

Married At First Sight Chapter 4007

Chapter 4007

“I don’t want it. I want to stay with Uncle Duncan.”

Sonny shook his head firmly, stepping away from his grandmother’s outstretched arms.

Turning to her, he said in his small, earnest voice, “Aunt Lilian took care of me when I was sick. She said my throat was inflamed because I ate fried chicken, and that’s why I got a fever. She told me not to eat fried chicken anymore. But she also promised that once I feel better, she’ll fry some for me at home. She said homemade is safer than buying it outside, but I can only have a little bit.”

The boy’s tone became even more serious. “Grandma, I don’t want to eat fried chicken from outside anymore. And you and Grandpa better not blame Uncle Duncan. He’s really good to me. If you scold him, I won’t like you anymore.”

Sonny’s words were cutting. The bond between him and his grandparents was fragile, at best.

For as long as he could remember, his grandparents had favored his cousin, Lucas. They would take away his toys and snacks, giving them to Lucas instead. That favoritism had left a lasting impression on Sonny.

Although they had started treating him better recently, the damage was already done. He saw them only occasionally, and the emotional connection simply wasn’t there. Now that Sonny was older and attending kindergarten, he understood more about the people around him. He knew who genuinely cared for him and who didn’t.

His grandmother, in particular, always felt insincere to him.

“Sonny, how can you talk to your grandmother like that?” Mrs. Brown said, her voice trembling with sadness. “Grandma cares about you. Whatever you want, I’ll buy it for you!”

But her sadness quickly turned to anger as she lashed out at Duncan. “It’s you! You’ve been poisoning my grandson’s mind! Mr. Lewis, no matter what you say or do, Sonny is still a part

of the Brown family. You're so cruel—mark my words, you'll never stand up again for the rest of your life!"

Duncan's expression turned icy. He gestured to the bodyguards nearby. "Get this old woman out of here. I don't want to hear another word from her."

"You wouldn't dare!" Mrs. Brown spat, her voice rising in outrage.

Her husband, Mr. Brown, chimed in, his tone laced with arrogance. "If you lay a finger on us, all we have to do is lie on the ground and cry foul. You'll lose everything."

Duncan paused and waved off his bodyguards. They stood down, but his glare didn't soften.

Just as Mrs. Brown began to smirk triumphantly, Duncan's voice cut through the room like a blade. "I won't touch you. But do you think I wouldn't dare touch your children and grandchildren?"

His words wiped the smugness from her face.

"Let me remind you," he continued, his tone dangerously low, "I wasn't always this civilized. When I was younger, I wasn't above doing whatever it took to get my way."

Mrs. Brown paled. Duncan Lewis wasn't just any man—he was the fourth young master of the powerful Lewis family. His wealth, influence, and connections made him untouchable. If he wanted to make life difficult for her children, it would be effortless.

Her daughter's business, which was doing decently well, could be destroyed overnight if Duncan chose to act. Without that income, how would her family survive?

And Hank—he was already struggling. Once a man with a stable job, Hank had been ruined by the same powerful people his mother was now provoking. These days, he barely made ends meet as a ride-share driver. If Duncan took that opportunity away, Hank would have nothing left.

Sensing the danger, Mr. Brown tugged on his wife's sleeve. "Let's go home," he said, lowering his voice. "Sonny is still young. He doesn't understand now, but he will when he's older. No one can change the fact that he's our grandson. The Brown blood runs through his veins. That's not something anyone can take away."

Mrs. Brown hesitated, but the fear of losing what little her family had left forced her to retreat.

