

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4236

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## Chapter 4236

“I’m not picky when it comes to food. Whatever you like, I like too,” Remy said, his devotion to her unmistakable.

Elisa felt a deep sense of contentment. “I’m going to check on my nephew. I just heard him crying. Call me when dinner’s ready—just yell over the wall.”

Remy smiled. “Sure. Bring the baby over if he wants to play for a bit.”

Ever since he had started going on little outings, the baby had developed a love for the outdoors.

If he cried despite being well-fed and rested, there was no need to ask why—he just wanted to go outside.

As Elisa walked out, she called back, “Let’s leave him with Grandpa Jimenez for now. Otherwise, he’ll cry and demand to go out, and that’ll ruin our peaceful dinner. Grandpa Jimenez adores him anyway. He keeps saying he wants to live a few more years just to see more young ones grow up.”

Grandpa Jimenez’s zest for life was fueled by family.

He had never married or had children of his own. In his younger years, he hadn’t given much thought to old age.

His loyalty had always belonged to the head of the family.

Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that, in his twilight years, Miss Audrey would take him in and care for him as if he were her own. Now, he was surrounded by the warmth of a family he had never expected to have.

He often thought that if the head of the family were still alive, he would be overjoyed to see so many children and grandchildren.

But some wounds never healed.

Even in death, he could not forgive Clarissa. Not even if she had turned to dust.

She had accused him of never considering her feelings, but how could she? She had only been looking for an excuse to justify her cruelty.

His loyalty had always been to the head of the family. That was his world, his duty. If not for that, he wouldn't have cared about Clarissa at all.

He had raised the third lady since she was a child. Unlike Clarissa, she had never harbored inappropriate thoughts about him.

The mere memory of Clarissa's obsession and resentment made him sick. She had been more than twenty years younger than him!

But there was no point dwelling on her now. She had sought forgiveness from the head of the family, though whether it had been granted was another matter entirely.

For Grandpa Jimenez, the only thing left to do was to live a little longer—to see Miss Audrey's and Miss Harlow's children grow. Once they had their own families, he could finally rest and reunite with the head of the family.

Remy smiled. He knew Grandpa Jimenez adored Clive's son. In truth, his deep affection for the younger generation stemmed from his unspoken love for their mother.

Elisa stepped out, crossed the yard, and soon entered her family's villa.

The baby had already been soothed.

Some babies were difficult to calm when they cried, but this little one was easy. He loved to cry, but he was just as easy to comfort.

Audrey had taken him in her arms. The moment she did, he stopped crying and beamed at her, melting her heart. She showered his chubby little cheeks with kisses.

When Elisa walked in, the Stone family had already finished dinner.

They were all gathered in the living room, the TV on low in the background. No one was really watching—they were all focused on the baby.

He couldn't speak yet, but he babbled happily, eager to interact.

"Mom, I'm back," Elisa said, making her way toward her mother.