

Married at First Sight [On-Going] 4316 - 4430

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Chapter 4316

"I'm not writing an apology letter. My brothers have to pay for what they did."

Kathryn assumed Holden was here for her three brothers.

Holden stared at her, suddenly struck by how much she resembled his late wife. He murmured, almost to himself, "Too much like her."

They were his children, after all.

Kathryn's mannerisms, personality, and even appearance were becoming more and more like her mother's.

"Dad, what do you want?" she asked again, ignoring his muttering.

Holden snapped out of his daze, his sharp, calculating gaze returning.

"Are you and Pedro heading to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get your marriage certificate?" he asked.

Kathryn didn't hesitate. "That's my business."

"He took you to see the fireworks last night," Holden continued. "The ones that lasted half an hour and lit up the entire Jensburg skyline—he set them off for you, didn't he?"

Kathryn raised an eyebrow. "So what?"

"He's rich."

Holden had spent decades around Clarissa but had never figured out how much the head of the family's assistant earned. He only knew they seemed to print money and never lacked wealth.

Pedro gave him the same impression.

His son-in-law was clearly wealthy.

So was his daughter.

Since Kathryn wasn't the head of the Farrell family, she wouldn't be bringing a husband into her household—she'd be marrying out like everyone else.

And that meant a dowry.

He had given her life. When she got married, shouldn't the groom's family give him a portion of the dowry? At least half?

Holden was running low on money, and it made him anxious.

Kathryn had promised not to let him starve, but she didn't hand over tens or hundreds of thousands like her three brothers did. She only gave him basic living expenses.

When he heard she was registering her marriage today, he got up early and had his driver bring him back.

Just in time to stop them before they left.

Kathryn's eyes narrowed. "Dad, just say what you want and get to the point. Don't dance around it."

Holden gave a sheepish smile. "Kathryn, we're father and daughter. I know I've made you angry many times, but I'm still your father. You refused to take over the Farrell family, so you don't have to follow its rules. Since you're getting married normally, Pedro should be giving our family a dowry. Raising a daughter isn't easy, you know."

So that was it. He was here for money.

No matter how much he was given, it was never enough. He always wanted more.

Kathryn had already decided—moving forward, he would only receive basic living expenses. She had even hired a nanny, with Pedro paying her salary directly, so Holden wouldn't have access to the money.

He had spent his whole life without financial independence, and it had created a deep, insatiable hunger for money.

Even though his bank account was healthier than most elderly men's, he still felt insecure. He worried that his savings wouldn't last him until the end of his life.

He believed he had at least another ten or twenty years left.

How could his little nest egg be enough?

As he aged, his health would decline. Medical expenses would pile up.

The only thing that could give him peace of mind was having more money.

And that was why Holden always came back, asking for more.

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Holden sighed. "Raising a daughter isn't easy."

Kathryn nodded.

"The cost of raising a child is the highest."

"But you didn't raise me," Kathryn said. "You raised Shiloh. I grew up with Shiloh's parents. Before returning to the Farrell family, I privately gave them money to cover what they spent on me. If I were more ruthless, I wouldn't have given them a dime. If they hadn't done such awful things, I wouldn't have been separated from my biological parents, abused for over a decade, or nearly sold."

By the time she became a teenager, her adoptive parents and their family couldn't control her anymore. But those first ten years—they were hell.

Kathryn never exaggerated. She remembered everything clearly.

Later, her adoptive family secretly begged her for money, but she never gave in. She warned them, and they didn't dare try again. They also reached out to Shiloh, but Shiloh barely acknowledged them. At most, she'd throw them a few thousand dollars. She told her biological mother, "I'm not Kathryn. I won't let you push me around."

Kathryn's mother suffered, but Kathryn had no intention of letting them manipulate her. Once she grew up, she fought back—and hard. If anyone messed with her, she'd chase them through several villages with a kitchen knife.

Back in her hometown, Kathryn was known for her fierceness.

The Farrell family assumed she was just some weak country girl who could be easily bullied.

Holden was silent for a while before saying, "I may not have raised you, but I gave you life. I'm your father. Now that you're getting married, don't you think it's time to repay me for bringing you into this world? Your mother didn't live to see you happy or watch you get married. I'm still here. Shouldn't you show me some filial respect?"

"If Shiloh were alive... I wouldn't have come to you."

Holden had spoiled Shiloh endlessly.

If things hadn't gone so terribly wrong, Shiloh would have gladly taken care of him in his old age. He wouldn't have to worry about a thing.

What a pity.

Holden despised himself for the choices he and Shiloh made. He didn't believe it was all just coincidence—someone had plotted against them.

That incident didn't just tear apart his marriage; it destroyed him. He had even gone to extreme lengths to seek his wife's forgiveness. Though he survived, he was never the same. And his relationship with Shiloh? Completely shattered. She hated him, and honestly, he hated her too.

Holden and Shiloh were both victims. The people who orchestrated their downfall deserved the worst.

Back then, Clarissa was still alive. Holden had feared her influence too much to retaliate.

In the end, he could only watch as his beloved daughter fell to her death.

Clarissa had been ruthless.

Even though Shiloh wasn't biologically hers, they had raised her as their own for over twenty years. They had truly loved her.

Clarissa had once seen Shiloh as the center of her world. How could she just erase twenty years of maternal love once she learned the truth?

Shiloh had been innocent—she didn't choose to be switched at birth.

But so was Kathryn.

Clarissa's deepest resentment stemmed from the fact that Kathryn hadn't just been swapped—she had suffered terribly. If Kathryn had been treated well, Clarissa might not have harbored such hatred.

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Other mothers cherished their daughters, gave them everything, spoiled them. Meanwhile, Clarissa's real daughter had been abused and nearly sold. What mother wouldn't be filled with rage after learning the truth?

Holden said, "Kathryn, you're about to get your marriage certificate. You've probably picked a date already. Don't let me hold you up. Just give me the betrothal money. As long as you do, I'll head back to my hometown right away and won't bother you again this year."

Kathryn scoffed inwardly.

Once she was married and out of Jensburg City, Holden wouldn't be able to find her. Unless she wanted to see him, he'd never lay eyes on her again.

"The betrothal money is for me, isn't it?" Kathryn said. "Traditionally, when a girl gets married, the betrothal money belongs to her. Dad, I haven't asked you for a dowry, so what makes you think you're entitled to my betrothal money?"

Holden's face darkened. "Betrothal money should go to the parents. If the parents are well-off, they'll give it to their daughter. I'm in my seventies, Kathryn. I can't work anymore. I have no income. That money would help me in my old age."

Kathryn replied, "Dad, I already cover your living expenses. And I know exactly how much money you have. It's more than enough—not just for one year, but for three. Pedro's betrothal money is mine, and I won't give it to anyone.

"And Dad, you can't stop me. I can have someone drag you out of here at any time. If you're smart, you'll leave now and stop making me angry.

"Do you still care about your three sons? Do you want them to have a future? Because if you push me, I can make sure they don't.

"If you cross me, you'll die alone, with no one to care for you. And if I decide to take back every penny you've saved, trust me—I can. I could make you homeless and starving."

Holden's face turned pale. He believed her.

Kathryn was ruthless. She was capable of anything.

But he had come all this way. Leaving empty-handed wasn't an option.

After a moment, Holden softened his tone. "Kathryn, I don't need much. Just give me a million. That's all I ask. I swear I won't bother you again this year. I'm nearly out of money. I've spent most of it helping your brothers. The allowance you give me just isn't enough.

"Kathryn, your mother left you so much wealth. A million is nothing to you—it's like a single dollar to other people. Can't you even spare me a single dollar?"

Without a word, Kathryn turned and went to her car. She pulled off her bag, rummaged through it, and finally found some cash. The smallest bill she had was five dollars.

She took it out and handed it to him.

“I’m still willing to give you a dollar, Dad. Here—you asked for one, I’ll give you five. No need for change.”

Holden’s expression twisted. “Kathryn, I said a million, not a dollar.”

“Oh, but you asked if I’d even give you a dollar. And I’m giving you five,” Kathryn said, slipping the bill back into her wallet. “Dad, you know me. Did you really think you could get my betrothal money?”

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“Dad, just let it go. You’re not going to die of hunger—old age or illness maybe—but I won’t let you starve.”

Kathryn turned to the butler walking over. “Butler, send two guards to move him. Don’t let him block my way.”

She didn’t want to keep arguing with Holden.

What Pedro owned was hers. And what she owned? Still hers. If Holden thought he’d get her money, he was dreaming.

“Kathryn, if you don’t give me money, I’ll curse your marriage to be miserable!”

Driven off by the butler, Holden shouted angrily at his daughter.

Kathryn shot back coldly, “Don’t worry. My marriage to Pedro will be way happier than yours ever was with my mom.”

Holden broke down on the spot.

Kathryn and Pedro got back in their car and left quickly.

Watching their car disappear into the distance, Holden muttered bitterly, “The biggest mistake of my life was marrying your mother—and having a ‘filial’ daughter like you.”

But no matter how much he regretted marrying Clarissa in his youth, there’s no medicine for regret and no way to turn back time. All he could do was live out the rest of his life with that regret.

After Kathryn and Pedro received their marriage certificate, they started planning the wedding.

Once the wedding date was locked in, they flew to Wiltspoon with their written invitations.

By coincidence, they arrived on the day of Jasmine’s baby’s one-month celebration.

Time really flies.

It felt like Jasmine just gave birth, and now the baby was already a month old.

Kathryn and Pedro hadn’t received an invitation from the Bucham family for the celebration, so they waited at the Stone family home for Audrey to return.

The Stone family’s butler called to let Audrey know.

She understood what was going on. Calmly, she told the butler, “Got it.”

“Auntie, what’s wrong?”

Serenity, sitting beside her, noticed something was off.

Jasmine was still recovering from childbirth. Serenity herself was due soon.

Lately, Zachary hadn’t been sleeping well. He had insomnia, yes—but he was also scared to fall into a deep sleep.

He was worried Serenity might go into labor suddenly, like Jasmine had.

Every time Serenity shifted in bed, Zachary would jolt awake and ask nervously if everything was okay, terrified she might go into early labor.

“Kathryn’s here. Waiting at my place,” Audrey said.

Serenity replied, “My sister told me Kathryn and Pedro got their marriage certificate and are planning the wedding. They’re probably here to give out invitations.”

But Serenity knew she wouldn’t be able to attend. The wedding date was too close to her due date.

Liberty said she’d just drop by, give a gift, have a drink or two, then rush back to Wiltspoon.

By then, Serenity would be ready to give birth. Liberty told her not to worry—this was her first child, and she was understandably anxious. Liberty wanted to be back in time to support her.

“She mentioned that to me on the phone a while back,” Audrey said gently. “I told her if they really wanted me to come, they should deliver the invite in person. I asked Liberty to pass that along.”

Audrey’s usual aloofness disappeared—she was soft and caring toward her favorite niece.

Elisa often teased that ever since her mom found two nieces, her own daughter status had taken a backseat.

Audrey added, “They’re probably coming to give me the invitation this time.”

Serenity asked, “Auntie, are you going to the wedding?”

Audrey looked at Serenity’s baby bump. “I’ll go home this afternoon and check the wedding date. If it doesn’t clash with your due date, I’ll go.”

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Audrey added, "If the timing doesn't work, I'll just send a gift. When your baby arrives, I'll definitely be there for you." She held Serenity's hand. "You should take it easy now. Too much movement this late in pregnancy will wear you out."

"I haven't been out much lately," Serenity said. "Even when Sonny went to school, Zachary took over. I haven't been picking him up anymore. I think the baby will come early."

She rested a hand on her belly. During her check-up, the doctor said the baby hadn't dropped yet—so labor wasn't imminent.

"Thirty-five weeks, right?" Audrey asked. "I remember your due date is about a month ahead of Jasmine's. If Jasmine hadn't delivered early, she'd be giving birth around now."

Serenity nodded. "Thirty-five weeks and three days. I'm going for check-ups every four days now."

Zachary had cut back on work significantly, focusing all his attention on her.

His grandmother, mother, and sisters-in-law had also returned from FC Manor Villa.

Partly for Jasmine's baby's celebration—but mainly because Serenity was so close to delivery.

This was the old lady's first great-grandchild, and their hometown placed great importance on that.

The maternity bag and all the baby supplies were already packed.

Zachary had bought a mountain of baby clothes, blankets, bottles—everything. Anytime the sun came out, he'd lay the clothes out to dry, saying sun-dried clothes smelled better than those from the dryer. They were warmer too.

Serenity joked that Zachary might as well open a maternity and baby supply store—he had brought home way more than they needed.

They even had a whole room dedicated to storing baby things.

Zachary bought baby clothes for every stage from newborn to one year—and in bulk. One time, he even bought baby skirts.

After washing and drying them, he laid the tiny skirts at the head of their bed. Every night, he'd pick one up and look at it lovingly.

He told Serenity, "Since we bought baby skirts, we'll definitely have a daughter one day. If we keep them on the bed for a few years, it'll happen."

Serenity teased him, "We haven't even had our first baby, and you're already planning the next?"

Still, she loved those little skirts too. She let him dream and admire them every night.

Everyone who saw Serenity's bump said it was a boy—pointed belly, popped-out belly button—just like Jasmine's.

And Jasmine did have a boy.

"Got everything ready?" Audrey asked.

"Everything's set," Serenity replied. "Auntie bought a bunch of supplies for me too. Elisa picks up things from time to time. And Alice gave me some new clothes her baby never wore."

After Clive's son was born, he had too many new outfits—some he never even wore.

Alice asked if Serenity wanted them. She did—but preferred the clothes that hadn't been worn.

Sonny's clothes were top quality. He wore them so often, but they still looked brand new.

Jasmine's son even wore some of Clive's son's hand-me-downs.

But when Zachary saw Serenity bringing home two boxes of baby clothes from the Stone family, he thought it meant she still didn't have enough—so he went shopping again.

Now, the baby hadn't even been born yet, but several closets were already overflowing with clothes.

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Chapter 4321Audrey said, “After giving birth, you need to rest properly. Don’t rush back to work right away—at least give it half an hour. Childbirth takes a real toll on a woman’s body. If you don’t recover well afterward, the aftereffects could stay with you for life.”

Serenity smiled and replied, “Auntie, I haven’t even given birth yet.”

“I know, I know.”

Serenity had cared for Liberty during her recovery period, so she knew exactly what to expect.

Just then, Josh came downstairs with their son and Jasmine.

Josh had been smiling all day.

During her confinement, Jasmine ate well, slept soundly, and didn’t have to lift a finger. Josh, her mother-in-law, or the nanny handled everything. Her only job was to rest and recover.

The whole family gathered around to see the baby.

Feeling a little bloated, Serenity still joined in the fun.

Audrey gently held Serenity’s hand and guided her, making sure no one bumped into her belly.

A moment later, Jasmine and Josh came over.

“Seren,” Jasmine greeted her with a smile.

Serenity handed the baby a red envelope she had prepared earlier. The little one was dressed in a brand-new outfit his grandmother had picked out. According to tradition, the baby’s clothes for the full moon celebration must be chosen by the grandmother.

“He’s asleep.”

Serenity gently touched the baby’s soft little face.

He’d gained several pounds since birth—clearly well taken care of.

“Yep,” Jasmine said. “He eats, sleeps, wakes up to poop, then eats again, and sleeps some more. Super easy to take care of.”

To Jasmine, her son was a dream baby—quiet, content, and fuss-free.

She’d gotten the hang of it. The baby looked for her only when he was hungry, and even then, sometimes she fed him formula right away without waiting for cues.

Serenity looked at Jasmine.

They were old friends, and Jasmine could instantly read Serenity’s knowing look.

She touched her own face and asked, “Seren, do I look like I’ve gained weight?”

Serenity replied, “Not fat, just a little rounder.”

Jasmine laughed. “I’ve obviously put on weight. My kid just eats and sleeps, and I’ve been feeding him like a little pig for a month. No surprise that I gained weight, too.”

Despite the daily supplements and her body recovering well, her weight was climbing quickly.

She had already told Josh she planned to lose weight once her confinement period ended.

“I need to lose weight, seriously,” Jasmine said.

Serenity smiled. “Yeah, you’ve definitely gained a little. But it’s totally normal. You’re breastfeeding—your appetite’s bound to increase.”

From the side, Josh chimed in, “See, honey? I’ve been saying you need to lose weight. Even Seren agrees!”

Jasmine turned to Audrey for her opinion, and Audrey just smiled and said she didn’t think Jasmine looked fat. That put an end to Jasmine’s complaints—at least for now.

The little family stayed for about ten minutes before heading off to greet more relatives with the baby.

Serenity and the others stayed at the Bucham house until the afternoon before heading home.

Since Kathryn and Pedro were coming over, Serenity asked Zachary to drop her at the Stone family’s house first. Later, she went home with Audrey and the rest.

When she saw Kathryn, Serenity smiled and said, “It’s been a while, Kathryn—you look even more beautiful.”

Newlywed bliss looked good on Kathryn. She had a glow about her.

Kathryn smiled back and said, “You’re still as gorgeous as ever, Seren. I’ve seen lots of pregnant women, but you’re by far the most beautiful.”

Serenity replied playfully, “That’s right—I’ve always been beautiful.”

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Chapter 4322Serenity touched her own face with a playful grin.

Everyone laughed.

They all headed into the living room together.

After a bit of small talk, Kathryn took out two wedding invitations—one for Audrey and one for Serenity.

“Cousin, Seren,” she said, “Pedro and I have our marriage license, and we’ve set the wedding date. It’s in two weeks. I really hope you’ll bring the whole family and celebrate with us.”

Audrey took the invitation, opened it, glanced at the details, then handed it to Darrell.

He didn’t look at it—just took it and held onto it.

Audrey didn’t give Kathryn an answer right away. Instead, she asked about her health. Once she confirmed that Kathryn’s injuries had healed and that the issues in Jensburg were resolved, she smiled.

Audrey also knew how much Pedro loved and supported Kathryn.

After giving Pedro a few thoughtful reminders, she turned to Kathryn and said, “In two weeks, Seren probably won’t have given birth yet, so I’ll come on my own. Elisa and her siblings are all tied up with work and can’t make it.”

Kathryn smiled warmly. “I understand, Cousin. I’m just really happy you’ll be there.”

She had also brought gifts for Mr. Jimenez.

Although he knew Kathryn was innocent, Mr. Jimenez still kept his distance. She was Clarissa’s biological daughter, and though she was doing well now, he worried she might change in the future.

Only when Kathryn handed over her title and everything in the Farrell family to Liberty did Mr. Jimenez’s opinion soften a bit. Still, he wasn’t overly fond of her.

At that moment, Mr. Jimenez used the excuse of being tired to retreat to his room. He didn’t want to face Kathryn.

Kathryn wished Audrey and Darrell could bring Mr. Jimenez to the wedding too, but she didn’t dare ask.

He clearly wasn’t fond of her.

Even so, Mr. Jimenez was old and in surprisingly good health. He took daily medicine prepared by a master doctor and his apprentice—formulas you couldn’t find in regular pharmacies or hospitals.

She had heard the ingredients in those pills were rare and valuable, grown by the doctor himself or collected by respected herbalists from across the country.

Mr. Jimenez was still alive thanks to his old friends, who provided those rare herbs to support him.

“He’ll come. He’s old, but he can still handle a short trip,” Audrey said suddenly, as if reading Kathryn’s mind.

Kathryn responded gratefully, “I understand.”

Serenity added, “If Auntie goes to your wedding, that’s already great. Lately, even going out wears her out.”

Kathryn nodded, showing understanding.

She'd already prepared herself for this.

Whether Serenity attended or not was up to her, but she still made sure to send her an invitation.

Zachary added, "Seren's due any day now, so I won't be able to go either. I'll make sure a gift gets delivered to Miss Farrell and Mr. Fraser on our behalf."

"Thank you," Kathryn said sincerely.

She then turned to Serenity and asked when the baby was due.

"One more month."

Kathryn nodded again.

As long as Serenity delivered a little early, Audrey, Darrell, and Liberty could still attend her wedding.

By the time Serenity gave birth, Kathryn and Pedro would probably be off on their honeymoon.

Kathryn figured that once the baby arrived, she could ask Liberty to bring over the red envelopes and gifts she had prepared.

When Serenity's baby turned one month old, Kathryn would just be getting back from her honeymoon—just in time to attend the full-month celebration.

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“When your baby arrives, I’ll probably be on my honeymoon,” Kathryn said sincerely. “Ask Liberty to bring back the gifts and red envelopes I’ve prepared. And don’t forget to invite me to the full moon celebration when your baby turns one month old. I want to share in the joy.”

She added honestly, “I really want to have a child soon.”

Serenity smiled. “Okay.”

Audrey had invited Kathryn and Pedro over for dinner at her home.

After dinner, the couple headed back to Jensburg.

Serenity stayed at the store until around 8 p.m., then went home with Zachary.

Since Wildridge Manor was quite far from the city—and Serenity was in the late stage of pregnancy and could go into labor anytime—they had moved back to the city early on. They were now living in their Brynfield house, which was closer to the hospital.

That house was where they’d lived right after getting married, the place where they’d started building their relationship.

Now that they were back, aside from the old lady who occasionally stayed with them, it was just the two of them. Still, Serenity never felt like that little Brynfield house was truly hers and Zachary’s.

The old lady had just returned from a visit to the Bucham family.

When they got home, she was sitting on the sofa, watching TV with a stuffed goose pillow in her arms.

Zachary hadn’t brought any of his cats or dogs back with them. Since Serenity got pregnant, they’d kept the pets away from her to avoid any risk of *Toxoplasma gondii*—even though the animals had all their shots and regular checkups.

Better safe than sorry. The entire York family was being extra careful.

The old lady used to cuddle her cat while watching TV. Now, with no pets around, she hugged a goose-shaped pillow instead.

“Grandma.”

“Grandma.”

They walked in one after the other, calling out to her.

Seeing she was still up, Serenity walked over, smiling.

“You’re still awake, Grandma?”

The old lady smiled warmly and stood up. Looking lovingly at Serenity, she said, “How could I sleep when you two aren’t home yet?”

“What took you so long?”

Serenity took her arm, and the two sat down on the couch together.

“Kathryn and Pedro just got their marriage certificate and came to invite me and Auntie. Auntie had them over for dinner, and I stayed to chat with Elisa for a while afterward. We came back right after.”

“Actually, this is pretty early for me. Before I got married, I never got home before eleven. And Zachary? He used to come back in the middle of the night.”

“They’re married now?” the old lady asked. “Pedro’s a good man. Kathryn made the right choice. He’ll stay loyal to her forever.”

Every Farrell family member has a devoted, highly capable assistant by their side. They’re considered part of the family—loyal in life and even in death.

They spend so much time together that it’s only natural for feelings to grow. While most try to stay professional, it’s hard not to develop real emotions. Still, it’s rare for any of them to actually marry the ones they serve.

Kathryn and Pedro were the first.

Even though Kathryn didn’t end up taking over everything in the Farrell family, she had been the designated successor once. Pedro, on the other hand, was a standout—trained through the elite All-Round Assistant Fund.

He’d be loyal to Kathryn for life.

With a husband like that, Kathryn never had to worry about betrayal.

The old lady added, “They’ve been together a long time.”

Serenity said, “Kathryn used to say she just wanted a child, not a husband. She even thought about asking Pedro to donate sperm. But I’m glad it turned out this way. I hope she finds real happiness.”

The old lady nodded and looked at Serenity’s round belly with affection. “Seren, you’re a lucky star. Everyone close to you ends up happy.”

Serenity replied, “That’s all their own doing. They deserve their happiness—I just happen to be around.”

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The old lady smiled. In her heart, Serenity really was a lucky charm.

Zachary came over and handed each of them a glass of warm water.

“Seren, you said in the car you were thirsty. Drink this.”

Serenity accepted the water.

The old lady turned to Zachary. “From now on, whenever you take Seren out, bring a thermos. She needs to stay hydrated, especially now.”

Zachary replied, “Grandma, we weren’t going far.”

“Doesn’t matter. You should be prepared either way. Zack, you’re not thinking ahead enough.”

The old lady never scolded her granddaughter-in-law—only her grandson.

Zachary smiled. "Yes, yes, I'll be more careful next time."

If Serenity's needs weren't met right away, Zachary knew he'd get a lecture when they got home.

"Go run her a bath," the old lady said. "I'll keep her company while you get things ready. Call her when it's done."

Serenity said, "Grandma, I can run the water myself."

But when Zachary was home, he always insisted on doing it. He'd even get her clothes ready and help her if she wanted. He was thoughtful to the smallest detail.

Everyone who knew Zachary said he'd changed because of Serenity. No one imagined the cold, distant man they knew had such a gentle side.

"Let him do it," the old lady said. "What else is a husband for? He's your support system. If you never ask him for anything, it just makes him seem useless."

Serenity laughed. "Grandma, Zachary's your grandson. He's not going to like hearing that."

Zachary gave a wry smile. "It's fine. I'm used to it."

His grandmother had always favored her granddaughter-in-law.

Still, without him, she wouldn't have Serenity in the family—so he could live with the bias.

"Seren, sit and watch TV with Grandma for a bit," he said. "I'll get your clothes and run your bath. Do you want a snack? If you're hungry, eat something before bathing."

Serenity replied, "I'm good. I'm too full right now. My stomach feels tight. I've been running around all day and I'm pretty tired. I'll just sleep early."

Zachary headed off to their room.

The old lady watched him leave, then said to Serenity, "You've trained Zack so well. I hardly recognize him."

Serenity smiled. "It's all thanks to you, Grandma. You raised him right. I didn't do anything—he just loves me and wants to take care of me."

The old lady insisted, “No, you brought out the best in him.”

“That’s what it takes,” she continued. “A good husband has to be shaped—but he also has to truly love you.”

She added, “You sure you don’t want a midnight snack? Pregnant women should eat small meals more often.”

“I’m fine for now. I had a big dinner at Auntie’s house—she kept piling food on my plate. Elisa even got jealous,” Serenity chuckled, patting her belly. “If I wake up hungry in the middle of the night, I’ll have Zachary get up and cook for me.”

It wouldn’t be the first time she’d woken him up for a snack in the middle of the night.

The old lady smiled and said, “That’s perfectly fine. As long as you’re hungry and want to eat, it doesn’t matter what time it is—you should always eat your fill first.”

Serenity replied, “Don’t worry, Grandma. I’d never treat myself poorly.”

The old lady chuckled softly. “I know your personalities well, and I really like the way you both are.”

Just then, Zachary walked out of the room.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4325

Zachary said, “Grandma, while I was away, did you badmouth me to my wife again?”

The old lady replied, “If you did everything right, no one would have anything bad to say. If you’re still worried I might talk behind your back, then clearly, you’ve got more work to do.”

“Serenity’s about to give birth—are you ready to be a dad? Go ask Josh for advice. He’s great with babies. His baby gained six or seven pounds during the confinement period. That’s a lot of growth in just one month.”

Compared to other skinny babies, Jasmine’s son is chubby—but in a healthy way.

“Jasmine was well cared for during her confinement. You can tell—she looks great. But Josh looks thinner now. Taking care of a baby really wears you out.”

Newborns usually sleep after eating and eat as soon as they wake up. If they’re breastfed, they often want to eat again within the hour. Formula-fed babies last a little longer.

Bottom line—you’ve got to feed them often. Newborns don’t know day from night. When they’re hungry, they cry. That means very little rest for the parents.

Zachary said, “Grandma, once Serenity goes into labor, I’ll hand all my work over to Callum and Kevin. They’re back from their honeymoon and ready to step in.”

The old lady said, “There’s no big news yet, so for now just stay focused on work.”

Zachary replied, “When the time comes, I’ll be like Josh—taking care of Serenity and the baby during the confinement period.”

If someone had told Zachary a few years ago he’d say that, he wouldn’t have believed it.

Back then, he was a total workaholic. Work came first. Anyone who interrupted him got chewed out.

But now, here he was, ready to stay home and support his wife after childbirth.

Who would’ve thought he’d change this much?

When Jasmine gave birth, Josh stayed by her side throughout confinement. He didn’t just care for the baby—he helped her with meals, too.

If Josh hadn’t stepped in with the food, Jasmine might’ve gained more weight.

Josh only went to the office when absolutely necessary—just important meetings—and rushed home right after.

People at York Corporation started saying President Josh Bucham wasn't interested in work anymore.

Some even joked Zachary would be next.

