

Married At First Sight Chapter 3881-3885

Chapter 3881

“You also lost your own child yourself. That child was part of the Brown family,” Mrs. Brown snapped, her voice heavy with frustration.

Though Sonny didn't live with them, Mrs. Brown still held a bitter attachment to the idea of their family legacy. When Jessica was pregnant, despite her reservations, she had softened. The child represented the Brown family's future, and for a time, Jessica's flaws were easier to overlook.

But fate had intervened. Jessica's tragic fall and subsequent miscarriage not only robbed Mrs. Brown of her grandson but also reignited her simmering resentment. If that child had survived, Mrs. Brown might not feel so desperate for Sonny to return to their fold.

Now, it all felt like retribution.

Hank sighed, trying to calm the situation. “Mom, what's done is done. The baby's gone. Maybe it just wasn't meant to be. But Jessica is still my wife. It's my duty to see her, to take care of her. She wouldn't have ended up like this if it weren't for me. I'm the one who ruined her life.”

He sank into a reflective tone, recounting his mistakes. When Jessica became his secretary, she was young and naïve, with no intentions of starting an affair. But Hank, discontent with Liberty's post-pregnancy appearance and blinded by his own arrogance, had pursued Jessica. He'd seen himself as a successful manager, someone who deserved better than what he perceived Liberty could offer.

Jessica, inexperienced and fresh to the professional world, couldn't resist his persistent advances. What started as harmless flirtation turned into something much deeper. Hank's selfishness had led Jessica down a path she never intended to take.

“If it weren't for me,” Hank murmured, “Jessica could've had a simple, happy life with someone else. Instead, she ended up here.”

Jessica's imprisonment had been a dark turning point. Stricken with despair, she'd tried to end her life multiple times. It was only through persistent intervention that she finally abandoned her suicidal thoughts and chose to focus on rehabilitation.

Although her sentence was long, it wasn't a death sentence. Jessica held onto the sliver of hope that someday she might regain her freedom. Hank, despite everything, supported her from afar. He sent her supplies every month and visited twice a year, vowing that he'd wait for her release no matter how many years it took.

He'd also made a promise to stay married to her. "I'll take care of her for the rest of my life," he'd said. This time, he intended to keep his word—a stark contrast to the empty promises he'd once made to Liberty.

Mrs. Brown couldn't contain her anger. "She almost killed you, and yet you're still—"

Before she could finish, Hank had retreated to his room and shut the door, leaving her seething in the hallway.

Mrs. Brown turned to her husband, her face dark with rage. "What spell has that woman cast on him? She nearly took his life, and now he's waiting for her, forgiving her. I'll never accept her as my daughter-in-law again."

Mr. Brown responded with a weary sigh. "When Jessica gets out, we may not even be alive anymore. Why waste your energy fighting this? Looking back, we meddled too much. We interfered in Hank and Liberty's marriage until it crumbled. It's our fault as much as his."

His voice softened, tinged with regret. "As for grandchildren, we need to accept that Sonny might be our only one. There's no point hoping for more. Let's just pray Sonny grows up safe and healthy, both physically and mentally."

He paused, a heavy silence filling the room before he added, "Sonny has Liberty and her sister looking after him. With them, he'll be fine. But still, what a mess we've made. If I had known... Who would've guessed that Liberty's aunt Audrey would turn out to be so influential?"

Mrs. Brown remained quiet, her thoughts swirling. The bitterness of her regrets clashed with the reality of the consequences they now lived with.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3882

Chapter 3882

It was hard to believe how far Serenity and Liberty had come. Serenity marrying into the wealthiest family and becoming a high-society lady was already astonishing. But the

revelation that both sisters were descendants of the powerful Farrell family of Jensburg had left everyone speechless.

As Mr. Brown sat in the living room, he sighed deeply. “Go make some noodles. It’s rare that Hank is home resting. Don’t bring up unpleasant topics in front of him. Honestly, if Hank hadn’t gone after Jessica, things wouldn’t have ended up like this.”

His voice was calm but carried the weight of years of reflection. “Hank was a married man pursuing a young, naive girl. That was on him. Everything Hank is going through now is his own doing.”

Since Hank’s divorce from Liberty, Mr. Brown had undergone a quiet transformation. Watching Liberty thrive while Hank struggled had forced him to confront his own failings as a father. Regret became his teacher, reshaping his perspective and softening his demeanor.

