

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 223

Cheng Yuxiu was taken to the delivery room.

Zong Qifeng paced back and forth in front of the door and stole a few glances inside, but all he could hear were Cheng Yuxiu's painful cries.

Wen Xian walked over. "Don't worry too much."

Zong Qifeng turned around and looked at her, unable to speak for a long moment.

He longed for a good smoke to take his mind off things, but the posters on the wall telling him that smoking was prohibited forced him to suppress the urge.

The suffering continued for seven hours. Being a first-time mother, it took a much longer time for Cheng Yuxiu's cervix to dilate.

"Ahhh!"

Suddenly, a loud scream pierced through the air, followed by the cries of a newborn baby.

Zong Qifeng's eyes lit up. "Is she done?"

Wen Xian heaved a huge sigh of relief. "I guess so."

After a while, the door to the delivery room opened, and a nurse came out with a baby in her arms. "The child has been delivered successfully at 7.20 A.M. on 21st December. He's a boy weighing at 2.8kg."

Zong Qifeng had been looking forward to this moment, but when it came, he didn't know how to react. Instead, he stood rooted to the ground.

Wen Xian came forward to take the child from the nurse's arms. "Thank you."

"This is our duty. The mother will be coming out soon," the nurse said, before returning to the delivery room and closing the door behind her.

Wen Xian looked at the baby in her arms, her face filled with love. He was tiny, almost fragile-looking.

It was her first time holding a baby, hence she was very careful with it and it felt amazing. She walked over to Zong Qifeng. "Look, it's your baby."

It was still too early to tell who the child resembles, but he had a full head of bushy, black hair.

Zong Qifeng looked down, his face taut and his hands shaking from excitement. "Give him to me."

Wen Xian carefully passed him the baby. "Be careful. He's still very fragile."

This only made Zong Qifeng even more nervous.

He took the baby from her arms and felt his heart thump against his chest. He's a father now and this is his baby – it felt like a dream come true, yet it still seemed so surreal.

"He's my baby."

Wen Xian smiled. "That's right. He's your child, and your blood is running through his veins. You're father and son."

Zong Qifeng looked up. "I must thank you for making me a father so soon."

He wasn't making fun of her, neither was he being sarcastic – he was genuinely thankful for her.

Nothing could console the bitterness in him but this child.

At that moment, he could feel himself letting go of his past.

He continued to stare at the baby as he talked to Wen Xian, "I'll let you go. Let's get a divorce tomorrow."

Wen Xian figured that he finally knew what he wanted.

"Are you crazy?" Wen Xian rolled her eyes at him. "My brother would probably kill you if he found out that you divorced me the moment the child was born."

Zong Qifeng laughed too. Maybe he was really going crazy from happiness.

At that moment, the door to the delivery room opened, and Cheng Yuxiu was wheeled out of it. Her doctor came out as well with a smile. "Everything is fine. She needs to rest now, so let's get a room for her."

"We're going to another hospital now," Wen Xian said, taking the baby from Zong Qifeng's arms. "We don't have much time."

Zong Qifeng gave the baby to Wen Xian before bending down to pick up Cheng Yuxiu, who was still unconscious. She was too tired after being in pain for the whole night.

Her whole body was limp.

This hospital had been the one that Cheng Yuxiu had been going for checkups the whole time, as it was rather hidden from the public eye.

After giving birth, they would have to go to a hospital in the city. Wen Xian would definitely not give birth at such a secluded hospital.

The morning air was chilly, so Zong Qifeng took his coat and wrapped it around Cheng Yuxiu's body before putting her into the car. Wen Xian followed suit, the baby nestled in her arms.

They made their way back to the city hospital when the streets were still empty, and everything went smoothly. They had arranged everything beforehand to make it look like Wen Xian had just given birth.

Cheng Yuxiu moved into a nearby room. When everything was ready, Zong Qifeng made the call to his family and Wen Xian's family to announce the birth of their baby boy.

Both families were elated with the news, but when Madam Wen heard the news, she began to berate him on the spot, "Women go through hell and back just to give birth, and you're only telling me that she has given birth now?"

Zong Qifeng's hand on his phone clenched even tighter when he heard her words. Suddenly, Cheng Yuxiu's painful cries began to ring in his ears.

She had been so brave and strong, yet she couldn't bear the pain. It must have been excruciating.

He felt that he owed her something.

"Why aren't you talking?" Madam Wen asked.

"I forgot to tell you yesterday. I was too nervous," Zong Qifeng explained hurriedly.

Considering that he was a first-time father, it made sense that he forgot to tell the family about the birth in the midst of his anxiety. Madam Wen decided to drop the subject. "Don't let her catch a cold. We're going over now."

After an hour, the small hospital room was crowded with people, some of them looking at the newborn baby, and others fussing over Wen Xian.

“This child looks like Qifeng,” Madam Wen said, holding the child in her arms.

“Indeed,” Madam Zong added.

Wen Xian leaned against the bed, unable to imagine how it would feel like to be a new mother. She could only pretend to be exhausted.

“He’s only a baby! How could you even tell who he looks like?”

Madam Zong took Wen Xian’s hand. “You’re the hero of the Zong family,” she said, before taking out a property deed and a jewelry box from her bag.

“It isn’t worth much, but I prepared this sapphire ring just for you. This deed is for you too...”

Wen Xian felt apprehensive about accepting those gifts. “How could I take them...”

“You’re taking them,” Madam Zong insisted.

Madam Wen felt satisfied when she saw Madam Zong’s gifts.

She didn’t care about the value of the gifts; she just wanted to see the sincerity.

Their kids had gotten married as part of an agreement, even though they didn’t have any feelings for each other. Wen Xian had a boyfriend prior to this, but she couldn’t stand the pressure from both families and got married to Zong Qifeng. Madam Wen had been worried about their relationship, but looking at the current situation...

They had been married for barely two years, and the birth of their child would improve their relationship further. She felt happy about it.

“Don’t worry! This is her duty as a wife and as a daughter-in-law.”

Madam Zong laughed. “Wen Xian did us proud by having a son first!”

In contrast to everyone’s happiness and excitement, Zong Qifeng stayed silent throughout.

He stood by the window and thought about Cheng Yuxiu. She had just given birth, yet none of her love ones were there to support her.

She did not even get to share the liveliness and joy in this room.

A woman risked her life to give birth to a child, yet the child didn’t belong to her. How much more depressing would that be?

Wen Qing noticed Zong Qifeng spacing out, and he was unhappy about it. That man had just become the father of a beautiful baby boy, yet he didn’t look happy.

This didn’t make sense.

Wen Qing squinted...