The old lady nodded. "Zack, tell the first and third sons to take on more work. The seventh and eighth sons are experienced too—delegate more to them. Rowan's the only one not busy. When summer break comes, let him start working at the company and prepare for the future."

Rowan, who was studying for his college entrance exams, broke into a cold sweat.

He wasn't even officially an adult yet—oh wait, he was. He had just turned eighteen.

The school even held a coming-of-age ceremony and invited their parents.

He was legally an adult now.

Time had flown. He remembered when his oldest brother and sister-in-law got married—he was only fifteen or sixteen. Now he was eighteen.

Now that he was grown, it felt like he was being treated like a workhorse. But that's how it was in the York family. Even though they were wealthy, all nine brothers had to pull their weight, and the pressure was heavy.

Zachary didn't argue.

Rowan might be an adult now, but during every winter and summer break, he still had to intern at the company—with no pay.

Now that he was eighteen, he'd start earning a small salary—but it would be the lowest in the company.

"Babe, the bathwater's ready. Go ahead and take a bath," Zachary said as he helped Serenity up.

The old lady gestured for Serenity to go first.

Once they were in the room, Zachary asked, "Seren, want me to help you?"

Serenity said, “No.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4326

Zachary laughed. “You won’t even let your husband be sweet to you.”

Serenity said, “I’m fine. I don’t need you to fuss over me. Go talk to Grandma.”

Zachary nodded. “Alright.”

He watched her walk into the bathroom and shut the door, then headed out.

The old lady saw him coming and was about to speak, but Zachary beat her to it.

“Grandma, Serenity won’t let me be nice to her.”

The old lady opened her mouth but didn’t say anything.

Zachary sat beside her and took the big goose pillow from her arms, smiling. “Grandma, why are you hugging this thing?”

She said, “Well, I don’t have any cats to hold anymore, so now I cuddle this pillow.”

Zachary offered, “Grandma, you could stay at my villa. All the pets are there. Serenity likes living here because it’s the first place we lived after getting married. It feels like home to her.”

So, no pets here.

The old lady replied, “If I lived in a villa, I wouldn’t have anyone to chat with. Living in the community, I can go out for walks and gossip with the other old ladies.”

Most of the women who hung out downstairs were helping their kids take care of grandkids or handling house chores. When they gathered, the gossip flowed.

If anything happened in one family, and even one person knew about it—it would spread across the whole community in no time.

The old lady enjoyed listening to the gossip, but never talked about her own children or grandchildren in front of others.

No one could get any dirt about her family from her.

She said, “Serenity might need you at any moment. I wouldn’t feel comfortable living with you two.”

Zachary leaned back on the sofa. “I get it, Grandma. I worry even more than you do. If Serenity moves in her sleep, I get nervous. I’m scared something will happen to her. When it’s time for her to go to the hospital, I’ll be right there with her for the birth.”

He’d already decided—he would be there.

The old lady tilted her head and looked at him, gently reminding him, “Can you handle it? Don’t end up like Josh—he fainted from the shock.”

“Childbirth is excruciating. This is Serenity’s first baby, so it won’t be quick. Her pain will feel like she’s being torn apart. But from a woman’s point of view, I still hope you’ll stay with her. Once you witness the pain she goes through, you’ll love her even more.”

“If she didn’t love you, she wouldn’t carry your baby, suffer through the discomfort and body changes, endure the ten-level pain of childbirth, breastfeed afterward, stay up late to care for the baby—just getting a full night’s sleep becomes a luxury.”

Mothers wake up at the slightest sound their babies make.

If the baby feels unwell, the mom might not sleep at all that night.

The old lady continued, “People like us have it easier because we can afford a nanny or a confinement nurse. Regular folks don’t have that luxury. They have to do everything themselves, and it’s exhausting.”

Zachary said, “Grandma, I know. I love Serenity like I love my own life. She is my life. So of course, I’ll take care of her. No matter how scary it gets, I’ll be right there with her.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4327 The old lady finally patted Zack on the shoulder with satisfaction. “Not bad. You’re responsible. I support you.”

Zachary replied, “I was raised by my grandparents. If I didn’t step up, I’d be worried Grandpa would come back and haunt me for it.”

Mentioning the grandfather who had passed away years ago brought a pause.

The old lady sighed. “If only your grandfather were still around. He’d be so happy to see you find love. And now, he’d be a great-grandfather. It’s a shame he didn’t live to see you get married.

When he first passed, I used to dream about him often. But it’s been a long time since he visited me in a dream. Zack, has your grandfather come to you? Do you think he’s doing okay on the other side?”

Zachary was quiet for a moment before he said, “I haven’t dreamed of him since he left. I sometimes wonder if he’s disappointed in me. Maybe I didn’t do enough, or I didn’t grow up fast enough. Why hasn’t he come to praise me in a dream? Even if I did something wrong, he should show up to scold me and guide me.”

He thought of his grandfather often.

After Grandpa passed, Grandma was devastated—and Zachary, too, was heartbroken.

Back then, whenever he was hiding his emotions from the family, he’d get drunk and end up calling out to Grandpa. Sometimes, he’d hug Josh or Duncan, choking back tears, saying he didn’t have a grandpa anymore.

His grandfather had been his first mentor in life, teaching him so much.

Their bond was incredibly close.

Even though he had nine grandsons, Grandpa always said the eldest held a special place in his heart. And that was Zachary.

The old lady said gently, “Your grandfather probably thought, ‘She’s still here. She’ll guide Zack. He’ll be fine.’ That’s why he rests easy underground.”

But Zachary had always lived up to his grandfather’s expectations.

While the old man was alive, he always admired Zachary’s abilities. His only concern was Zachary’s emotional life—his future partner.

Thankfully, Zachary didn’t let him down. He found real love. He was about to become a father.

Zachary said quietly, “Every time there’s a wedding in the family, I think of Grandpa. I wish he were still here.”

His grandfather was only a few years older than Grandma. Even if he were alive today, he wouldn’t even be 90 yet.

The old lady sighed. “He wasn’t that lucky. When Seren gives birth, I’ll visit your grandfather’s grave and tell him his granddaughter-in-law gave birth. He’s a great-grandpa now.”

“I’ll go with you, Grandma,” Zachary said.

“There’s no need,” she replied. “After giving birth, Seren will be in confinement. You need to stay with her, help her rest, and take care of the baby. Don’t go to the cemetery with me just yet—there are still some customs and taboos.”

Zachary nodded. “Then let’s wait until the baby turns one month old. On the full month, we can burn incense and inform our ancestors.”

“Alright,” the old lady agreed. “We’ll go together after the full month.”

The two continued chatting until Serenity came out of her bath and called for Zachary. Only then did their conversation pause.

The old lady returned to her room to rest, not wanting to disturb the young couple.

Serenity was pregnant, and Zachary wouldn’t dare try anything. Before they could even finish talking, Serenity had already fallen asleep.

Noticing her stillness, Zachary realized she’d drifted off.

He leaned in, kissed her on the forehead, and whispered, “Goodnight, honey.”

Then, he quietly got out of bed to take a shower.

There were no more conversations that night.

The next day, Friday, Zachary woke up early as usual. He worked out, made breakfast, and then went to the guest room to wake up Sonny.

By the time Zachary returned the previous night, the old lady had already put Sonny to bed.

Sonny hadn’t gone to Jasmine’s son’s full-month celebration because he had to attend kindergarten.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes4/22/2025

Chapter 4328Sonny had asked Serenity for permission to skip school and attend the party—but she said no.

Serenity was worried that if he got used to taking days off for every little thing, it would become a habit.

Taking time off could get addictive.

So, Sonny didn’t attend the banquet—and naturally, he didn’t go to the store either.

After school, the old lady—who had returned early from visiting the Bucham family—kept him company.

She was still dancing with the ladies downstairs in the community square.

At the dining table, Sonny asked, “Uncle, where’s Grandma?”

“She’s downstairs dancing.”

Every morning, the older women gathered for square dancing. Thankfully, they were mindful of others and kept the volume low so they wouldn't disturb neighbors.

Unlike some square dancers who blasted their music and caused complaints, this group was respectful.

If any of the ladies made too much noise, Zachary would have to call on all his patience to stay calm.

But the old lady always said, "If it disturbs others, I won't dance."

She knew it wasn't easy for young people nowadays.

Their group started dancing at 7:00 a.m. and stopped by 7:30 a.m.—a simple, half-hour routine.

They danced again in the evenings from 7:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Their music was soft, and everyone followed the leader's movements. No need for booming speakers.

Sonny asked, "Where's Auntie?"

Zachary replied, "She's still sleeping. Let's not wake her. She doesn't sleep well at night."

Serenity could fall asleep easily but was just as easily woken—constantly tossing and turning.

Sonny nodded, understanding.

After breakfast, Zachary took Sonny to kindergarten. On the way out, they ran into the old lady, just returning from her dance.

"Grandma!" Sonny called sweetly.

She smiled, gave him a big hug, and said, "Sonny, be good at school today. It's Friday, so tomorrow is the weekend. I'll take you to the park."

"Okay!" Sonny lit up.

He loved going out with Grandma—she was so much fun.

His aunt and uncle always set boundaries, but Grandma let him play freely—as long as it was age-appropriate.

The old lady asked, “Zack, tell the driver to go slow. Did Seren wake up yet?”

Zachary said, “Not yet. I left breakfast for you and Seren.”

“Alright then. Hurry and take Sonny to school. Don’t be late.”

Zachary told Sonny to wave goodbye, then led him downstairs.

At the kindergarten, Zachary walked Sonny to the gate, handed him over to the teacher, collected the pick-up card, and turned to leave.

“Mr. York.”

A woman’s unfamiliar voice stopped him.

He looked up instinctively.

It was Mrs. Labbe.

Carrie walked over quickly and stopped a few feet from him. She smiled and asked, “Mr. Zhan, I haven’t seen Mrs. Zhan in a while. Did she have the baby?”

She dropped off her so-called sister-in-law at the kindergarten every day, but she rarely saw Serenity.

Zachary replied coldly, “Thanks for your concern, Mrs. Labbe.”

Then he turned and walked away.

He didn’t answer her question.

Carrie didn’t dare stop him. After a response like that, she knew better than to keep pressing. All she could do was watch as he climbed into his luxury car and drove off.

Still, she couldn’t help but wonder—maybe Serenity hadn’t...

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4329Ever since Serenity became the eldest young lady of the York family, the media had been tracking her every move.

But anyone who wanted to publish a story about Serenity needed Zachary's approval. Without it, they were asking for trouble.

Everyone in Wiltspoon knew—you could offend Young Master York and maybe get away with it, but you never crossed the eldest young lady of the York family.

Carrie walked off, her face dark with frustration.

In the days that followed, she kept showing up at the kindergarten gates, hoping to see Serenity—but she never did.

Sonny was either dropped off by Zachary, one of the other York men, or sometimes even Hank, his biological father.

Carrie figured Serenity must be due any day now—maybe she'd already given birth. But with no media coverage, she couldn't be sure.

Time passed quietly, the days slipping into nights.

Before she knew it, it was Serenity's due date.

She hadn't experienced any contractions, her water hadn't broken, and there was no bleeding—but she'd already been admitted to the hospital to prepare for the birth.

She thought things would start happening in a day or two.

But even after a week, there was still no sign of labor.

The doctor suggested inducing. Serenity was past 40 weeks, and still no movement. It was time for an injection to get things going.

Serenity asked the doctor, "Everything looks good, right? Can I wait a couple more days?"

The doctor nodded. "You can wait, but if nothing happens soon, we'll need to induce."

Serenity gently rubbed her belly. "This baby's really taking their time. No rush."

It was the complete opposite of Jasmine's baby.

Jasmine's son couldn't wait to come into the world. But the little one growing inside Serenity seemed to be in no hurry at all.

Zachary looked concerned. "Is the baby still doing okay?"

"Yes, everything's normal," the doctor reassured him. "Some women deliver after 41 weeks."

Zachary finally relaxed a little. He took Serenity's hand and walked with her outside.

"Come on, baby," Serenity whispered, resting her hand on her stomach. "Everyone's waiting for you." She smiled. "Even your aunt took time off work just to be here when you arrive."

Liberty had come back from Jensburg a week before Serenity's due date. Now, it had been over two weeks—and still, no baby.

The entire York family was waiting.

"Maybe things will start tonight," Zachary said gently.

Right then, Serenity stopped in her tracks.

Zachary turned to her. "What's wrong?"

She paused for a moment, then said, "I think I'm starting to feel some pain."

"Really?" Zachary's eyes widened. He instinctively reached to pick her up and carry her back inside.

But Serenity stopped him. "I'm too heavy. Don't carry me—it's not far. I can walk."

Zachary looked at her again. "Are you sure it really hurts?"

This time, Serenity nodded firmly. "Yes. It really hurts. I think the baby finally listened—they're ready to come meet us."

Zachary helped her back to the room and immediately called the doctor.

Then he quickly phoned his parents, grandmother, aunts, and Audrey to tell them Serenity was having stomach pains.

Soon, the pain started to intensify. The contractions became stronger and closer together.

“Has Seren given birth yet?”

Audrey arrived last. She had driven in from Stones, which normally took thirty minutes—but thanks to traffic, the trip had taken an hour. Just as she asked the question, she saw Zachary supporting Serenity as they walked slowly back.

Her contractions were coming faster now, but it still wasn’t time to go to the delivery room. The doctor told her to walk around more—it would help her cervix dilate quicker.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4330“Seren, how are you feeling?” Audrey hurried over, her face full of concern.

“It hurts... it really hurts,” Serenity winced. “Will it get worse?”

Everyone said labor pain was a solid ten out of ten.

“It’s painful, yes,” Audrey said softly, “but it gets better after the baby’s born.”

Zachary’s heart ached just seeing his wife suffer. “Maybe... maybe we should do a C-section.”

Serenity shook her head. “No. The doctor said everything’s normal—I can have a natural birth.”

She didn’t want a cesarean. Recovery took longer, and it was harder on the body. She’d have to stay in the hospital at least a week afterward.

She’d already been here waiting for labor to start. All she wanted now was to go home.

Natural birth meant a faster discharge—like Jasmine, who went home in just two or three days.

The older women in the family all said natural birth was better, too.

Serenity was determined to try. If things didn't go smoothly, they could consider surgery. But she was hoping it wouldn't come to that.

No way. She told herself it would all go smoothly—no surgery needed.

Audrey agreed. "Let's try a natural birth first. It's healthier for you and the baby. First-time moms take longer, though. When I had Clive, I was in labor for three days and nights."

Serenity mumbled, "I really hope that's not my story too..."

"Don't worry. Not everyone suffers that long. Some women start hurting in the afternoon and give birth by night. It could take just a few hours." Audrey tried to comfort her.

Serenity thought back to Liberty's labor with Sonny—it had lasted a full day and night.

She silently prayed that her own baby would be kinder and not make her go through days of pain.

Luckily, her prayers were answered.

By around six in the evening, Serenity gave birth to a healthy seven-pound baby boy. Both mother and child were safe. Zachary stayed with her the whole time.

He didn't faint like Josh did—but when he came out of the delivery room, his face was as pale as a ghost, even paler than Serenity's.

Callum and Kevin were there waiting and quickly rushed to steady him, afraid their big brother might pass out.

"I'm okay," Zachary said, brushing them off. "She's fine. Both mom and baby are safe."

Callum nodded. "Yeah, the doctor said the same. Everything's good. Don't worry."

"Sit down, bro. You look worse than Serenity. Her color's better than yours," Kevin said, concerned.

Meanwhile, Serenity was back in the postpartum room, surrounded by the family's women. Everyone was fussing over her.

"Where's Zack?" she asked, smiling through her exhaustion. "Did he faint?"

He hadn't.

She hadn't really noticed how he looked during delivery—she'd been in too much pain. All she remembered was biting his hand during a contraction. He must've been hurting too.

But she'd held on strong.

"He's outside. Zack didn't faint, don't worry," someone reassured her. "Callum and Kevin are with him. He just needs a moment to rest before coming in..."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4331

"This baby looks like Seren," the old lady said softly, gently stroking the baby's cheek.

Tania nodded. "Yeah, he looks like Seren."

"But he also has a bit of Zachary in him," someone added.

Liberty agreed. After a closer look, she said, "He does, but I still think he looks more like Seren."

Serenity smiled and said, "You can usually tell who a baby looks like right after they're born, but their face changes every day. Today he looks like me—tomorrow, he might look like someone else."

Not that she minded.

She was a beauty, after all.

Both she and Zachary were attractive, so no matter who their son took after, he was bound to be good-looking.

“He’s the son of the eldest brother and sister-in-law, so of course he’s going to resemble one of them,” Camryn chimed in. “I see what Liberty means—he does have some of the eldest brother in him, but more of the eldest sister-in-law.”

Camryn gazed at the baby with a soft, longing expression.

She wanted a child too—but so far, she hadn’t been able to get pregnant. She was still taking daily medication to help regulate her body.

Dr. Carden had said that with another year of treatment, she could start trying for a baby.

Hayden also looked at the newborn with a warm smile. “He’s so tiny.”

“Newborns are always small,” the old lady replied. “Ours weighed seven pounds—not too small at all. Some babies come out weighing only four or five pounds.”

She stood up, bent down, and gently picked up her great-grandson. Just then, the little guy woke up. His eyes stayed shut, but he started crying and instinctively turned his head, searching for milk.

“He’s hungry. Make him a bottle.”

Still cradling the baby, the old lady called for her daughter-in-law to prepare some formula.

Tania quickly made 30 milliliters. The old lady tested it on the back of her hand, and once it felt just right—not too hot—she began feeding him.

The baby was clearly starving.

He drank 15 milliliters and seemed like he wanted more, but the old lady stopped him.

The nurse had said not to overfeed him in the beginning—5 to 15 milliliters was enough.

Once he finished, he opened his eyes for a moment, then quickly closed them and drifted back to sleep.

The old lady gently patted his back a few times, then continued holding him. She didn't return him to his mother right away—just in case he spit up. After a little while, she handed him back to Serenity.

“Old lady,” the butler said as he walked in, carrying a thermos lunchbox.

It was Serenity's meal.

Even though she'd had a natural birth, she could only eat light food for now.

The old lady had asked the butler to make her some millet porridge.

Serenity had used up a lot of energy during labor and was starving.

When she saw the porridge had arrived, she tried to sit up. Liberty and Audrey immediately stepped in to help her.

“I'll feed you,” Liberty said, opening the thermos and pouring the porridge into a bowl.

“Sis, I can do it myself. I'm feeling a lot better now.”

Serenity was confident she could sit up and eat on her own. She was glad she managed a natural birth—if she'd had a C-section, she'd probably be lying there, barely able to move or eat.

But Liberty insisted. “When I had Sonny, you took care of me. Let me take care of you this time. Fair's fair.”

Serenity gave in and let her sister feed her.

Just then, Zachary walked in. He looked a lot more composed than earlier.

Everyone turned to him as he entered. The old lady even teased, “At least you're walking on your own—your brothers don't have to carry you in.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4332

Zachary said, “Grandma, I told you—I’m fine.”

Childbirth was excruciating to witness.

In that moment, Zachary made a decision: they’d have only one child. He couldn’t bear to let his beloved wife go through that kind of pain ever again.

“Sis, let me feed Seren the porridge.”

Seeing Liberty feeding Serenity, Zachary stepped forward and stood behind her, ready to take over.

“No need,” Liberty replied. “Seren’s almost done. You go check on the baby. I bet you haven’t really looked at your son yet.”

Liberty was genuinely impressed by her brother-in-law. She knew how much he loved her sister.

When Zachary had walked out of the delivery room earlier, he was pale as a sheet, his legs trembling so badly he could barely stand. If his two younger brothers hadn’t rushed to support him, he probably would’ve collapsed.

Liberty couldn’t help but think back to when she gave birth to Sonny. Hank’s family had been overjoyed to hear it was a boy. Sonny was carried out first, and they eagerly took him and left.

When Liberty finally came out, only Serenity had been waiting for her. The entire Brown family had gone to see the baby.

Back then, she and Hank were still somewhat close, yet he hadn’t waited outside for her.

At the time, she didn’t dwell on it—but later, it hit her. When a woman gives birth, it’s usually her own family who truly worries for her.

The ones beaming and chasing after the baby? That's typically the in-laws. The ones anxiously waiting outside the delivery room? More often than not, that's the woman's own family.

To a mother's family, the baby doesn't matter until they know she's okay. Once they see her come out safely, then they can celebrate the new life.

The York family had always treated Serenity well. They never once looked down on her background or thought she wasn't good enough for Zachary.

Just earlier, when Serenity struggled to sit up and eat porridge, it was her own family who rushed forward to help her first.

Zachary had glanced at his newborn son, but all his focus was on his wife.

"I already saw the baby," he said.

Liberty turned to him and saw he looked much better than before. She made space and handed him the half bowl of porridge, letting him finish feeding Serenity.

"Babe, you still look so pale," Serenity said as she touched his face. "Even worse than me."

Zachary scooped another spoonful of porridge and gently fed her. "I was terrified," he admitted. "I've never been so scared before, Seren. Truly, I was scared to death."

"I told you not to come in with me," she said softly, "but you insisted. It's okay now—our son and I are safe."

Her heart was full.

Especially when she saw the bite marks on the back of his hand—deep, angry wounds from when she'd clamped down in pain.

"Later, have the nurse clean and disinfect those. You should put some ointment on. I really bit down hard."

"You're something else. I offered my hand and you bit it, and I didn't pull back."

He'd willingly let her bite him just to help her get through the pain.

Tania glanced at the back of Zachary's hand. "Compared to what Seren went through, that's nothing."

The old lady chimed in, "It's just a few scratches. I'll get the nurse to bring some medicated oil later."

Zachary didn't care.

Even now, he didn't feel any pain.

All his thoughts were still on Serenity.

Once she finished eating, Serenity got up and went to see their son. She wanted her husband to join her and really take a good look.

She had a feeling Zachary had no clear memory of what the baby looked like.

Zachary: I've only known him a few hours... yeah, I really don't remember.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes4/22/2025

Chapter 4333

"Grandma, you all head back and get some rest. I'll stay and take care of Serenity."

After Serenity had eaten, Zachary gently urged the family to go home and rest.

"It's still early. No need to rush home," the old lady said, glancing at the time, clearly reluctant to leave the hospital so soon.

"We're just worried about you being here alone. And we still have the kids to take care of. Grandma wants to stay with you," she added, her voice full of concern.

The others gently persuaded her to rest, eventually convincing her to go back while some of them stayed behind.

In the end, only Zachary and Liberty remained at the hospital to care for Serenity and her newborn son.

Once everyone left, the room quieted down.

Liberty sat beside the bed, gazing at her little nephew. The more she looked at him, the more she adored him. Smiling, she said, "Serenity, he's such a sweet baby. Have you two picked out a name yet?"

"I've thought of a few. I'm leaning toward either Hugo York or Russell York. Which one do you think sounds better?" Serenity asked.

"They both sound nice. You choose." Liberty gently lifted her nephew in her arms. "Sonny will be here soon. Duncan said he'd bring him by tomorrow, but Sonny refused. He insisted on seeing his little brother tonight. Said he wouldn't go to sleep until he did."

Since Serenity had gone to the hospital for delivery, Liberty had been by her side almost the entire time.

Duncan had taken over looking after Sonny.

Even though Duncan was still recovering and not very mobile, as a brother-in-law, he couldn't stay at the hospital every day like Liberty. Still, he threw himself into caring for his stepson.

"Let him come. It's still early," Serenity said. She'd given birth around six in the evening, and it was just past nine now. Sonny could visit for a little while and still get enough rest for school the next day.

Liberty glanced at her phone. "They're almost here. Your brother-in-law just texted—he'll be here in ten minutes."

"Sis, let's name him Hugo Anastasius Quilliam du Ravin... this character, though—so many strokes. I'm worried he'll cry trying to write his name in school," Serenity said to herself, smiling as the words left her mouth.

Zachary chimed in, "Don't worry. We can take our time picking a name after we're home from the hospital."

"Grandma said she'll ask a fortune-teller to help pick a meaningful name."

Although the fortune-teller had once told them his connection with their family had ended and asked Grandma not to reach out again, she didn't take that to heart. Instead, she planned to contact his top apprentice.

That fortune-teller was known for only taking on highly gifted, morally upright students. He refused to teach anyone with poor character or even average integrity.

Given his deep knowledge, it would be dangerous if the wrong person learned from him and misused those skills—it would bring harm to others and shame upon the teacher.

Serenity thought for a moment and said, "Then we won't rush it. Once we're back home, we'll look through some books and pick a name slowly."

Zachary had already bought a few baby name books. He'd browsed them in advance, checking the meanings and how they matched up with the five elements. He even submitted some of the names for evaluation.

Serenity had secretly laughed about it more than once.

Fathers probably all share the same dream: for their sons to grow up and achieve great things—starting with a meaningful name.

Who would've guessed Zachary would be just like everyone else, taking his son's name to be rated?

But in Wiltspoon's upper class, almost everyone believes in fate and fortune-tellers.

Some families even hire professional consultants at high pay just for this.

Whether it's building a house, renovating a grave, or launching a project, they always consult a master to choose the perfect date.

And if a business starts tanking or suffering big losses, those same fortune-tellers will do everything they can to turn things around—checking to see if the company's fortune bureau has been compromised.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4334

In the end, science always leads to metaphysics—and the lives of these remarkable people are proof of that.

“Auntie, Auntie! I want to see my little brother!”

Sonny’s voice came first, loud and excited, echoing down the hallway.

Right behind him came Duncan’s voice. “Sonny, slow down! Wait for me—I can’t keep up with you!”

Duncan was in a wheelchair, being pushed quickly by his bodyguards, but they still couldn’t match Sonny’s energy. Once he knew which room his aunt was in, the little guy took off on his own.

After just a few days in kindergarten, he’d already learned to read a few words—he was growing fast.

Sonny burst into the room, his shouting softening as he entered.

“Mom, Auntie!” he called out cheerfully, and then, finally, he looked at Zachary and added, “Uncle!”

“Sonny’s here,” Serenity said with a warm smile, waving to her nephew.

Sonny ran up to her.

“Auntie, are you okay?” he asked.

He noticed her belly looked smaller than before. Curious, he asked, “Auntie, why is your belly smaller?”

Liberty smiled. “Didn’t you see your mom holding your little brother? Auntie had the baby already, so of course her belly’s smaller now.”

Sonny’s eyes lit up and he quickly moved to Liberty’s side to get a closer look at the baby.

But once he saw his little brother, he hesitated. He wanted to say something but wasn't sure if he should.

"What is it, Sonny?" Serenity asked gently.

After a moment, Sonny spoke up honestly. "Auntie... my little brother's kind of ugly. Why isn't he as cute as Aunt Jasmine's baby?"

The adults couldn't help but laugh.

Sonny blushed, suddenly feeling shy.

He hadn't planned to say it—but when his aunt asked, he felt like he had to answer truthfully.

He was always an honest child, and even though it was his aunt's baby, he couldn't lie and say the baby was cute when he didn't think so.

The baby wasn't very ugly—just a little.

"You looked the same when you were born," Liberty said with a chuckle. "Babies grow and get cuter over time. In three months, your little brother will be just as adorable as Aunt Jasmine's son."

Sonny's eyes widened in disbelief. He glanced at his baby brother, then back at Liberty. "Mom, was I really that ugly when I was born?"

Now everyone doted on him—he was the center of attention wherever he went.

Liberty smiled. "Most babies aren't very cute right after they're born. But they change as they grow. Didn't you say that Aunt Jasmine's son was ugly when he was born? Is he still ugly now?"

Sonny thought hard. He didn't remember ever calling Jasmine's baby ugly. All he knew was that the little guy was super cute now—chubby, cheerful, always giggling and waving to be picked up.

"Then I'll come check on my little brother in a few days," Sonny declared. "If he turns cute, I'll believe what you said."

Liberty laughed. “Your aunt and baby brother will be home in a few days. We’ll go visit them at their house.”

“I want to live with Auntie!” Sonny blurted out immediately.

Since his parents came back from Jensburg, he had moved back in with them and wasn’t living at Serenity’s anymore.

But now that his aunt had a baby, Sonny wanted to be close. He wanted to see his little brother every day and watch how he changed—how he became more and more adorable.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4335

Before Serenity could respond, Liberty gently shut down Sonny’s request.

