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“This child looks like Tongtong.”

The old lady gently touched the baby’s tiny face.

Tang Junye agreed. “She does look like Tongtong.”

“She also resembles Zhan Yin a little.”

Liberty nodded. After taking a closer look, she said, “But she still looks more like Tongtong.”

Haitong said, “You can tell who a baby resembles right after birth, but they change every day. Right now he looks like me, but as he grows, he might look like someone else.”

Still, he was good-looking.

A real beauty.

With both parents being attractive, whether he takes after her or Zhan Yin, their son was bound to be handsome.

“He’s the son of my eldest brother and sister-in-law. So naturally, he’ll look like either of them. I agree with Sister Liberty—he does resemble my eldest brother a little, but more so my sister-in-law,” Ning Yunchu added.

She gazed at the child with soft, affectionate eyes.

She wanted a baby too, but couldn’t conceive yet and had to take medication daily to regulate her body.

Dr. Cheng had said that with another year of treatment, she could begin preparing for pregnancy.

Qiao Han also looked at the baby with gentle eyes and said, “So tiny.”

“Newborns are all small. Ours weighed seven pounds at birth, so he wasn’t tiny. Those born at four or five pounds are even smaller.”

The old lady stood up, bent over, and picked up her great-grandson. The little one suddenly woke up, crying with his eyes still shut, head turning sideways, instinctively searching for food.

“He’s hungry. Make some milk formula.”

While gently soothing her great-grandson, the old lady asked her daughter-in-law to prepare the milk.

Tang Junye personally made 30 milliliters of formula for his grandson. The old lady tested a few drops on the back of her hand, and when it wasn’t too hot, she fed it to the baby.

The little one was truly hungry.
The little guy was hungry.

He drank 15 milliliters and seemed like he wanted more, but the old lady didn’t let him.

The nurse had advised not to feed the baby too much at first—5 to 15 milliliters was enough.

After finishing the 15 milliliters of formula, the baby opened his eyes and glanced around before quickly closing them and drifting back to sleep.

The old lady gently patted his back a few times, continuing to hold him. She didn’t lay him down right away, worried he might spit up.

After a while, she returned the baby to Haitong.

“Old lady.”

The housekeeper entered carrying a thermal lunch box.

She had brought food for Haitong.

Although Haitong had a natural delivery, she could only eat light food immediately after giving birth.

The old lady had asked the housekeeper to make some millet porridge and bring it to her.

Haitong had used up a lot of energy during labor and was feeling hungry.

When she saw the housekeeper with the porridge, she tried to sit up. Liberty and Mrs. Shang both reached out to help her.

“Sis, I’ll feed you some millet porridge,” Liberty said.

She opened the lunch box, scooped a bowl of porridge, and was ready to feed her sister.

“Sis, I can do it myself. I’m already feeling much better.”

Haitong felt she could get out of bed and eat on her own now—no need to be spoon-fed.

Luckily, she had managed a natural delivery. If it had been a C-section, she’d still be lying there unable to move or eat.

Still, Liberty insisted on feeding her. “When I gave birth to Yang Yang, you took care of me. Now I want to take care of you. What’s wrong with that?”

Left with no choice, Haitong let her sister feed her.

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Zhan Yin finally came in.

He looked a bit better.

As soon as everyone saw him enter, their eyes went straight to his face. The old lady even joked, “Good thing you can still walk. Otherwise, your brothers would’ve had to carry you in.”

“Grandma, I told you I could handle it.”

Childbirth was incredibly painful.

Zhan Yin made up his mind—this would be their only child. He didn’t want his beloved wife to suffer through the pain of giving birth ever again.

“Sis, let me feed Tongtong some porridge.”

Seeing his aunt feeding his wife, Zhan Yin walked over and stood behind Liberty, clearly wanting to take over and feed Haitong himself.

“No need. Tongtong is almost done. Go check on the baby. I doubt you’ve even taken a proper look at your son yet.”

Liberty was very satisfied with her brother-in-law’s devotion.

He truly cared about her sister.

When Zhan Yin had stepped out earlier, his face was pale as paper, and his legs were trembling—he could barely walk. If his younger brothers hadn't supported him, he might have collapsed.

Liberty remembered when she gave birth to Yang Yang. Zhou Honglin's family had been overjoyed when they heard it was a boy. Yang Yang was the first to be carried out of the delivery room, and they eagerly left with him.

