

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1377

Chapter 1377

Cornelia raised her hand and grabbed the large hand moving around over her head. “Jeremy, do you want to touch your baby?”

Jeremy asked, “May I?”

Cornelia replied, “You’re the father. If you can’t, who else will have this privilege?”

With Cornelia’s consent, Jeremy reached out and gently touched the small cheek of the baby. The baby was so tiny, seemingly smaller than his palm. But there was no denying that this was the child of Cornelia and him.

Even though he had hurt Cornelia so badly and pushed her away. Cornelia had never thought about giving up on this child.

Now, as he looked at her and the child, who were so close by his side, he felt like he possessed all the happiness in the world, “Isn’t it said that babies always cry? Why doesn’t

our Hope ever cry?”

Patricia chimed in from the side, “Not all babies like to cry. Some are really easy to take care of. Some babies only cry when they’re hungry, and they sleep most of the time. Marc was the type who was exceptionally easy to take care of as a child. He would drink his milk and then fall into a deep sleep. Upon waking up, he would drink milk again, and after finishing, he would go back to sleep. He not only had a good appetite but also grew well, never causing anyone to worry. I guess Hope is like Marc. Probably the easy-going type.”

As soon as Jeremy’s childhood was mentioned, thinking of all those twisted scars on him, Cornelia’s heart ached and her breath hitched.

Jeremy was so mature right from his birth, probably because he felt the malice of his parents in his mother’s womb, and he had to mature early, not to trouble his parents, hoping they would love him.

Who would have thought such a mature child not only didn't receive love from his parents but was also hurt by the inhumane Brennen like an animal. Back then, he was just a five-year-old kid.

Cornelia subconsciously squeezed Jeremy's hand and said, "I wish Hope would be a bit of a rascal. As long as he doesn't break the law, he should do whatever he wants. And I really hope he doesn't grow up too fast."

Jeremy looked at Cornelia, "Yeah. I'll do my best to make him the happiest kid in the world."

Cornelia said, "Together."

"Nelly, you must be hungry. I'll go make you something to eat." Patricia dropped the sentence and left without waiting for their approval.

Patricia was very sensible. They had been forced to part for so long and finally met. They must have a lot to say. How could she be a third wheel?

After Patricia left, Cornelia and Jeremy stared at each other and suddenly didn't know what to say. The atmosphere became awkward. It was Cornelia who tried to find a topic, "Our Hope doesn't have a name yet. Do you want to name him now?"

Jeremy had thought about many names for the baby, but he always felt he didn't have the right to name the child.

The child was the result of Cornelia's painstaking pregnancy, and he hadn't helped with anything. Why should he decide on the baby's name?

But now Cornelia was passing the task of naming to him. He happily said, "I thought maybe we could use just Hope for our baby's name."

Cornelia, "Hope Artis? Hope Hartley? They don't sound good."

Jeremy, "How about Hope Stewart?"

Cornelia, "You mean let the baby take my last name?"

Many men had traditional gender views and believed that children should take the father's surname after birth. Cornelia didn't expect Jeremy to suggest that the baby take her surname. But on further thought, what wouldn't he do for her?

Jeremy, "The child was born from your painstaking pregnancy, and it's only natural he takes your surname."

Cornelia, "Would your grandmother mind if the baby takes my surname?"

Jeremy, "If I can take my grandma's surname, she surely wouldn't mind the baby taking yours."

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Although Cornelia didn't mind whether the kid took the dad's or mom's surname, Jeremy's actions made her feel over the moon. If every hubby out there could be as considerate as he was, taking care of his wife's needs, the divorce rates would certainly plummet.

She smiled at him, "Alright, then our Hope will be named Hope Stewart."

Jeremy replied. "Good. You just went through a C-section, and you need to rest well for a quick recovery. Close your eyes and nap a bit."

Cornelia shook her head. "I'm not sleepy."