“Your aunt needs to rest and recover after giving birth, and your uncle is busy taking care of both her and the baby. They don’t have the time to look after you right now. You can’t stay with them, but you can stay with us. I’ll be going back to work in a few days, but Uncle Duncan will be home. He can look after you.”

After Serenity gave birth, Liberty had to return to Jensburg. She’d come back later for the baby’s one-month celebration.

Sonny pouted, clearly upset. He mumbled, “There are other uncles and aunts at their house. I can take care of myself—I won’t bother them.”

Serenity smiled at her sister. “Liberty, if Sonny wants to stay with me, let him. He’s independent—he can bathe, change clothes, eat, and do his homework on his own. You don’t need to worry. Just make sure someone drives him to and from kindergarten.”

Sonny’s mood instantly flipped—like the sun coming out after rain. “I’m moving to Aunt Serenity’s tomorrow! I want to see my baby brother get even cuter!”

Liberty tapped his forehead gently and said with a sigh, "Your aunt spoils you. You can stay with her, but you can't bother her. Let her rest and recover properly." Then she turned to Serenity. "Seren, focus on your recovery. Don't stress about Sonny."

"I know, Sis," Serenity replied.

She had taken care of Liberty during her confinement, so she knew what to expect. And now, Serenity's postpartum conditions were far better than Liberty's had been back then.

Liberty looked at her son. "Sonny, you've seen your baby brother—now it's time for bed. You've got kindergarten in the morning."

Sonny didn't want to leave. He leaned in, kissed his baby brother's cheek, and told Serenity, "Auntie, I'll come see you and my brother after school tomorrow."

"Okay," Serenity said warmly.

"Good night, Auntie!" Sonny waved as he said his goodbyes.

Zachary took his hand and headed out with Duncan, teasing him along the way. "You're saying good night to your aunt, but not to your uncle?"

"Good night, Uncle," Sonny replied sweetly. "While I'm gone, you have to take care of Aunt Serenity and my baby brother."

Zachary chuckled. "Of course. Your aunt is my wife, and your baby brother is my son. I love them more than anything—I'll take good care of them."

It was easy to see why everyone adored Sonny—he had such a loving heart.

Then Sonny asked, a little downcast, "Uncle, now that you have a son, will you still love me like before?"

Zachary stopped, squatted down, and looked Sonny in the eyes.

"Sonny, no matter how many kids your aunt and I have, we'll always love you. You're just as important to us as our own children."

"But I don't have a sister," Sonny said seriously. "I only got brothers."

Zachary paused, then said, “One day, your mom might give you a sister. Your uncles and aunts might too.”

“Uncle, aren’t you and Auntie going to give me a little sister?” Sonny asked. He remembered Serenity often saying she wanted both a boy and a girl. Now there was a baby brother—but no sister yet.

Zachary smiled. “That’s something for us adults to decide. You’re still young, Sonny. You don’t need to worry about that.”

He picked Sonny up in his arms. “Just remember this—no matter what happens, all of us will always love you.”

Sonny finally felt reassured.

He liked his baby brother, but part of him was scared—scared the grown-ups would stop loving him now that the baby was here.

Zachary walked them to the parking lot downstairs.

“Duncan, take Sonny home and let him get some rest. Everything’s fine here. I’ll make sure Liberty gets some sleep too.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4336

Duncan nodded. “You should get some rest too. You look exhausted—dark circles under your eyes, and not nearly as handsome as you used to be.”

Zachary smiled. “As long as Serenity and the baby are safe, I don’t mind being tired.”

Compared to the pain Serenity went through giving birth, a little sleep deprivation was nothing.

“Drive safely,” Zachary reminded the driver.

He stood there watching Duncan's car pull away before heading back inside.

Though he was beyond sleepy, the joy of becoming a father kept his mind wide awake.

That night, Zachary stayed up almost entirely to take care of the baby so Serenity could get some proper sleep.

It wasn't until Liberty noticed how drained Zachary looked that she insisted he lie down on the family bed for a while. She took over helping Serenity with the baby.

Newborns only needed to eat and have their diapers changed, and once they were fed and dry, they usually slept soundly.

The next morning, the elders arrived.

They brought breakfast for Serenity and the family. Serenity was now allowed to have some meat porridge and a bit of meat soup—nothing too greasy.

Her meals were carefully planned by the family's nutritionist.

After a night of rest, Serenity felt much better. It was as if nothing had happened. She even got out of bed and walked around after breakfast. There was no need for her to handle the baby herself.

As the first child of the York family's new generation, the baby would enjoy a few years of undivided love and attention. Once his younger cousins were born, that love would be shared, but as the eldest, he'd always hold a special place.

Just like Zachary said, even if more cousins came along, his status as the eldest brother was solid—like a mountain. The elders would still love him the most.

Of course, being the eldest came with its own weight of responsibility.

Jasmine and Josh also dropped by to visit Serenity.

Jasmine didn't bring her son along. He was just over a month old, and her mother-in-law didn't think it was a good idea to take him out yet.

Meanwhile, in Havenmill...

After breakfast, just as she was about to head out to work, Tatum turned to Elora.

“I need to take some time off.”

Elora paused, glanced at him, and asked, “Did your sister-in-law give birth?”

She remembered Tatum had mentioned he would take a few days off when his aunt gave birth—this was his first nephew, so it meant a lot. He hadn’t gone home since starting work at her place.

Tatum smiled. “She gave birth yesterday evening. It’s a boy—seven pounds. Both mom and baby are healthy. Miss, I’d like to take three days off to go see them. I’ve already shown the house chefs how to prepare your meals. You should still enjoy the food.”

They were professional chefs, after all. With a little guidance from Tatum, they could easily make meals to suit Elora’s taste.

Elora smiled. “Congratulations on becoming an uncle. When are you heading out?”

“I haven’t booked the tickets yet,” Tatum replied. “I wanted to confirm the leave with you first.”

“Go ahead and book them,” she said. “Get an afternoon flight. Book two tickets—I’ll head back to the company and sort out some things, then I’ll go with you.”

Elora wasn’t just Tatum’s employer anymore—she was also his girlfriend.

She wanted to go to Wiltspoon with him.

The last time she visited Grandma York and Aunt Tania, it had been at the Johnson family’s FC Manor—not at the York family’s own Wildridge Manor.

Tatum looked surprised. “Miss, you’re coming with me?”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes4/22/2025

Chapter 4337

After Tatum and Elora confessed their love for each other, their relationship took off. Still, they hadn't reached the stage of meeting each other's parents just yet. Tatum hadn't expected his busy fiancée to be willing to return home with him so soon.

Elora said, "The last time I visited, I went to FC Manor—not your actual home. This time, I want to visit properly. What, am I not welcome?"

Tatum grinned. "Welcome? Of course you're welcome! You're more than welcome."

Elora smiled back. "Good. I'll head back to the company now. You pack up, then pick me up from the office and we'll head to the airport together."

Tatum said, "Got it. I don't have much to pack anyway."

He had only brought a few changes of clothes and some daily essentials.

Elora added, "You've been here so long and only gone home once. Don't you think you should bring back something special from Havenmill for your family to try? This is my first visit, so I have to bring gifts. How many people are in your family, and what do they each like? Make a list for me, and I'll have my secretary take care of it."

Tatum replied, "You don't need to bring anything. My family will be thrilled just to see you. There's no need to spend money—they already have everything."

He instinctively didn't want Elora spending her money.

But Elora insisted, "It's my first time meeting your parents. Do you really want me to show up empty-handed? If you won't tell me what they like, I won't go with you. Not this time, not ever."

Tatum paused. "...Alright. I'll send you the list in a bit."

It was only polite for her to bring gifts the first time she met his family. If he stopped her, it would embarrass her—and how could he let that happen?

He also needed to prepare something for the Ormonds and give them the gifts as Elora's boyfriend.

Give and take—that's how it should be.

“I’m heading back to the company now,” Elora said.

“Okay.”

Elora left.

After returning to the office and wrapping up a morning meeting, she received the list from Tatum. She forwarded it to her secretary with instructions to prepare gifts based on the preferences of each member of the York family.

Then, she called for Tinsley and Sevyn to come upstairs.

They arrived quickly.

“Sis, you called for us?” Tinsley asked as she walked in with Sevyn. Both pulled up chairs and sat down at Elora’s desk.

“Want some water?” Elora offered.

“Sis, we’re good. If we’re thirsty, we’ll help ourselves,” Tinsley said, curiosity sparking in her tone. “So, what’s this about? I’m really curious.”

Elora smiled. “You don’t think it’s work-related?”

“If it were company business, you wouldn’t have asked us to come upstairs. You would’ve just given the orders,” Tinsley replied.

As the first one to help Elora carry the family burden, Tinsley understood her cousin’s style well.

Elora looked at her two sisters warmly and said, “I’ll be heading to Wiltspoon this afternoon for three to five days. While I’m gone, the company’s in your hands. If anything comes up that you can’t handle, call me and I’ll guide you over the phone. If it’s something major, just wait until I’m back.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4338

Elora paused for a moment, then said sincerely, “But I believe in you. Even if I’m not around at the company, I know you can handle everything.”

The sisters were all smart and the ones already working were doing an impressive job.

The two exchanged glances, and finally, Tinsley asked teasingly, “Sis, are you going to Wiltspoon to meet the parents?”

Everyone already knew about Elora and Tatum’s relationship, so she didn’t feel the need to hide it. With a calm smile, she admitted, “Yeah, I went with him to meet his family. His sister-in-law, the eldest daughter-in-law of the York family, just gave birth a couple of days ago. Tatum wanted to go see his newborn nephew, so I figured things were calm at work, and I could take a short break—three to five days—and go with him.”

Last time, she had only met Grandma York and Aunt Tania. This time, she’d be meeting more of the York family.

Tinsley giggled. “Wow, Sis, things between you and Tatum are moving fast! That’s great though. Hopefully by New Year’s, we’ll all have brothers-in-law to call.”

Elora smiled. “You can start calling him brother-in-law now. I’m in love with him, and I’ll only marry him in this lifetime.”

Knowing she was the one Grandma York had chosen gave her peace of mind.

Tatum’s love for her ran even deeper than hers for him. He wasn’t afraid she’d change her mind, so she didn’t need to worry either.

Rosie once said that the York men from Wiltspoon were especially loyal. Once they married, they stayed committed. No cheating, no domestic violence—just true, lifelong partners.

It was incredibly rare to find that kind of loyalty in such a wealthy family.

The Ormond family had a decent reputation too, but Elora knew her father and uncles had their fair share of affairs in their younger days. They just made sure it never disrupted their marriages.

Especially since her mother and aunts kept having daughters, her father secretly tried for a son. Her mother knew, of course. But over time, they stopped trying, and as the kids grew, her parents focused more on their love for them.

People might think kids that young don't understand, but she remembered the arguments. She knew.

After Alonzo and Angelo were born, her parents finally relaxed. Now they were in love again, and the past didn't matter anymore. Her younger sisters didn't know about their parents' old mistakes—and they weren't going to be the ones to bring it up either.

A family like the Yorks—loyal, responsible, and devoted—was truly rare. Even ordinary men struggle to resist temptation, let alone ones surrounded by wealth and opportunity.

Tinsley grinned. "I'll start calling him brother-in-law once you're officially married. Gotta keep it proper."

She didn't doubt Tatum—she just thought it'd feel more real once they tied the knot.

Sevyn laughed and added, "She's right, big sis. We'll change the way we address him after you get married or at least get the marriage license. So—have you decided? Do Uncle and Aunt have any objections?"

Tinsley jumped in before Elora could answer. "If they were against it, would everything be this calm? Even if you don't trust Tatum, you should trust our big sister."

Elora's marriage was her own choice.

Her father's health wasn't great, and her mother never had strong opinions. Elora had been making the big decisions in the family for a long time.

Sevyn nodded. "Tatum is definitely good enough for you. The only thing is... his family's in Wiltspon. That's pretty far away."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4339

Sevyn said softly, “Big sis, I hate the thought of you moving so far away. If I want to visit you, it’ll take a whole day just to get there.”

Tinsley replied, “Tatum works for our family and basically lives with us.”

She knew Elora wouldn’t be staying in Wiltspoon permanently after the wedding.

Once their younger brothers were old enough to take over the family business, Elora would probably move back with Tatum to Wiltspoon.

By then, their nephews would be teenagers.

After thinking it over, Sevyn smiled and said, “Okay, I get it.”

If that’s the case, their oldest sister would still end up living with them eventually—and that was a comforting thought.

Elora’s younger sisters, who had always been used to having her at the center of everything, weren’t happy about her moving so far away.

But now that Elora and Tatum’s relationship was public, as younger sisters, they didn’t feel like they had the right to question where the couple would live.

“Big sis, go ahead and visit Tatum’s family. It’s the perfect chance to enjoy a few days in Wiltspoon. Don’t worry about anything here—we’ve got it covered,” Tinsley assured her.

Even if her sisters weren’t around to help, Tinsley was confident she could handle things alone for a few days, giving Elora a well-earned break.

A few burden-free days.

“Yeah,” Elora replied.

“Sis, have you booked your tickets yet? Or are you taking a private plane?” Sevyn asked with concern.

Until now, Elora hadn’t said a word about it.

None of them were prepared.

“Tatum already took care of it. We had to fly private to get there in time. It’s just the two of us, so he booked two seats.”

Elora was going on a long trip, but she wasn’t bringing any bodyguards.

Tatum could protect her, and she was more than capable of protecting herself.

Besides, they were headed to Wiltspoon—the York family’s territory.

Who would dare mess with the future sixth young lady of the York family there? That’d be a death wish.

Ever since learning she was chosen by Grandma York, Elora had sent people to Wiltspoon again to investigate the York family—this time more thoroughly.

And this time, they actually got real information.

Elora realized now that her previous investigation into Tatum had been interfered with by the Yorks. That’s why she didn’t discover he was actually the sixth young master of Wiltspoon’s most powerful family.

She didn’t need to ask to know—Zachary, the current head of the Yorks, had definitely been behind that.

“With Tatum going with you, we can all relax,” Sevyn said, smiling. The sisters were very happy with Tatum as their future brother-in-law.

They were also curious—what made Grandma York pick their big sister? Still, they had to respect her choice. Tatum really was a great match for Elora.

Elora had high standards, and Tatum happened to be an excellent cook.

He’d be in charge of her meals from now on—which meant their Ormond family could finally stop cycling through chefs like outfits.

Tatum wasn’t just good in the kitchen, either. He had a sharp mind for business. He ran successful ventures in major cities like Wiltspoon. Even without his wealthy background, he’d still be considered a highly capable man.

Elora wrapped up her work and got ready to head back to Wiltspoon with Tatum that afternoon.

Meanwhile, over in Huyoniville, Abby noticed something strange—Evan hadn't shown up for the past two days.

Adalee was the first to realize Evan was no longer waiting outside the company like usual.

She asked Abby, "Hey, Abby, have you noticed Evan's been missing the last couple of days? Do you think he gave up again? If he dares to quit halfway like last time, don't waste another second on him. There are plenty of good guys out there—you don't have to be with him."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4340

It finally clicked for Abby—Evan hadn't shown up for two days. No wonder something had felt off. What she was missing was Evan's constant, overbearing presence.

"He's probably swamped with work," Abby reasoned. "The York family's opening a new branch here, and he's in charge. He can't just drop everything."

Evan usually came around right before her shift ended. During her work hours, he'd handle business matters elsewhere.

Maybe it was because she'd said Spencer worked harder and called Evan lazy, so now he was actually taking his job seriously.

"He doesn't work during the day? But when you get off work, he's always at the gate—sometimes waiting an hour early," Adalee pointed out.

"I haven't seen him at all the past two days. Do you think he's backing off because he thinks our family prefers Spencer?"

If that were true, Abby would definitely look down on Evan.

Abby smiled. “Sis, you don’t think very highly of him, do you?”

Adalee replied, “It’s not that I don’t respect him. I’m just still annoyed about how he treated you before. But if we’re being honest, Evan still ranks high overall.”

The main issue was that Evan had let go of Abby because he’d been misled—he didn’t know Abby was the girl he’d fallen for. Abby had many identities.

Adalee only found out about them later. At first, she just knew Abby could fight. She had no idea the Du family’s second daughter snuck out in the middle of the night wearing a mask to roam the streets like a vigilante.

“You and Spencer are just siblings. Our second uncle and aunt actually like Evan. Spencer’s heart’s not in it. By the way, when are you and Spencer going to make things clear?”

Abby paused, then said, “That’s their issue. They’ll figure it out. I’ve only ever seen Spencer as a brother.”

She didn’t know Spencer all that well, despite him being her mom’s godson and her foster brother.

Spencer spent most of his time overseas. Even when he returned to Huyoniville, he never stayed long.

Back when he came home more often, Abby was still training under her mentor and wasn’t around much, so they barely crossed paths.

“I’ve always liked Evan. From the beginning till now,” Abby said as she picked up her phone. Just as she was about to call him, a message from Evan popped up.

It was a photo.

She opened WhatsApp and saw a picture of a newborn baby.

Whose baby was that...?

Suddenly, Abby remembered Serenity. Her eyes flicked to the desk calendar, and it hit her—that baby had to be Serenity’s son.

Serenity had given birth!

Evan must have heard the news and rushed back to Wiltspoon.

That jerk didn't even tell her he was leaving.

Sure, it made sense he wanted to meet his nephew right away, but he could've at least said something. He just took off without a word.

Abby had been so busy, she forgot about the due date.

She quickly checked Serenity's Moments but didn't see any posts. Serenity probably hadn't posted yet since she had just given birth.

Abby called her right away. When Serenity answered, Abby asked cheerfully, "Sister Serenity, did you give birth? Boy or girl? Did Evan go back? Why didn't that jerk tell me?"

Serenity replied, "I gave birth yesterday evening. It's a boy—seven pounds. We're both doing great. Evan must've just gotten back. I just saw him a minute ago."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4341

"Congratulations, Sister Seren," Abby said with a smile. "I've been swamped lately and just got back from a business trip, so I haven't had a chance to visit. But you have to let me know when the baby turns one month old—I'll definitely come for the full moon celebration."

Serenity replied warmly, "Of course, I'll make sure to invite you. Do you want Evan to give you a call?"

"No need," Abby said quickly. "Evan and I are just regular friends. He can go wherever he wants—he doesn't have to report to me. I just figured if he told me, even if I couldn't make it, I could at least have him bring over the little gold lock I had made for the baby a while ago."

Whether or not she and Evan had a future together, she and Serenity were on good terms. They were friends now, and Abby had already planned to give a gift when the baby arrived.

Evan had told her Serenity's due date was this month, so she had prepared a gold lock and a matching bracelet in advance.

Serenity didn't call out Abby's lie. In her heart, she knew Evan wasn't "just a regular friend" to Abby.

"Alright," Serenity said gently. "You go take care of your work. When the time comes, I'll let you know about the full moon celebration."

"Sounds good."

Abby quickly ended the call.

Adalee turned to her and asked, "Did the eldest daughter-in-law of the York family have the baby?"

"Yeah, she had a boy. Both mom and baby are doing great. Everyone guessed it would be a boy," Abby said with a smile. "They say the York family is like a fertility temple—every woman who marries in ends up having sons. Having a daughter seems nearly impossible."

"Evan's been away the past couple of days visiting his sister-in-law. Seren's baby is a big deal in the York family. He's the first great-grandchild for Grandma York. I'm sure the other York brothers will rush home once they hear the news. They're uncles now."

Abby admired how close the York family was. Their love and warmth were something she truly appreciated.

Evan already made her heart race, but the York family's solid values and affectionate bonds only made her like them more.

Compared to her own Du family, the Yorks felt more united, more loving.

Adalee, clearly impressed, added, "The York family isn't just powerful in Wiltspoon—they're also genuinely close-knit. It's something people can't help but admire. Serenity's one lucky woman."

"She really is," Abby agreed. "Her elders adore her, her husband absolutely dotes on her, and her brothers-in-law respect her deeply. In most families, if a sister-in-law has a baby, the brothers-in-law might just send a quick message or make a call. But with the Yorks, they're all showing up in person—they're really invested in this baby."

That kind of family support was rare—and enviable.

Abby nodded. “The Yorks have been really attentive throughout Seren’s pregnancy. Honestly, even if she’d had a girl, they probably would’ve lit firecrackers for a month straight.”

“Wow,” Adalee laughed, “The York elders must be really hoping for a girl, huh?”

“Well, most wealthy families do want both sons and daughters,” Abby said.

“If our family didn’t have any daughters for generations, we’d probably shower the first one with all our love and attention,” Adalee mused, smiling.

Abby laughed. “Exactly. If you have only daughters, you wish for a son. If you have sons, you start hoping for a daughter. That’s just how people are.”

Adalee agreed, laughing. “So true.”

“When the baby’s full moon celebration comes around, I’m going too,” Adalee added playfully. “Looks like our two families are going to be in-laws soon.”

Abby grinned. “As long as you’re free, Seren would love to have you there. Honestly, the moment I fell for Evan, I made up my mind—I’m marrying into the York family. They’re going to be my future in-laws.”

Adalee teased, “And here I thought you gave up.”

Abby replied with a smile, “Give up? No way. Families like the Yorks don’t come around often. I’d be crazy to walk away. Besides, Evan has always loved me. If he truly loved someone else, then maybe I’d consider stepping back.”

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Abby said, “But before I give up, I want to give it my all. If it doesn’t work out, then I’ll let go. That just means we weren’t meant to be.”

“Luckily, we have a good relationship. And I was the one Grandma York picked for him. Now he says he’s going to follow her wishes—he’s chosen me for this life.”

Adalee replied, “That’s only because he knows you’re Fox. That’s why he said it.”

Abby responded, “Fox is me. Bianca is me. And Abby is me. No matter which version he fell in love with—it’s still me. But sometimes... I still get jealous of myself. How can I, the second daughter of the Du family, feel like I’m not as good as Fox?”

She admitted that part of her still struggled with the idea that Evan fell in love with the version of her disguised as Fox, and not with the real Adalee—her true identity.

“Don’t stress over it. He loves you. What matters now is how you two build your relationship moving forward. You can even wear red and throw on some makeup now and then—act like Fox again if you want.”

Abby shook her head. “No, that would only make him more obsessed with the girl in disguise. I think I need to be real with him—as myself, without the expectations and restrictions of being from a prominent family.”

“That’s the version of me he truly likes.”

As the second daughter of the Du family, Abby always had to think about her family first. She couldn’t risk damaging the family’s reputation.

That invisible pressure—the weight of being a daughter from a prestigious household—kept her from living freely.

But when she stepped out in disguise, no one knew she was part of the Du family. She didn’t have to worry about appearances or expectations. She could just be herself.

And that hidden, authentic self—was the one Evan fell for.

“Honestly, you shouldn’t put so much pressure on yourself,” Adalee said gently. “Just do what feels right. I’ll always have your back. I’m the one who can’t really act freely.”

As the head of the family, Adalee's actions and words carried weight. Everything she did could reflect on the Du family.

But as long as others in the family didn't cross any legal or moral lines, it wouldn't cause too much of a stir.

"It's just habit," Abby said quietly.

Adalee didn't respond.

Their upbringing, the lessons drilled into them since childhood, had shaped them into careful, thoughtful people. That kind of thinking... it becomes second nature.

After Abby hung up, Serenity turned to Zachary and asked, "Evan didn't tell Abby he was back? She said she wanted to come back with him."

Zachary glanced at Evan, who was already holding his little nephew. Evan had just returned and may not have even gone home—he came straight to the hospital.

He brought a bunch of supplements, carrying bags big and small.

Evan didn't notice his brother and sister-in-law watching. He quietly carried the baby out to the small lounge.

Since Serenity hadn't been discharged yet, and it wasn't really appropriate for him to hang around in the room as her brother-in-law, he took the baby outside where the other men were.

As soon as Evan stepped out with the baby, a few guys immediately gathered around.

Callum reached out to take the baby, and Kevin did too.

But Evan dodged both of them.

"I just got back and barely held him—and you guys are already trying to steal him from me?" Evan said with a hint of annoyance.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4343

“We didn’t really get to hold the baby. If our parents were here, we’d barely get a glimpse, and it’d be too crowded.”

Taking advantage of Evan’s distraction with Callum and Kevin, Elian quickly and carefully scooped up his nephew.

“Haha! Gotcha! Baby, I’m your fifth uncle. You hear that? Your fifth uncle’s holding you!”

Evan tried to take the baby back, but Elian started pacing around the small hall, cradling the child and dodging his brothers who were trying to grab him.

River followed close behind, pleading as he walked, “Fifth brother, let me hold him, please. I really haven’t gotten the chance. He was just born yesterday and I haven’t even taken a proper look yet.”

There were just too many people in the house.

If all the elders were around, younger ones like them wouldn’t even get a chance to see the baby properly.

“Big brother and sister-in-law should have three or four babies at once,” River joked. “That way, we’d at least have a better shot at holding one.”

Zachary walked out holding a baby bottle. Hearing what River said, he laughed and replied, “You think having kids is that easy? If you love babies so much, go get married and have your own. Then you can hold them all day long. Elian, hand him over so I can feed him.”

Elian said, “Big brother, give me the bottle—I’ll feed him. If I let go now, who knows when I’ll get to hold him again? I haven’t even locked in my wife yet. She only agreed to give me a chance. We’re not at the marriage stage.”

His fiancée had been touched by his persistence and decided to give him a shot. They were still getting to know each other, and it was anyone’s guess when they’d actually tie the knot.

Still, Elian felt he was in a better place than Evan. At least he and his fiancée were already in love. They'd hugged, kissed... meanwhile, Evan probably hadn't even had his first kiss.

Elora hadn't agreed to date Evan yet.

Their grandmother wanted to see Evan go all out chasing her like it was life or death, but so far, it hadn't been that dramatic. Aside from eating spicy food and freezing himself once, he hadn't really suffered.

The Du family didn't put up much of a fight.

In fact, it felt like they couldn't wait to marry into the York family—and they were probably afraid that if they pushed Evan too hard, he'd back out.

"You don't even have a wife," Zachary said to Elian, "how are you planning to feed a baby?"

Elian shot back, "Big brother, you're a first-time dad too—don't act like you're some pro."

Zachary gave him a sharp look. Elian quickly backed down and carefully handed the baby back to Zachary.

Still, Elian was secretly thinking that once he got married, he'd have more kids—at least three. He wanted to be the brother with the most children. Hopefully one of them would be a daughter, just so the other brothers could all fight over holding her.

Elian was like Zachary in one way—his fiancée always ended up back in his arms when he gave her that look.

Haha!

He could only laugh and dream about it in his head. But when Zachary gave him a real glare? He chickened out faster than anyone.

Zachary took his son back to the room.

None of the young men dared to follow.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

Evan went to answer it and found Hank standing there with his parents. Each of them was holding something.

Seeing Evan, Hank froze for a moment, unsure of what to say.

And when he noticed the hall full of York family young masters, his face turned red and he couldn't get a word out.

Evan broke the silence, his voice cool: "Mr. Brown, what brings you here?"

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4344

Hank was Sonny's biological father. Everyone loved Sonny. And for Sonny's sake, they were willing to give Hank some courtesy.

Mr. Brown nudged his son, bringing Hank back to the moment.

Snapping out of it, Hank quickly said, "I—I heard that Serenity gave birth, so I came with my parents to visit."

Serenity used to be Hank's sister-in-law. You could even say he watched her grow up.

Back when Hank and Liberty were dating, Serenity was still a minor.

When they got married, Liberty had only one request: that Serenity live with them. At the time, Hank still loved Liberty, and he understood her concerns about her younger sister living alone.

He didn't feel comfortable with Serenity living by herself either, so he agreed without hesitation.

He really had seen Serenity as his own sister before things went south. He cared about her. But somehow, everything changed. He still didn't quite understand how it got to the point of divorce.

Sure, he was jealous that Liberty was doing better than him. He had pressured her to quit her job after they got married—telling her to stay home, focus on getting pregnant, and raise a child. The plan was to build a family together. But gradually, he changed.

Maybe it was the constant negativity from his parents and Chelsea, always badmouthing Liberty. Maybe it was because Liberty lost her income and had to ask him for money again and again.

Eventually, he started seeing her as a burden—someone who couldn't contribute and just relied on him.

He even lost patience with Serenity, the same Serenity who had grown up right in front of him. He went so far as to push for splitting expenses equally with Liberty, and he complained about Serenity still living in the house—never mind that Liberty had paid hundreds of thousands to renovate it.

