

Married At First Sight Chapter 4235

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The daughter's last name was Johnson—just like the rest of the family. It was clear their elders cherished and valued her deeply.

But Remy had a feeling his niece might surpass Enzo one day. Maybe Avah would be the one to lead the family in the future.

"I miss Avah. I don't know why, but I just do. Lately, I find myself drawn to little kids. Maybe it's because I'm getting older and feeling more maternal."

"You're not old at all. If you're old, what does that make me? I'm older than you, after all," Remy said, clearly not liking Elisa's comment about aging. If she was old, that would make him even older—and he definitely didn't feel that way.

He hadn't even married her yet. In his mind, he was still a young man.

"I'm older than Seren, though. Her baby is due in two months. By the way, Remy, my mom wasn't just fussing about me making you cook for me. She also started talking about us preparing for a baby. She said when we get married in the fall, it would be the perfect time for 'double happiness.'"

Remy turned to look at her, his gaze heating up.

A moment later, he snapped out of it, grabbed a clean plate, and carefully plated the dish he had just finished cooking. His arrangement was meticulous—he had the touch of a chef.

"We should start preparing for a baby," he said thoughtfully. "But first, we need to make sure we're in the best shape possible. A healthy body means a healthy child. I've been cutting back on social drinking and avoiding late nights. I'm being extra careful with my diet too."

Elisa nodded. "You should keep that up—even after we start a family. No drinking at social events, no staying up late. Take care of yourself, eat properly, stay happy. After the wedding and our honeymoon, then we'll think about having a baby."

Preparing for a baby didn't mean rushing into it. It was about taking the time to be ready—physically and emotionally. A year or two of preparation would be ideal.

Elisa smiled, knowing that Remy wouldn't push her or use this as an excuse to make other demands. He was a true gentleman.

Of course, if she took the initiative, he wouldn't hold back either. Beneath that gentlemanly exterior, there was a passionate side to him too.

"I have to stay up late these days," she admitted. "But I'm sticking to my no-drinking rule at events. Once Seren gives birth and Jasmine comes back to the company, things will get easier. Right now, both my business partners are new moms."

Jasmine was still recovering from childbirth. Even after her postpartum period, she would need at least three to six months before returning to work.

As for Seren, Elisa wanted her to take a full year of maternity leave. A woman needed time to heal after giving birth—her mother had always told her that. If a woman didn't take care of herself properly post-pregnancy, it could lead to lifelong health issues.

Remy understood. "I appreciate all the effort you're putting in. But try not to push yourself too hard. If you ever need anything, just ask. We're family—there's no need for formalities."

Elisa smiled. "I know. And when I do need help, trust me, I won't hesitate to ask. How many dishes are you making?"

She glanced at the ingredients on the counter, realizing he was preparing quite a spread.

"It's just the two of us. We shouldn't overdo it. Four dishes and a soup should be enough. I'm keeping the portions small."

"And they're all my favorites." Elisa grinned.

She leaned in and planted a quick kiss on his cheek. "Remy, I love you."

Being loved and cherished by him—it was the best feeling in the world.

Remy gazed at her with warmth. "I love you more."