Actually, she was tired, but she didn't dare to fall asleep. She was scared that when she woke up, he would be gone and this was just a dream. So she kept finding topics to chat with him, "When the Hartley Group had issues back then, there were a lot of rumors about you. Why didn't you clarify them?"

Jeremy replied, "Because the rumors were true. Marcus Hartley is gone."

Cornelia cut him off. "Don't talk nonsense."

He added, "What I meant by 'gone' is that he has cancelled his identity, and you can't find this person in the world anymore."

Hearing this, Cornelia's heart ached. He must have thought his condition was so severe that he wouldn't make it; that was why he made such a decision, "So do you still want that identity?"

Jeremy took her hand, brought it to his lips, gave it a peck and said. "I don't like the identity Marcus. I've wanted to get rid of it for a long time, and now I finally did."

He chuckled, "From now on, there's only Jeremy in this world, the Jeremy that truly belongs to Cornelia."

From childhood. Jeremy had a deep dislike for the surname of Hartley, because it was inherited from that scum Brennen. He hated Brennen, and that surname. That was why he deliberately spread the news that Marcus was gone and had his identity cancelled at the police station. From now on, he only had one identity.

His surname was the same as his grandma's. The name Jeremy Artis was given by his grandma, and it's the name he uses in his life, so he registered his marriage with Cornelia under the name Jeremy.

He was even more grateful that he registered his marriage with Cornelia as Jeremy. From now on, he was only Jeremy, Cornelia's Jeremy.

Suddenly Cornelia said, "Hold me."

Jeremy was taken aback, "Huh?"

Cornelia spread her arms, "Hold me. I want you to hold me. Hold me now."

Jeremy immediately leaned over and wrapped his free right arm around Cornelia.

Cornelia held him tightly, burying her face in his chest, sniffing the familiar scent unique to him, and said, "Jeremy."

Jeremy answered, "Hmm?"

Cornelia said, "Jeremy, Jeremy."

She called his name but didn't say anything else, making Jeremy very nervous, "Are you feeling unwell? Shall I call the doctor?"

Cornelia said, "I'm not unwell, I just want to say your name, to confirm that you are really here with me. I need you to hold me tight, then I can truly feel your heartbeat, and know that you are here with me."

Jeremy slightly increased his grip on Cornelia, but didn't say anything.

Then, Cornelia's voice rang out again next to his ear, "Jeremy, you probably don't know how deep my feelings for you are."

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Jeremy totally misread Cornelia's feelings for him, which was why he could make such a tough decision thinking that leaving her would be the best way to protect her. If Jeremy knew how much Cornelia really liked him, he definitely wouldn't think that bailing on her would be the best way to keep her safe. So Cornelia had to let him know how she felt, "Jeremy, I like you."

Cornelia's sudden confession hit Jeremy like a ton of bricks, causing ripples in his heart, "I know."

He would always remember her telling him that she liked him.

"No, you don't. You know I like you, but you have no clue how much." Cornelia hugged him tight, so close that they can feel each other's heartbeat.

Cornelia's voice rang out again, "I like you more than I ever expected. That's why I chose to divorce so decisively when you made me believe in your illusion. If I didn't care about you, if our marriage was just a formality. I wouldn't give a damn about who you're with. So before you make any decisions in the future, ask me first, okay?"

That was just how Cornelia was, straight to the point and no beating around the bush.

Hearing her voice, Jeremy felt a huge shock, making his heartbeat race. He held Cornelia even tighter, "Alright."

Just then, the door slammed open. Grandpa Augustine rushed in, "Nelly..."

He didn't see Cornelia at first, but he saw Jeremy on top of her. Grandpa Augustine rushed over to pull Jeremy off, but how could an old man move such a big guy like Jeremy, "Nelly just gave birth. What are you doing?"

Jeremy didn't feel embarrassed, he slowly let go of Cornelia, and sat up straight, "Old Augustine, you're here."

Grandpa Augustine realized he misunderstood Jeremy. His face turned red, "How are you doing now? You seem to have recovered well."