He was the one who gave up on Liberty.

He broke his promises to her. He was the one who failed to keep his word to love her for life.

Snapping out of his thoughts, Hank gave Evan a polite smile, waiting for the Yorks to allow them in to see Serenity.

He had brought some supplements for her.

His parents had picked up a few new outfits and some diapers for the baby.

They all knew Serenity didn't need a thing. The York family treated her like royalty, and they probably looked down on the things they brought. Still, Hank felt he had to show up and offer something. After all, he was Sonny's father.

And Serenity, who was Sonny's aunt, had always been incredibly good to him. Forget about past family ties—just for Sonny's sake, Hank had to come and show up with something.

"Come in," Evan said calmly, stepping aside to let the Browns enter.

He turned and walked back inside with them.

Hank handed the supplements to Evan. "I brought some supplements for Serenity."

Evan didn't take them. "Mr. Brown, that's very thoughtful of you. But honestly, supplements are the last thing my sister-in-law is lacking."

Hank smiled politely. "I know Serenity doesn't need anything. It's just a small gesture. I hope the fourth young master will accept it on her behalf."

Mr. and Mrs. Brown also handed over the things they had brought.

After a brief pause, Evan took the items and placed them on a single-seat sofa.

Callum motioned for the three Browns to have a seat.

Since Hank couldn't go in to see Serenity or the baby, Mrs. Brown turned to the young men and asked, "Young masters, may I go in and see Serenity and the baby?"

Kevin answered, "My sister-in-law is resting, and my brother is feeding the baby right now. It's not really a good time."

Mrs. Brown gave a polite smile. "Alright. I'll visit the baby a little later then."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4345

Zachary walked out just then, holding a baby bottle in his hand. After the baby finished his formula, Serenity cradled him in her arms and dozed off.

It wasn't easy to put the baby down right after feeding—everyone worried he might spit up—so Serenity kept holding him.

Since giving birth, Serenity hadn't held her son much. Everyone around her was afraid she'd get too tired, so they encouraged her to rest as much as possible.

"Mr. York," Hank said, standing up and giving Zachary a polite nod.

Zachary paused. “Mr. Brown, you’re here. Please, have a seat. I’ll go rinse the bottle.” He lifted the bottle slightly as he spoke.

Hank gave a small smile. “I heard Serenity had the baby, so I brought my parents to visit. Is she doing alright?”

“Thanks for checking in, Mr. Brown. Serenity’s doing well,” Zachary replied politely.

Hank smiled again. “That’s good to hear. Really good.”

Zachary told his brothers to take care of the guests, then headed off to wash the bottle himself.

Watching Zachary take care of such tasks made Hank feel awkward. When Liberty gave birth and was in recovery, he hadn’t taken good care of her—or their son, Sonny.

Liberty didn’t have parents to rely on. She had hoped Hank’s mother would step in to help her during her recovery.

But his parents claimed they had to take care of Chelsea’s family and couldn’t bear to leave Lucas, so they didn’t come to help Liberty. Chelsea even said that since Liberty had a natural birth, she could take care of herself after leaving the hospital.

Seriously? Chelsea had three kids naturally, too—yet she still had her mom caring for her during recovery. Back then, it was Serenity who stepped up and cared for Liberty and newborn Sonny.

Sonny was a handful during those first three months. He cried constantly and mixed up his days and nights. Serenity ran her own business and still managed to care for Liberty and Sonny during that time. You could see how much weight she’d lost.

Thinking about it now, Hank could hardly forgive himself. He felt like slapping his own face.

Zachary came out of the bathroom after washing the bottle and went straight back to the room. He didn’t feel like making small talk with Hank.

If Hank weren’t Sonny’s biological father, he wouldn’t even be here.

Hank understood that clearly. Even though Zachary had told his brothers to entertain them, the York brothers said very little. The whole vibe was tense and uncomfortable.

“Well, we should be going,” Hank said, deciding to leave. “We don’t want to disturb Serenity while she’s resting. When the baby turns a month old, would we be able to come by for the full moon celebration?”

He asked Evan as he stood to leave.

Evan stood up too. “Mr. Brown, I can’t make that call for my eldest brother. I’ll ask him and let you know. Just wait for our response.”

“Alright. Thank you,” Hank said.

But he already knew in his heart—chances were, the York family wouldn’t invite them to the celebration.

Hank left with his parents.

Evan kept the diapers and baby clothes but asked Hank to take the supplements back with him.

The baby items were still useful, but the supplements weren’t needed. On behalf of his brother and sister-in-law, Evan made the decision to keep what could be used and return what couldn’t. He told Hank the supplements would be more useful for the Browns themselves.

After trying to refuse, Hank reluctantly took the supplements and left with his parents.

Back in Hank’s car, Mrs. Brown muttered, “I told you not to come. They don’t want us there. Serenity’s status is different now—she’s the lady of the York family. She’s out of our league.”

Mr. Brown responded, “She’s still Sonny’s aunt. Whether she needs us or not, now that we know she gave birth, we had to show up. It doesn’t matter if they welcome us. Serenity treats Sonny like her own. For that alone, we had to come.”

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Mrs. Brown curled her lips and went quiet. After a while, she suddenly asked, “Now that Serenity has her own son—her biological child—do you think she’ll still love our Sonny the same way?”

Mr. Brown replied, “Serenity isn’t that kind of person. She’s always had a strong bond with her sister. There’s no way she’d stop caring about Sonny. And even if she doesn’t treat him quite like before, Liberty’s different now. Sonny’s future isn’t something to worry about.”

“Serenity having her own son doesn’t really affect Sonny,” he added. “A son and a nephew are two different things. But if Liberty has another child, that could change things for Sonny.”

Mr. Brown let out a long sigh as he said this.

Their family just had bad luck.

If they’d known Liberty and Serenity would end up so well off, they never would’ve let Hank divorce Liberty. They would’ve done everything to make him break up with Jessica instead.

But they hadn’t seen it coming.

Back then, the Browns looked down on Liberty and her family. She had no real support, just one younger sister.

Who would’ve guessed their mother came from a wealthy family—and that even after her passing, people would still be searching for her? That twist of fate turned out to be a blessing for Liberty and Serenity.

Now, both sisters had climbed so high that they were completely out of reach.

Mr. Brown asked, “Do you think Liberty can still have children? Sonny’s already a big kid—would she even want more?”

Mrs. Brown said, “Liberty’s still young, just in her thirties. And Mr. Lewis is only a little older—he’s not even forty yet. If she wants to have more kids, of course she can. She might even have several.”

Mr. Brown nodded. “Ever since they eased the two-child and three-child policy, lots of people in their forties are still having kids. Liberty’s only in her thirties. She’s not too old at all. And Sonny’s still young. Even if she has another baby, the age gap won’t be that big.”

“Plenty of people have ten years or more between their kids.”

Hank just kept driving in silence, saying nothing.

Mr. Brown kept talking. “I heard Liberty changed her last name to Farrell. She’s called Liberty Farrell now. She took over the Farrell family in Jensburg. She’s the head of that family—and it’s a matriarchal family. That means only daughters can inherit leadership. If she wants someone to take over someday, she’ll need to have a daughter.”

Mrs. Brown muttered, “What kind of family is that? Daughters can take over but sons can’t? That makes no sense. Sonny could take over for his mom. He’s still Liberty’s son, and he’ll always be part of our Brown family. If he inherits her position, then our family rises with him. We’d finally break into the wealthy class.”

“Honey,” she added, lighting up at the thought, “we’ve got to take good care of ourselves. Let’s live long enough to see Sonny become rich and powerful. One day, he’ll take us to his mansion to retire. We’ll live in a big villa, have a driver and bodyguards when we go out, and a team of nannies and servants at home. We’ll live like royalty.”

Mr. Brown glanced sideways at his wife.

Mrs. Brown asked, “Why are you looking at me like that? Did I say something wrong? No matter who Sonny lives with, he’s still my grandson, and I’ll always be his grandmother. Once he grows up and becomes successful, he won’t forget that. We’re good to him—we visit often, buy him whatever he likes to eat and play with.”

“He’s not going to abandon us just because we’re poor. Liberty and Serenity wouldn’t raise an ungrateful kid. Sonny’s going to grow up to be kind and thankful.”

As much as Mrs. Brown resented the Liberty sisters, even she had to admit—they were far better than her when it came to raising kids.

Just look at the three kids they helped raise. Meanwhile, when she looked at her own grandkids lately, all she felt was disappointment. It was getting harder and harder to ignore.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4347

"Mom, that's something to think about later. Let's not talk about it now," Hank said while driving. "Sonny's only five or six—he hasn't even started grade school. What's the point of discussing all that?"

"Liberty's remarried. Whether she decides to have another child is her choice—it's her life. We can't control it, and we don't need to worry about Sonny. She's not the type to abandon him just because she has another child. Serenity will still love Sonny just the same.

All we need to do is focus on our own role and stop worrying about things we can't control. We'll pick up Sonny during the May Day holiday and have him stay for a couple of days. But Mom, Dad—you both need to stop saying reckless things in front of Sonny. Don't assume he doesn't understand—he's smart and picks up on everything.

And please, stop running your mouths in front of my sister. Sonny is our family's future. Her kids belong to her in-laws. My sister only looks out for herself. Haven't you figured that out yet?"

Mrs. Brown pouted, clearly unhappy, and muttered, "I know. I just feel bad that Sonny's an only child. He doesn't have any brothers. I want him to bond with his cousins, build a connection. That way, they can support each other when they grow up. I don't want him to feel alone with no one to talk to."

Mr. Brown turned his head and shot her a glare. "Haven't you realized what's really going on? Lucas and the others always pick on Sonny. They treat it like a habit. Sonny doesn't even want to hang out with them."

"After what Daby did—when he almost strangled Sonny—and the York family saw it, Sonny still won't talk to him. Do you think he's some kind of saint? That he won't get angry or hold a grudge? You're always favoring Chelsea's kids. You claim Sonny's your grandson, but you never act like it. Every time he comes over, you either nag at him or talk badly about him and Mr. Lewis.

No wonder Sonny doesn't like staying here anymore. It's all on you. As his grandmother, you just don't get the seriousness of the situation. Why is Sonny alone? His mom can still have

kids. He's got other cousins. Serenity already gave him one. If he gets along with that cousin, it'll help him way more."

Mr. Brown had given up trying to change his wife's favoritism.

After his son's divorce, he started to regret things and see the truth.

But his wife—she claimed she regretted it too, though what she really regretted was the divorce itself. Liberty turned her life around and became successful. His wife figured that if there had been no divorce, Liberty's money would've ended up in the Brown family.

"Serenity's son was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He'll inherit the York family fortune one day—he'll have money and power. That kind of cousin could really help Sonny in the future."

Mrs. Brown stayed quiet. Deep down, she knew Sonny's future was secure—Serenity would always have his back.

Still, she felt bad for her grandson. Lucas was about the same age, but Sonny was clearly doing better. His kindergarten alone cost well over a hundred thousand a year.

Her daughter's business didn't even make that much annually.

She only had two kids and not many grandkids—just one grandson. With a bright future like Sonny's, why couldn't he look after his cousin?

She kept those thoughts to herself though, not daring to say them aloud.

If she did, her son would blow up again.

Chelsea barely came around anymore, and when she did, it always ended in a fight between the siblings.

Mrs. Brown knew she'd have to rely on her son as she got older. She couldn't afford to take her daughter's side openly anymore.

Hank said, "Mom, did you even hear what Dad and I just said? If you keep running your mouth in front of Sonny or badmouth Liberty again, I'll send you back to the hometown to live with my sister."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4348

Hank added, "You did so much for my sister over the years. You raised all three of her kids. I only have one child, and you never lifted a finger to help me. Not only did you ignore Sonny, but you even used my money to help my sister. Back when I was making \$100,000 a month, I still gave you a generous allowance. And yet, you were living at my sister's place. She even shares in your retirement support. You and Dad—one of you stays with me, the other stays with her."

Hank knew exactly what kind of person his mother was.

That's why he had to threaten to send her back to their hometown—otherwise, she'd keep badmouthing Liberty and Duncan in front of Sonny, poisoning the kid's view of them.

Sonny used to be so excited to see him—his own dad. But now? He'd greet Hank with a plain "Dad," no smile, no spark in his eyes. And it was all because of his mother's influence.

Mrs. Brown's face darkened. She muttered reluctantly, "I get it. I won't talk bad about Liberty in front of Sonny again."

Having Jessica as a daughter-in-law for comparison, Mrs. Brown had come to realize Liberty was the better woman.

Too bad there's no medicine to undo regret.

At the end of the day, it was the Brown family's loss.

Just as the three of them were leaving the hospital, Liberty and Duncan arrived.

Liberty had brought bone broth for Serenity.

"Liberty, I just had breakfast not too long ago. I don't think I can drink soup right now," Serenity said as she leaned against the pillow.

Her baby lay sleeping beside her, completely content. When he woke up, he'd just let out a soft cry or two to let the adults know he was awake.

Zachary thought their son was incredibly easy to take care of—a dream baby. But Serenity reminded him not to get ahead of himself. Newborns sleep and eat a lot in the early days.

Once he grew a little older, then they'd see how easy he really was.

It had been the same with Sonny. Right after birth, he seemed easy to handle. But once Liberty was discharged and started her confinement period, it got tough fast.

Luckily, Sonny had turned into a really well-behaved kid.

"The soup's still hot. You can drink it later," Liberty said. "I brought it in an insulated container—it won't cool down anytime soon. You can eat the meat and drink the soup later. You need to rebuild your strength."

She set the container on the bedside table, then sat down next to Serenity. Taking a good look at her, she said, "You're looking better today, but still a little pale. You need to eat well, rest up, and keep your spirits high during this confinement period."

Serenity smiled. "Don't worry. Zachary's already treating me like a queen—or a pig, depending on how you look at it."

Liberty gave her a playful tap on the forehead. "He's just worried about you." Then she glanced at the baby. "Did he just fall asleep?"

"Yeah," Serenity replied with a soft smile. "He finished his formula about half an hour ago. He was full, looked around for a bit, and then knocked out in less than two minutes."

She gazed lovingly at her son. "He changes every day. He's already starting to look better."

Sonny had called his baby brother kind of ugly.

And honestly? He wasn't wrong.

But now, the little guy really was looking cuter by the day.

"He's always been a cutie," Liberty said warmly.

She shifted her seat closer to the baby and watched him sleep, her face soft with tenderness.

Serenity said, “Sister, Sonny’s dad and grandparents came by just now.”

Liberty just nodded, not surprised.

Hank had changed. These days, he was actually stepping up and doing his part as Sonny’s father.

It made sense that he’d stop by after hearing Serenity had given birth.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4349

“Did you see them?” Liberty asked Serenity. Without waiting for an answer, she added, “You should rest. There’s no need to see them. Hank might’ve changed a little, but his mom and sister are still the same.”

“Nothing’s different. Just being around them is enough to make you mad.”

Liberty’s opinion of her ex-mother-in-law hadn’t changed—because the woman herself hadn’t changed. Some people just don’t.

Mrs. Brown and Chelsea were who they were. Change wasn’t in their nature.

“I didn’t see them,” Serenity said. “I told them to take back the nutritional supplements they brought. Their financial situation isn’t great, and those things are expensive. They can use them more than I can. I only kept the diapers and baby clothes. I didn’t want anything else from them—I don’t want them saying anything in front of Sonny.”

Liberty nodded. “Sonny hasn’t really wanted to visit his dad lately. But if Hank shows up and says he wants to take him out, Sonny will go.”

The bond between a father and son can't be broken. Sonny still liked his dad, but he was getting more distant from his grandma.

He got along better with his grandpa.

His grandma and aunt were too much. Even though he was young, Sonny could sense that. He was starting to avoid being around them.

"Is Sonny transferring to a kindergarten in Jensburg next semester, or staying in Wiltspoon?" Serenity asked, changing the subject—she didn't want to keep talking about her sister's ex-in-laws.

Liberty replied, "I want to transfer him to Jensburg. I'll be staying there long-term, and Duncan's going too. If I leave Sonny in Wiltspoon, it'll not only trouble your household but also make him feel like I don't want him anymore."

Serenity said, "What trouble? There are plenty of people in my family. Of course we can take care of Sonny. Even Aunt Lewis and the others are more than happy to help."

The Lewis family truly treated Sonny like one of their own—with love and sincerity.

"I'm not going back to work right away either. It'll probably be about three months before I return. I can still help with Sonny."

"But of course, if everything settles down for you in Jensburg, it's better for him to be with you."

Liberty paused for a moment before saying, "I asked Sonny what he wanted. He wasn't too keen on going to Jensburg with me. Said he wouldn't have anyone to play with there. After the summer break, I'll take him there for a bit and see if he changes his mind. If not... I'll need to trouble you."

"Sonny's getting older. He's got his own thoughts and opinions now. He doesn't just go along with whatever I decide."

Liberty smiled. "He's got a strong little mind of his own."

The two sisters chatted for a bit longer. Then Liberty told Serenity to get some rest with the baby—she and Duncan were heading back to the Lewis family home.

Since coming back from Jensburg, she hadn't stayed with the Lewis family. Instead, she moved into the villa under her name. Duncan naturally lived with her.

Liberty felt more at ease in her own home. Duncan also had a nearby villa, so it worked out.

Serenity quickly fell asleep with her son.

She was scheduled to be discharged tomorrow.

Zachary sat quietly by her side, gazing at his wife and child, his face soft with love.

Just then, his phone rang.

It was Tatum.

Zachary answered quickly, stepping out of the room to avoid disturbing Serenity and the baby.

Tatum asked, "Hey, has my sister-in-law been discharged, or is she still in the hospital?"

Zachary replied, "She's still here. She's planning to go home tomorrow."

Tatum said, "Got it. My big sister and I are on a flight now. We should be at the airport by evening. We'll head straight to the hospital to see her and the baby first."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4350

When Zachary heard that his younger brother was also flying back, he said, "You work so far away, and the family you're staying with really needs you. You didn't have to make the trip. Your sister-in-law and the baby are doing great. You could've just come back later for the full-month celebration."

Zachary didn't think it was necessary for all his younger brothers to rush back.

But everyone was excited. His son was the first of the next generation, and his younger brothers were thrilled to be uncles. They'd dropped everything to be there.

It was a sign of their strong bond—and of how much they respected Serenity as the eldest sister-in-law.

"Are you bringing Miss Ormond with you?" Zachary picked up on that part a moment later.

Bringing his soon-to-be sister-in-law back meant it was time for a formal introduction to the family. And since she was the head of the Ormond family, it didn't feel right to take her straight to the hospital for her first meeting with the parents.

"Yeah," Tatum replied honestly. "Elora said she wanted to make a proper visit—and she also wanted to meet our sister-in-law. She's super busy with work, so I tried to talk her out of it, but she insisted. So we're heading back together."

Tatum couldn't hide the happiness in his voice.

Elora had willingly accepted the marriage arranged by Grandma York. In her words, the only one worthy of her sister was Tatum.

And truthfully, Tatum was impressive in his own right.

Elora had gotten used to his cooking.

Their families were a good match.

As for the distance—marrying far away wasn't a big issue, as long as the elders stayed in touch and communicated well.

Both Old Mrs. York and Tania had told Elora personally that all they cared about was Tatum's happiness. It didn't matter whether Elora moved to Wiltspoon or not. Since Tatum worked for the Ormond family, his job came first. Naturally, he'd be staying in Havenmill for now. During holidays, he could come back to Wiltspoon to be with family and share a meal.

And if he couldn't make it back? That was fine too. Old Mrs. York was still in good health—she could always fly over to see him.

In short, there were no obstacles between the two families.

“Since it’s Elora’s first time visiting, you should take her home first,” Zachary said. “Let her meet the elders, have dinner. Then you can come to the hospital to see your sister-in-law. She’ll be discharged tomorrow, probably around noon or in the afternoon, so there’s no rush.”

He added, “You can’t just bring her straight to the hospital. That’s not a good look—and definitely not a good omen for her first visit.”

Zachary then asked, “What time is your flight? When do you land? I’ll arrange for someone to pick you up.”

“No need,” Tatum replied. “I already contacted Sam. He’s arranging a driver. But sure, I’ll follow your lead. I’ll take Elora home first, then after dinner, we’ll head to the hospital to see our sister-in-law and the baby.”

Once she was discharged, Serenity would officially start her confinement period. As her brother-in-law, Tatum couldn’t just visit whenever he liked after that. But visiting while she was still in the hospital was fine.

He hadn’t even seen his first nephew in person yet.

Sure, Zachary had posted photos in the family group—but Tatum wanted to hold his nephew himself.

“Alright then,” Zachary said. “Since Sam’s got it covered, you’re all set. If it ends up being late, don’t worry about coming over. The baby and your sister-in-law go to bed early.”

“Got it. We’ll see how it goes. If it’s still early enough, we’ll stop by. I’ll call you then.”

“Okay,” Zachary said.

“Alright, the plane’s about to take off. Gotta go,” Tatum said before ending the call.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

“What did your brother say?” Elora asked Tatum after he ended the call.

“He said we should head home first. After dinner, if there’s still time, we can go to the hospital. If it’s too late, we’ll visit my sister-in-law and the baby tomorrow. She’s getting discharged in the afternoon anyway.”

Tatum looked at her gently and explained, “He feels it’s not appropriate to go straight to the hospital right after getting off the plane, especially since you’re coming home with me to meet my parents for the first time. Even though my sister-in-law just gave birth—which is definitely something to celebrate—a hospital is still considered an inauspicious place.”

“So, he asked us not to go directly to the hospital. Honestly, I should’ve thought of that myself. We’ll follow his suggestion and head to the house first. I already told my family—Grandma and my parents will definitely be waiting for us at the villa.”

This was Tatum’s first time bringing a girl home, and not just any girl—Elora was the one his grandmother had personally chosen as his future wife.

Naturally, the elders were taking it seriously.

Tatum blamed himself for not thinking it through. Elora might not mind, but he couldn’t overlook the details. It wasn’t right to take her straight to the hospital when she was meeting his parents for the first time.

Elora smiled. “Honestly, I don’t care about that kind of stuff.”

Still, she was deeply moved by how much the York family valued her.

“Whether you care or not, we have to approach this the right way. Just because you’re easygoing doesn’t mean we should be careless.” Tatum took her hand. “Do you want to rest a bit? The flight’s over three hours—we can both nap for a while.” He was used to resting whenever needed.

But Elora had been swamped with work lately, always up early and home late, barely getting any sleep.

“Okay. You get some rest too,” she replied.

She really was tired.

Fortunately, she'd finally have a few days to relax—three to five days off wasn't bad at all.

Originally, she'd only planned to stay for three days.

But her sisters were thoughtful, and her parents and the other elders all felt three days was too short. They encouraged her to stay at least five days so she could truly see how sincere the York family was.

Her sisters promised that everything at the company would run smoothly while she was gone.

So, Elora organized her work and flew to Wiltspoon with Tatum, deciding to stay for five days.

First, to meet his parents. Second, to see Serenity and her baby. And third, to enjoy a bit of vacation time in Wiltspoon.

Tatum would be with her the entire time.

After hanging up, Zachary turned to the others and said, "Tatum brought Miss Ormond back today. This is her first time here, and she's officially meeting the parents. Everyone should head home. We want to make a good impression on her and show her how sincere we are as a family."

Callum and the rest replied, "Got it. We'll head out later. Tatum just got on a plane—it's going to be over three hours before he's back. We'll go home soon. Grandma's already there. She'll take care of everything."

The brothers only needed to show up and introduce themselves to Elora.

All the planning and hospitality would be handled by the elders. With Grandma York at home, they didn't need to worry about a thing.

Grandma York: A bunch of lazy boys. I'm old, and you still expect me to do everything?

Everyone else: Isn't Grandma kind of loving it, though?

Not long after, Camryn arrived at the hospital.

She brought a bouquet of flowers for Serenity.

Camryn came to spend time with her, and the rest had already been sent back home by Zachary.

Tatum and Elora were clearly headed there too, where all the elders were waiting.

While Serenity was in the hospital recovering from childbirth, everyone had been staying at Zachary's big villa in the city to be closer and visit her easily.

Now that the baby had arrived and both mom and child were healthy, the elders had returned to Wildridge Manor.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4352

Serenity was scheduled to be discharged from the hospital tomorrow. After discussing it with her husband, she decided to recover at Wildridge Manor. The place was peaceful, had fresh air, and all the elders were there. With plenty of staff around, she would be well taken care of.

Zachary's villa could offer good care too, but it wasn't practical to have the elders stay there long-term. They preferred the comfort of their own home.

Besides, Serenity genuinely liked Wildridge Manor more.

"Brother, you should rest too. I'll take care of Serenity and the baby," Camryn said to Zachary before heading over to check on the baby. She adored the little one.

Serenity was doing great—she could eat, sleep, and move around. As for the baby, he mostly just ate and slept. When he woke up hungry, he'd eat again, and once he pooped, Zachary would change his diaper, and he'd be back to sleep. There wasn't much to stress over.

Zachary had been exhausted lately, so he lay down to rest on the sofa in the small sitting area outside.

Then the baby woke up.

Camryn was about to prepare a bottle of formula when Serenity said, "It hasn't been long since he last ate. Maybe he needs a diaper change."

When she heard the word "diarrhea," Camryn froze for a moment, unsure of what to do. She gently picked up the baby from the crib and walked over to Serenity, handing him over with a smile. "I've got no experience with this. You go ahead and change him."

Serenity took her son while Camryn grabbed a fresh diaper.

Standing off to the side, she watched as Serenity expertly changed the baby.

"Seren, this is your first child, but you're already so good at this."

Serenity smiled. "I helped raise Sonny, remember?"

She held her baby close. The little guy looked up at her with wide eyes, occasionally kicking the small quilt wrapped around him.

"His little legs are really strong," Camryn said, touching his feet. "If he's awake and not being held, he's definitely going to kick off that blanket."

"He may be small, but don't be fooled—he's strong. When I was pregnant, he used to kick so hard it hurt."

Even as Serenity complained about how strong her baby was, her face was full of warmth. She lifted him and kissed his tiny cheek.

This was her child—her own flesh and blood.

"Here, hold him for a sec," she said to Camryn.

Camryn reached out to take the baby.

But just as Serenity was about to hand him over, there was a knock at the door.

"I'll see who it is. Big brother's sleeping," Camryn said.

Serenity nodded and pulled the baby back into her arms.

Camryn walked out to answer the door.

Zachary was still fast asleep on the sofa outside. He was clearly wiped out. Now that he finally had a moment to relax, he was sleeping deeply.

The knocking didn't wake him.

Standing at the door was Carrie—now known as Mrs. Labbe.

The media in Wiltspoon had already reported that the eldest daughter-in-law of the York family had given birth to a healthy baby boy.

Carrie had just found out, and the news burned with jealousy. At home, she raged, cursing both Serenity and the baby.

She'd even started breaking things—only stopping when the Labbe family's bodyguards stepped in and warned her to knock it off.

After blowing off steam, Carrie calmed herself down and brought a few health supplements to the hospital. She wanted to see Serenity and the baby in person.

"What are you doing here?" Camryn asked coldly.

Even though Carrie now held the title of Mrs. Labbe, that didn't change who she really was.

No one had called her out yet, but that was only because they didn't know what she was really up to.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4353

"Miss Newman."

Carrie despised Camryn deep down but kept her hatred in check, careful not to let it show.

"I heard Mrs. York gave birth. I came to visit her," Carrie said with a forced smile.

Camryn stared at her for a long moment before replying coldly, "Mrs. Labbe, wait here. I'll check if Serenity is awake. If she wants to see you, I'll let you in."

Without another word, she closed the door, leaving Carrie standing outside.

Carrie's expression darkened, but she quickly composed herself.

Camryn returned to the room and told Serenity, "My dear sister, who no one can ever figure out, is here. She says she wants to see you and the baby. Do you want to see her?"

"If she came all this way, let her in. But you hold the baby for me," Serenity said. "She always keeps her distance from you, so she won't ask to hold the baby if you're the one carrying him."

Serenity wasn't worried about herself, but she was cautious when it came to the child. People with malicious intentions could do awful things—pinch a baby or sneak something sharp into their clothes when no one was looking.

You could never be too careful around someone with a cruel heart—especially when it came to a newborn.

"Alright."

Since Serenity agreed, Camryn went back out, opened the door, and said, "Come in. Serenity just woke up."

