

Married At First Sight Chapter 3951-3955

Chapter 3951

Abby was silent for a moment before saying, “I’m not sure either. If Evan hadn’t told me, I would’ve never known all this.

I’ve met Grandma York. Back when I visited the York family with my master, I had the chance to interact with her. She’s such a kind and approachable woman—so easy to get along with, without the slightest hint of pressure. If you just look at her on the surface, you’d never guess how formidable she truly is. Grandma York commands the respect of even the Bucham family. My master treats her with utmost reverence, never daring to act superior. He once said that she was a force to be reckoned with in her younger years. She played a pivotal role in shaping the York family into what it is today. Just look at the eight outstanding grandsons she and the late Grandpa York raised. That alone speaks volumes about her greatness.”

Mrs. Du interjected, “Doesn’t the York family have nine young masters in this generation?”

Abby nodded. “Yes, but Evan, being the youngest, was primarily taught by his parents and older brothers. Grandma York did provide him with some guidance, but he wasn’t raised under her direct care like the others.

As for the ninth young master, Rowan York, he’s still in school and hasn’t even reached adulthood yet. While it’s clear he’s destined for great things, to outsiders, it’s too early to tell if he’ll become a dragon or remain a worm.”

Mrs. Du shifted her focus. “Abby, if Evan still loves you, why didn’t you explain everything to him in the beginning? It could’ve saved both of you so much heartache.”

Her mother’s tone was full of concern. To Mrs. Du, whether it was Fox or Abby, they were one and the same. She couldn’t help but think that being upfront might’ve spared her daughter some pain.

Abby sighed softly. “It’s not that I’m sad, Mom. I was just... embarrassed. In our city, I’ve always been a proud and accomplished woman, someone with high self-esteem. But somehow, I ended up being outshined by my own disguise. Evan fell in love with Fox—my alias. He didn’t even know my real name, what I looked like, or anything about my background. Losing to a version of myself that isn’t even the real me? It’s absurd. A little laughable, maybe even pathetic. But sad? Not really.”

She paused, then smiled faintly. “Because deep down, I know the person Evan truly loves is still me.”

Abby continued, “Evan told me he kept having the same dream over and over. In it, he was entangled with me. Then there was the photo Grandma York gave him—that was the real me. He said the photo felt different from the version of me he met in disguise, yet he couldn’t resist being drawn to my alter ego.”

Mrs. Du gasped. “That’s unbelievable! You had never met before, yet he kept dreaming of you? Could it be that you two were connected in a previous life? Maybe you were husband and wife—or at least emotionally tied together. And now those feelings have carried over into this life?”

“Mom,” Abby said, exasperated, “you’ve been watching way too many TV dramas.”

Still, even she couldn’t completely dismiss the strange circumstances. How could Evan dream about her when they had never met, and he hadn’t even seen her photo back then? Could there really be such a thing as past lives? Were they tangled in unresolved emotions from before, only to meet again and pick up where they left off?

Mrs. Du sighed, still intrigued by the thought, but Abby quickly redirected the conversation.

Mr. Du finally chimed in, breaking the tension with a smile. “Well, no matter what the explanation is, that kid is yours to handle now. I just feel relieved that he didn’t freeze out there for too long. If he’d gotten sick or injured, you would’ve been the one to suffer.”

Abby couldn’t help but laugh. Just moments ago, her father was lamenting that Evan hadn’t suffered enough in the cold, and now he was grateful the poor guy hadn’t frozen to death. People really do change their minds quickly.

And with that, the weight of the conversation lifted slightly, leaving Abby with much to ponder as she faced the complexity of her intertwined fate with Evan.

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Chapter 3952

Evan returned to Wiltspoon the same day.

Coincidentally, it was also the day Liberty and Duncan went to the Brown family's house to pick up Sonny. Sonny had been staying there for two days, and during that time, Duncan couldn't stop talking about him. He video-called Sonny every one or two hours, unable to go too long without seeing him.

To make those video calls possible, Duncan begrudgingly added Hank as a WhatsApp contact—despite his distaste for Liberty's ex-husband. He swallowed his pride and made the connection solely for Sonny's sake. Then, in a bit of mischief, Duncan started flooding his social media with pictures and posts of his growing relationship with Liberty. His goal? To provoke Hank, stirring envy and regret.