Mrs. Brown opened her mouth to protest but stopped herself. Instead, she let out a heavy sigh, rose from her seat, and headed to the kitchen. She busied herself preparing noodles for her husband and son, a task she rarely undertook in the past.

Back when Liberty was part of the Brown family, Mrs. Brown never lifted a finger to cook. Whenever she visited, she’d simply tell Liberty what she wanted, and Liberty would obediently prepare it. Mrs. Brown’s only role back then was to criticize, even after being served.

Now, reflecting on those days, Mrs. Brown couldn’t ignore her own mistakes. I gave up a wonderful daughter-in-law and supported Hank’s relationship with Jessica. What a fool I was.

Meanwhile, behind the closed door of his room, Hank wrestled with his emotions. On the surface, he appeared composed, but deep inside, he couldn’t shake the gnawing sense of loss. Knowing that Liberty was getting married to Duncan today filled him with unease.

He lay in bed, staring at his phone. The urge to call Liberty came and went, over and over. But he couldn’t do it. He had no right to interfere, no standing to object.

On the bedside table sat a photo frame. The picture inside was an old group photo with his classmates, including Liberty. During their marriage, Liberty had cut herself out of most of their photos. But this one survived, a relic from their youth.

Hank reached for the frame, his eyes fixating on Liberty’s younger self. Back then, she had been radiant—tall, slender, and effortlessly beautiful. Her youthful face was full of

life, unblemished and glowing with natural beauty. She hadn't needed fancy skincare products because she was simply young.

In the picture, Hank stood behind Liberty, looking down at her with an expression that betrayed his adoration. His eyes, filled with affection, told the story of a man who truly loved her once.

They had shared years as classmates, a deep love, and three years of marriage. And yet, in the end, he had lost her.

Now, Liberty was about to marry another man. Hank could do nothing but stare at this old photo, consumed by regret. He didn't even have the courage to call her and offer his congratulations. Instead, he clung to this frozen moment in time, replaying what once was.

"Liberty, I'm sorry," he whispered, his voice trembling. "I failed you. I broke every promise I ever made. I let my selfishness ruin everything."

His eyes brimmed with unshed tears as he kept talking to the photo, as if Liberty could somehow hear him. "You were so good, and I loved you so much. How could I let this happen? I'm sorry, Liberty. I'm so sorry."

Hank repeated his apologies like a mantra, pouring his guilt into the silence of the room. The photo didn't respond, but it didn't need to. It was a reminder of everything he'd lost—and everything he'd never get back.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3883

Chapter 3883

"Duncan is a good man. You'll be happy with him, Liberty. I wish you and Duncan a lifetime of happiness—and maybe even a son soon."

Hank paused for a moment before adding, "Or... maybe don't have a son. I worry that if you do, you might stop loving Sonny as much."

Even now, Hank's selfishness was evident. Deep down, he wanted Sonny to remain Liberty's only child.

In his mind, as long as Liberty and Duncan didn't have children, everything Duncan worked hard for would naturally go to Sonny one day.

However, seeing Liberty's current situation, Hank sighed quietly. He knew his self-serving hope would never come true. Liberty was sure to have another child—perhaps a daughter to follow in her footsteps and eventually take over the Farrell family in Jensburg.

But Hank couldn't shake his fears. If Duncan had a biological child, would he still treat Sonny as well as he did now?

This worry had gnawed at Hank for some time. The last time he saw Sonny, he'd made a point to tell him to always listen to Serenity. In Hank's mind, Serenity would never play favorites, treating all her nieces and nephews equally.

Still, Hank was convinced that Sonny would always hold a special place in Serenity's heart. After all, she had practically raised him, forging a bond that couldn't be rivaled.

Ultimately, Hank reassured himself that as long as Sonny had Serenity as his aunt, Duncan wouldn't mistreat the boy. With that thought, he felt a little more at ease.

Duncan, oblivious to Hank's thoughts, was simply elated.

That morning, he'd arrived early at the Hunt residence, where Sonny was already awake. Duncan planned to take Liberty and Sonny to the Civil Affairs Bureau, and Liberty had dressed Sonny in a brand-new outfit for the occasion.

The little boy looked dashing. Sonny was undeniably a handsome child.

After breakfast, the three of them set out together. Their plan was to return to the Lewis family home for dinner after receiving the marriage certificate.