Carrie kept her smile in place as she stepped inside, holding the gift she had brought. When she saw Zachary sleeping on the sofa, she instinctively slowed down, careful not to wake him.

She was secretly afraid of Zachary. He was known for being absolutely ruthless.

Back when Camryn had just lost her sight, she was still adjusting to the darkness and often ended up hurt.

No one ever showed her sympathy. In Carrie's eyes at the time, Camryn wasn't even worth as much as the family dog.

But everything had flipped.

Now, the Newman family was in Camryn's hands. Her brother trusted Camryn completely and even took her advice seriously.

Camryn had married the very man Carrie once dreamed of being with. She was now living a happy life—and had even regained her vision.

Carrie, on the other hand, had spiraled downward. She looked well put together on the outside—nice clothes, a good life—but only she knew the pain and humiliation she endured.

Mr. Labbe didn't treat her like a person. He did whatever he pleased, and she couldn't push back or show even a hint of defiance—or else she'd be beaten.

Being whipped with a belt or lash was a kind of pain she had never experienced—not even in her worst days.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4354

After Camryn brought Carrie into the room, she walked over to Serenity, gently took the baby from her, and sat down beside her on the bed. She kept her eyes on the baby, deliberately avoiding any glance at her sister.

"Mrs. Labbe."

Serenity looked directly at Carrie. This woman had changed. She'd become more polished—better at hiding her true intentions.

"I heard you gave birth, so I came to visit," Carrie said with a polite smile. "No wonder I haven't seen Sonny being dropped off at kindergarten lately." She placed the supplements she'd brought on the bedside table. "I picked up a few things to help you recover. Giving birth takes a lot out of a woman—you'll need to build your strength back up."

Carrie's own child had never been given the chance to be born. If she had carried the pregnancy to term, she'd be feeling her baby kick around this time, with a due date sometime in the second half of the year.

Thinking about the child she lost, Carrie's eyes shifted to the baby in Camryn's arms.

She wanted nothing more than to go over and get a closer look.

But with Camryn holding him, she didn't dare. She was afraid Camryn would notice something off.

"He's adorable, isn't he?" Carrie asked softly, her expression gentle as she sat down near the bed.

"In my eyes," Serenity replied, "my son is the cutest baby in the world."

Carrie grumbled internally but kept smiling on the outside. "Of course, every mom thinks that. My baby... If I'd carried to term, he'd be born later this year. But unfortunately... my health wasn't strong enough. I guess we just weren't meant to be."

Serenity offered comfort: "Mrs. Labbe, you're still young. You'll have another chance. Focus on your health now, and maybe try again in a couple of years."

Carrie nodded with a small smile. "You're right. I've made peace with it. But when I see a baby, I can't help but think about the one I lost. Would it be alright if I held him for a moment?"

Camryn glanced up at Carrie, her tone cold. "Mrs. Labbe, you've never held a baby before, right? And newborns are so delicate—they're soft and fragile. It's not easy to hold them properly. It's better if you just look, not touch."

Carrie's smile faltered, and she looked visibly awkward. "You're right... I've never held a baby before. I won't push it."

Camryn turned her attention back to the baby and added calmly, "I'm still learning myself. He's asleep right now, and he doesn't like to be disturbed. If he wakes up, he'll cry so hard it'll be tough to calm him down. So again—just take a look, but don't touch."

Carrie's smile grew stiff. "Okay. I won't hold him."

She didn't even bother stepping closer to take a better look.

Inside, she was fuming—cursing Camryn a thousand times over. You blind woman. Obviously, you just don't want me to touch the baby. What, do you think I'd hurt him?

Yes, she was jealous of Serenity. And yes, the thought of harming Serenity's child had crossed her mind. But she also knew that if she ever did something like that, her own life would be over.

And Carrie wasn't ready to die. She was still young. There was still a whole world waiting for her.

So she held it in—biting her tongue, swallowing her bitterness.

Serenity said calmly, "This is my first time being a mom. I don't have much experience yet. My husband's been doing most of the baby care—feeding him, changing diapers. Honestly, he's better at holding him than I am."

Zachary had originally signed up for nanny classes with Josh, hoping to learn how to take care of a baby. But his work schedule had been too packed for him to attend much.

Now, though, he was learning by doing—and getting better by the day.

Carrie forced another smile. "Mr. York is so good to you. It's honestly enviable."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4355

Serenity beamed. "Zachary treats me so well. I'm lucky to have married him in this lifetime. I must've saved the entire galaxy in my past life to deserve him now."

She couldn't hide how happy she was.

Zachary loved her like his life depended on it.

And her love for him ran just as deep.

They had walked hand in hand all the way to where they were today.

“Mrs. Labbe,” Serenity said as she turned to Carrie. “Where’s your husband? I’ve known you for a while now, but I’ve never met him.”

Carrie kept a polite smile and replied, “He’s a workaholic. He’s hardly ever home and barely stays in Wiltspoon. He’s constantly flying around for business trips and meetings. When he does come home, it’s like he’s just staying at a hotel. He’ll be here for a few days and then he’s off again. Sometimes he’s gone for ten days, two weeks, or even months at a time.”

Serenity nodded in understanding. “That’s how men are. They put their careers first. Once they get into work mode, they forget everything else.”

She added with a small laugh, “Zachary’s the same. When he’s busy, he even forgets his own last name.”

Carrie couldn’t help but chime in, “Mrs. York, you’re not giving Young Master York enough credit. Maybe he used to be that way, but ever since he married you, you’ve become his top priority. Everyone in Wiltspoon says you’ve changed him. They all call him the ultimate wife guy—head over heels for his wife.”

Serenity smiled brightly. “He’s definitely more focused on family now than he was before.”

“He really is. Considering his position and everything on his plate, the way he makes time for his family is something most women in Wiltspoon envy.”

Carrie added, “Just look at today—he didn’t ask anyone else to take care of you. He personally took care of everything. He even fell asleep on the couch outside. You can see how exhausted he is, but he still chose to be here for you.”

She wasn’t trying to flatter Zachary—she truly envied Serenity.

Serenity smiled warmly.

She had asked Zachary to go home and rest, but he refused. He didn’t even bring in the housekeepers. He was worried no one else could take care of her the way he could, so he insisted on doing it himself.

It meant the world to her that someone like him—a high-powered CEO—would do that.

Carrie stayed for about an hour before leaving. If Zachary hadn't woken up and walked into the room, she probably would've stayed longer.

But the moment he woke up, she made an excuse and left.

Serenity didn't accept the gifts Carrie brought.

Zachary handed the gifts back to her, and Carrie didn't dare argue. She left with exactly what she came with.

Serenity had made it clear: she didn't need anything. She was just happy that people came to visit her. There was no need to spend money on gifts—she wouldn't accept any, no matter who sent them.

Carrie was left speechless.

Once outside the hospital, she shoved the gifts into the hands of her two bodyguards and said coldly, "Mrs. York doesn't want these, so they're yours."

The bodyguards took the supplements without saying a word, silently following her.

Back in the car, Carrie shot them a look of resentment.

They followed her everywhere and never gave her a moment of freedom.

The fake Carrie had lived a freer life than she did now.

The bodyguards claimed they were protecting the real Carrie, but in truth, they were monitoring her, controlling her every move. The moment she did anything they deemed "too much," they would intervene.

Back then, she could still play the role of Second Miss Newman and drop by to vent her anger on Camryn.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4356

There was a fake Miss Newman out there stirring up trouble for Camryn on behalf of the real Carrie. Meanwhile, Carrie—who was the real Miss Newman—wasn't allowed to reclaim her identity or live freely. She was stuck playing the role of a mistress under this false persona.

That damned Mrs. Labbe. Carrie wasn't even the real Mrs. Labbe. To Mr. Labbe, she was nothing more than a toy—not even worthy of being called a mistress.

She'd heard he had a new lover now. Rumor had it he treated this new woman very well, and the actual Mrs. Labbe didn't seem to care.

Maybe there was nothing she could do. Mr. Labbe was an old pervert with women everywhere, and the women who married him were just unlucky.

Carrie had thought about escaping more than once.

But the two bodyguards shadowing her never let her out of their sight. She never had a chance.

She needed a plan—to win those two over, make them start siding with her. Even if she couldn't completely manipulate them, maybe she could soften their stance. That way, when she finally tried to escape, they might turn a blind eye.

Still, Carrie couldn't shake the feeling that the persona she played—Mrs. Labbe—looked like a complete joke in front of Serenity and the others.

It always felt like Camryn and Serenity already knew who she really was.

Maybe they were just waiting to trace things back to Mr. Labbe.

How could someone as sharp as Zachary not have figured it out by now?

Carrie, now a year older, wasn't as naive as before. Her thoughts were darker, more calculated.

She hated Serenity and Camryn—wanted to see them suffer. She dreamed of the York family falling under Mr. Labbe's control.

But over time, her mindset shifted.

The York family was like royalty in Wiltspoon—deep roots, strong foundation. Mr. Labbe taking them down? That was wishful thinking. No matter how powerful he was, he was still an outsider. A strong dragon couldn't just come in and crush the local snake.

And after all this time, she hadn't seen any part of Mr. Labbe's plan actually shake the York family.

Instead, he seemed to be growing more restless. Maybe the boy he'd been trying to find had already been taken by someone else?

Just how important was that boy to him?

Carrie glanced at the two bodyguards walking ahead of her. Both men were in their early thirties. They'd been stuck here watching her for so long, unable to return to their families. Whether they had wives or not, they were still men, right?

Didn't they have needs?

Carrie thought about everything Mr. Labbe had put her through. Then, an idea popped into her head—a dark, manipulative plan. She'd seduce the two bodyguards—separately—without letting one know about the other.

If she could get them emotionally entangled, they might grow soft toward her.

Maybe, eventually, they'd even develop real feelings.

And when she made her move to escape Wiltspoon, they might just let it slide—pretend they didn't see a thing.

It was her best shot at living a decent life again.

After all, she was already damaged—just a toy Mr. Labbe used and discarded.

With that in mind, Carrie turned to look out the car window. The sun was setting, and the sky was growing darker.

She wanted to go to a bar.

One of the bars she used to visit.

She needed to get her hands on something—some kind of drug.

The bodyguards were loyal to Mr. Labbe. Winning them over while they were sober? Nearly impossible.

She'd have to trap them.

Once it was done, they'd have no choice. And afterward, would they really strangle her over it?

Probably not.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4357

"I don't want to go home," Carrie said suddenly.

The bodyguard driving didn't even glance at her. The one in the passenger seat turned his head slightly, his voice cold as he asked, "Where do you want to go, Madam?"

Carrie replied, "I'm in a bad mood. I just want to go shopping—alone."

Without hesitation, the bodyguard shut her down. "Madam, you have to go home. You can't wander around unless Boss gives permission."

Carrie sighed in frustration. "Come on, I'm a human being. I'm alive. You can't control my every move like this. I'm upset, and I just want to walk around, clear my head."

The bodyguard's voice stayed cold. "What's making you upset, Madam? You don't have to worry about food or clothes. You live in a mansion and get plenty of spending money every month. You're living in luxury. What more could you possibly want?"

They were the ones who had reason to be in a bad mood.

Boss Labbe had stationed them here to watch her, and they weren't allowed to return home.

They weren't married, but they were normal guys—with girlfriends.

They hadn't been able to leave Wiltspoon for so long that their girlfriends were threatening to break up with them. No matter how much they explained, their girlfriends wouldn't listen.

But Boss Labbe wouldn't let them leave. And defying him? That wasn't an option—unless they wanted to lose everything.

In Havenmill, Boss Labbe held serious power. If they just quit and walked away, he'd come after them. They wouldn't be able to survive in Havenmill.

Even if they had girlfriends now, what would happen when they couldn't earn a living?

Eventually, the women would leave them anyway.

They couldn't afford to go up against Boss Labbe—not with the things they knew he'd done.

Boss Labbe suspected they knew too much. So to stay alive, they had no choice but to remain loyal. If they ever tried to leave, even if he pretended to let them go, he'd come for them later.

The end result would be death.

Carrie muttered bitterly, "Seeing Serenity so happy makes me sick. Seeing Camryn doing fine, getting happier every day—it stings. Your Boss Labbe brags about being unstoppable, but what has he done? Nothing's happened to the York family. Even my Newman family is still intact. Camryn's even running the family business better than ever."

She clenched her fists.

"Serenity had a son. People used to say she couldn't have kids, that she'd be kicked out of the York family. But now she has a baby boy. If it hadn't been for... this year, I'd have had a child too."

Her baby hadn't even had a chance to take shape.

The sight of Serenity's joy made Carrie's hatred toward Mr. Labbe grow stronger.

She hated how he treated her.

He never wanted her to get pregnant, so he barely bothered with contraception.

After her miscarriage, before her body even healed, he started hurting her again—and still didn't use protection.

She had to keep taking pills on her own.

But taking that kind of medication too often had serious side effects. What if she couldn't have children anymore?

She dreamed of escaping Wiltspoon, finding a decent, honest man to marry. With the money she'd stashed away, she could live comfortably, maybe even luxuriously.

She wanted a family. She wanted kids.

The car was quiet.

Finally, the bodyguard asked in a low voice, "Where do you want to go, Madam? We'll go with you."

"I want to go to a bar," Carrie said. "When I'm feeling this down, I need a drink."

The bodyguard responded, "There's a fully stocked wine cabinet at home—Boss filled it with high-end liquor. If you want to drink, drink at home. There's no need to go to a bar."

"Madam, don't forget—you're Mrs. Labbe now. A woman of status. If word gets out that you went drinking at a bar, it'll embarrass the Boss. He'll come down hard on everyone involved. We'll all pay for it. So please, just go home and drink there."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4358

Carrie pouted. "Drinking at home is boring. There's no one to drink with. What's the fun in that? Bars are crowded, full of life—I want to drink there."

She continued, "I'll go home first, wipe off my makeup, drop the disguise, and show my real face as the second daughter of the Newman family. Then I'll go to the bar. Even if someone recognizes me, it's my reputation on the line—not your Boss's."

The bodyguard said nothing.

Carrie didn't argue any further.

When she got back to the large villa, she went straight upstairs to change clothes, remove her makeup, and return to her true identity—Carrie Newman.

She grabbed her usual handbag. When she'd gone back to the Newman family home earlier to collect her things, she'd taken all her valuables with her.

She'd already sold many of them for cash, but she kept a few choice pieces.

She still needed those luxury items to keep up appearances in high-end places.

Even though the title "Second Miss Newman" had become a joke in Wiltspoon's high society—and she was now part of the past—she hadn't given up on the idea of marrying rich.

Whenever she ran out of money, she'd call her brother, Trenton, and ask for more.

But she never got much. Trenton was completely under Camryn's control now. He sided with her and didn't listen to Carrie. He only gave her \$3,000 to \$5,000 a month for living expenses.

If she begged and cried, the most he'd give her was maybe \$10,000 or \$20,000.

Luckily, she had almost \$10 million in savings. As long as she could transfer that money without anyone noticing, she could live a rich and carefree life once she escaped Wiltspoon.

When Carrie came out of the house, the two bodyguards spotted her. One stood his ground while the other stepped forward to block her path.

"Madam, Miss Newman is already out there. You can't go around posing as Miss Newman anymore."

Carrie snapped back, "That's not the real me. I want to go out. I'm going out to drink. And if you won't let me leave, then come inside and drink with me until we're wasted."

As she spoke, she even reached out to pull the bodyguard inside with her.

Startled, the bodyguard quickly dodged her grasp and stepped back several paces. His face darkened as he warned, “Madam, please show some self-respect.”

“Why should I?” Carrie scoffed. “It’s not like I’m hitting on you. I just want someone to drink with. I’m in a bad mood, and drinking helps. What do you think I’m trying to do? I don’t like either of you. You’re just lackeys. I’m the second daughter of the Newman family! Back when my parents were alive, our family was worth over a billion. We were the real deal. I used to have a whole fleet of bodyguards.”

The bodyguard’s expression turned grim.

He knew Carrie didn’t actually like them.

But still, they couldn’t drink with her. If they got drunk and something happened that shouldn’t, and the head of the house found out—they were finished.

Sure, Boss Labbe had occasionally passed off mistresses he got tired of to his bodyguards, but that was rare.

Most of those women were smart. When the Boss lost interest, they’d take the money, walk away quietly, and never stir up drama. Even if they had children, they didn’t push to become the official wife. They’d accept the support, raise the kids, and stay low-key.

To their boss, Carrie was just another toy. A pawn.

Mr. Labbe still showed up now and then, and as long as he did, she was off-limits.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4359

“Anyway, I’m heading out for a drink tonight. Why don’t you two come with me and let’s get completely wasted!”

One of the bodyguards spoke with a grim expression.

Carrie glanced at the other bodyguard. He was even more reserved—the one who usually drove whenever she went out.

When he noticed Carrie looking at him, he replied coldly, “Miss Newman, you insisted on going to the bar. If anything happens, you’re on your own.”

With that, he turned and walked away.

The other bodyguard froze for a second, then quickly followed his colleague, leaving with him.

He no longer tried to stop Carrie from going out.

Carrie walked out of the villa without a hitch.

Now that she’d reclaimed her identity as Miss Newman, she could no longer use Mrs. Labbe’s luxury car.

Wearing high heels, she made her way to the street, hailed a taxi, and told the driver to take her to the bar she used to frequent.

Then, she started calling her old girlfriends to come join her for drinks.

Back then, the girls who hung out with Carrie were from families that weren’t as wealthy as the Newmans. Their parents owned small businesses, and they had some money—just enough to call themselves rich kids.

They stuck around because Carrie was generous. She never made them pay for anything—whether it was meals or shopping trips.

Who wouldn’t want a friend like that?

But they weren’t real friends. Carrie thought of them as her besties, her ride-or-die sisters. What she didn’t know was that they only saw her as an ATM. They were just using her.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Newman went to prison, the Newmans were a true powerhouse family, worth over ten billion.

Carrie was the apple of her parents' eye. As the second daughter of the family, she had everything going for her. She was spoiled, arrogant, and short-tempered—but as long as people could benefit from her, they put up with it.

Then everything crashed. Her parents were hit with heavy prison sentences, and even Carrie ended up doing time.

By the time she got out, the Newman family was nothing like before. Everything that had belonged to Carrie was now under Camryn's control.

Camryn had taken over the family business and become the head of the household. The sisters had no love for each other. Carrie wanted Camryn gone, and Camryn had no intention of making life easy for Carrie.

Carrie, once the proud second young lady, couldn't even go home. The big villa was Camryn's now.

To make matters worse, her bank cards were frozen. Overnight, she went from heiress to broke. She had to rely on her brother for handouts and sold off her luxury items just to survive.

Without money, there was no way she could keep up her old lifestyle.

She could no longer treat her "sisters" to food and drinks—instead, she started hitting them up for loans.

Unsurprisingly, those so-called friendships collapsed. Her friends cut ties with her instantly.

Furious, Carrie would still call them up just to curse them out, and eventually, they all blocked her.

Only a few hadn't blocked her yet, but they kept their distance.

Carrie now reached out to the few who still hadn't cut her off.

"Let's go out for a few drinks tonight. Same bar as always. It's on me. Don't worry, I've got plenty of money now. I can cover the tab."

"You won't have to spend a dime. I just need to blow off some steam, have a drink, chat a little, and get a few things off my chest."

The moment they heard Carrie was paying and they wouldn't have to spend a cent, everyone she called agreed to come.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4360

By the time Carrie arrived at the bar, the wealthy daughters she had called were already there. There were three of them, all dressed up, standing in front of a BMW waiting for her.

When they saw Carrie get out of a taxi, the three girls exchanged glances.

One of them muttered, "She showed up in a taxi. She doesn't even have a car anymore."

"Does she really have money to treat us to drinks? What if she called us out here just to make us pay?"

"If that's the case, we should just call the second daughter of the York family and have her foot the bill," one of them joked.

"Everyone knows she and the York girl can't stand each other. They're basically enemies. It'd be a miracle if that girl showed up just to bail her out."

"Still... they're sisters," another added.

"Come on, it's not that expensive in there. Why are you two stressing? A skinny camel's still bigger than a horse. Even if she's broke, she's still doing better than most. She can handle a few drinks."

As they were chatting, Carrie walked over.

"You guys got here early. I honestly thought you'd ghost me," Carrie said with a smile.

She was smiling on the outside, but inside, she was bitter.

The moment she mentioned treating them, they came running. But if she ever needed help—really needed it—they'd all suddenly be too busy to talk. If she tried to borrow a little money, just tens of thousands, they'd all claim they didn't have it.

What a joke. Their families weren't on the Newmans' level, but they still had assets in the millions. They all worked for their family businesses. There was no way they couldn't spare that kind of cash.

They just didn't want to.

When you're down and out, that's when you find out who's real and who's just around for the perks.

Carrie had been through enough to see it clearly now. She no longer saw them as her "good sisters." But she had no one else. If she wanted company, these girls—who only cared about free food and drinks—were all she had.

"I had the night off. No overtime today. You haven't called me in forever, so I came right away when you did," said one of the girls with a smile. Her last name was Greene—the same one who figured Carrie could still afford a few drinks.

"We're off tonight too. We were just thinking about grabbing a drink when you called."

As they looked Carrie over, they were surprised she didn't look run-down. She was wearing old clothes, sure—but they were designer.

The handbag she carried still cost hundreds of thousands, and her shoes definitely weren't cheap.

Compared to the old Carrie, she seemed calmer now—less arrogant, more composed. There was a new softness to her.

"Alright, let's head in. Why are you all staring at me? Do I still look as gorgeous as ever?"

Carrie smiled and looped her arm through Miss Greene's as they walked into the bar.

As they headed inside, she added, "Don't worry, I'm not here to trick you into anything. I said I'd treat, and I meant it. I might not be the Newman family's second daughter anymore, and I don't have what I used to, but I can still afford a few drinks for my girls."

Her friends looked a little embarrassed.

And Carrie could see it.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4361

Carrie had gotten wiser—or maybe just more mature.

With her parents gone and no real support from her siblings, she was no longer the privileged second daughter of the Newman family. Whether she liked it or not, life had forced her to grow up.

Her friends soon eased up and followed her into the bar.

Meanwhile, at Wiltspoon Airport—

Tatum was pulling a large suitcase in each hand. Elora walked beside him, empty-handed. He tried to free one hand to guide her along, but Elora gently pulled away.

“You’re already dragging two huge suitcases. Don’t hold on to me—I’m not a kid who needs hand-holding,” she said.

Tatum smiled lightly. “It’s crowded.”

In the past, she always had bodyguards with her whenever she went out. In places like this, they’d form a barrier, clearing a path and keeping everyone at a distance.

But now, there were no bodyguards. No one to shield her from the world.

Elora looked around and replied, “So what if it’s crowded? I’m not bumping into anyone, and they’re not bumping into me. Honestly, it’s been a while since I was just part of a crowd.”

She scanned the people moving through the terminal. “Right now, I actually feel like I’m part of the real world.”

Before, no one could get near her without permission. Security would intercept anyone who even tried.

It always felt like she lived in a completely different world from everyone else.

Tatum smiled. “There’s something beautiful about living low-key and simple. As long as the people you love are around and everyone’s healthy, that’s real happiness.”

Elora gave him a quiet smile but didn’t say anything.

She knew they couldn’t live like ordinary people—not really.

The weight they carried was just too heavy.

“Sixth Young Master!”

A voice called out as they exited the terminal.

Tatum turned toward it and spotted Sam, the butler from Wildridge Manor, standing with a bodyguard.

“That’s the butler. He’s here to pick us up,” Tatum told Elora.

They walked over together.

Sam and the bodyguard stepped forward with a warm greeting. “Sixth Young Master, we’ve been waiting a while.”

Sam’s eyes shifted to Elora. Tatum introduced her right away.

“Sam, this is Miss Ormond—my girlfriend.”

She was going to be the Sixth Young Lady of the York family.

Sam already knew who she was and greeted her respectfully.

“It’s getting late, Sixth Young Master, Miss Ormond. Let’s get you home. The old lady and the others are waiting for dinner with you.”

Sam and the bodyguard each took one of the suitcases from Tatum.

The moment Sam grabbed his, he noticed how heavy it was. He figured it must be packed with gifts Elora brought for the family.

Miss Ormond might've looked reserved—kind of like the Third Young Lady—but she was extremely polite. When they greeted her, she nodded with a warm smile. She didn't look down on them just because they were staff.

Once they got into the car, Tatum asked, "Big Brother's still not back yet, right?"

Sam responded, "Not yet, sir. But he called the house twice. He's very excited about your return—and Miss Ormond's, too."

He added, "The eldest young mistress is being discharged from the hospital tomorrow. She wants to recover at home now that she's had the baby."

Sam had personally delivered gifts after the birth and had seen the little master.

A new baby in the family was a huge deal. Everyone at Wildridge Manor was thrilled.

The eldest young master and his wife had waited a year after getting married to have a child. The whole family had been anticipating this moment. Sure, the old lady had been hoping for a little girl, but she was still overjoyed—the baby was her first great-grandchild.

With the arrival of this little one, she had officially become a great-grandmother.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4362

Tatum looked a little surprised. "My sister-in-law is going back to Wildridge Manor for her postpartum recovery? That's great. It's quiet there, and the air's fresh—perfect for resting."

Whenever Sam wasn't working, he found Wildridge Manor peaceful and relaxing.

Most of the time, they were too busy to appreciate it. The place felt far away, and every visit was rushed. They never really got to enjoy the calm, the stillness, or the comfort it offered.

Once the older generation retired, they all preferred moving back to the manor. Even if they stayed home for a whole month, they never felt bored. The villa was massive, the scenery beautiful, and there were always people around the base of the mountain. Like Grandma—she spent her days chatting with the other elders about family life, enjoying her peaceful, leisurely days.

Sam smiled and nodded in agreement.

When the eldest young mistress said she wanted to return to the villa for her recovery, the other ladies were thrilled.

Just then, Elora's phone rang.

It was her mom calling.

She picked up.

"Hey, Sis!"

To her surprise, it was her younger brother, Alonzo.

"Elonzo's out of school already," Elora said with a gentle tone. "Did you finish your homework?"

"I've been out for a while. I finished my homework, too. But, Sis, why didn't you take me with you to visit Brother Tatum's place? I just found out you two left without me. That's so mean!"

Elora chuckled. "You still have school, that's why. I couldn't bring you this time. But next time, when you're on break, I'll take you. You can stay and hang out for a few days."

Alonzo grumbled, "But you have work, don't you? You can take time off from work, and I could take time off school. You just didn't help me get a note!"

"Alonzo." Elora's smile faded and her voice grew firm. "Unless you're sick, you need to go to school. Don't start thinking you can skip just to play. If you do it once, you'll start doing it all the time."

She wasn't about to let him get into the habit of skipping school for fun. It wasn't a holiday.

There was a short pause before Alonzo responded, "Okay, Sis. I get it. I won't ask to skip school anymore. But when summer break starts, you'll take me to Brother Tatum's place, right? He said his house is huge and really fun. Is it?"

Elora replied, "I just left the airport and got in the car. I haven't seen his place yet, so I can't say. But I'll be back in a few days. While I'm gone, you and Angelo better study hard. No slacking off. Make sure you finish all your homework. I'm going to check it when I get back."

"Okay, Sis. Angelo and I will be good," Alonzo promised. "Sis, will Brother Tatum come back with you?"

Both boys were worried Tatum wouldn't return with their sister again.

They absolutely adored him.

They'd overheard the adults say their sister and Brother Tatum were dating—which meant there was a very high chance he'd become their brother-in-law.

That was awesome news. If he officially became family, they wouldn't have to worry about their sister ever letting him go.

They'd always get to eat his amazing cooking.

He'd keep playing with them, taking them out, treating them like buddies.

The two little guys knew something else too—when Brother Tatum was around, their sister always cut them some slack. If he was with them, they could get away with anything... and she wouldn't even scold them.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Elora smiled and said, “What’s the matter? Are you worried that if Tatum doesn’t come back, you won’t get to eat his cooking? We have several chefs at home, you know. Can’t you just eat what they make?”

Alonzo replied, “We’re not just in it for the food. Sure, other people can cook, but Brother Tatum’s food tastes better. And he plays with us! He takes us out to have fun, and no matter what we do, big sis never scolds us when he’s around. That’s why we love hanging out with him.”

Elora was speechless.