Meanwhile, at the Brown family's house, Hank was upstairs packing Sonny's clothes. He moved at an infuriatingly slow pace, clearly stalling to keep Sonny there just a little longer. He knew Duncan was waiting downstairs with Liberty, but he took his time anyway, deliberately dragging things out.

Duncan, on the other hand, refused to go upstairs. He remained outside with Liberty, respecting her choice to avoid stepping foot in her ex-husband's home again. Instead, Liberty used the time to chat with some of her former neighbors.

Through their gossip, she learned that the Brown family hadn't changed much. Chelsea, her former sister-in-law, still had a habit of freeloading off her parents. The neighbors recounted how, despite all the chaos that had unfolded in the family, Chelsea remained selfish and entitled. Liberty couldn't help but think about how Hank had enabled his sister, always prioritizing her over his own wife and son. Back then, he'd willingly handed money to Chelsea and their parents rather than ensuring Liberty and Sonny had what they needed.

Even now, Chelsea's behavior hadn't improved. Liberty suspected Chelsea would continue to exploit Sonny if given the chance. Liberty didn't want her son exposed to such a toxic environment, nor did she want him influenced by Chelsea or her son, Lucas, who had grown up surrounded by poor examples.

Still, Liberty knew her ex-husband's family was no longer her concern. She simply listened to the neighborhood gossip without adding her own comments.

Upstairs, Sonny grew impatient with his father's sluggish packing. He finally spoke up. "Dad, I'll do it myself!"

At home, his Aunt Serenity had always encouraged him to be independent, teaching him to fold his clothes and keep his bed neat every day. Sonny was perfectly capable of handling his own packing.

But Hank waved him off. “No, Sonny, let me take care of it. Go double-check your toys. Did you pack everything? Make sure you didn’t leave anything behind.”

Hank wasn’t stalling for no reason. His jealousy toward Duncan ran deep. While he had long given up on Liberty—he was the one who filed for divorce and remarried, after all—Sonny was different. Sonny was his only child, his flesh and blood. The thought of Sonny calling Duncan “Dad” in the future burned Hank with envy.

Duncan, meanwhile, wasn’t subtle about his intentions. He shared every tender moment with Liberty on social media, flaunting their budding romance for all to see. Hank, in retaliation, filled his own posts with pictures of himself and Sonny, showcasing the bond he was determined to strengthen.

Father and son were undeniably connected. Their resemblance was unmistakable, and the shared blood between them naturally fostered a closeness that couldn’t be denied. Hank clung to that bond, hoping to keep a piece of Sonny’s heart, even as Liberty moved forward with Duncan.

That day, Duncan arrived earlier than expected. Liberty had initially planned to pick Sonny up in the evening, but Duncan was eager to have Sonny back and insisted on taking him home right away.

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Chapter 3953

“I’ve packed everything, Dad, and I double-checked. Nothing’s missing,” Sonny replied, unaware that his father was deliberately stalling to keep him there a bit longer. “And even if I forgot something, it’s fine. I’ll come back to get it next time. Didn’t you say this will always be my home?”

To Sonny, it didn’t matter if he left something behind. He saw both his mother’s home and his father’s home as his own, equally important.

Hank softened, responding gently, “Yes, this will always be your home, Sonny. As long as I’m here, the door will always be open for you. Now go watch TV with your grandparents for a bit. I’ll finish packing soon. Make sure you take back all the snacks and goodies your grandparents got for you.”

Though Sonny had everything he needed at his mom and stepdad's house, Hank wanted him to appreciate the gestures of love from his grandparents, even if they had once favored Lucas.

"I don't want to watch TV," Sonny said plainly.

His grandparents' choice of shows didn't interest him, and what Sonny wanted to watch wasn't something they enjoyed. Liberty and Serenity had taught him to respect his elders, so Sonny always tried to be considerate, even if it meant not arguing over the TV.

For the past two days, Hank had stayed home with Sonny instead of going to work. He spent time taking him to different places and buying him things. Sonny had arrived with a small suitcase, but he was leaving with an armload of bags and boxes—a reflection of Hank's love for his son.

"Dad, the day after tomorrow, I'll come back to wish you a Happy New Year," Sonny announced.

The day after tomorrow was the first day of the new year.

Hank smiled warmly. "When you come, have your mom call me first. I'll wait for you downstairs."

"Okay," Sonny agreed.

"Dad, after the new year, I'll be five years old!" Sonny said, chatting excitedly.