As soon as they left, Serenity and Zachary prepared to head out as well.

While Zachary drove, he glanced at Serenity and asked, "Do you want to wait at the Lewis house for your sister to come back?"

Serenity shook her head. "I think I'll wait at my aunt's house instead. Liberty and Duncan are having dinner there tonight anyway. Zachary, do you think they'll be happy? I mean truly happy? My sister's been hurt before. She's already been through so much."

Zachary reached over and gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. "They'll be happy, Serenity. You know Duncan. He's a good man, and he loves Liberty. They'll grow old together, just like us."

His words brought a small smile to Serenity's face.

Zachary continued, "Duncan will be her rock, standing behind her every step of the way. Liberty's about to become the head of the Farrell family, but Duncan will support her without overshadowing her. Together, they'll build a strong future."

Serenity let out a small laugh. "Why does it feel like I'm marrying off my daughter?"

Zachary chuckled. "That's because it's your sister, not your daughter."

Serenity's expression softened. "If I ever have a daughter, I swear I won't rush her into marriage. I'll let her stay with us as long as she wants. And if she does get married, I won't let her move too far—she'll have to stay here in Wiltspoon."

Zachary smiled, warmth in his eyes. "I think we'd make great parents."

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Chapter 3884

"That's something we can think about when we have a daughter," Zachary said with a slight smile. "Right now, we don't even know where she'll come from."

But as he spoke, his thoughts wandered. He made a mental note to start keeping an eye on the younger generation in Wiltspoon's most prominent families. If an exceptional boy caught his attention, he'd keep him in mind. When the time came and Zachary had a daughter, he'd make sure that boy was there to watch her grow up.

Zachary had the idea of cultivating childhood sweethearts. That way, his daughter wouldn't marry far from home.

Of course, the thought of his daughter getting married at all tugged at his heart. If it were up to him, she wouldn't marry until she was at least 30.

As these thoughts swirled in his mind, Zachary drove Serenity to the Stone family mansion.

At the Stone residence, Audrey was in the yard with Mr. Jimenez, enjoying the crisp weather. The temperature had risen a few degrees, allowing Mr. Jimenez, who had been cooped up inside at Audrey's insistence, to finally enjoy a walk outdoors.

Elisa had traveled with Remy to Annenburg for the New Year, while Leland, dreading his family's relentless matchmaking efforts, had booked an international flight as soon as the Stone Group started its holiday break. He planned to celebrate abroad, far from his parents' urging.

With just Audrey and Mr. Jimenez at home, the house felt quieter than usual. Clive had taken his wife and young child to visit his mother-in-law's home for the day, but they were expected back by evening.

Audrey had already reminded Clive that today was a special day—Liberty and Duncan were getting their marriage certificate. As Liberty's maternal relatives, the Stones needed to mark the occasion properly. They couldn't allow the Lewis family to look down on Liberty for lacking support.

Clive, however, often felt exasperated by his mother's constant concern for her nieces, Serenity and Liberty. He had told her more than once that they were strong, capable women who didn't need anyone's intervention. Besides, Zachary and Duncan were loyal and loving men. Zachary's devotion to Serenity was practically legendary in Wiltspoon.

When Zachary's car pulled into the driveway, Audrey spotted it from across the yard and smiled warmly. "Zack and Seren are here," she said to Mr. Jimenez.

"Uncle Jimenez, sit here. I'll go open the gate."

Audrey helped Mr. Jimenez settle onto a stone bench before heading to the gate herself. The remaining household staff, busy with tasks, paused when they saw her take on the task.

With most of the servants home for the holidays, only a few had stayed behind, leaving more work to go around. The yard was littered with fallen leaves, a sight that would have bothered other homeowners, but not Audrey.

"It's just nature," she had said earlier. "Stepping on fallen leaves while walking lets you feel the beauty of autumn and winter."

Wiltspoon rarely saw a true winter. The long summers made the cooler seasons feel fleeting.

As the gate opened, Zachary and Serenity greeted her with cheerful smiles.

"Aunt."

"Aunt."

"Drive in," Audrey replied, matching their smiles.

Once Zachary parked the car in the open lot, he stepped out and asked, "Is Clive not home?"

“He took his family to visit his in-laws,” Audrey explained. “I sent along some New Year gifts for them.”