She gave Tatum a lot of leeway, and those two little guys were clinging to him like he was their golden ticket—as if, with Tatum around, even the sky falling wouldn’t matter.

She said, “Don’t worry. Your Brother Tatum is coming back with me. He didn’t quit—he just asked for some time off.”

Alonzo breathed a sigh of relief, but still asked with concern, “Big Sis, why did Brother Tatum take time off? Are you going back with him because you’re going to marry him? Big Sis, we’ll miss you too much. Can you not live at Brother Tatum’s house?”

He had heard that when a woman gets married, she moves in with her husband.

And even though he liked Brother Tatum, that was only under the condition that his big sister still lived with them.

The moment she moved out to live with Brother Tatum, his feelings would change. Because then, Tatum would be the one who took their sister away.

Elora teased, “Didn’t you say you really liked Brother Tatum? Then why don’t you want me to live at his house?”

Alonzo responded seriously, “We do like Brother Tatum—a lot. But we love you even more. As long as he doesn’t take you away from us, we’ll keep liking him. But if he takes you away, we won’t like him anymore.”

Tatum, who had been listening to the whole conversation, finally jumped in to defend himself.

“Alonzo,” he said, “I’m not taking your sister away from you. She’ll always be your big sister, no matter what. Even if she marries me, she’ll still live with you guys. Nothing will change. I’ll still cook your meals, three times a day, just like always.”

“The only thing that’ll change is the title. Once I marry your sister, you’ll have to call me your big brother-in-law. You can still call me ‘Brother’ if you want—just don’t call me by my full name anymore.”

After hearing that, Alonzo relaxed. He grinned and said, “Okay, Brother Tatum, as long as you don’t take Big Sis away, we’ll keep liking you. But you have to come back with her, alright? Angelo and I are going to miss you. Since we still have school, we can’t come to your house now. But during summer break, you have to take us over! I want to play in your amusement park.”

Brother Tatum had told them that his family had an amusement park at their home—way bigger than the one at the Ouyang family’s house, with way more stuff to play on.

The York family was huge and thriving.

Zachary’s generation alone had nine members. When her grandsons were being born one after the other, the old lady decided to build a massive amusement park right in the villa’s backyard.

Sonny absolutely loved visiting the York family’s main estate—for that amusement park alone.

But if Uncle Rowan wasn’t home, Sonny wouldn’t have as much fun. He needed someone to play with.

Sure, the kids from the nearby area would come and play with him, but their parents always reminded them: Sonny was the York family’s treasure, and they had to treat him with extra care.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes4/22/2025

Chapter 4364

Sonny didn't have as much fun with the neighborhood kids as he did with Uncle Rowan.

Tatum smiled and said, "Alright, when summer vacation comes around, if your sister's free, she'll bring you over to hang out for a while."

Alonzo beamed. "It's a deal, Brother Tatum. You can't break your promise."

Tatum replied, "It's a deal."

Alonzo turned to Angelo excitedly and said, "Brother Tatum promised to take us over during summer break!"

Angelo lit up too, clearly thrilled.

Once Alonzo had asked everything he wanted to, he said goodbye to Angelo and hung up.

Elora laughed. "Here I was thinking he missed me terribly, but he was just excited about going to your house. My little brothers really like you."

Tatum smiled. "I really like them too. Besides being my future brothers-in-law, they're both great kids—smart, thoughtful, and still so pure." He gently took Elora's hand again. "Let's come back again this summer."

"When we get back to Wiltspoon, stop calling me 'Miss.' Just use my name."

Tatum chuckled. "I'm used to it. In my heart, you'll always be my Miss."

Elora playfully pinched his cheek, then leaned against his shoulder and nestled into him.

The drive from the airport to Wildridge Manor would take about two hours.

Tatum figured she could get some rest and planned to wake her up when they arrived.

But Elora said, "I already slept for three hours on the plane. I'm not tired anymore. If I nap now, I won't be able to sleep tonight."

Just then, ring ring ring—the phone rang again. But this time, it was Tatum's, not Elora's.

It was his mom, Tania.

Tatum let go of Elora and answered the call.

“Hey Mom, did you land yet?” she asked.

“Mom, we’re already on the way back. Sam picked us up. We should be home around 7:30. If you’re hungry, go ahead and eat—don’t wait for us. We had something on the plane, so we’re fine.”

The family usually ate dinner at six sharp. They rarely changed that routine.

Tatum didn’t want everyone delaying dinner just because of him.

But Tania said, “It’s fine. We’re not hungry either—we had afternoon tea. We’ll wait for you both. Take good care of Miss Ormond, alright?”

Tania was very fond of Elora. In the past, she might have even said she liked Elora more than Serenity, her eldest daughter-in-law.

But after spending years with Serenity, a bond had formed. That bond hadn’t yet formed with Elora. No matter how much she liked Elora, Tania wasn’t going to put Serenity down. Her emotional loyalty leaned more toward her eldest daughter-in-law now.

“I will, Mom,” Tatum promised.

“Good. Call me when you’re almost home,” she said.

Tatum agreed, but before he could say anything else, his mom had already hung up.

That was it? Just a check-in to see if he landed?

Tatum could already picture what it would be like once they arrived—Elora would be the center of attention, greeted like a VIP. She’d quickly become the family favorite. And him? The guy who brought her home? He’d probably get pushed to the side and forgotten.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4365

Around 7:30 in the evening, the car carrying Tatum and Elora pulled into Wildridge Manor.

It drove straight through the estate, stopping in front of the main house at the center.

As they neared the base of the mountain, Tatum asked Sam to roll down the windows so Elora could take in the view.

From the front gate to the central villa, the night scenery was stunning. Even someone as worldly as Elora couldn't help but sigh. "Rosie said your York estate is beautiful year-round, like something out of a painting. She wasn't exaggerating."

Even the nighttime view was breathtaking.

Tatum smiled gently. "After breakfast tomorrow, I'll show you around the villa. I doubt we'll have time tonight."

Everyone was waiting to see them—especially Elora, since this was her first visit and she was meeting the family. The evening would be all about introductions and conversation. A walk would have to wait.

They had several days ahead, anyway. He could take his time showing her around.

"Sounds good," she replied.

They got out of the car, and Tatum took her hand, leading her inside.

Standing at the entrance was a middle-aged woman with a warm smile. As soon as she saw them, she greeted Tatum with respectful familiarity, calling him Sixth Young Master, then turned to greet Elora politely.

After Elora returned the greeting, the woman smiled and hurried back inside, likely to announce that Tatum had arrived with Miss Ormond.

Elora felt a sudden rush of nerves.

But it only lasted a moment.

After all, Grandma York had chosen her personally. It was the York family elders who first noticed her—it wasn't like she had gone out of her way to chase after Tatum.

So what was there to be nervous about?

Elora believed the York family would welcome her and not nitpick. She also knew she was more than good enough—there was no reason anyone in the York family would find fault with her.

With her confidence back in check, she let Tatum continue holding her hand. As Sam and the bodyguards unloaded the two large suitcases, she followed Tatum's lead and walked inside.

When the people inside heard the news, the old lady smiled and rose to her feet. Everyone followed her gaze as they looked toward the entrance.

The moment Tatum and Elora came into view, her smile deepened.

Her grandson's future was finally settled.

How could she not be thrilled?

Each of her grandsons, with her help, had found amazing partners, fallen in love, and built lives together.

She looked forward to seeing them all live happily ever after.

As a grandmother, that was her greatest wish—and her proudest accomplishment.

"Grandma, we're home," Tatum greeted.

"Grandma York," Elora added with a gentle smile.

She had always carried herself with a cool, distant air—what some would call an ice queen.

But when she smiled, that aloofness melted away, adding a fresh charm to her beauty.

Tatum especially loved seeing that soft smile. It completely captivated him.

"Elora, you've been flying for hours and then riding in a car for nearly two more—you must be tired. Come sit down."

The old lady waited until they approached, then warmly took Elora's hand and led her over to the sofa. Once seated, she introduced everyone in the room.

Elora greeted each person politely, one by one.

As she glanced around at each of the York family's young masters, she was reminded of something her good friend Rosie once said—that all the York sons were exceptionally handsome and accomplished.

It was true.

Every bit of it.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4366

The elders of the York family were impressively well-preserved. Elora's future in-laws, for instance, looked like they were in their forties or fifties, even though they were already over sixty.

They still carried a natural charm, and it was clear they had once been a strikingly handsome couple.

Generation after generation of strong genes had given rise to the current group of York brothers—each one undeniably good-looking.

It wasn't hard to understand why so many women dreamed of marrying into the York family. Not only was the family the wealthiest in Wiltspoon, with massive financial clout, but the York sons were also exceptional men with thriving careers.

But more importantly, the Yorks were known for their strong family values. Once the men married, they stayed faithful. Loyal for life. A handsome husband who's successful, loyal, and loving—for most women, that's the dream.

Who wouldn't want a man like that—or to be part of a family like this?

If Elora hadn't met Tatum herself, she might've believed men like him only existed in fiction.

In real life, this kind of man seemed too good to be true.

Women lucky enough to marry into the York family were bound to be the target of envy, jealousy, and admiration.

Elora thought back to when she first learned she'd been chosen by Grandma York to be Tatum's wife. She hadn't resisted the idea at all. In fact, she'd accepted it with surprising calm—and now, she was even thankful that Tatum had made the effort to win her over.

The old lady clearly cared about her. Knowing that Elora and Tatum would be staying in Wiltspoon for a few days only made her happier.

Elora had come bearing gifts—enough to fill two full suitcases. She opened them herself and personally handed each gift to its recipient.

She said she'd deliver the gifts for Serenity's family when she visited her at the hospital the next day.

She'd even prepared gifts for Liberty's family. Every detail was thoughtful and intentional.

Well—Tatum was the one who'd handled all the details. Elora paid for the gifts, but Tatum had made the list and planned everything.

"Are you hungry, Elora? Let's go eat," the old lady said, her attention focused entirely on Elora.

As for her grandson, the one who had brought such a remarkable future granddaughter-in-law into the family—he'd already been mentally tossed aside, as if forgotten at sea.

Tatum, standing quietly in the background and very much aware of this dynamic, wasn't surprised at all.

The old lady looped her arm through Elora's and led her toward the dining room.

Everyone followed behind.

“I’m so sorry, Grandma York,” Elora said politely. “I shouldn’t have kept you waiting on an empty stomach. I should’ve left earlier with Tatum.”

The old lady just smiled. “No need to apologize. This is when we usually eat anyway, so the timing worked out perfectly.”

“You’re so busy with work—we’re just happy you were able to come back with Tatum,” she added warmly.

Tania, her daughter-in-law, nodded and smiled in agreement.

Tatum tried to follow but was quickly edged out by his brothers.

The Eighth Young Master, Alex, smirked and said, “Sixth Brother, what’s with the pushing?”

Tatum’s face darkened. “Are you all seriously shoving me aside?”

Alex chuckled. “We just want a good look at our new sister-in-law. This is the first time she’s visiting—we haven’t met her yet.”

Tatum grumbled, “If it weren’t for me, your Sixth Brother, you wouldn’t even have a Sixth Sister-in-law.”

Alex laughed, “True, true. Thanks, Sixth Brother, for bringing her to us. Now that your mission’s complete, you’re off the hook.”

Tatum: “...Off the hook? What are you talking about? Your Sixth Sister-in-law and I aren’t even married yet.”

Alex was clearly asking for a beating. If not for Tatum, would Elora even be here? What did he mean Tatum had nothing left to do?

Did Alex think a wedding didn’t require a groom?

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4367

Alex laughed, "Sorry, I didn't mean that. I'm just quick-witted sometimes."

Then, he playfully pushed Tatum aside and entered the dining hall first, claiming his usual seat.

Tatum, the last to enter, had hoped to sit next to Elora. But when he saw that his mother was seated on her left and his grandmother on her right, he knew better than to offend the two most important women in the room. He reluctantly took his usual seat at the back.

During dinner, the old lady frequently turned to serve food to Elora.

"Grandma taught Tatum how to cook. I was his first cooking teacher," she said proudly. "There are several dishes I prepared myself. Elora, give them a try."

It was well-known that Elora was picky about food. Everyone was aware of it, and tonight's dinner was prepared with that in mind. The old lady had made sure the chef pulled out all the stops to ensure everything was up to Elora's standards.

Still, the old lady, not fully trusting the chef's work, had prepared a few dishes herself. If she wasn't getting older and wasn't so tired, she would've cooked an entire feast by herself.

Elora smiled awkwardly. She knew she was picky, and she had the right to be—she'd earned it. But this was her first time meeting the York family, and she didn't want to seem difficult. She was determined to try and make a good impression.

"Grandma York, I'm sure the dishes you cook are delicious," Elora said, picking up a bite. "Let me try."

With everyone watching, she knew she had to show respect to Grandma York, so no matter what, she had to eat it. She steeled herself and tried the dishes the old lady had passed to her.

To her surprise, the taste was incredibly familiar—it reminded her of Tatum's cooking. It was delicious, and she could easily eat it. Grandma York truly had passed her skills down to Tatum.

Elora felt relieved. She hadn't expected the food to taste so good.

“How is it? Delicious, right?” The old lady beamed. “You don’t need to force yourself. If you like it, keep eating. If not, just tell me, and I’ll have Tatum cook something special for you.”

Tatum, confident in his cooking skills—and those of his grandmother—spoke up. “Elora wouldn’t force herself. She must like it. Our chef has been with us for years, and his cooking never disappoints.”

The York family’s chefs were the same ones who had taught Tatum how to cook as a child. They were a part of the family’s traditions. Everyone had grown accustomed to their cooking, and it was hard to imagine anyone else in the kitchen.

If the chefs couldn’t work anymore, they were given pensions and taken care of in their retirement. Their decades of service meant they deserved a comfortable life after they left the kitchen.

Elora smiled. “Grandma York, the dishes are delicious. You’re truly a great teacher. You’ve raised a fantastic cook in Tatum.”

She hadn’t expected Grandma York to be such a good cook herself. But when you’ve experienced what she had—going from riches to rags and back again—learning to cook wasn’t out of the question.

Elora genuinely enjoyed the meal, and the old lady and the others were pleased to see her eating with such enthusiasm.

Although Tatum was an excellent cook, he wouldn’t always be around to prepare meals for Elora. He had his work, and sometimes he’d be out of the house. So, knowing that Elora enjoyed the food cooked by the York family’s chef—and that Grandma York could cook as well—was a relief for everyone.

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Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when they saw that Elora was enjoying the meal.

The old lady, too, had complete confidence in the chefs in her family. Tatum had been well-trained by them.

But of course, Tatum's culinary skills weren't just thanks to these chefs. The chefs at the hotels under York Corporation also had specialties that Tatum often asked for advice on. His impressive cooking abilities were the result of learning from a variety of experts in the family.

After dinner, the old lady pulled Elora onto the sofa to chat.

Elora was almost entirely occupied by the old lady for the rest of the evening.

Tatum noticed he wasn't going to have a chance to sit next to Elora, so he decided to head upstairs to check on the guest room.

Even though his mother had already arranged for it to be cleaned, Tatum still wanted to make sure everything was perfect. He double-checked the room, cleaned it himself, and made sure it would be as comfortable as possible for Elora—nothing that would make her feel out of place, like she wasn't at home.

It wasn't until 10 p.m. that Tatum finally got a chance to be close to his fiancée. By then, his grandmother had grown sleepy and wanted to rest, and the rest of the family, including his brothers, had all left one by one.

Tatum sat next to Elora, gently taking her hand in his, and said, with a hint of jealousy, "I knew this would happen. As soon as you arrived, I'd be pushed to the side."

"From the moment you walked in, I couldn't get close to you. You've become Grandma's granddaughter now. She had you all night."

Elora smiled and said, "Your grandma reminds me a bit of mine. I'm really close to my grandparents, so I couldn't help but chat with her. I kind of forgot about you."

She paused, then added with a playful tone, "Call me by my name. At home, you still call me 'Miss,' and I'm afraid your family might get upset. You're my boyfriend now, not just my chef."

Tatum leaned in and kissed her softly on the cheek. When he saw she didn't pull away, he grew bolder and kissed her lips.

After the kiss, Tatum pulled her into a tight embrace, his heartbeat racing.

Elora rested in his arms for a minute before gently pushing him away and sitting up straight.

“Elora, I love you,” Tatum said, his voice full of emotion.

Elora’s face flushed a little as she met his gaze. “I love you too.”

She reached up, caressing his face with a smile. “Okay, no more jealousy. They’re all your family—your parents and your brothers. They like me, and I get along with them. You should be happy about that.”

Tatum pouted, still a little sour. “You didn’t even look at me the whole night. I counted—you only looked at me twice.”

Elora laughed, “Two glances are enough, haha.”

It was impossible not to laugh at how jealous this man was—even of his own family.

Tatum gazed at her with fondness, enjoying the sound of her laughter. It was a rare moment—she was usually serious, so to see her laughing freely was something he treasured.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Elora asked.

Tatum’s voice was tender as he responded, “Elora, you’re so beautiful. Your smile is so stunning, it could captivate the whole world. I’m so enchanted by you that I’ve lost track of time. You’re the only one in my eyes, the only one in my heart.”

Elora smiled and gently pinched his handsome face. “At this moment, you sound like honey. Everything you say is so sweet.”

“I’m just speaking the truth,” Tatum quickly clarified. “I didn’t mean it like that. I really mean it.”

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“Why haven’t I heard you say these things before? Or tell me how beautiful I am?” Elora teased, her eyes playful.

Tatum looked nervous, which only made her want to tease him more.

“I didn’t dare to say anything before we made our relationship official,” he admitted. “I was worried you’d think I was just trying to win you over and end up with a bad impression of me. But Elora, to me, you really are the most beautiful woman in the world. I love you—and only you.”

Elora smiled. “Alright, I was just messing with you. Don’t be nervous. Beauty’s in the eye of the beholder, right? In your eyes, I’m the most beautiful woman there is.”

She knew she was attractive.

She wasn’t a national beauty or anything, but she held her own.

In the York family, her looks were perfectly acceptable.

That family was full of attractive men and women.

Every woman who married into the York family had her own charm. They all looked good, each in their own unique way—even if their personalities were different.

“Let’s go visit your sister-in-law and your new nephew at the hospital tomorrow,” Elora said. “I haven’t seen a newborn in years.”

The last time she’d held a baby was when her cousin Angelo was born.

That had been five or six years ago.

Now Angelo was in the senior class of kindergarten. He’d be starting first grade in September—at the same elementary school as Alonzo. He’d always said he wanted to go wherever Alonzo went.

The two little guys were close.

As their older sisters, it made them happy to see that bond. They hoped the boys would stay close as they grew up, supporting each other and eventually working together to carry the weight of the Ormond family.

“I’ve been here ever since Rowan was born—more than ten years now,” Elora added.

That’s why the whole family was so excited about the eldest sister-in-law’s pregnancy.

When the baby was born, every uncle in the family, no matter how busy or far away, dropped everything to come see the little one.

Technically, they could’ve waited until the full-month celebration, but they didn’t want to. They couldn’t wait. They all came running just to meet their new nephew.

Since the eldest sister-in-law had a natural birth, her hospital stay wouldn’t be long. If they wanted to see the baby, now was the time—before she was discharged. Once she went home to recover, it’d be harder to visit, and they’d have to wait until the full-month celebration.

Tatum said, “Elora, it’s late. You should get some rest. After breakfast tomorrow, do you want me to show you around the villa before we head to the hospital?”

Elora shook her head. “No need. After breakfast, I’ll just go straight to the hospital. Your sister-in-law’s being discharged tomorrow, and the whole family will be there. We’ll go back together once she’s ready.”

“We’ve got a few days here—no rush to explore the villa. When we’re old and retired, Alonzo and Angelo will be running the business. That’s when we can come back here and enjoy it. The air here is so fresh—much better than back at my place. This kind of natural freshness, you only really feel it when you’re out in the wild, like in Annenburg.”

“Grandma York really knows how to live well. She built this villa, bought several hills to grow all kinds of fruit, and planted tons of flowers at the base of the mountain.”

“With all the land and industries, she had to hire a lot of workers to take care of everything. There are people all over—on and off the mountain. It doesn’t feel lonely at all, and with so many people around, it’s also much safer. If something ever happened—like a kidnapping—someone would definitely notice.”

“Rosie once said that in Wiltspoon, no one dares mess with the York family. It’s not just because of their status, but also because of their strong connection to the Bucham family.”

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Thinking of the Bucham family, Elora asked carefully, "Tatum, I've heard a lot about the Buchams. Can you take me to visit them sometime? Is that okay? If it's not convenient, don't feel pressured."

Tatum smiled. "It's no trouble at all—actually, it's really easy. Brother Josh and my oldest brother are best friends, and our families go way back. Uncle Bucham treats my grandmother like his own mother. For most people, getting into the Bucham household isn't easy. But for us Yorks, visiting the Bucham family is like going home."

He added, "My sister-in-law's being discharged from the hospital tomorrow. I'm sure Sister Jasmine will be there too. I'll introduce you then. She's Josh's wife and also my sister-in-law's best friend."

Elora looked a little surprised. "Wait, your sister-in-law's best friend married your brother's best friend?"

Tatum nodded. "Yeah. My sister-in-law and Jasmine opened a bookstore together. My brother used to drop by to see my sister-in-law and ended up meeting Jasmine. He thought she was great and introduced her to Josh. Josh really liked her, and things just clicked. They fell in love, got married, and now have kids. Jasmine's family came into a lot of money from demolition projects. They own a bunch of stores and rental properties. The rent they collect each month is more than most people earn in a lifetime."

Elora laughed. "So, do you know any great guys like that for Tinsley?"

That question caught Tatum off guard.

He thought for a moment and then said apologetically, "Tinsley's amazing. But honestly, the guys I know who are good enough are either already married or taken. I don't really know anyone right now who'd be a good fit for her."

His brothers were all matched by their grandmother, after all.

Tatum added, "What kind of person does Tinsley like? If we know that, we can keep an eye out and maybe help her meet someone."

They didn't have to find someone from Wiltspoon.

But the second Mrs. Ormond wouldn't be too thrilled about her eldest daughter marrying far from home.

After Tatum and Elora went public with their relationship, Mrs. Ormond had been hesitant. Tatum promised he'd continue working as the family's private chef, stay employed by the Ormonds, and live with them long-term. Only then did she reluctantly accept the relationship.

Elora said, "Tinsley once said she likes men who are self-disciplined, optimistic, come from a good family, are capable, and—well, good-looking."

Tatum was left speechless.

"At first, I really thought she was into you," Elora admitted. "I used to tease her and try to set you two up. But she told me she just admired you—there was nothing romantic. I didn't really believe her at first. But later, I realized she was telling the truth. You've always kept your distance, always been respectful and polite. You never treated her the way you treat me."

"Tinsley kept saying she didn't have feelings for you, just admiration. Then she started teasing me, saying she thought you went to Annenburg for me."

Elora smiled at the memory. "It's true what they say—people in the situation are always the most confused. Outsiders see things more clearly."

"Tinsley was right."

Tatum had come for her.

Thankfully, Tinsley never had feelings for Tatum. And Tatum made sure to keep his distance from her.

If both sisters had fallen for the same man at the same time, things would've gotten messy. It could've damaged their relationship, and she and Tatum might never have worked out.

Elora never wanted to compete with Tinsley over a man. And she was pretty sure Tinsley felt the same way. If it had come to that, they both probably would've walked away—for the sake of their sisterhood.

To Elora, that bond mattered more.

And love? If necessary, she could always fall for someone else.

She didn't mention any of this to Tatum, though. No need to upset him—especially if she'd end up having to soothe his feelings afterward.

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Tatum said, "I went to Annenburg just for you. You're the only one in my heart and on my mind. Tinsley is just the Second Miss to me. I've never had any inappropriate thoughts about her—or any other woman."

Thankfully, he had always kept a respectful distance from other women. And thankfully, Elora had eventually fallen for him.

What surprised him was that Elora had once considered setting him up with Tinsley.

Fortunately, Tinsley never had romantic feelings for him—she simply admired him.

Tatum said, "When the time comes, tell my grandma. Let her help keep an eye out for someone for Tinsley."

Now that he knew Elora had once tried to match him with her sister, Tatum felt even more responsible for helping Tinsley find the right person. He made it his mission to help her settle down quickly, to avoid any awkwardness.

“My grandma knows a lot of people,” he added. “She has connections all over the country. If she could find someone perfect for you, she can definitely help find someone great for Tinsley too.”

Elora said, “Grandma York’s already done so much. She’s getting older—let’s not trouble her with this. If something’s meant to be, it’ll happen. You can’t force love if the timing’s not right.”

Her sister was exceptional, and Elora had no doubt Tinsley would find someone truly worthy of her.

“Come on, let’s head upstairs and get some rest. I’m really tired today.” She ended the conversation there.

Tatum led her upstairs to the guest room, checking everything thoroughly to make sure it was all in order.

“All the daily necessities are brand new.”

Knowing how particular Elora was about cleanliness and comfort, he had asked the staff to replace everything—right down to the sheets, quilts, and toiletries.

“This guest room doesn’t get used much,” Tatum explained. “When I’m home, I’ll sometimes sleep here for a few nights. The view from the window and balcony overlooks the yard—it’s really nice.”

Other guest rooms were usually reserved for visiting friends and family.

“I wanted you to stay in my room,” he added, “but I figured you might not be comfortable sleeping in a bed I’ve already used. So I thought this would be better.”

When they got married, he planned to renovate his room completely and replace all the furniture.

Elora’s cheeks turned red for no reason.

Noticing her blush, Tatum leaned in slightly and said in a soft voice, “Elora, what are you thinking about? Are you picturing us sleeping in the same bed?”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Elora reached out and pinched his arm, making him yelp in pain.

She quickly let go, looking guilty. “Did that hurt? I didn’t think I used that much force.”

“It’s fine, it’s fine. If you like pinching, go ahead and pinch me again.”

Even though he cried out, he brushed it off after seeing how concerned she looked.

Elora lightly swatted him twice.

“Tatum, yes, we’re in a relationship—but we’re not married yet. We’re not legally bound, and I don’t want to cross any lines. I hope you’ll respect that.”

Deep down, Elora was a very traditional woman.

She wanted her first time to be on her wedding night.

Tatum gently placed his hands on her shoulders, looked her straight in the eye, and said seriously, “Elora, I’m a traditional man too. Don’t worry—I won’t touch you until you’re ready. Not even on our wedding night, unless you’re okay with it. Once we get our marriage certificate and become a legal couple, even if we haven’t had the wedding yet, then...”

Elora interrupted, “If we’re legally married, of course I won’t object. Once we get the certificate, we’ll definitely pick a wedding date. I’m not going to do what your brother and sister-in-law did—waiting a year or two to have the ceremony.”

Tatum smiled. “After we get the certificate, we’ll probably hold the wedding within a month.”

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Elora asked, “Our families live so far apart—where should the wedding be? In your city or mine? Or maybe we hold ceremonies in both places? Even though you’re the sixth among your brothers, getting married is a big deal. Everyone should have their moment.”

Tatum replied, “I don’t want you to feel shortchanged. In Wiltspoon, people need to see that we’re married.”

All his friends and family were in Wiltspoon.

If the wedding only took place in Annenburg and not in Wiltspoon, Elora would feel like he was the one getting shortchanged.

She loved him too much to let that happen.

He had already sacrificed so much for her.

Tatum said, “We’ll hold wedding banquets in both cities—invite our families and friends to celebrate, share a toast, and give us their blessings.”

He personally didn’t mind where or how the wedding happened, but he knew the elders in his family would have strong opinions.

So to keep everyone happy, both sides would get their celebration.

Elora nodded. “Then let’s do it in Wiltspoon first, and we’ll hold another one in my hometown afterward. I’m marrying you—you’re not the one marrying into my family.”

Tatum smiled. “It’s your call. Whatever you want. Even if we skipped the Wiltspoon banquet, I wouldn’t mind—but my elders probably wouldn’t take it so well.”

Elora said, “Of course not. Marriage is a big life event, not something to take lightly. Everyone wants to be a joyful bride—or groom—in a celebration that feels grand and meaningful.”

Tatum pulled her gently into his arms.

“Thank you, Elora,” he said. “Thanks for thinking about me like that.”

Elora replied, “Why are you thanking me? You’ve thought a lot about me too. Relationships are about mutual care and understanding.”

Love and marriage only work when both people are all in. One person can’t give everything while the other just enjoys the benefits. That imbalance always leads to resentment, and eventually, the relationship falls apart.

