

Married At First Sight Chapter 3976-3980

Chapter 3976

Jasmine couldn't help but shake her head. "Evan must've lost his mind, but hey, it's his mess. I'm just a bystander."

Even Serenity didn't have the standing to meddle in Evan and Abby's relationship drama. Serenity's parents didn't care about the situation, so what could she possibly do?

Honestly, if Serenity hadn't just brought it up, Jasmine would've completely forgotten about Evan and Abby's tangled past.

"So, Abby really threw his bouquet and jewelry into the trash?" Jasmine mused.

Serenity lowered her voice and leaned in, adding, "Here's the kicker: Abby has several aliases, and one of them is *Changeable Fox*. The woman Evan thinks he fell in love with hasn't disappeared—she's still Abby, just under another name. And remember Bianca, the woman who visited last time? She's actually Abby too. Bianca is Grandpa Silver Fox's apprentice, but it's all her."

Jasmine froze, eyes wide in disbelief. "Wait, what? But Abby doesn't even look like them. I've never seen this *Changeable Fox*, but I've met Bianca. We've had dinner together. They seem like two completely different people!"

Serenity smirked. "And that's her genius. That's why they call her *Changeable Fox*. She's as adaptable and sly as a fox."

Jasmine was still trying to process. "How do *you* know all this? Josh didn't tell me anything."

She spun around and mock-glared at her husband. "Why didn't you share this juicy gossip with me?"

Since marrying Josh, Jasmine had gotten used to being in the loop on all the latest drama, her "hot gossip" pipeline always flowing. With nothing interesting to do lately, she had resorted to reading novels to pass the time.

In the past, reading novels had been a way to dream—imagining herself as the heroine with a life full of twists and turns. Now, her real life felt like a dream. Marrying Josh and building a happy life together made her feel like she was living out her own story.

But now, novels were just a way to kill boredom.

Serenity laughed at her friend's outrage. "Do you really think Josh has time to sit around and dig up Abby's secrets? He's been swamped. Besides, no one even asked him to investigate her. And let's be real—if he *did* start paying that much attention to Abby, you'd probably get jealous."

Jasmine burst out laughing. "Fair enough. But didn't Evan ask Josh for help?"

"He did," Serenity admitted, "but Josh didn't get involved. And forget about Julian Bucham—none of them would dare go against Grandma York's silence. Grandma never said a word about Abby's identities, so they stayed out of it."

Serenity continued, "Actually, it was Zachary who pieced it all together. He shared his theory with me, and I thought it made perfect sense. Later, I casually confirmed it with Grandma. Turns out, Grandma's known all along that Abby is *Changeable Fox* and Bianca. She just didn't say anything because she was having too much fun watching the drama unfold."

Jasmine laughed so hard, tears formed in her eyes. "Of course! Without a good show, life would be way too boring. Honestly, thank goodness for Grandma York. Without her, we wouldn't have anything entertaining to talk about." She paused, then added, "Seren, if you hear any updates about Evan, you better tell me. I want all the fresh, juicy gossip."

Serenity grinned. "Don't worry. If I have melons to eat, you'll be the first to share them with me. We're sisters—we'll laugh, gossip, and eat melons together."

Jasmine chuckled again, holding her stomach as her baby kicked. It was as if the little one was scolding her for laughing too much and disturbing his peace.

"Grandma York is something else," Jasmine said, shaking her head in amusement. "She let Evan wander in circles, completely clueless that Abby was playing him the whole time. And she didn't even step in when he rejected Abby. That's next-level mischief."

Her laughter bubbled up again, filling the bookstore with warmth and humor.

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Chapter 3977

Serenity said with a wry smile, “If you want to upset someone, don’t let it be Grandma. Thankfully, she’s my grandma.”

Among her husband’s family, Serenity cherished Grandma May the most. Grandma May had always treated her with kindness and understanding.

Whenever Serenity and Zachary had disagreements, Grandma May would instinctively side with Serenity first. Once things settled, she’d offer thoughtful advice, advocating for both sides. While Grandma May was technically Zachary’s grandmother, to Serenity, she felt more like her own.

Jasmine asked, “Are you planning to help Evan?”

Serenity shrugged. “How would I even help him? Chasing after someone’s heart isn’t something anyone else can do for you.”

She continued, “Zachary doesn’t like meddling in his brothers’ private lives. As long as they don’t ask for his help, he stays out of it. In his words, his only focus is me. In his world, I’m his top priority.”