When she herself came out, only her sister had waited for her outside. The entire Zhou family had gone to see the baby.

Back then, she and Zhou Honglin still had feelings for each other, but he didn't even stay to wait for her to come out of the delivery room.

She hadn't thought much of it at the time, but looking back now, she realized that during childbirth, the ones most worried about the mother are often her own family.

They say those who leave with smiles on their faces while carrying the baby are usually from the husband's side, while those who wait anxiously outside the delivery room are often the wife's family.

For a daughter's family, joy doesn't come until they see their girl safely out. Only then can they relax and celebrate the new life.

The Zhan family had always treated Haitong well. They never once criticized her background as unworthy of Zhan Yin.

Earlier, when Haitong tried to sit up to eat porridge, it was her own family who rushed to help her.

Zhan Yin had glanced at his son in the delivery room, but all his attention was on his wife. Zhan Yin glanced at his son in the delivery room, but all his attention remained on his wife.

"I've already seen the baby," he said.

Liberty turned to look at him. Noticing he looked much better, she made room for him, handed him the half bowl of porridge, and asked him to feed Haitong the rest of the millet porridge.

"Honey, you're still so pale. You look even worse than I do."

Haitong reached out and touched his face.

Zhan Yin poured her another half bowl of porridge and gently fed her as he said, "I was terrified. This is the first time in my life I've felt real fear. Tongtong, I was really scared."

“I told you not to stay with me during labor, but you insisted. It’s okay—we’re both safe now, my son and I.”

Haitong was touched.

Especially when she saw the bite marks on the backs of Zhan Yin’s hands. She had left them there.

“Later, go ask the nurse to disinfect your hands and put on some medicine. I bit too hard at the time.”

“And yet, you still bit me—and I let you. I gave you my hand on purpose.”

Tang Junye looked at the wound on his son’s hand and said, “Compared to what she went through giving birth, that pain is nothing.”

The old lady agreed. “It’s just a bit of broken skin. It’s fine. I’ll ask the nurse to bring some medicated oil later.”

But Zhan Yin didn’t care at all.

Even now, he didn’t feel any pain.

Maybe because his attention was still completely focused on his wife.

After Haitong finished eating, she picked up her son and asked her husband to come and look after him together.

She could confidently say Zhan Yin had no real impression of their baby yet.

Zhan Yin: I’ve only known him for a few hours—I honestly don’t have any impression of him yet.

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“Grandma, you all go back and get some rest. I’ll stay here and take care of Tongtong.”

After Haitong finished eating, Zhan Yin encouraged the rest of the family to head home and rest.

“It’s still early, there’s no rush to go back,” the old lady replied, glancing at the time, reluctant to leave the hospital so soon.

“We’re just worried about you being alone here. We all have children to care for, so Grandma will stay with you,” she said with concern.

The others quickly tried to persuade her to rest, insisting she head home while they stayed behind.

In the end, only Zhan Yin and Liberty remained at the hospital to look after Haitong and her baby. Everyone else was sent back.

After they left, the room fell into a calm silence.

Liberty sat by the bedside, gazing at her little nephew. The more she looked, the more she adored him. Smiling, she said, “Tongtong, this baby is so handsome. Have you two picked a name yet?”

“I’ve thought of a few. It’s between Zhan Rui and Zhan Hao. Sis, which one do you think sounds better?”

“They both sound nice. Either one works. It’s up to you,” Liberty replied, lifting her nephew into her arms.

“Yangyang will be here soon. Dong Ming said he’d bring him tomorrow to see his little brother, but he insisted on coming tonight. He said he wouldn’t go to sleep until he saw him.”

Since her sister was admitted to the hospital to give birth, Liberty had been there with her almost constantly.

Her son was left in Duncan’s care.

Although Duncan still wasn’t very mobile and, as a brother-in-law, couldn’t stay at the hospital all day, he fully dedicated himself to looking after his stepson.

“Let him come. It’s still early.”

She had given birth around six in the evening, and now it was just past nine. Yangyang could visit briefly and still get enough sleep for school the next day.

“He’s almost here. Your brother-in-law just texted me—he’ll be here in ten minutes.”

“Sis, let’s go with Zhan Hao for his name. It’s this character, but it has too many strokes. I’m worried he’ll cry when he has to write it in school.”