They held each other for a while before Tatum released her—only to lean down and kiss her deeply.

After their passionate kiss, he whispered, “I’ll go run your bath. I’ll also hang your clothes up in the closet.”

Elora watched as he walked into the bathroom. A moment later, she heard the water running.

He was so thoughtful and attentive.

A man like him—someone who could handle the boardroom, cook in the kitchen, negotiate deals, and come from such an exceptional family—was rare. If she hadn’t met him herself, she would never believe someone like Tatum actually existed.

Usually, men like him only showed up in romance novels—as the leading man.

If their story were a novel, Tatum would be the perfect male lead, and she’d be the one and only female protagonist.

With that heroine glow, she felt practically indestructible—like an unkillable cockroach. Hahaha.

And best of all—there were no love rivals in sight.

She was even luckier than most heroines in novels. They always had to deal with jealous exes or scheming women trying to steal the male lead.

Tatum finished running her bath, and when he stepped out of the bathroom, he noticed she hadn’t grabbed her clothes yet. So, he went to get them for her and placed them in the bathroom so she could hang them up.

As Elora walked into the bathroom, she said playfully, “You’re so thoughtful, it’s like I don’t even need my own hands anymore.”

Tatum looked at her warmly. “Your hands are for signing important things—you need to take care of them. I’m here to handle the rest. You just focus on enjoying life.”

“I should be the one thanking you,” he added. “Thanks for giving me the chance to take care of you. There are so many men out there who wish they had that chance—but they don’t.”

Tatum knew plenty of men had admired Elora from afar.

But she had been too hard to win over. Most gave up once they realized they couldn't crack her walls.

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"Alright, alright. You're all sweet talk tonight—like honey. You always know how to melt my heart," Elora said with a smile, gently pushing Tatum out of the bathroom. "Now go back to your room, take a shower, and get some rest. We've got to visit your sister-in-law and nephew at the hospital tomorrow."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Tatum lingered, clearly not ready to leave.

Finally, Elora gave him a goodnight kiss, and only then did he reluctantly head back to his room.

After a relaxing bath, Elora settled onto her bed. It was just past eleven—not late at all by her standards.

She rarely went to bed before midnight.

Picking up her phone, she sent Tinsley a message to check in about the company.

Instead of texting back, Tinsley called.

"You're still up, Sis?"

Tinsley was on her way home.

“It’s only eleven. I can’t fall asleep this early. Lying down too soon makes it harder. I’m one of those unfortunate people who just has to stay up late,” Elora joked.

Tinsley chuckled. “Careful, Sis—people might hit you for saying that. You’re obviously doing great, yet you call yourself miserable. What about those who are actually struggling?”

Then she asked, more seriously, “So, how’s the York family treating you? Are they being good to you?”

Since Elora had taken time away from work, Tinsley had been covering for her—handling responsibilities that normally weren’t hers. She hadn’t had the chance to call earlier and ask how the meeting with Tatum’s parents went.

“They’ve been wonderful. They really value me, and they’ve treated me with such warmth—like I’m already part of the family. Rosie was right, the Yorks have a great vibe. It actually feels like home. I felt that from the very first visit.”

Tinsley smiled and congratulated her. “Sounds like you’ve officially met the parents. Marriage must be around the corner. Congrats in advance!”

Elora laughed. “It’s still early. Tatum and I haven’t even gotten the marriage certificate yet. Our families haven’t even met.”

“Oh, don’t worry. Now that you’ve met his parents, I’m sure Tatum’s going to push his family to make it official soon. Before you know it, we’ll be raising a toast at your wedding. Just enjoy your time in Wiltspoon. Everything’s under control here, so stop worrying.”

After chatting a bit longer, Tinsley got around to answering Elora’s question.

“The only thing getting on my nerves is Timothy. He’s still shamelessly pestering me. Just seeing his face kills my appetite. I can’t believe someone can be that self-absorbed and thick-skinned.”

She vented her frustration over Timothy.

When she finished, Elora said, “Just ignore him. He’s no good. Both he and his father are cut from the same cloth. Honestly, I don’t even waste my time thinking about them. But maybe I

really should find a real boyfriend—if nothing else, just to keep creeps like him off my back. It's exhausting dealing with guys like that."

Elora chuckled and added, "Funny enough, I was just talking to Tatum about your love life. He said he'd ask his grandma to keep an eye out for someone good for you. He and I will be on the lookout too."

Tinsley teased, "Well, are there any available brothers-in-law or uncles in the family who'd be a good match for me? I mean, I'm not bad myself. Why doesn't Grandma York like me?" She laughed. "It'd be so perfect—we'd be sisters by blood and sisters-in-law by marriage."

"I've thought about that," Elora said with a laugh. "But all of Tatum's older brothers are already taken. He does have three younger brothers, but they're still pretty young. Grandma York's in no rush to marry them off."

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Tinsley laughed. "Sis, I was just kidding—don't take me seriously."

Elora replied, "I'm serious though. Last time I visited FC Manor, I met a few of the unmarried young men from the Johnson family. Their seventh young master seemed like a great match for you. One of these days, I'll ask Grandma York to introduce you."

Tinsley gasped. "Wait, you're not joking? I was just messing around! I'm not looking to get married—at least not right now. Maybe when I hit thirty I'll reconsider."

In truth, she had no real intention of getting married anytime soon—or maybe ever. She figured she could stay single and live well. Her family wasn't going to kick her out, and she had more than enough assets to live comfortably on her own.

"I'm completely serious," Elora said. "I wouldn't joke about this. You're only a little younger than me. I've found happiness, and I want the same for you. The Johnsons are just as

respectable as the Yorks. The men in their family are smart, successful, and easy on the eyes. You'd be a great match. The seventh and eighth young masters are about your age. If you're open to it, I can arrange for you to meet them—see who you click with.”

Tinsley sighed. “Sis... I'm really not in the mood for romance right now. Please, let me off the hook. Besides, guys like that don't have any trouble finding someone. Who am I to be out here picking and choosing among them?”

Elora grinned. “So you're really not feeling it?”

“Not even a little, sis. You've known me for over twenty years—don't you know what kind of person I am? I'd never lie to you,” Tinsley said seriously. “Please don't play matchmaker. If I'm meant to cross paths with one of the Johnson boys, fate will handle it. If not, no amount of introductions will change anything. Let love take its course. Anyway, if there's nothing else, I'm gonna hang up. I'm almost home, and I'm dead tired. I just want to crash.”

She ended the call quickly, afraid if she didn't, Elora might actually start making arrangements with the Johnsons.

Tinsley loved teasing her sisters, but in reality, marriage was the last thing on her mind. Why give up the comfort of being a beloved daughter in her parents' house?

What if she ended up like some women from her own extended family—married into households where the husband took a back seat, and the woman was expected to bear sons well into her late thirties or forties, essentially turning into a baby-making machine?

As a strong, independent woman, the second Miss Ormond knew she couldn't accept that kind of life. She'd seen women from her parents' generation sacrifice their health and happiness, giving birth to child after child in the desperate hope of having a son—sometimes risking their own lives in the process.

In the end, among her father's generation, only two sons were born. The rest were daughters.

Her parents had never outright said they favored sons, but Tinsley knew deep down they had quietly wished she had been a boy. If both she and Elora had been sons, maybe the Ormond family wouldn't have been pushed to the brink of bankruptcy.

Now that they had two younger brothers, her parents expected them to eventually take over. But since the boys were still young, the responsibility of protecting the family business had fallen on the shoulders of the older sisters.

Tinsley loved her brothers, truly—but she couldn't stand the old-fashioned belief that only sons should inherit the family legacy.

Who said daughters weren't just as capable?

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Now, Tinsley, Elora, Sewyn, and Violeta were all working together to support the Ormond family business. At the same time, they were quietly building their own private ventures—just in case their younger brothers took over one day and pushed them aside.

No matter how close siblings are, things get complicated when money and power are involved. Tinsley couldn't help but wonder—what if her younger brother turned on her someday, started seeing her as competition?

That's why she believed staying single and independent was the better path.

Elora was married and would eventually have children. Once that happened, the elders would shift their focus to doting on the grandkids and stop pressuring Tinsley about marriage.

Not that her parents were rushing her into it anyway. They always said her marriage was her choice, that she should fall in love freely. But deep down, Tinsley knew the real reason: her two younger brothers were still too young to run the family business.

They needed her—and her sisters—to keep things going for a few more years.

Sure, her parents said they'd support whoever she chose. But if she fell for someone from out of town? Yeah, she knew they'd be the first ones to raise objections.

So much for marrying freely.

The car finally pulled into the Ormond family estate. The mansion gates opened, and the vehicle rolled quietly through the courtyard, coming to a stop in front of the second villa.

Even with the yard lights glowing, the house was silent. The staff had all clocked out for the night.

At the Ormonds', the household staff worked from six in the morning until ten at night. Anything after that counted as overtime.

Whenever Tinsley or her sisters came home late, they didn't bother anyone. They were used to grabbing whatever they needed on their own. If they wanted a late-night snack, they'd just whip something up themselves.

Only Elora occasionally called on the chef—but even she rarely ate past midnight.

Tinsley stepped out of the car and walked into the house. Once she was inside, the driver parked the car in the garage and headed to the dorm to rest. His day was done.

The living room was quiet, but the lights were still on. Tinsley hadn't turned them on—her mother was still up, sitting in the room.

Tinsley immediately guessed her mom was waiting for her.

She walked over, plopped down beside her, and wrapped an arm around her mother's shoulders. "Aw, Mom, you waited up for me? It's so late!"

Her mom, Matilda, gently patted her hand. "Of course I did. It's nearly midnight. Why are you getting home so late?"

Tinsley leaned back into the sofa and instinctively tried to cross her legs, but Matilda gave her a sharp look. She sighed and put her legs down.

"Tinsley, you're a lady from a wealthy family. Even at home, you should watch how you sit and carry yourself with grace," Matilda reminded her.

She knew her daughter had a carefree, independent streak—but being born into the Ormond family came with expectations. They were one of the city's most prominent families, and Tinsley was expected to live by a certain code.

That was just her reality.

Tinsley groaned. "If I can't even relax at home, then what's the point? Isn't home supposed to be a safe haven?"

Her mother was the definition of elegance and discipline. Even at home, she always had her makeup on, wore heels, and dressed to impress. She didn't remove her makeup until she was ready to go to bed.

Now, even this late, Matilda still hadn't taken it off—waiting for her daughter like this, poised and polished as ever. No matter the hour, she upheld her image of dignity, grace, and class.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes4/22/2025

Chapter 4376

Tinsley didn't know how her mother, Matilda, managed to keep up that polished act all the time—but just watching it made her feel exhausted.

“My oldest sister's on vacation for a few days, so I've been handling her workload. It's been nonstop. I'm going to be swamped this whole week, so I'll probably be coming home late. Tonight's actually an early one. Mom, if you need anything, just call me. You don't have to sit up and wait all night.”

Matilda let out a soft complaint. “I did call you, and all you said was that you were busy. You left early this morning before I was even up, so I didn't get to see you. This is the only chance I have to talk to you.”

She paused, then added casually, “I heard the eldest son of the Labbe family has been pursuing you. What's he like? Do you like him?”

She didn't wait for an answer before continuing. “The Labbe family lives in Havenmill—it's right next to Annenburg. It's only an hour's drive, maybe two if you're heading from city center to city center. That's nothing compared to how far your older sister is from Tatum's place. If this Labbe guy is really serious about you, why not give him a chance?”

Tinsley sat up straight, giving her mother a sharp look.

Matilda shifted awkwardly under her daughter's gaze. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

Tinsley narrowed her eyes. “Mom, did Timothy bribe you or something? Why are you sticking up for him?”

Matilda swatted her gently. “Don’t be ridiculous. I just think about your future. You’re younger than your sister, and she’s already settling down—probably getting married this year. I know you’re capable, but I still worry. I don’t want you to end up marrying far away either. Even Havenmill feels too far. It’s just... you haven’t liked any of the young men in Annenburg. So when I heard the Labbe family’s eldest was interested, I thought maybe it was worth considering. He’s been waiting outside your office every day, bringing flowers and gifts—he seems genuine. Plus, the Labbe family’s the wealthiest in Havenmill, even stronger than us. I doubt they’re after our money.”

After all, it’s Elora who really runs the Ormond family now—not her daughter. Tinsley was just helping carry the load.

Tinsley rolled her eyes in frustration.

Matilda caught it immediately and tapped her shoulder, scolding her gently. “Don’t roll your eyes, it’s not ladylike.”

“Mom,” Tinsley said, exasperated, “you’re the second wife of the Ormond family. You mingle with high society—you know exactly what Timothy’s situation is. He’s not even the real heir. He’s just the son of the acting head. The true heir of the Labbe family died a long time ago.”

She leaned in, voice low and intense. “Yes, the Labbe family is the richest in Havenmill, but that has nothing to do with Timothy. His father’s just a stand-in. No official title, no seal of the clan, no control over the family’s core people. The moment the true heir is found and comes back, everything will revert to them. Timothy and his dad are just keeping the seat warm.”

Her voice hardened. “And let’s talk about his father for a second. I don’t like that man. He’s the one behind the massacre of the Labbe family’s bloodline. If that’s the kind of man he is, what kind of son do you think Timothy turned out to be?”

She let out a cold breath. “Forget liking him—I’d break things off even if I did. I’d never marry into a family like that. There are barely any men left in our family. Alonzo and Angelo are just little boys. No matter how capable we sisters are, men like Timothy will always look down on us. If I end up with him, we could suffer the same fate as the Labbe family’s original bloodline.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4377

“Mom, do you really think Timothy likes me? He’s into everything about our Ormond family. He doesn’t actually love me—he just thinks I’m easier to win over than my older sister, so he keeps bothering me. From now on, don’t bring him up. I don’t like him. I’ll never give him a chance, let alone marry him.”

Tinsley could tell her mother was suddenly getting anxious. It all started when her older sister’s relationship with Tatum went public. Seeing her sister end up with such an impressive in-law from a respectable family had clearly rattled her.

Deep down, maybe she was jealous—or even envious.

But Matilda wasn’t ready to let go. “You haven’t even spent time with Young Master Labbe. How do you know whether or not he’s genuine? Your older sister is the true head of the family—your marriage won’t impact the family business. He’s still chasing you, knowing that. You’re in your twenties—thirty, if we’re rounding up—and you still don’t have a boyfriend. I wasn’t worried before, but now that your sister has a fiancé, I am. You’re just as good as she is. If she can land a good man, so can you.”

Matilda had seen her niece marry well, and now she was suddenly worried about her own daughter’s future.

She continued, “Back when Tatum first came around, I saw how much you admired him. Why didn’t anything ever happen between you two? He’s the most impressive young man I’ve ever seen.”

Tinsley shot back bluntly, “Mom, you only started praising Tatum after you found out he was the sixth young master of the richest family in Wiltspoon. If I had liked him back when he was just my sister’s private chef, would you have let us be together? I even begged my sister to let him go, just so there’d be distance between us. I did admire Tatum—I still do—but it’s not romantic. It’s just respect.”

Matilda fell silent, unable to argue with her daughter.

Tinsley was right.

If Tatum had been just an ordinary chef, and Tinsley had fallen for him, Matilda absolutely would have disapproved of the relationship.

A marriage should be between equals.

“Timothy’s not serious about me. I won’t give him a shot because I don’t like him. Mom, I get that you’re worried about my future, but you can’t just expect me to sleep with any man who shows up. I’m not someone you can throw at just anyone. If I’m going to date someone, it’ll be someone truly exceptional—someone who isn’t eyeing our family’s wealth.”

Matilda’s face turned red at her daughter’s words.

She seemed desperate now.

She had only focused on the Labbe family name behind Timothy, never stopping to consider who Timothy really was. He wasn’t even the true heir of the Labbe family.

His father wasn’t the actual family head, either.

Once the rightful heir returned, Timothy and his father would have to hand over everything they’d been managing. Only the legitimate heir could claim the title and lead the family.

The wealth and power of the Labbe family belonged to the rightful bloodline.

The side branches could be as ambitious as they wanted—but the truth was, their roots depended on the main lineage to survive.

It had always been that way. The core family built the legacy, gave jobs to relatives, and shared their success with them out of loyalty. But thinking they could take over just because they had more numbers—that would be ungrateful. That would be betrayal.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4378

Timothy's father was nothing short of ungrateful.

"Mom, have you heard what happened to the Farrell family in Jensburg?" Tinsley asked.

Matilda replied, "I barely go out, and Jensburg's so far from here. How would I know what happened to the Farrells?"

Tinsley filled her in.

She said, "The acting head of the Labbe family is terrified he'll end up like the Farrells—working hard just to hand everything over to the rightful heir. That's why he pushed his eldest son to go after us sisters. It's a strategy, a way to secure their future.

If they marry into our family, and one day the rightful heir of the Labbe family returns and reclaims everything, do you think Timothy and his father will dare to refuse? Right now, they're holding onto all the tokens that represent control of the Labbe family. And in that family, it's not about who you are—it's about what tokens you hold. The elites follow the tokens, not the person.

We're relatives, so of course we'd be expected to help Timothy. But that drags the Ormond family into their mess. If things go sideways, we could end up the casualties. Their real goal is to use marriage to slowly worm their way into our family business. And once they're in deep enough, they'll take it all.

Our family's wealth was built over generations—it didn't just fall from the sky. When Grandpa died, Dad and Uncle couldn't hold things together. Back then, people connected to our family and some of the old-timers at the company were all waiting for a chance to tear everything apart. Have you forgotten that crisis, Mom? If my sister and I hadn't stepped up, we might've lost everything. Do you really want to risk going through that again?"

Matilda went quiet for a moment. Then she said, "...Of course not. I'd never want to go through that again. If you say Timothy's not right for you, then fine—he's not. I don't know him personally. I only brought him up because I heard he was pursuing you, and since you're still single, I thought I'd mention it. If he's not a good fit, we'll drop it. I'll keep my eyes open and let you know if someone promising comes along. Just don't marry too far from home. I don't want you going far, and our family needs you and your sisters close."

Matilda didn't want her daughter marrying far away. She continued, "Honestly, your aunt didn't want your older sister to move far either. But since Tatum works in our home and lives here most of the time, it's really no different. That's why your aunt gave her blessing. If he didn't work here, there's no way she would've agreed. Your sister's strong, sure, but she still has to think about our family—her parents, her brother. The Yorks are a big, successful family, and they don't mind that Tatum stays here so much."

She let out a sigh. "Tinsley, the more I think about it, the more I feel like Tatum would've been a great choice."

"Mom, no matter how great Tatum is, he's going to be my brother-in-law," Tinsley said firmly. "He came here for my older sister. Please stop saying things like that—it could give people the wrong idea, like I'm trying to steal my sister's man."

She was serious. She worried her mother didn't realize the weight of her words—and how easily they could be misinterpreted, leading to misunderstandings, damaging her bond with her sister, and potentially dividing their family from the inside.

Tinsley added, "Grandma York met my sister a long time ago and even looked into her background before sending Tatum to pursue her. He came here pretending to be a chef, but really, he was on a mission—to win her over."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4379

Matilda pressed her lips together and said, "I only said that to you. I won't mention it to anyone else—not even your aunt. You're amazing in your own right. There's no need for you to compete with anyone over a man."

Still, she couldn't help feeling a little regret.

A son-in-law like Tatum would've been a great catch.

“Oh, by the way,” she added curiously, “how did the old lady from the York family even get to know your sister? I heard she’s in her early eighties and still flying around matchmaking for her grandkids.”

Matilda was genuinely intrigued by the York family matriarch.

Tinsley replied, “I don’t know her, and I don’t know the details. All I know is she took a liking to my sister, and Tatum did too. I don’t have feelings for Tatum. So please don’t say it’s a pity I ‘missed out’ on him—that kind of talk can easily be misunderstood.”

“I know, I know,” Matilda said, nodding. She had only said it in private. It was late, everyone else was asleep, and no one could overhear their conversation.

Besides, she was just venting a little—she had no intention of encouraging competition between her daughters.

Her daughter had plenty of pride, and she was more than capable. There was no need to chase after the same man as her sister.

Like Tinsley said: if Tatum hadn’t been the wealthy young heir he was, would Matilda have supported the idea of her daughter being with him? Probably not.

Even Elora’s mother wouldn’t have gone for it.

Elora herself was a woman with high standards. As the head of the Ormond family, no ordinary man could win her over.

That’s why marriage was best between people of equal standing.

Tinsley said, “Mom, it’s late. Go on up and get some sleep.”

“Alright. You too—don’t stay up too late,” Matilda said, her voice filled with concern. “If things get too busy, have the third and fourth help out more.”

Tinsley nodded. After a brief silence, she said, “They’ve already been helping a lot. But it wasn’t until today that I truly realized how much my sister carries. Her workload alone is the same as two or three of us combined.”

“That’s true,” Matilda agreed. “She’s the president of the company and the head of the family. That’s a lot of pressure, and she’s handled it with guts. Even so, sometimes the company

loses money—but that’s just business. There are ups and downs. Elora has done a great job.”

Matilda had no complaints about her niece, Elora.

If Elora hadn’t stepped up at a young age and taken charge, the family wouldn’t be living the steady life they had now.

She was even a little ashamed to admit that, at one point, her own family had tried to grab a piece of the Ormond fortune.

Matilda had been caught between her husband’s side and her own family, torn up with stress, unable to eat or sleep.

But in the end, she stood by her husband and children. She even went back to her parents’ house and had a huge fight with her family—her parents, her brothers, her sisters. After that, she didn’t return for a long time.

Elora proved herself through results. Her achievements spoke louder than words. She showed the world that the Ormond daughters weren’t fragile or passive—they were capable and willing to take charge.

Meanwhile, Matilda’s family did nothing to help.

Though she had since reconciled with her family, she remained cautious. Her own daughter was now a pillar of the Ormond family. If her relatives tried to lay claim to their wealth again, it would hurt her daughter.

And a mother’s weakness is always her children.

Matilda said, “You’re right. No matter how capable someone is, even a business prodigy like Elora, there’ll always be setbacks. It’s normal to take a hit for a quarter or two. What matters is that we adjust our strategy and bounce back. That’s how business works.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4380

"I believe in myself—and in my sister," Tinsley said, her voice heavy with the weight of everything her elder sister had been through.

"Go get some rest," Matilda said softly. She didn't press further, just stood up, gave her daughter a few last words, and headed upstairs.

Back in the bedroom, her husband, Lawson Ormond, had just woken up from a nap. When he saw her come in without removing her makeup, he asked groggily, "You're still up? Where'd you go? Or were you never in bed?"

He glanced outside—it was still pitch dark.

"It's still the middle of the night," Matilda replied. "I was waiting for Tinsley to get home so I could talk to her. She's always out early and back late. I'm her mother—I haven't seen her properly in days."

Lawson grunted. "Tinsley's busy. If there's nothing urgent, let her rest. So, what did you two talk about?"

Matilda sat at the vanity and began removing her jewelry. "Elora's got a boyfriend now. Tinsley's not much younger than her. Lately, the Labbe family's young master has been chasing after Tinsley. I asked if she was interested. But she said she doesn't like anyone with the last name Labbe, and told me to stop worrying about her love life."

Lawson scoffed. "Why are you getting involved in her personal life? She knows what she wants. That so-called young master from the Labbe family? Please. He's the son of a murderer. With what his father's done, there's no way our daughter can marry into that family."

"There's no actual proof," Matilda said cautiously.

"You really think there's no proof?" Lawson shot back. "There's definitely evidence. People just haven't brought it to light yet. If you don't want the world to find out, don't do dirty things. Mark my words—one day he'll be brought to justice. Tinsley's smart not to go near someone like that. He doesn't deserve her."

Matilda let out a long sigh. “There are some decent young men around here, but she’s just not interested in any of them. I don’t even know what kind of guy she’s looking for.”

Lawson leaned back against the headboard. “Don’t forget—back when things were rough, some of those ‘local talents’ were stirring up trouble behind the scenes. They used our own relatives to try and carve up the Ormond family. Tinsley’s been in business long enough to know exactly what happened. I don’t blame her for looking down on those guys.”

“In fact,” he added, “I don’t even want her marrying someone local. Everyone’s competing in the same market—it’s a setup for constant conflict.”

In-laws could easily turn into rivals.

Matilda sighed again. “So, you’re saying she should marry far away? I just can’t handle that. Ajun and Ajian are still young. The family business needs Aya and the others here. It’s not just about work—I can’t bear the thought of my daughter living far away. When girls marry out of town, they barely come home. Honestly, when our parents passed, those daughters who married far away were still on the road back.”

Lawson shrugged. “There’s always another way. Let the husband move in with us. Or go for a dual-family arrangement—live together, have two kids, one with his last name and one with ours. On holidays, they visit both sides. That way, each family gets to see their child, and everyone’s taken care of.”

Matilda didn’t say anything for a moment.

Bringing a man into the woman’s household wasn’t exactly a simple path. Most capable men wouldn’t agree to that. The ones who did were usually either powerless—or scheming types looking to climb the ladder. And once they made it, they’d cast off the woman who helped them rise, and sometimes even go after her family.

“I’m done talking,” Matilda muttered. “I’m going to take off my makeup, shower, and go to bed.”

She got up and walked off toward the bathroom, leaving Lawson alone in the quiet room.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4381

Lawson kept sleeping. He didn't worry about his children's marriages. They were grown now, with minds of their own, and they knew what kind of life they wanted.

His daughter had fallen in love and brought someone home so they could see what her future husband looked like.

That was enough for him.

Children and grandchildren have their own paths. Once they grow up, it's no longer up to the parents. As long as they're healthy and living well, that's what truly matters.

Nothing more was said that night.

The next morning, Elora didn't wake up until after seven. She grabbed her phone to check the time, then sat up.

Since taking over the family business, she'd never slept in this late. Her usual routine was to wake up early, exercise, eat breakfast, and head to work.

Maybe it was because she'd finally let go of some responsibilities for a while. Or maybe the York family gave her a sense of comfort. Either way, she felt relaxed. She'd slept deeply, without any dreams, and didn't wake up until after seven.

Elora quickly washed up and changed clothes.

Once she was ready, she picked up her phone and rushed to open the door.

Just as she opened it, she saw Tatum standing there, about to knock.

He dropped his hand naturally and smiled. "Good morning, Elora. Did you sleep well? I made you breakfast."

Even though the chefs at home could cook for her, Tatum insisted on doing it himself.

He was determined to win her heart through her stomach.

Elora's expression softened. "Good morning. I slept so well last night. I haven't felt that rested in a long time. It's such a relief to let go of the pressure for a bit. I could've just eaten the food your chef made. You really didn't have to wake up so early to cook for me."

She still worried that his family might not be happy about it.

Tatum pulled her into a hug, gave her a soft kiss on the lips, then took her hand and walked downstairs with her.

"I like cooking for you—every meal, every day. I came home late last night, and there wasn't enough time, so I had to let you settle with what was there."

Elora lowered her voice, not wanting anyone to overhear. "I'm just worried your parents or family might be upset with me. I hardly come over, and yet you're up early making breakfast for me."

The house was quiet, so even slightly raised voices could carry.

"Not a chance," Tatum said. "My grandma trained me to cook just so I could make meals for you. Everyone in the family knows that. If I skipped cooking for you even once, they'd all give me grief—especially my brother. He'd probably kick me."

"If you couldn't eat last night, my grandma would've insisted I cook for you. She would never have let you settle for anything less."

Elora was speechless.

Tatum gently lifted her hand and kissed the back of it. His eyes were full of warmth as he said softly, "Elora, I'm going to take care of you, spoil you, and love you. Please don't turn that away. If you do, I'll think it's because you don't love me back—or that I didn't do enough to make you feel comfortable."

"As for my family, you don't need to worry. They'll only be happy seeing us together, happy and in love."

"You've met my brothers and their wives. They're all deeply in love. You can see it in the way they look at each other. And my parents, my uncles, and aunts—they've all been married for decades and still act like they're dating."

“My grandfather passed away, but if he were still here, you’d see how much he adored my grandmother.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4382

Tatum said, “Wildridge Manor was built by my grandfather for my grandmother. He spent a fortune on it. It was built decades ago, and it’s proof of how deeply he loved her.”

The men in the York family don’t just talk about loving their wives—they show it. It’s a tradition passed down through generations, and there’s never been an exception.