Jasmine chuckled. “That makes sense. I guess we’ll just watch and see how it unfolds—unless Evan comes to you and asks you to put in a good word for him with Abby.”

Serenity shook her head. “I wouldn’t speak on Evan’s behalf, and Abby knows that. She might test him or play hard to get, but she won’t let him give up so easily. When the time is right, she’ll accept his pursuit. They’ll end up together eventually, though it’ll probably take longer than the one year Grandma set.”

She added, “If Evan himself can’t win Abby over, no one else’s words will make a difference. And honestly, Evan isn’t someone who loses himself in love.”

Serenity then revealed, “Abby once told me she admires Evan, not just because he’s exceptional, but because of the York family’s values and culture.”

Jasmine considered this and said, “You’re probably right. But what about your other brothers-in-law? Evan might be from the next branch of the family, but your main brothers-in-law are closer. You can ignore Evan if you want, but you should at least show some concern for the others.”

She teased, “I’m going to talk to Josh tonight and have him keep an eye on your brothers-in-law. I’m curious to see how they handle romance. Maybe I’ll gather some inspiration.”

Jasmine’s eyes sparkled with excitement as she continued, “You know what? After I get all the juicy details, I’ll write a novel about it! I’ll base it on you, your husband, and his brothers. There are nine York brothers, right? That’s nine stories, one for each of them. With real-life inspiration, the stories will practically write themselves. I bet they’d be a hit with readers. Who knows, I might even become the next queen of romance novels!”

Serenity laughed and gave Jasmine’s cheek a playful pinch. “You’re dreaming if you think writing a novel is that easy! Sure, you could finish the first draft quickly, but writing something good takes time—months, a year, or even several years. Stick to being a carefree young lady. Spend your free time reading, gossiping with the neighbors, or just relaxing.”

Jasmine grinned. “Why can’t I dream? Anyway, I don’t know much about Tatum and Elora’s situation. From what I hear, they’re still stuck in place. Tatum seems more obsessed with cooking than anything else. He’s probably so deep into it that he’s forgotten what’s happening with Elora.”

With a hint of envy, she added, “The men in your family are amazing cooks. Every single one of them could be a professional chef.”

Serenity smirked. “And Josh? How’s his cooking?”

Jasmine shrugged. “It’s decent, but nowhere near the level of your family.”

Just then, Serenity’s phone rang.

She glanced at the caller ID and quickly answered. “It’s Sonny’s kindergarten teacher,” she explained to Jasmine.

The school year had just started, and Serenity had personally dropped Sonny off that morning.

Jasmine motioned for her to take the call quickly, sensing it might be important.

Serenity’s face turned serious as she listened. Sonny had developed a fever at school—his temperature had risen to 38°C. The teacher had contacted his parents immediately to inform them.

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After the New Year, Liberty traveled to Jensburg again, instructing Sonny's teacher to contact Serenity directly if any issues arose.

When Sonny's teacher called, Serenity answered immediately.

"I'll come pick him up right away. Thank you, teacher," Serenity said.

The teacher replied, "Please come as soon as you can and take him to see a doctor. A lot of children have been catching colds recently."

After hanging up, Serenity turned to Jasmine. "I can't stay and chat. Sonny has a fever, and I need to pick him up from kindergarten. He's been kicking off his quilt at night lately."

Although Serenity and Zachary frequently tucked Sonny back under his blanket, they couldn't always catch him in the act. As a result, Sonny had caught a mild cold.

Serenity added, "The weather's been unpredictable lately. Some days it's so warm I don't even need a coat. Look at me—I didn't even bother bringing one today."

The daytime temperatures had been climbing above 20 degrees, and with the sun shining brightly, wearing a coat felt unnecessary.

Jasmine nodded. "Go get Sonny. When you bring him back, call the family doctor to check on him. If it's not too serious, try to avoid the hospital. There are so many patients and germs there—it's easy to pick up something worse."

The York family's in-house doctor was renowned for his skill, so Serenity knew Sonny would be in good hands.

Grabbing her bag, Serenity slipped her phone inside, slung it over her shoulder, and bid Jasmine goodbye. She rushed to the kindergarten to pick up Sonny, notifying the family doctor on the way.

An Hour Later

At the grand villa in Regent Residences, it wasn't the York family doctor who saw Sonny first—it was Lilian.

Lilian had come by for a follow-up visit with Camryn and had stopped to see Serenity afterward. By coincidence, she arrived just as Serenity returned home with Sonny, and Serenity asked Lilian to take a look at him.

Once home, Serenity took Sonny's temperature again.