Hank reached out and gently ruffled Sonny's hair. "Yes, my boy will be five."

Sonny was four now, or five by the lunar calendar. Hank marveled at how quickly time had passed. When he and Liberty divorced, Sonny was barely speaking. Now, his son was a chatterbox, full of stories, questions, and energy.

In just a few months, Sonny would enter his senior kindergarten class, and after that, elementary school.

Time truly flies.

"Dad, I'll grow up fast. I'll eat more, grow taller, and protect Mom," Sonny said with a determined look.

“You’re such a good boy, Sonny,” Hank said, though his heart ached at the sentiment. Sonny wanted to protect Liberty, not him.

Liberty, of course, wouldn’t need Sonny’s protection—she had Duncan and bodyguards by her side now. But hearing his son’s declaration still stung.

“Dad, when Uncle Duncan and Mom get married, will you come to the wedding? I want to be the flower boy for Mom,” Sonny asked innocently.

Hank hesitated, caught off guard by the question. After a brief pause, he said, “If Uncle Duncan invites me, I’ll come. If not, I won’t.”

In their customs, attending a wedding without an invitation was improper. Funerals were a different story, but weddings required a formal invite.

Sonny nodded. “I heard Uncle Duncan say he’ll definitely invite you to the wedding. Dad, Uncle Duncan’s really nice. He treats me and Mom so well. He’s not a bad guy.”

Sonny’s words were earnest, as if he were trying to mend the unspoken tension between his father and Duncan.

Hank felt a pang of sadness but forced a small smile. “Yes, Uncle Duncan isn’t a bad guy. He treats you and your mom well, and that makes me happy. I’m glad you both have someone like him in your lives.”

Even though his words were kind, the bittersweetness in Hank’s heart was undeniable.

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Chapter 3954

No matter how much bitterness churned in his heart, Hank had to admit the truth: Duncan genuinely loved Sonny and Liberty.

In every way that mattered, Duncan was a better man than he was.

It was good for Liberty to remarry—better still to choose someone like Duncan.

Even though Duncan was confined to a wheelchair for now, his recovery was still within reach. And when that day came, Duncan would once again stand tall, ready to support Liberty and Sonny as a steady, dependable presence in their lives.

“Sonny! Sonny!

Mrs. Brown’s voice echoed from the hall.

Hank glanced at his son and said softly, “Sonny, your grandma’s calling you. Go see what she wants.”

Sonny nodded obediently, then turned and trotted out of the room.

“Grandma!” Sonny called out, his clear, bright voice filling the air.

Hank couldn’t help but smile as he listened. Despite everything, moments like this reminded him how much he cherished being around Sonny and his parents.

Still, deep down, he knew the truth—Sonny’s custody belonged to Liberty, and that was for the best.

As much as Hank wished to keep Sonny with him, he knew he couldn’t provide the kind of stable environment Sonny needed. His days were filled with driving his sports car, socializing, and chasing fleeting thrills. There was no time—or place—for parenting in that lifestyle.

Trusting his own parents with Sonny wasn’t an ideal solution either. And the thought of Chelsea bringing Lucas around made Hank uneasy. Though his father had finally come to his senses and no longer favored Lucas, his mother’s softer heart might still sway under Chelsea’s influence. After all, Chelsea’s three children had been raised by Hank’s parents, creating a bond that ran deep.

“Sonny, here’s some New Year’s money from your grandparents,” Mrs. Brown said, holding out two red envelopes she and her husband had prepared.

Sonny shook his head and refused to take them. Looking up at his grandmother, he spoke with childlike sincerity. “Grandma, I have enough money. Mom says it’s not easy for Dad to earn money, and you and Grandpa don’t have much pension. I don’t want to take your money.”

Mrs. Brown froze, her grandson’s innocent words tugging at her heart. She regretted her earlier actions, the choices that had driven a wedge in their family.

Bending down, she pulled Sonny into a gentle hug. After a moment, she let him go and softened her tone. “Grandparents still have enough money, Sonny. This isn’t about that. This is our way of showing our love for you.”

“Take it,” Mr. Brown added. “Your mom can save it for when you go to college someday.”

Sonny hesitated, glancing between his grandparents. “Grandma, can I ask my mom first? If she says it’s okay, then I’ll take it. Is that alright? But I want to thank you and Grandpa now. And when I have time, I’ll ask Mom to bring me over so I can visit you more often.”

