

Married At First Sight Chapter 4111

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Zachary smiled. "That's true. There's nothing we can do about it. He was born to be the heir of the York family."

Serenity said, "Maybe our child will just be average."

Zachary kissed her again and replied with confidence, "No way. My child—no matter what—won't be bad. They say a great father can have an unremarkable son, but I'm exceptional. My child won't be bad."

Serenity playfully pinched his cheek. "You're so confident. It's too early to say. The baby isn't even born yet."

"Honey, go to sleep," she yawned.

Zachary nodded. "You sleep first. I want to watch you."

Serenity closed her eyes, quickly drifting off.

Meanwhile, Liberty was still on the phone with Duncan. After talking for over half an hour, she felt the weight of her anxiety lift. Duncan's support and encouragement gave her reassurance.

She had no experience leading a powerful family or managing a large corporation—but she could learn. And she had plenty of people willing to help her.

Everyone starts with nothing and builds from there.

Life is a journey taken one step at a time.

"Duncan, I'm sorry for bothering you. I feel much better now. I think I'll take a nap," Liberty said apologetically. "I'll thank you properly when I get back."

Duncan's voice softened. "We're husband and wife. There's no need to be so formal. I'm happy when you talk to me and trust me. No need to thank me. But if you really want to... well, you know."

Liberty smiled. "I'm just looking out for your health."

Duncan, once a lifelong bachelor, was now a married man—and having a wife beside him made him a little greedy for affection.

His legs hadn't fully healed yet, and Liberty worried about his health. So when he got too eager, she had to put on the brakes.

Every time she saw his disappointed expression, she didn't know whether to laugh or feel guilty.

"I'm perfectly healthy. Sure, I'm a few years older than you, but I used to work out all the time. The doctor even said I'm in good shape," Duncan reassured her.

If he hadn't been in such great shape before the accident, his recovery wouldn't have been this fast.

From Duncan's perspective, he hadn't fully recovered since he still needed a wheelchair at times. But from the doctor's point of view, he was doing exceptionally well—most people in his condition wouldn't have come this far in less than a year.

Liberty smiled. "Alright, alright. You're in good health. When you've fully recovered, you can do whatever you want."

Duncan chuckled. "You said it."

Liberty smirked. "I did, and I'll stick to it. Now, go to sleep. I love you."

Duncan's heart soared. "Wife, how am I supposed to sleep now? You never say 'I love you' often. How can I sleep after hearing that?"

Liberty wasn't usually the type to say sweet things.

Duncan had always felt that his love for her ran deeper than hers for him.

She married him, but they still hadn't had a wedding. Everyone in Wiltspoon knew they were legally husband and wife—Duncan made sure of that—but sometimes, he still felt uneasy.

Maybe it was because they hadn't held a wedding yet.

That's why he pushed himself so hard in rehab, determined to recover as soon as possible.

Then, they could finally have their wedding.

Liberty sighed. "...If you keep reacting like this, I won't say those three words next time."