“Sis, let’s name the baby Zhan Hao. It’s this character—too many strokes. I’m worried he’ll cry when he has to write it at school.”

Haitong said this half to herself, a smile tugging at her lips as she spoke the last part.

Zhan Yin replied, “There’s no rush. We can take our time and choose a name after we’re discharged and back home.”

“Maybe Grandma will ask the master to help pick a good name for the baby.”

Although the master had said his fate with their family had come to an end and told Grandma not to contact him again, she might still reach out to one of his top disciples. The master had very few students, and he only accepted those with exceptional talent and good character.

If someone lacked integrity or was just mediocre, the master would reject them outright.

Given the master’s level of attainment, he feared that if a poor disciple learned his skills and used them for harm, it would not only be sinful but also implicate him.

Haitong thought for a moment, then said, “Alright, then we won’t rush. Once we’re home, we’ll take our time and go through the naming books together.”

Zhan Yin had already bought several name books, studying meanings and the five elements in advance. He even submitted a few names for evaluation.

Haha, Haitong had laughed to herself more times than she could count.

Every father probably hopes for his son’s success, starting with choosing a meaningful name.

Who would’ve thought that even President Zhan would go through name evaluations like any ordinary parent, just to give his son the best?

But in Dongguan City’s wealthy and influential circles, belief in Feng Shui and fate runs deep.

Some big names even keep such masters on retainer with high salaries.

Whenever they build homes, renovate tombs, or launch big projects, they consult masters to pick auspicious dates and run detailed calculations.

If a business suffers or incurs major losses, they’ll spare no effort to turn things around—often starting by asking if their office’s feng shui has been disrupted.

In short, the saying “the end of science is metaphysics” is alive and well in the lives of these elites.

“Auntie, Auntie, I want to see my little brother!”

Yangyang’s voice rang out.

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The little guy's voice came before he even appeared.

Duncan's voice followed, calling out, "Yangyang, don't run so fast! Wait for Uncle Lu— Uncle Lu can't walk as quickly as you!"

He was in a wheelchair, being pushed by his bodyguards, who were walking briskly but still couldn't catch up with the energetic Yangyang.

He had only just told Yangyang which room his aunt was in, and the little guy ran over on his own.

After spending a few days in kindergarten and learning to recognize some words, it made a difference.

Yangyang burst into the room.

His voice naturally softened as he entered.

"Mom, Aunt!"

Yangyang called out happily, and finally remembered to call Zhan Yin "Uncle."

"Yangyang's here!"

Haitong smiled and waved to her nephew, and Yangyang walked over to her.

"Auntie, are you okay?"

He noticed that his aunt's belly wasn't as big as before and asked, "Aunt, why is your belly smaller now?"

Liberty chuckled and replied, "Didn't you see Mommy holding your little brother? After giving birth, of course her belly got smaller."

Yangyang responded with an "oh" and quickly went to his mother's side to look at his new little brother.

After staring at the baby for a while, Yangyang seemed hesitant, as if he had something to say.

"What is it, Yangyang?" Haitong asked gently.

After hesitating for a moment, Yangyang finally said honestly, "Auntie, my little brother looks kind of ugly... Why isn't he as cute and pretty as the little brother at my other aunt's house?"

The adults all burst into laughter.

After saying that, Yangyang looked a bit embarrassed.

After Yangyang finished speaking, he felt a little embarrassed.

He hadn't meant to say it, but his aunt had asked him directly.

Yangyang had always been an honest child, so he simply told the truth.

Even though the baby was his aunt's child, Yangyang couldn't bring himself to say the little brother was good-looking.

He really did look a bit ugly.

Just a little—he wasn't that ugly.

"You looked the same when you were born. As you grew, you got better looking. In three months, your little brother will be just as cute and handsome as the baby at your great-aunt's house."

Yangyang looked stunned. He glanced at his brother, then at Liberty. "Mom, was I this ugly when I was born?"

Now everyone adored him—flowers bloomed when he passed by, and cars seemed to get flat tires at the sight of him.

"Many babies don't look very cute when they're first born. But as they grow, they become good-looking. Didn't you say your aunt's little brother was ugly when he was born? Is he still ugly now?"

Yangyang tried to remember, but he didn't recall ever calling that baby ugly. All he knew was that now the little one was fair, soft, and super cute. Every time Yangyang saw him, he'd grin and wave his arms, asking for a hug.

