oh my, why are you here? Come in quickly. It's been hard on you these past few days, taking care of two children alone."

Edward came down to pick up creamy potato soup. Fifteen minutes ago, his mother-in-law sent a message asking him to come downstairs to pick up creamy potato soup for Rose. When the time was up, he came down on time.

Seeing Hackett's parents in the living room, she said, "Mr. Blackwell, Mrs. Blackwell, take a seat first."

"Please have a seat. Rose is probably breastfeeding now. I'll bring you guys up to see the little guy later. He's such a rare breed, is as rare as my Ruby and Liam. I realized that there are no ugly children nowadays."

Juana kept praising her children, not leaving a single one behind.

Joy replied, "That's right. Edward, you must be overjoyed."

"Yes," Edward replied calmly. He was pleased, but he did not know how to respond. "I'll bring creamy potato soup up."

"Go, go ahead. This child doesn't show much emotion, but he's pleased. When he saw the Rose photos, he was dumbfounded," said Juana.

Grace came out of the kitchen and didn't say much. She smiled at Joy and Nathan, sitting on the sofa and chatting casually.

Rose was feeding the child upstairs. After feeding him, she realized that the little guy had woken up. She handed Edward to put the child in the cradle. She looked at the creamy potato soup and said affirmatively, "Grace cooked this."

"How do you know? How can you tell?" Edward was puzzled.

"Because it doesn't have much oil, just a little. I wouldn't say I like greasy ones. I didn't tell Mom, but Grace knew. So, isn't the case solved?"

Rose sipped and said, "Wow, it's delicious."

"The creamy potato soup Mom made for you that day was so greasy. If you don't like it, why don't you say it? If you don't like it in the future, say it. You don't have to force yourself to drink it. Mom won't

mind.” said Edward. Thinking of the layer of oil on the creamy potato soup that his mother had cooked for her that day, he felt a little guilty.

Seeing that Edward was in a daze and pursed his lips without saying anything, Røse explained, “It’s fine. I don’t want to reject Mom’s intentions. It’s quite delicious, but it’s a little oily. However, it must have been brewed for a long time. Mom is very attentive.”

“Besides, Mom’s culinary skills are average, to begin with. If I keep saying I don’t like this or that. She’ll lose all everyone is er self-confidence. Not as thick-skinned as me,” Rose said self-awarely.

Appreciating his wife’s understanding, Edward kissed her forehead, and a smile formed. No wonder his mother-in-law said that she was here to stay up for creamy potato soup today. Edward just realized the reason. Rose raised his head, hugged Edward’s neck, and said, “I’m fine. Mom has put in a lot of effort. I found that she’s been even busier since Sherri gave birth. You should let her relax.”

“Alright, I’ll tell Mom. She’s just worried you won’t be used to staying here,” said Edward as he gently touched her lips.

“I’m used to it. I’m comfortable wherever I go. As long as you are with me,” claimed Rose.

Edward replied, “Yeah, of course.”

“Then I’ll go downstairs and take a look. Hackett’s parents are here,” Edward said as he stood straight and looked at the child in the crib.

When Rose heard this, she quickly waved his hand. Since the guests were here, he had to entertain them. After all, this house belonged to both of them. “Go, go ahead,” said Rose.

As soon as the door was closed, the baby started to cry and fuss. It seemed that he wasn’t delighted with the change in environment, probably because he had gotten used to the hospital room. He was

having trouble adjusting to this new place.

With guests downstairs, she couldn’t let the child cry. As a pediatrician, if she couldn’t handle a little one like this, she would lose all credibility, which would be embarrassing. Her reputation would be in vain.

She tried her best to think of a way. She walked to the side of the cradle and began to communicate. She held the child’s hand gently and said, “My dear son, even if you like that VIP ward, I can’t bring you back, I can’t stay there forever. If others can let me stay

there, I can't. I will be treated as a lunatic. Do you know that? That's a hospital, not a home."

The baby wasn't giving her face and started to babble even louder.

"Alright, I'll find a song for you to calm down. Let's begin," said Rose and picked up her phone to quickly stop the little guy's emotions from erupting.

She casually picked a song and started playing it. She felt that she was too lively Just as she was about to change, she realized the child had quietened down a little. She retracted her hand.

"Alright, as long as you don't cry," said Rose. Little Bear Dance's song was playing on a loop in the room. Perhaps it was infected, but Rose suddenly wanted to dance.

Indeed, she did. As her son listened to the music, he gradually quietened down and began to familiarize himself with the environment of the room. He looked around, and his small eyes kept wandering.

Meanwhile, Rose was infected by the music. Wearing warm slippers, a windbreak on her head, and a restraining belt on her waist, she danced the Little Bear Dance in the room and sang along.

She was so high that his son, who was observing the room, was attracted by her. He kept staring at Rose without blinking.

Perhaps he was curious about what this person was doing. What was she dancing about?

The door had long been pushed open. A group of people stood at the door. Edward was originally downstairs, accompanying Nathan.

Coincidentally, Richard Landor came. He let the elders chat with him and left.

He was the last to go upstairs. The elders were blocking the door, so he didn't know what was happening inside.

The expressions of the people in the doorway were complex to describe.

Everyone thought that they had come to the wrong place. The music played a little louder, drowning out the sound of the door opening. Rose had her back to them and was completely unaware of the visitors.

She continued dancing and had no idea the atmosphere had taken an unusual turn.

A few of them did not know if it was better to enter the house or close the door.

They were in a dilemma as they had seen everything they needed to see.

Joy smiled and said, "It's good. After giving birth, you have to exercise. You can't lie in bed all the time."

"That's right, Lagree. Rose is more lively. Her training method is unique. As long as she is happy, it's fine," Jua

Juana nodded in agreement. said.

Finally, Grace gave Edward a meaningful look and gestured for him to turn off the music.