Mrs. Brown sighed but smiled at the boy’s thoughtful nature. “Alright, Sonny. Ask your mom first.” She tucked the red envelopes back into her pocket, then scooped him up in her arms.

Carrying Sonny to the door, she called out to Hank, “Honglin, have you packed Sonny’s things? It’s chilly today—don’t make Liberty wait too long.”

Hank zipped up Sonny’s small suitcase and carried it out of the room. “Everything’s ready.”

Mr. Brown followed, loaded down with items they had prepared for Sonny. Together, the family escorted Sonny downstairs.

Liberty and Duncan were waiting downstairs.

Duncan sat quietly, his gaze fixed on the elevator doors, his focus unwavering.

Liberty, meanwhile, chatted with a neighbor but kept glancing toward Duncan, her concern evident. She knew he felt out of place here—she could sense it in his stillness, his silence.

Duncan was a good man, she thought, her heart softening. She was lucky to have him by her side.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3955

Chapter 3955

Liberty and Duncan had only been married a few days—they were still in the blissful honeymoon phase.

Even with Liberty by his side, Duncan couldn't help but video call Sonny multiple times a day. His concern for the little boy seemed to outweigh even that of Sonny's biological mother.

"Is Sonny eating well? Sleeping okay at the Browns' house? Do you think Chelsea's son might bully him?" Duncan often fretted aloud.

Though Sonny had been learning martial arts, he was still young, and his training wasn't solid enough yet. Besides, Sonny was well-mannered and avoided using physical force, which only made Duncan worry more about whether the boy could stand up for himself.

Liberty couldn't help but feel that Duncan was more of a father to Sonny than Hank had ever been.

"Sonny's coming downstairs," Duncan said suddenly, rising to his feet and striding toward the door. He didn't even think about using his wheelchair. Though he could only walk short distances, his determination was evident.

Worried he might fall, Liberty quickly excused herself from her neighbors and rushed after him. "Slow down, Duncan. Be careful—you might fall!" she called out, following close behind.

Duncan preferred spending time alone with his little family, so he had waved off the bodyguard earlier.

When Sonny spotted them, he immediately broke away from Hank and dashed toward Duncan.

"Mom! Uncle Duncan!" Sonny's excitement lit up his face as he ran into Duncan's arms.

Duncan paused, steadying himself. Though he couldn't hold his balance for long, he knelt down to meet Sonny. Once Sonny reached him, Duncan lifted the boy into his arms and stood up, though it took effort.

"Sonny," Duncan said warmly, hugging the boy tightly and brushing his cheek against Sonny's. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes, Uncle Duncan! I miss you every day," Sonny replied enthusiastically. "I miss Mommy, Aunt Seren, Uncle Zack—so many people!"

Duncan chuckled at the boy's honesty, lifting Sonny into the air to make him laugh before settling him on his shoulders. "Sonny, I missed you so much that I wanted to come get you and take you home. Let's go home now, okay?"

Sonny held onto Duncan's head for balance. "Uncle Duncan, can you walk?"

Duncan nodded as he began walking. "I can manage short distances. I'm working hard on my rehab, and in a year, I'll be able to run and jump like you. When that happens, I'll take you horseback riding and fishing by the sea. How does that sound?"

"Really? I want to ride a horse!" Sonny said excitedly. He had seen people riding horses at the zoo and had always dreamed of doing it himself—not just for pictures, but to ride freely.

Just then, Liberty caught up with them. "Sonny!" she called, smiling warmly at her son.

Sonny grinned back. "Mom!"

Liberty reached out to take him, but Duncan shook his head. "He likes sitting like this. Don't worry—he's not too heavy for me. Go ahead and grab Sonny's things instead."

Liberty hesitated but eventually agreed. "Alright, but both of you be careful. Watch your step. Duncan, if you start feeling unsteady, sit down immediately."

Duncan smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry—I've got this. I'd never let Sonny fall. Even if I went down, he'd be safe."

As Liberty turned to fetch Sonny's belongings, Hank approached with the boy's small suitcase in hand. Behind him, Mr. and Mrs. Brown carried bags of New Year's gifts for Sonny and Liberty.

The Browns' offerings were modest compared to the gifts Sonny had brought back from Liberty's family, but they were heartfelt—a small token of their love and care for the little boy and his mother.