

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4113

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The next day.

Liberty slept until noon.

She had barely fallen asleep around four in the morning, so she didn't wake up until midday.

Reaching for her phone on the bedside table, she checked the time—it was almost noon.

She quickly sat up, changed her clothes, freshened up, and headed downstairs.

The house was quiet.

Only the sound of her footsteps echoed through the space.

“Kathryn? Kathryn?”

She called out twice, but there was no response.

Liberty guessed Kathryn had either gone out or was in the yard.

The lingering aroma of food told her that lunch had already been prepared.

She made her way to the front door.

Just as she stepped outside, she saw Kathryn and Pedro returning with a few guests.

Her sharp eyes immediately spotted Duncan.

He was seated in a wheelchair, pushed by his personal bodyguard. Another bodyguard followed behind, pulling a suitcase.

Kathryn and Pedro weren't empty-handed either—they carried large and small gift boxes.

Duncan had brought them—specialties from Wiltspoon.

When Kathryn saw Duncan arriving with so many gifts, she had said, “Liberty is the owner of the Farrell family mansion now, and you’re her husband. This is your home too. You don’t have to bring so much.”

“These are to honor my aunt,” Duncan replied.

Kathryn smiled at that and accepted the gifts.

Although she was a few years younger than Liberty, their family hierarchy meant Liberty had to address her as “Aunt.” Since Duncan was Liberty’s husband, he naturally followed suit.

“Liberty, you’re up!”

Kathryn spotted Liberty standing at the doorway and smiled. “Look who’s here. Mr. Lewis heard you weren’t sleeping well and was worried about you. So, he got up early, caught a flight, and just arrived.”

Liberty stepped forward, moving toward the group.

“Duncan... why didn’t you tell me you were coming?”

Seeing her husband, Liberty couldn’t hide her joy—the smile on her face said it all.

The bodyguard stepped aside, allowing Liberty to take over pushing Duncan’s wheelchair.

“I wanted to surprise you,” Duncan said with a grin. Then, lowering his voice, he added, “I didn’t dare make a big deal out of it—I was afraid Sonny would cry and insist on coming with me. He has kindergarten tomorrow.”

Of course, there was another reason—he wanted time alone with Liberty.

Sonny was a sweet, sensible child, but he was still a child. And as newlyweds, Duncan and Liberty didn’t need a “third wheel” tagging along.

“If Sonny finds out you came alone, he’ll be upset,” Liberty said knowingly.

Duncan chuckled. “I’ll make it up to him with extra toys. He’s easy to coax.”

“I’ll just tell him it was a business trip,” Duncan continued. “Obviously, I couldn’t bring him along for that. Plus, he has school—bad timing.”

Liberty smiled, seeing through his excuse.

She knew the truth—Duncan had come for her.

He understood her worries, her anxieties. He wanted to be here, by her side, as her support.

Yes, his mobility was still limited, but his mind was sharp.

When it came to business, he was more experienced than she was. With him around, she'd have guidance, a second perspective—she wouldn't have to navigate everything alone.

“But your company is busy,” Liberty pointed out. “What about your work while you're here?”