

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 777

Nevertheless, Shao Yun wasn't particularly against the idea of the affectionate duo being lovey-dovey in front of him because he had always wanted her to live a happy life.

Since Zong Jinghao had agreed, Shao Yun asked once more to verify. "Seriously? Are you sure it's okay for me to name your son?"

"Yes, Uncle," Lin Xinyan beamed her reply and stared at Zong Jinghao in the eyes after she finished her sentence.

Her husband had his eyes glued to her in a similar manner. Caressing her forehead, he said, "Let's have him take the surname of Zhuang."

Shao Yun, who had a hard time figuring out a suitable name for the little boy, got up from the chair the moment he heard Zong Jinghao's words.

Staring at Zong Jinghao in the eyes, Shao Yun stuttered, "H-He's your son..."

"He's also Yan's son," Zong Jinghao assured Shao Yun.

Once again, Shao Yun's eyes gleamed. He was certain that Wen Xian had made the proper arrangement; she had found her daughter a reliable, capable, and loving husband.

"I'm not a civilized man, okay? You're not allowed to blame me if the name doesn't sound great," Shao Yun teased them in return.

"We won't blame you, but please don't name him after something odd. Otherwise, I'm afraid our son will hold a grudge against us in the future," Lin Xinyan teased with a bright grin.

Shao Yun remarked, "You should be grateful I'm not going to name him after the historical figures of the nation!"

Lin Xinyan was rendered speechless by her uncle's reply.

On the other hand, Shao Yun had given it a thought about after he figured out Lin Xinyan had given birth to a boy. He secretly hoped that Lin Xinyan would name the child after his brother's surname.

Since Lin Xinyan refused to take the surname of his brother, he didn't want his brother to be the last generation of the family.

Nevertheless, he wouldn't have brought up such an absurd request if Lin Xinyan weren't the one who had suggested ahead of him.

Truth be told, he had long procured someone else's service to name the boy. He had been playing hard to get because he simply wanted to tease Lin Xinyan.

"Since he's the third, shall we name him the millennial's way? What about Tristan Zhuang?"

Lin Xinyan was at a loss for words when she heard the seemingly odd name suggested by her uncle. Such a name would make her youngest son stand out amongst her children.

"Alright. That's merely a joke, albeit a bad one." Shao Yun put on a stern front and suggested in a serious manner, "What about Zhuang Jiawen?"

The tentative name of the little boy contained characters of Zhuang Ziyi and Wen Xian's names.

He had provided the characters of their names to the professional he had hired and requested him to name the boy accordingly.

Although it was a meaningful name, there wasn't anything else special about it. If Lin Xinyan were aware that he had paid a fortune to hire someone else to name her son, she would have reprimanded him for wasting money again.

Shao Yun felt uneasy upon seeing Lin Xinyan and Zong Jinghao fall silent after they heard his suggestion. The man probed further, "What do you guys think?"

"I like it!" Lin Xinyan assured her uncle.

From the moment Lin Xinyan agreed to accept her uncle's proposal, she knew that her newborn son would have to take a different path as compared to his elder siblings.

In the future, Zhuang Jiawen would be the inheritor of Wen Xian and Zhuang Zijin's inheritance. Therefore, he needed a name that would befit his identity.

She also wanted a name that could allow her family to commemorate their existence.

"Thanks, Uncle," Lin Xinyan enunciated.

"I'm glad to be of help!" Shao Yun waved at her in return.

Holding on to her hand, he stated, "Since we have everything sorted out, I'll drop by and visit the little boy. Please take good care of yourself."

As the newborn had been delivered ahead of his estimated date of delivery and spent an extensive period in his mother's abdomen, he would have to spend the upcoming month in the open crib before he could be discharged. Therefore, the visitors could only catch mere glimpses of the baby from afar.

Since they hadn't gotten to see the baby, those who were outside the suite decided to tag along when they noticed someone making a trip to visit the child.

Within a few seconds, the ward was emptied once again.

Zhuang Zijin served Lin Xinyan bowl of soup carefully. She was grateful that her daughter had managed to make it out of the operating theater alive, but she was aware that her daughter had critically damaged her body as a result.

Lin Xinyan wouldn't be able to produce any offspring anymore because her uterus had been severely damaged.

"I don't feel like finishing the soup." Lin Xinyan turned her mother down. She had been consuming at least three servings per day for the past three days.

Since she couldn't finish the soup, Zong Jinghao suggested, "Mom, why don't you place it here for the time being?"

So, Zhuang Zijin placed the bowl of soup on the table as instructed. She urged her daughter, "Even though it tastes awful, you have to finish it for the sake of your body."

"I know, Mom," Lin Xinyan replied.

"Does it still hurt?" Zhuang Zijin wondered.

Her daughter nodded in return. She had started producing breast milk after she gave birth to her son, but the baby had been sent to the neonatal care unit right after he was born. She couldn't breastfeed him. As a result, she had engorged breasts.

"If it hurts a lot, why don't you try using the breast pump?"

"It's fine." Lin Xinyan turned down her mother's suggestion because the doctor had advised her to prevent breastfeeding at all costs.

Firstly, it was due to her condition. Secondly, there were residues of drugs that had been administered throughout the operation. The doctor was afraid the residues would be incorporated into the milk produced. Therefore, it wouldn't be suitable for a baby's consumption.

She had to bear with the pain because her breasts would return to their ordinary condition after the engorgement reached a certain extent.

Zhuang Zijin let out a long sigh. "If that's the case, you should take a break. The guests will be back to visit you once they're done visiting the baby."

Her daughter nodded in return.

Making her way out of the room after she finished her sentence, Zhuang Zijin closed the door.

Meanwhile, Zong Jinghao reached for the bowl of soup and took a seat on the bed. "You should finish this. Otherwise, it'll get cold soon."

To prevent his wife from catching a cold during her confinement, the air-conditioner wasn't turned on. Similarly, Zhuang Zijin had prevented Lin Xinyan from taking showers.

Lin Xinyan was certain that she would be drenched in sweat once again if she consumed such a bowl of hot soup in such a stuffed environment. Therefore, she refused to consume the bowl of hot soup as she had enough of being drenched.

"I'll finish it later on." Lin Xinyan lay on the bed statically.

"Are you not feeling well?" Zong Jinghao placed the bowl of soup on the nightstand and asked.

"What do you think?" Lin Xinyan looked at her husband in the eyes and directed a rhetorical question at him.

Zong Jinghao tried to persuade his wife. “You have to bear with it for the time being. Let’s have you finish this bowl of soup. Once you’re done, I’ll wipe your body clean and get you changed into another new set of clothes. I’m sure that’ll make you feel a tad bit better.”

Lin Xinyan was tempted because she could settle for less and have her body wiped cleaned. Therefore, she sat upright immediately.

Her husband was about to feed her, but she stopped him and took over the bowl of soup. “I’ll finish it in one go.”

She gulped down the entire bowl of hot soup and immediately started feeling the heat within her system once more. She quickly asked him to hand her a piece of tissue as beads of sweat streamed down her forehead.

Zong Jinghao took the bowl out and drew the curtain once he returned. He brought a pail of hot water with him and placed it on the chair. Once he soaked the towel, he instructed, “You should remove your clothes.”