A few minutes later, she removed the thermometer and frowned. "It's climbing fast—39 degrees already."

It had only been an hour since the teacher's call, and Sonny's fever had spiked dramatically.

"Let me take a look," Lilian offered.

Sonny, clearly uncomfortable and drowsy from the high fever, leaned against Serenity as Lilian checked his pulse.

"Sonny has a mild cold with some inflammation," Lilian explained. "His throat is red, so avoid giving him high-calorie or heavy foods. Right now, his fever is high. Give him some children's fever medicine and try physical cooling methods to bring it down faster. Keep him warm but not overheated, and stick to a light diet. He should recover soon."

Although Lilian diagnosed Sonny's condition, she refrained from prescribing medication, instead advising the York family doctor to handle it.

When the family doctor arrived, he carefully examined Sonny despite Lilian's assessment. Knowing Lilian's reputation as a descendant of a renowned miracle doctor, he was still thorough, leaving no room for oversight.

The butler had already fetched the family's emergency medicine kit. Sonny often stayed at the house, so they kept common children's medications, including fever reducers, on hand.

After giving Sonny some fever medicine and a glass of warm water, Serenity held him close. Sonny rested his head on her shoulder, murmuring, "Auntie, I'm sleepy."

"Go ahead and sleep," Serenity said softly. "I'll hold you."

Cradling him in her arms, she added, "Let's take your medicine first. Once you wake up, the fever should be gone."

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Sonny murmured softly, "The medicine is going to taste so bitter."

Serenity smiled gently. "Medicine might taste bitter, but good medicine helps you get better."

With her soothing encouragement, Sonny reluctantly took his medicine, drank a glass of water, and went to the bathroom. Afterward, he nestled into Serenity's arms and quickly fell asleep.

Serenity stood up, intending to carry Sonny upstairs to his room.

"Let me carry him. You're pregnant," Lilian said, her tone thoughtful and firm.

Before Serenity could respond, the butler quickly interjected, "Doctor Carden, Madam, please allow me. I'll carry Master Sonny upstairs."

He stepped forward, carefully lifting Sonny from Serenity's arms. As a guest and trusted doctor of the family, Lilian shouldn't be burdened with such tasks. Serenity followed the butler upstairs while Lilian stayed behind.

For Lilian, Sonny's cold was a minor issue, but she cared deeply for the little boy and had personally stepped in to ensure he was okay.

In Sonny's room, Serenity sat on the edge of the bed, gently smoothing the blanket over him. Turning to the butler, she said, "Thank you. Please help me entertain Dr. Carden while I stay here for now."

"Of course, Madam," the butler replied with a respectful nod before leaving the room.

Just then, Serenity's phone rang. It was Liberty.

The kindergarten teacher had sent Liberty a message about Sonny's condition, and her voice was filled with concern.

"Seren, how's Sonny doing?" Liberty asked anxiously.

Before Sonny turned two, he often caught colds and fevers. On several occasions, he battled viral infections, spiking high fevers for days. Liberty and Serenity had taken turns nursing him through those sleepless nights. Back then, Liberty had been heavier, but every time Sonny fell ill, the stress and lack of sleep would take its toll, and she'd shed a few pounds.

As Sonny grew older and began practicing martial arts, his immune system had strengthened, and illnesses had become rare.

Serenity reassured her, "He's got a fever. It was 38 degrees at school, but by the time I brought him home, it had climbed to 39 degrees."

Liberty immediately asked, "What did the doctor say? Did you give him any fever medicine?"

"For 38 degrees, I would've just tried cooling him down," Liberty added. "But at 39, he definitely needs medicine."

"It was perfect timing," Serenity explained. "Dr. Carden happened to be here for a follow-up with Camryn and stayed to see me. She checked on Sonny, gave him some medicine, and now he's asleep."

As Serenity spoke, she reached out to gently touch Sonny's forehead.

"He hasn't started sweating yet," she observed, knowing from experience that sweating often marked the start of a fever breaking.

"Dr. Carden said it's just a cold with some inflammation. His throat is a bit red, but it's nothing serious. She didn't prescribe anything herself but had the family doctor write up a prescription. He was extra cautious, probably because of her reputation, but she approved of his prescription without any criticism," Serenity said with a small laugh.

The family doctor, who was older and highly skilled, had clearly been nervous under Lilian's watchful gaze. He'd written the prescription with painstaking care, and only when Lilian gave a nod of approval did he seem to relax.

"I was half-worried she'd critique his work," Serenity added with a chuckle.