Jeremy replied. "Thanks for your concern. Everything's fine."

Their conversation felt so insincere that it was almost unbearable, as if they could start arguing at any moment. Cornelia quickly stepped in, "Grandpa, what brings you here?" Grandpa Augustine sat down by Cornelia's bed, squeezing Jeremy behind him, "You just had a baby. How could I not be here?"

Last night, Grandpa Augustine got a call from the nanny saying Cornelia was about to give birth, so he immediately flew to Harbor City. But due to the weather in Harbor City, the plane couldn't land, so he had to fly to a nearby city, and then take a car. As a result, he spent a few extra hours on the road, otherwise, he would have arrived before dawn.

Cornelia immediately turned to Grandpa Augustine, "Grandpa, this is Hope."

Grandpa Augustine looked at the baby lying next to Cornelia, "How can Hope sleep so soundly? The noise outside doesn't seem to bother him at all." Cornelia smiled, "I just heard from Patricia that Marc was the same when he was little, not fussy at all. Maybe Hope inherited his dad's good genes."

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Grandpa Augustine pointed at Cornelia and said. "This guy wasn't there for you during your entire pregnancy, but the kid inherits his genes. That's just not fair."

Cornelia responded, "Grandpa."

Grandpa Augustine continued, "He should've been there for you. Am I wrong for saying this?"

Frowning, Cornelia said seriously, "Grandpa, he's my man, the one I love, and the one I want to spend the rest of my life with. Now he's also the father of my child, and I don't want my family to badmouth him."

Grandpa Augustine had seen Cornelia defend her man more than once. But every time she did it, he just worried more. "Jeremy, did you hear that? Cornelia is defending you like that. You better take care of yourself and don't make her or the kid worry anymore."

"I know." Jeremy slightly turned to look at Cornelia, seeing her determination to protect him. Even though Cornelia was still weak physically, her voice was strong and clear when defending him, just like a female warrior. He remembered this scene, deeply etched in his heart.

Cornelia looked up and met his eyes. She smiled and said, "You stayed up all night with me last night. Now that grandpa's here, you can go rest a bit."

"Ok." Although Jeremy was reluctant to leave Cornelia and their baby, her firmness surprised him. He needed some time to calm down. He also knew that he had to take care of his health. He couldn't be stubborn anymore. He had to listen to Dr. Lester and rest properly, so he could recover and take better care of them.

After Jeremy left. Grandpa Augustine stayed with Cornelia. He wanted Cornelia to rest as well, but then she asked, "Grandpa, did you see Jeremy just now?"

Grandpa Augustine was surprised. "Cornelia, what's wrong?"

Tears welled up in Cornelia's eyes. "Grandpa, tell me the truth. Don't lie to me. Did you see Jeremy?"

Grandpa Augustine quickly replied. "Of course I saw him. Before I came, he was here with you. I heard that you felt unwell last night. He immediately took you to the hospital, and that's why you could give birth safely. He's been with you guys. He only left because you told him to rest."

Wiping away her tears, Cornelia laughed, her eyes full of tears. "So it's not a dream this time. He really showed up, didn't he?"

Grandpa Augustine immediately held Cornelia's hand and comforted her, "Of course it's real. And judging from his condition, he's recovered well. He won't leave you guys again."

How much pain had Cornelia endured alone? How many times had she dreamt of Jeremy? So much so that when Jeremy really showed up, she couldn't believe it.

Seeing her like this, Grandpa Augustine felt deeply saddened. If he had known how much she missed Jeremy, he wouldn't have acted alongside someone else to keep her in the dark.

"That's great. That's great." Cornelia's voice trembled, her eyes reddening as she slowly closed her eyes.

Before, she was afraid that all this was a dream. She didn't dare sleep. But once she confirmed that Jeremy was real, she relaxed and immediately fell asleep. When she woke up again, even before opening her eyes, she heard a familiar and pleasant male voice, "Are you awake?"

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