"Then I'll check on my little brother in a few years."

Yangyang had made up his mind.

He would come back in a few days to see if his little brother had become better looking—only then would he believe what his mom said.

Liberty smiled and said, "Your aunt and little brother will be discharged in a few days. Let's go visit them at home."

"I want to live with Auntie," Yangyang said without hesitation.

After his parents returned from Jiangcheng, he went back to live with them and no longer stayed at his aunt's house.

Now that his aunt had a baby, he wanted to move in again—so he could see his little brother every day and watch how he grew more beautiful with each passing day.

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Before Haitong could respond, Liberty gently turned down her son's request.

“Your aunt needs to stay in confinement after giving birth, and your uncle has to take care of both her and the baby. He doesn't have time to look after you, so you can't stay at their house. You'll live with us. I'll be going back to work in a few days, but Uncle Lu will be home.”

“He can look after you.”

After her sister gave birth, Liberty had returned from Jiangcheng and would come back again to celebrate the baby's one-month milestone.

Yangyang pouted in disappointment, clearly unhappy.

He mumbled, “There are other uncles and aunts at my uncle's house. I can take care of myself—I won't trouble Aunt or Uncle.”

“Sis.”

Haitong smiled and said, “If Yangyang wants to stay with me, let him. He's very independent—he can bathe, change clothes, eat, and do his homework all by himself. You don't need to worry.”

“Just arrange for a driver to drop him off and pick him up from kindergarten.”

Yangyang's mood instantly shifted from gloomy to excited. “I'll move to Auntie's house tomorrow and watch my little brother become more and more handsome!”

Liberty tapped her son's forehead and said helplessly, “Your aunt loves you, so she's letting you stay. But you mustn't disturb her. Let her rest properly.”

Then she turned to her sister. “Tongtong, just focus on your recovery. Don't worry about this little guy. Make sure you rest well during your confinement.”

“I know, Sis.”

Haitong had experience caring for her sister during her confinement period, and now her own conditions were much better than what Liberty had back then.

“Yangyang, now that you’ve seen your brother, it’s time to go home and get to bed. You have kindergarten tomorrow,” Liberty reminded gently.

Yangyang was reluctant to leave. He gave his baby brother a kiss on the cheek, then turned to Haitong and said, “Auntie, I’ll come see you and my brother after school tomorrow!”

“Alright.”

“Good night, Auntie.”

Yangyang waved goodbye with a bright smile and wished his aunt a good night. Yangyang waved goodbye to his aunt and said good night.

Zhan Yin held his hand and walked out with Duncan, teasing him, “You only said good night to your aunt—what about your uncle?”

“Good night, Uncle. When I’m not around, you have to take good care of my aunt and little brother.”

The little guy spoke in an innocent and serious tone.

Zhan Yin chuckled. “Of course. Your aunt is my wife, and your little brother is my son. I love them dearly and will definitely take good care of them.”

The little one was so thoughtful—it made all their love for him feel even more worthwhile.

Then Yangyang asked, a bit disappointed, “Uncle, now that you have a little brother, will you still love me in the future?”

Zhan Yin stopped walking, squatted down, turned Yangyang toward him, and looked at him eye to eye.

“Yangyang, no matter how many children your aunt and I have, we will always love you. You and your future siblings are all equally important in our hearts.”

Yangyang replied, “But I don’t have a sister.”

So far, he had only gained younger brothers.

Zhan Yin paused for a moment, then said, “Maybe in a few years, your mom might give you a little sister. Your aunts and uncles might have daughters too.”

“Uncle, aren’t you and Aunt going to give me a little sister?”

Yangyang remembered that his aunt often said she wanted both a younger brother and a younger sister. Now he had the brother, but the sister hadn’t arrived yet.

Zhan Yin smiled. “That’s a matter for the adults to decide. Yangyang is still a kid—no need to worry about that just yet.”

He picked Yangyang up and said warmly, “Just remember, no matter what happens, all of us will always love you just the same.”

Yangyang finally felt at ease.

He liked his little brother, but he was afraid the grown-ups might stop liking him now that there was someone new.

Zhan Yin walked with the father and son to the parking lot downstairs.

“Dongming, take Yangyang home to rest. Everything’s fine here. I’ll head back up and let Tongtong get some sleep.”