In her view, holiday gifts were about respect, even for families as wealthy as Clive’s in-laws. Audrey adored Alice, her daughter-in-law, and treated her in-laws warmly. The families often visited, especially after the birth of Audrey’s grandson.

“Elisa went to FC Manor with Remy for the holidays,” Audrey continued. “She won’t be back until after New Year’s. And as for Leland...” She sighed, shaking her head. “That boy. He bought a plane ticket and fled the country the moment the office closed. I don’t even know where he is right now. He’s terrified we’ll keep asking about marriage. At his age, he should be settling down, but instead, he just runs away.”

Audrey’s exasperation was clear. Of her three children, Leland worried her the most.

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Chapter 3885

Serenity linked arms with Audrey, flashing her a reassuring smile. “Aunt, don’t worry. My second cousin Leland is a good man. When the time is right, he’ll settle down and get married.”

Audrey sighed, a mix of exasperation and affection in her voice. “I hope so. He’s not exactly young anymore. Kids—they’re always a source of worry, no matter how old they get.”

Her thoughts shifted, and she asked, “Where’s Sonny? Didn’t you come from your sister’s house? Why isn’t he with you?”

“My sister and brother Duncan took Sonny with them to the Civil Affairs Bureau. They said it’s a family matter, so all three of them had to go together,” Serenity explained.

Audrey chuckled. “Duncan doesn’t mind bringing along a little tag-along, huh? That’s good. They’re going to be a family of three from now on.”

The three walked together toward Mr. Jimenez, who sat peacefully in the garden. His warm, gentle smile greeted them.

To the younger generation, Mr. Jimenez was the picture of kindness. His love and indulgence for his family knew no bounds, and they cherished him for it.

“Grandpa Jimenez,” Serenity greeted warmly, using the affectionate title everyone in the family had adopted.

Though technically his surname, Mr. Jimenez never corrected them. As long as they addressed him with care, he was happy.

“You’re here,” he said, his smile growing. “But where’s Sonny? Didn’t he come along?”

He echoed Audrey’s earlier question, prompting Serenity to explain again.

Hearing this, Mr. Jimenez nodded approvingly. “That’s even better. Duncan, the fourth of the Lewis boys, is a man of loyalty and honor. When I was younger, I heard about his grandmother—she was an incredible woman. Her grandson wouldn’t stray far from her example.”

As a young man, Mr. Jimenez had traveled extensively for business, encountering stories and legacies of families across the region. Though he had never met Old Mrs. Lewis, her reputation had preceded her.

“Come inside,” Mr. Jimenez urged. “It’s still a bit chilly out here. Seren, you should layer up. Don’t catch a cold.”

“I’m fine, Grandpa Jimenez,” Serenity replied quickly. “I’m bundled up and warm. Plus, with Zachary around, he’d never let me get sick.”

Mr. Jimenez smiled, comforted by her response. The younger generation was thriving, and it brought him immense peace.

At the Civil Affairs Bureau, Duncan and Liberty stood side by side, holding their new marriage certificates. The small booklets seemed ordinary, but to Duncan, they were priceless treasures.

He opened his certificate, gazing at the photo of him and Liberty. A grin spread across his face—wide and genuine.

Finally, the woman he loved was his wife. Liberty was now his in every legal and emotional sense.

Beside them, Sonny looked around, his face a mixture of curiosity and confusion. He had accompanied his mother and Uncle Duncan, but he didn’t quite understand what all the fuss was about. Everyone at the bureau had been so cheerful and congratulatory to his mother and Duncan, yet not a single person had congratulated him.

“Mom,” Sonny said, tugging at Liberty’s sleeve. “Why is Uncle Duncan smiling so big? What’s so great about that little notebook? Can I see it?”

Liberty knelt down to Sonny’s level, smiling at her son’s innocence. His wide eyes were filled with genuine curiosity, and his question drew laughter from Duncan.

Duncan leaned over, holding his marriage certificate with pride. “Sonny, this little notebook means your mom and I are now officially a team—a family. And you’re a very important part of that family.”

Sonny tilted his head, still not entirely convinced about the importance of the notebook, but the warmth in Duncan’s voice made him smile back. “Okay, Uncle Duncan. But next time, can we get a notebook for me too?”

Duncan and Liberty both laughed, their joy spilling over and wrapping Sonny in their shared happiness.