

Married At First Sight Chapter 4078

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Tania chuckled and said to Rosella, “You’re laughing so loudly on the phone—poor Evan must feel awful. He’s probably so uncomfortable right now. You’re his mom, after all. At least wait until the call is over before you start laughing.”

Madisyn chimed in, “Exactly. You could’ve saved the laughing for us. Instead, you laughed right in his ear. He’s already hurting physically and emotionally, and no one’s there to comfort him properly.”

Rosella shrugged, unconcerned. “Abby’s there to take care of him, isn’t she? She’ll comfort him. But it’s late now—hasn’t Abby gone back to rest? Evan hasn’t even managed to win her over yet. How could she possibly stay overnight at the hospital just for him?”

The old lady, listening with a knowing smile, gently reminded them, “You’re all aware it’s late, aren’t you? Then why aren’t you heading to bed? It’s almost midnight. Thankfully, the guest rooms are spacious enough for the four of us—mother-in-law and daughters-in-law—to chat and laugh without disturbing anyone. But remember, we’re guests here. We shouldn’t inconvenience the Johnson family.”

The three sisters-in-law glanced at the clock, realizing how late it had gotten.

Tania, the eldest sister-in-law, stood up and took charge. “Alright, Mom, let’s call it a night. We’ll get some rest now and head out for a walk tomorrow.”

While the scenery at FC Manor was stunning, it wasn’t much different from what they were used to at Wildridge Manor. After living there for decades, they’d grown somewhat indifferent to the beauty. A change of pace sounded more appealing than admiring the same kind of views.

Besides, they were a bit tired of doting on little Avah all day.

“Let’s plan to explore the area tomorrow,” Tania continued. “Even though we’ve been to Annenburg a few times, there are always new things to see.”

The old lady nodded, her smile softening. “That sounds lovely. Some of the other old friends mentioned wanting to join us for the walk, too.”

She paused thoughtfully, then added, “Maybe we can bring Avah along with her siblings. That little girl gets more adorable every day—she’s like a living doll straight out of a New Year’s painting. If I had a great-granddaughter like her, I’d probably wake up smiling in my dreams.”

The old lady York’s wistful tone didn’t go unnoticed. The three sisters-in-law exchanged silent glances, knowing how much their mother-in-law longed for a granddaughter.

But her disappointment wasn’t their fault.

They’d tried, after all. Tania, Madisyn, and Rosella had each hoped for a daughter at one point or another. But no matter how many times they tried, the results were always the same: boys.

Rosella had once considered trying for a fourth child, but the old lady York had intervened. She worried about Rosella’s health and didn’t want her risking another pregnancy at her age. But more than that, she feared that the fourth child would also be a boy.

Madisyn’s experience had been proof enough. She’d tried for a daughter four times and ended up with four sons—what the family fondly referred to as “the four great kings.”

Tania, on the other hand, had given up after her second child, Tatum. She didn’t even bother trying for a third.

The memory of the ninth child’s birth was still vivid in their minds. When the nurse emerged from the delivery room holding the newborn, everyone had crowded around her, anticipation thick in the air.

The old lady had hesitantly asked the nurse about the baby’s gender, her voice trembling with hope.

The nurse, smiling warmly, had congratulated them, announcing it was a boy. Both mother and child were healthy.

The mother, upon hearing it was another son, had burst into tears right there on the spot.

The old lady York had wanted to cry, too.

That moment marked the end of her dream for a granddaughter. By the time the ninth boy was born, it was clear the family's legacy would remain a "temple of monks."

Accepting it wasn't easy, but what else could they do?

After Madisyn's four sons, Rosella had abandoned her hope for a daughter altogether.

It had become something of a family joke, calling their lineage a "temple of monks." But the truth was, their persistent attempts to have a daughter had only expanded the family tree with boys—generation after generation.

And now, there was a lingering question in everyone's minds:

What if Zachary's generation also ended up with only sons?