She sighed softly. “Sonny’s been kicking off his blanket at night. Zachary and I keep covering him, but somehow, he always ends up cold.”

Liberty empathized. “That’s just how kids are. Honestly, even adults do the same thing when they’re half-asleep and feel hot.”

“Once he takes the medicine, he’ll recover soon,” Liberty reassured her. “But make sure you’re taking precautions too. Wear a mask when you’re caring for him so you don’t catch his cold. You’re pregnant, Seren, and it’ll be a bigger issue if you get sick.”

Hearing Liberty’s advice, Serenity nodded. “You’re right. I’ll be careful.”

Relieved but still protective, Liberty added, “Take care of yourself. You’ve got two little ones to think about now.”

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During pregnancy, the options for medicine are limited. Most expectant mothers endure their colds rather than risk taking medication unless absolutely necessary.

“I’m fine, sister,” Serenity reassured Liberty. “I’m in good health, and I can handle it. Sonny becomes extra clingy when he’s sick—he relies on me, and I’d worry if I didn’t take care of him. Besides, he’d worry too.”

Zachary’s demanding work schedule meant Serenity preferred not to burden him with minor issues like this.

“Sister, don’t stress about it,” Serenity continued. “Sonny’s fine. I’ll keep you updated. And even if Sonny begs me, I’m not letting him have any more high-calorie snacks to avoid this happening again.”

Liberty chuckled lightly. “Kids get sick—it’s part of growing up. Just let me know when his fever breaks. And don’t let your brother-in-law come to pick Sonny up. I’m not home, and Sonny prefers staying with you anyway.”

Though Duncan adored Sonny and treated him like his own, whenever Liberty was out of town, Sonny naturally gravitated toward Serenity. She was his constant, the one who had cared for him since birth.

“Got it, I’ll let him know,” Serenity said.

On weekends, Sonny usually spent time at the Lewis household, where Duncan would take him out for fun activities. During the week, Duncan worked but often picked Sonny up from kindergarten after school and let him hang out in his office.

Sometimes, Serenity would pick Sonny up herself and text Duncan to save him the trip.

With so many people supporting her, Liberty felt confident leaving for Jensburg to start her transition work with Kathryn, knowing Sonny was well cared for.

Serenity touched Sonny’s forehead again and noticed he was sweating.

“He’s sweating now,” Serenity reported to Liberty over the phone.

The feverish redness in Sonny’s face had subsided, and his breathing was calmer. His body temperature seemed to be dropping.

“Good,” Liberty said, sounding relieved. “Sweating helps bring the fever down. Just keep an eye on him, and if it doesn’t come back, there’s no need to worry.”

“I will, sister,” Serenity assured her. “Go ahead and focus on your work. I’ll clean him up and make sure he’s comfortable.”

After hanging up, Serenity grabbed a tissue and gently wiped the sweat from Sonny’s forehead and face. Then, she sent a quick text to her brother-in-law, Duncan:

No need to pick up Sonny from kindergarten this afternoon—I’ve already got him.

Duncan called back less than a minute later.

“What’s going on, Serenity?” he asked, his voice laced with concern. “Why’d you bring Sonny back early? Is he okay?”

“Sonny’s running a fever,” Serenity explained. “The teacher called me to pick him up. The doctor checked him out and gave him medicine. It’s just a cold and a sore throat. But tell me honestly, brother-in-law—did Sonny sneak a bunch of hot snacks?”

“Not on my watch,” Duncan replied firmly.

“Well,” Serenity said, “last Saturday, Hank picked him up and had him for two days. When Sonny came back, he was begging for fried chicken, potato chips, and French fries. He even told me his grandparents took him out for those snacks and warned him not to tell me because they know I don’t allow it.”

Duncan let out a frustrated sigh. “So, they let him eat all that junk?”

“Yeah, apparently,” Serenity confirmed. “I gave him a scolding, but I think he overdid it, and that’s probably why his throat’s so sore now.”

Hank, Sonny’s biological father, had come to pick him up that weekend. While Duncan was the stepfather, and a loving one at that, Hank still had the right to spend time with his son. With Liberty away in Jensburg, Sonny had been spending most of his time at the York household, under Serenity’s care.

Unfortunately, Sonny’s paternal grandparents often went overboard trying to compensate for their past mistakes. They indulged him with whatever he wanted, especially when it came to food.

Sonny, being a typical kid, couldn’t resist fried chicken, chips, and fries. At the time, he was thrilled and didn’t care about the consequences—until now.