Elora thought to herself—what an incredible family.

She smiled lightly. “Alright, I believe you. But watch your step—you’re going downstairs. Don’t fall.”

Tatum tightened his grip on her hand and continued leading her down the stairs.

“It’s so quiet. Has no one else woken up yet?” she asked.

Or maybe she was the last one up?

Tatum replied, “Grandma and my mom were up early. They took breakfast to my sister-in-law. She’s getting discharged from the hospital today. The others are probably heading there later.”

Elora said, a little envious, “Your sister-in-law is really lucky. Everyone treats her so well.”

After giving birth, she was being picked up from the hospital by her in-laws.

That alone said a lot about Serenity’s standing in her husband’s family.

She had a position no one could challenge.

As the wife of the eldest son and grandson, she was set to become the future matriarch of the York family. Her role had to be solid—only then could she manage the family with authority.

To keep that tradition alive, from the old matriarch down to the ninth young master, they all gave Serenity the highest level of respect. They wouldn't allow anyone else in the family to overshadow her.

Tatum said warmly, "Elora, I'll make your life one others envy."

Elora understood exactly why the York family valued Serenity so highly. If she were in the same position, she'd do the same.

Once the wife of the eldest grandson is chosen to lead the family, she has to be given the respect and authority to carry that responsibility. That's how you keep the younger generation from stepping out of line or disrespecting her.

She hadn't met Serenity yet, so she didn't know what kind of woman she was. But any woman who could win Zachary's heart had to be someone special.

Tatum had told her before that the brothers' wives were all handpicked by their grandmother. Serenity, too, had been chosen—but her case was a little different. After meeting her, the old matriarch looked up her birth date and asked a fortune master to read their compatibility.

Once it was confirmed that Serenity and Zachary were destined to be together, the old lady did everything in her power to bring them together. Zachary's fate was weak, and if he missed that one chance, he might never find love again.

Elora smiled. "I don't mind being the object of envy. But let's skip the jealousy and hatred part."

Then she added with a bit of pride, "Even without you, I'm already someone people envy."

She'd taken over the Ormond family at a young age and built up significant wealth. In Annenburg, she was the richest woman.

Unlike those young socialites who relied on their husbands, she called the shots in her own household. She made all the important decisions, controlled her finances, and didn't need to answer to anyone. That independence was exactly why other women envied her.

Tatum smiled. "Then let me be the one people envy. Elora, you're going to spoil me, love me, and make me the happiest man alive."

Elora laughed. "Love goes both ways. Treat me well, and I'll do the same."

"Don't worry. You'll always have a place in my heart," Tatum said. Right now, he was loving her like she was his whole world.

Elora teased him, "You're getting smoother with your words. You're full of surprises."

Tatum replied sincerely, "I'm just telling you how I really feel."

When two people are in love, the sweet words come naturally. There's no need to rehearse them.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4383

While the young couple on one side were lost in their affection, Serenity was already up and having breakfast on the other.

The old lady cradled her great-grandson in her arms, gently teasing him as she said to Tania, "The more I look at this baby, the more he looks like Seren."

Tania came closer to admire her precious grandson and replied, "Well, Seren carried him for ten months and went through so much. Of course he looks like her."

Her daughter-in-law was beautiful, so it only made sense that the baby would take after her and grow into a handsome boy.

As long as he was healthy, Tania didn't mind whether he looked like her son or her daughter-in-law.

“Babies change so much, even day to day. Just look at him now—he’s already way cuter than when he was born.”

Her words gave away what everyone thought at first: when the baby was just born, they’d all secretly thought he was a little funny-looking. They were used to seeing adorable kids—like Sonny, Titus, and the little ones in the Johnson family.

Every single one of them was cute and charming.

The old lady smiled and said, “Our babies are always adorable. And today, we finally get to take this little guy home.”

Her face lit up with love.

Just then, the baby opened his eyes and looked up at her—and gave a little grin.

At just a few days old, the baby wasn’t really smiling at people yet. It was probably just a reflex. But the old lady didn’t care. She was overjoyed.

“He smiled!” she said, beaming. “His smile is so sweet. He smiled at me—I swear my heart just melted.”

Tania joined in, teasing her grandson. “Come on, baby, smile for Grandma too.”

And the little guy did just that—he smiled again.

Tania laughed. “He really seems to get it! I think he’s going to be a cheerful kid. Not like Zack, always walking around with that serious face, like someone owes him billions and won’t pay up.”

Zachary, who was packing up nearby, muttered, “...Mom, you don’t have to roast your own son just because you have a grandson now. Am I really that hard to love?”

“You?” Tania said, “You’ve never been cute. You’ve had that poker face since you were little. Always so serious. No wonder your brothers are scared of you. If it weren’t for Seren softening you up, I don’t think we’d ever see you smile. Before you got married, I can’t even remember the last time you did.”

The old lady chimed in, “Zack was raised by me and your grandfather. Even we barely saw him smile. And when he did, you couldn’t tell if he was happy or annoyed. His grandfather used to say he was a tricky one. Honestly, I think he just never learned how to smile.”

Zachary was speechless.

He didn’t argue.

No point in digging the hole deeper and giving them more ammo.

It wasn’t that he didn’t know how to smile—he’d smiled before. Just not often. Not until Serenity.

After Serenity had finished eating, Zachary cleared the dishes and went to wash them.

Just then, Jasmine and Josh arrived, knocking on the door before walking in.

Jasmine was holding a bouquet of fresh flowers.

Zachary looked up and greeted them. “You two are here early.”

“Serenity’s getting discharged today,” Jasmine said. “We came early to see if you needed help.”

She had left her son in her mother-in-law’s care for a while now. He was easy to take care of—he drank both breast milk and formula without fuss. When she wasn’t home, he took formula just fine. Unlike some babies who refused anything but breast milk, he wasn’t picky.

Josh added, “It’s the weekend anyway. I’m not heading back to the office today, so I figured I’d come with Jasmine to pick up Seren.”

Zachary had been so focused on taking care of his wife and newborn at the hospital that he’d completely lost track of the days.

“It’s the weekend already?” he asked. “I honestly didn’t even know what day it was.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4384

Josh said, "You've completely checked out of work, so of course you've lost track of the days. I've been swamped lately. Once Sister Seren is discharged, you need to get back to the office—even if it's just for half a day."

Zachary didn't respond.

Serenity was still in her postpartum recovery, and he was committed to taking care of both his wife and newborn. He was ready to play full-time nanny.

The company was being managed by several of his cousins, and the York Corporation was running just fine without him. It wasn't like those first couple of years after he took over. He'd been running York Corp for almost a decade now.

Josh stayed in the small living area, chatting with Zachary while he washed dishes in the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Jasmine stepped into the inner room holding a bouquet of flowers.

"Seren."

She smiled as she saw Serenity already dressed. "Looks like you can't wait to get out of here. The discharge papers aren't even ready, and you've already changed."

She handed her the bouquet.

Serenity took it, smiled, and said, "Thanks. I've been here way longer than you were. I checked in early to wait for labor. You had an emergency delivery, so you were out in just a few days. Who actually enjoys staying in the hospital? Everyone's just counting down the minutes to go home."

Giving birth was a joyful event, but Serenity much preferred the comfort of her own home.

Jasmine smiled.

"Auntie! Auntie!"

Sonny's voice rang out from the hallway—and then the little boy came bursting in ahead of his own shout.

Duncan followed, not even using his wheelchair. He was walking quickly and called out, "Sonny, slow down! Be careful, you'll fall!"

Liberty chimed in from behind, "Duncan, don't worry about him—take care of yourself. You're the one who shouldn't be walking so fast."

Sonny was speedy, and Liberty wasn't worried about him falling. She was more concerned about her husband, who hadn't fully recovered yet. If Duncan took a tumble, he'd be in pain for days.

Sonny had already run into the room and jumped into Serenity's arms.

Jasmine quickly pulled him back a little and said with a smile, "Sonny, you charged in like a little bull straight into your aunt's arms. Be gentle—she's still recovering."

"I can't carry you right now," Serenity added with a smile. "But I'll still hold you. It's been so long since I've had a Sonny hug."

She crouched down and opened her arms, waiting for her nephew to come in for a gentle hug.

Sonny rushed into her embrace, and Serenity held him close—but didn't lift him. Even though she'd had a natural delivery, it was only a few days ago, and he was a bit too heavy now.

She hadn't been able to carry him at all in the last few months of her pregnancy, so it really had been a while since they shared a hug like this.

No wonder he came running.

Sonny hugged her tightly and snuggled close. "Auntie, I missed you so much. You haven't hugged me in forever."

"When I'm done with recovery, I'll carry you again," Serenity said warmly. "You'll always be Auntie's sweetest, most thoughtful little guy."

She guessed Sonny might be worried she wouldn't love him as much now that she had a baby of her own.

She'd helped raise him since he was born, and now that he was five, their bond was incredibly strong. She loved him like he was her own son.

"I love you so much, Auntie," Sonny said sincerely.

Serenity hugged him a little tighter and replied, "And I love you too. That's never going to change. Even with a little brother now, Auntie's love for you stays the same. You and your baby brother both mean the world to me—I won't love you any less, Sonny."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4385

Sonny wrapped his arms tightly around Serenity's neck.

He was really worried that the adults would love his baby brother more than him.

No matter how mature he acted, he was still just a little kid.

It was only natural for him to feel a little insecure about having a new cousin when he'd always been the center of everyone's attention. Luckily, he already liked his new little cousin a lot, and he had even told his mom he planned to invite his friends over just to show off.

Now, he was officially a big brother too.

Titus: *I have a younger brother and a younger sister.*

Sonny: *...Wait, in a few years, my mom will have a baby girl for me too! And my aunt will have one for me too!*

Then, he would have both a real little sister and a cousin sister! Humph!

As for Titus, his parents weren't planning to have any more kids. They already had two biological children, and with Titus, their adopted son, that made three.

Even though Ben and Jane weren't Titus's biological parents, in Titus's heart, they were his real parents. So Sonny naturally thought of Ben and Jane as Titus's real parents too.

Jane had given birth to twins—a boy and a girl—during her first pregnancy. She and Ben had decided two kids were enough. Adding Titus made three, and that was plenty for them.

In Sonny's eyes, Titus wasn't going to have any more siblings unless one of the Johnson family's uncles had kids later on. Then Titus would have more cousins, just like Sonny would.

Sonny thought about how many uncles and aunts he had in his family and figured there would be plenty of new younger siblings coming along.

Humph, he wasn't going to lose to Titus.

He couldn't wait to see how Titus planned to show off then!

Titus: ...

Titus wasn't really showing off—he just felt a little jealous watching Sonny play with his new baby sister. Then he told Sonny that Avah was *his* sister, not Sonny's. Sonny, of course, took it to heart and started secretly competing with him.

After a while, Sonny finally loosened his arms around Serenity's neck. He turned and walked over to the old lady, looked up at her, and said, "Grandma, I want to see my little brother."

The old lady bent down so he could get a good look.

"Grandma, my brother looks different!" Sonny said, wide-eyed.

The old lady chuckled. "He's gotten even cuter, right?"

Sonny nodded hard.

Just then, Liberty and Duncan walked in. After greeting the old lady and the others, Liberty handed a bouquet to Serenity.

"Seren, Jasmine sent me a bouquet."

"She sent her congratulations to you through me. So I'm giving these to you from her," Liberty explained with a smile.

Serenity grinned. “I’ll just hold both bouquets later.”

“Have you finished the discharge paperwork yet?” Liberty asked.

“Not yet. Zachary’s handling it,” Serenity replied.

Liberty asked again, “Did you pack everything?”

Jasmine answered, “Sister Liberty, when we got here, Seren had already packed up. Look at her—she’s even changed clothes and is ready to head home.”

Liberty smiled and asked Jasmine, “Is your son at home?”

Jasmine nodded. “Yeah. It’s the weekend, so everyone’s home. He’s with my mother-in-law. She absolutely dotes on him.”

Grandparents were always especially close to their grandkids.

Mrs. Bucham adored her grandson.

Josh used to joke that when he was little, his mom wasn’t nearly as gentle with him. But after having a grandson, suddenly the son didn’t seem that important anymore.

Zachary came out of the bathroom and spotted Liberty and Duncan. “Sister, Duncan,” he greeted them.

They both nodded in return.

“Please help me keep an eye on Seren and the baby,” Zachary said. “I’m going to handle the discharge paperwork.”

With that, he turned and left.

Liberty leaned toward Duncan and whispered, “When Seren gave birth, Zachary insisted on taking care of her and the baby himself.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4386

Liberty felt completely at ease—and genuinely happy—for her sister, Serenity, seeing how well her brother-in-law, Zachary, took care of everything.

Duncan, standing by, thought to himself that if Liberty ever had his child and gave birth in the future, he'd take care of his wife and daughter personally too. He was determined to be a good father.

He wasn't the rough, clueless man he had been when he first met Liberty. Back then, he hadn't known the first thing about handling kids. All he could do was hand Sonny a few toys—he didn't even know what kids liked. He just gave Sonny a little windmill and called it a day.

Before long, more members of the York family arrived.

Elora finally got the chance to meet Tatum's sister-in-law.

Serenity had just given birth, so of course she hadn't fully gotten her figure back yet, but she looked radiant and full of love. Her whole presence felt soft, warm, and welcoming. Elora immediately felt she was easy to get along with.

Before marrying into the York family, Serenity had lived a simple life. Even after marrying into wealth, she managed to stay grounded while naturally taking on a bit of noble elegance. She was the perfect mix of approachable and refined.

Elora thought Serenity's place in the York family wasn't just because of Zachary's love and the old lady's favoritism—it was also because of Serenity's own charm and hard work.

Now that Serenity had her sister, the head of the Farrell family, backing her, her family background and status matched Zachary's even more.

Grandma York clearly had a sharp eye for people.

When Elora came, she brought gifts for Serenity and the baby. Like the others, her gifts for the baby included a peace and longevity lock and a pair of gold bracelets.

"Miss Ormond, you're too kind," Serenity said warmly, accepting the gifts.

Elora smiled. “As long as Sister Seren likes them.”

“I love them,” Serenity said sincerely. “I love everything you brought.”

Serenity hadn’t prepared a gift for Elora. Tatum’s decision to bring Elora home had been a last-minute idea—or really, Elora’s own sudden decision to come meet the family.

At that time, Serenity was still in the hospital recovering from childbirth, so she hadn’t had a chance to prepare anything.

Once she got home from the hospital, Serenity planned to pick out a nice set of jewelry from her personal collection to gift Elora.

She had a lot of sisters-in-law, but because Tatum was Zachary’s younger brother, Elora would naturally be the one she felt closest to.

“Can I hold the baby?” Elora asked the old lady a little shyly.

The old lady happily handed the baby to her.

Elora held the baby awkwardly, while Tatum stood beside her, gently teaching her how to hold the baby properly to make him feel secure and comfortable.

After holding the newborn for a short while, Elora quickly passed him back to her mother-in-law. The baby was so tiny and soft, he barely seemed to have any weight at all in her arms. It made her nervous.

She was terrified she might not hold him steadily and that he could slip right through the folds of the quilt.

Once the discharge procedures were done, Serenity left the hospital, surrounded by her family.

Reporters were already waiting outside.

As soon as the York family showed up to take Serenity and the baby home, the reporters rushed over.

Zachary calmly wrapped one arm around Serenity’s shoulders, cradled their baby in the other, and let the media snap a few pictures. Then he raised his voice and addressed them directly:

“My wife is being discharged today and needs to go home and rest after childbirth. She needs peace and plenty of rest during her recovery, so we can’t stay here too long. When my son turns one month old, we’ll host a full-month celebration, and you’re all invited. For today, please be understanding and make way for us to head home.”

He made it clear that no frontal photos of the baby were allowed.

The reporters, respectful of Zachary’s wishes, didn’t dare push their luck.

After offering their congratulations, they stepped aside to let the York family pass.

They still followed the motorcade at a distance.

It wasn’t until the York family’s cars pulled away that the reporters realized there was a new face among the family—someone they had never seen before.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4387

“Did you notice that unfamiliar face just now? She was beautiful, but we’ve never seen her before.”

“Yeah, I think I caught a glimpse. If she’s that gorgeous, she’s probably engaged to one of the young masters.”

Ever since the eldest young master got married, the rest of the marriageable young masters had been tying the knot one after another.

The young ladies of Wiltspoon were heartbroken watching the York family bachelors marry off one by one—especially since none of the brides were them.

They had no idea what standards the York family young men used to choose their wives. No matter how hard they tried, they never seemed to stand a chance.

They often used Elisa as their excuse for comfort: after all, even Elisa, with her impressive family background, had chased Zachary for years and still didn't marry into the York family.

Elisa, internally: *...Well, I've found a man who suits me perfectly now. Remy is every bit as good as Zachary.*

Those women were just envious, jealous, and resentful.

Elisa had the courage to love and let go. She could chase or walk away without regrets. She lived her life boldly—and honestly, she was just luckier than they were.

"Serenity is so lucky," someone sighed. "Even as a man, I envy her."

"Yeah. She gave birth, got discharged from the hospital, and the entire York family came to pick her up. Friends, family, even business leaders showed up. If you didn't know better, you'd think the Queen herself was leaving the palace."

Another person added, "Serenity really lives like a Queen. And when Young Master York takes full control of the family business, she'll officially be the head of the York family. She's royalty, practically."

"She's the luckiest woman I've ever seen."

Everyone looked on, full of envy.

Plenty of wealthy women had given birth, but none of them had been greeted by such a grand show when leaving the hospital.

Serenity had the entire York family there for her, along with all her relatives. It truly looked like she was the moon, surrounded by countless stars.

In the past, people would talk behind her back about her humble background. But now, her sister was the head of the Farrell family in Jensburg, and her mother was revealed to be the daughter of the former Farrell family head.

According to the Farrell family's traditions, that made Serenity an official daughter of the Farrell family.

Her background wasn't lacking at all anymore.

To everyone watching, Serenity was like a heroine straight out of a novel—supported by a devoted male lead and growing stronger every step of the way.

Sigh, people thought, it's frustrating to compare yourself to others.

We're all human, so why are our lives so different?

After leaving the hospital, Serenity returned to Wildridge Manor to begin her postpartum confinement.

Meanwhile, Liberty also had to head back to Jensburg. She had gotten the hang of managing Farrell family affairs, but she couldn't afford to let her guard down.

Before leaving, she asked her son, Sonny, if he wanted to transfer to a school in Jensburg come September.

Sonny asked, "Will Aunt Serenity and my little brother be there too?"

Liberty gently explained, "No, your aunt and little brother will stay in Wiltspoon. Most of your aunt's businesses are here, so she won't move. But she'll come visit Jensburg from time to time."

The bond between the two sisters ran deep, and Serenity would definitely fly to Jensburg often to reunite with Liberty.

Sonny then asked, "What about Uncle Duncan?"

Liberty smiled and said, "Uncle Duncan will live with us in Jensburg."

She crouched down to Sonny's level, speaking softly, "Sonny, my work is mainly based in Jensburg now. We have a home there. If you want to stay with me, you'll need to transfer schools."

Sonny hesitated. "But I don't have any friends in Jensburg."

He had lots of friends at his current kindergarten. The idea of leaving his teachers and classmates behind made him sad.

"Mom, can't you move your work back to Wiltspoon?" Sonny asked, his little voice full of confusion.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4388

Sonny thought about how Mom's old breakfast shop and her later restaurant were both in Wiltspoon, close to Aunt Seren. Because of that, he got to see his aunt and little cousin all the time.

When Mom was too busy to pick him up, Aunt Seren or his cousin would come instead.

Sonny loved his life the way it was. He didn't want to move to Jensburg.

Even though he had visited Jensburg before, it felt unfamiliar. It didn't feel like home. Plus, the winters there were freezing.

Liberty hugged Sonny close and said gently, "I can't, honey. Mom has a lot on her plate now. I'm the head of the family. I have to manage the family and lead our company out of trouble."

Even if she couldn't bring the Farrell family back to its former glory, she at least had to make it better than it was now.

She also needed to restructure the clan's benefits and put capable young people in the right positions so they could thrive.

Of course, to avoid what happened with the Labbe family in Havenmill, where the main bloodline was overtaken by powerful side branches, she had to keep a firm grip on power.

To do that, Liberty needed to be strong enough to command respect. As long as she held her ground, no one would dare to rebel.

A true leader needed to rule with both kindness and strength—balancing strict control with occasional rewards.

Now that she sat at the head of the family, Liberty had to admit: when Clarissa had held the position, she had worked hard to consolidate her power.

After learning from Clarissa's experience, Liberty decided not to change too much. She kept most of Clarissa's management style.

But unlike Clarissa, Liberty wouldn't purge talented young people. She wouldn't shed blood.

If someone was willing to be loyal to her and work hard, Liberty would give them opportunities. If they wanted to venture out and seek a different future, she would let them.

In fact, her philosophy was similar to Kathryn's from the beginning. Kathryn had never wanted to kill anyone either.

It was Clarissa who had eliminated all the real threats—those capable and rebellious enough to cause trouble.

As the saying goes, *the previous generation plants the trees; the next generation enjoys the shade.*

Clarissa had removed the dangerous elements and scared the clan into submission, leaving Kathryn and now Liberty a concentrated power base.

Mr. Jimenez had once said that when Clarissa's elder sister had been in charge, the Farrell family had been even stronger, and Clarissa's abilities didn't quite measure up to her sister's.

But families always go through highs and lows. That was just the cycle of life.

It wasn't that Clarissa had no ability. It was just that times had changed, and when the Farrell Group tried to transform its business, it was already past the peak of the industry.

Even so, they still managed to benefit a little.

Liberty believed Clarissa had genuinely tried to strengthen the company.

Still, Clarissa's biggest stain—the darkest mark on her legacy—was that she had killed the elder sister's family who had raised her, and later killed many others within the clan. Her hands were soaked in blood.

"Mom, I still like living here," Sonny said softly.

After thinking it through, Sonny realized he loved Wiltspoon more.

He had been born and raised there. His whole family was there.

“Mom,” Sonny pleaded, “can’t you find a way to come back? I don’t want to move. I don’t want to go to Jensburg. I don’t know anyone there. I don’t have any friends.”

Liberty stroked his hair gently and said, “You’ll make new friends, sweetheart. You’re still young. Kids your age adjust quickly. When you transfer in September, it’ll only take a couple of weeks before you’re running around with new friends.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4389

“Sonny, Mom really can’t stay in Wiltspoon much longer. My job is in Jensburg. How about coming to Jensburg to live with me? From now on, the Farrell family in Jensburg will be our home.”

Sonny replied, “That’s not my home. It’s Mom’s home... and my future little sister’s home. I heard the adults talking. They said Mom changed her last name, so now it’s different from Aunt’s. They also said Mom’s going to have a baby girl with her last name, and she’ll take over Mom’s company one day.”

Liberty patiently explained, “Sonny, even though your future little sister will have Mom’s last name, we’re still family. You’ll always be my son, and she’ll be your biological sister. My home will always be your home too. We’re mother and son, and we’re a family.”

Sonny seemed to think it over.

Liberty continued, “I’m not going to force you. It’s still a few months before September. Take your time to think about it. If you decide you want to come to Jensburg with me and Uncle Duncan, I’ll get you signed up for kindergarten there. You’d start in September. During holidays, I’ll bring you back to Wiltspoon to stay for a few days and have dinner with your aunt. Winter and summer breaks are longer, so you can stay even longer then. Just because

we move to Jensburg doesn't mean we'll give up our home in Wiltspoon. We'll keep it, and it'll always be there for us whenever we come back."

Sonny asked, "What if I don't want to go with you, Mom?"

Liberty paused for a moment, then said gently, "If you really don't want to go, you can stay here with your aunt. But now that she has a new baby brother to take care of, plus her work, she's really busy. Sonny, you're my child, my responsibility. It's my job to raise you, to provide for you, and to make sure you get a good education — not your aunt's."

Sonny said, "But Auntie said she'll always love me. Even with a baby brother, she said she'll still love me the same."

Liberty smiled and said, "Of course she will. I'm not saying your aunt won't love you anymore. She always will. I'm just asking you to be understanding, because raising you is my responsibility, not hers. I really hope you can be thoughtful and come live with Mom. No matter how many kids your aunt has, your place in her heart won't change — and neither will your place in mine. Even if I have another baby one day, you'll still be my favorite."

It's often said that when a second child comes along, parents should show even more love to their firstborn — to make sure they never feel forgotten or unloved.

"But I really like it here," Sonny said. "When Auntie's busy, my cousin can still take care of me. And there are so many uncles and aunties around. Even Dad — my dad's really good to me now."

Sonny had started seeing his father Hank in a better light.

Hank truly loved Sonny now — after all, Sonny was his only child.

Duncan, who had been quietly listening to the conversation, turned to his wife and said, "Liberty, why don't you let Sonny finish kindergarten here in Wiltspoon first? After that, he can move to Jensburg when he starts elementary school. He's lived here his whole life — it's only natural he'd have a hard time leaving. My family can help take care of him too."

Duncan's parents, brothers, and sisters-in-law all treated Sonny like he was their own.

Partly because Sonny was such an easy child to love — and partly because they wanted Liberty to feel at ease.

Duncan added, "Sonny's still little. He'll adjust quickly once he moves. If we wait until he's older, it'll just get harder for him to adapt."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4390

Liberty sat down on the sofa, holding her son in her arms. She said gently, "Take the next few months to really think about it. I'll come back every weekend to pick you up and get you used to life in Jensburg. You'll also spend your summer break there. During that time, if you make up your mind, just let me know. If by September you still don't want to live in Jensburg with me, you can stay in Wiltspoon and finish kindergarten here — but for elementary school, you'll need to move to Jensburg. Sonny, I don't want us to be apart all the time. You're my baby. These past few months, I've been so busy with work that I had to leave you in your aunt's care. I feel so guilty about that."

Sonny nodded thoughtfully. "Mom, I'll think about it carefully."

Liberty hugged her son tightly.

Sonny wrapped his little arms around her neck and hugged her back.

After a while, Sonny looked up at Liberty and said, "Mom, I want to call Titus. I have a little brother now, and I haven't told him the good news yet."

Liberty smiled. "Titus already has a bunch of little brothers and sisters."

Sonny said proudly, "I still want to tell him. Every time we meet, he's always talking about his little brothers and sisters."

Kids love to compare.

Sonny knew he couldn't match Titus when it came to numbers, but at least now he had a little brother too. He didn't have to envy Titus anymore for being an older brother.

He couldn't stand not showing off — otherwise, he wouldn't eat or sleep well.

No way!

Serenity didn't bother to call out her nephew's bluff. Everyone knew Sonny had the best appetite and slept like a rock.

Children lived such carefree lives.

Sonny was the little treasure of several big families — everyone adored him.

He was the happiest, most worry-free kid around.

"Mom, try calling Titus."

Titus used a different number every time he called his friends.

Liberty figured the old doctor probably arranged that on purpose.

Without a permanent number, no one could easily track down Titus.

Liberty decided to contact Jane first.

When Jane answered, she immediately said, "Sis, I saw Seren's post — she had the baby! Congratulations to her!"

"She gave birth and was discharged today," Liberty replied. "Thank you for sending your blessings to Seren."

When Serenity posted the news on her social media, Jane had already liked the post, congratulated her, and even called her personally.

When the baby's one-month celebration came around, Jane and her husband planned to come visit — bringing along their twin toddlers, who had just started walking and could barely talk yet.

After a bit of small talk, Liberty got to the point. Smiling, she said, "Sonny wants to talk to Titus. Since Titus doesn't have a fixed phone number, we can only reach him through you."

"Can you ask Titus to call Sonny? Sonny's really excited to be a big brother and wants to share the good news with his best friend."

Jane agreed right away.

It was the weekend, so Titus didn't have kindergarten, but he was still busy — practicing medicine, learning how to identify herbs, and helping his master dry them. His schedule was packed.

The old doctor loved his apprentice dearly but was very strict with him.

If Titus messed up, he'd get punished — usually by having to copy medical texts, often through tears.

One time, after getting punished, the little guy waited until his master fell asleep in the middle of the night. Then he packed two sets of clothes, grabbed his favorite toys, and dragged a small suitcase to run away from home.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4391

As soon as Titus slipped out of the house, the old doctor knew.

He didn't stop him — just quietly followed the little guy from a distance.

The Medicine Valley sat deep in the mountains, surrounded by dense forests. Even in broad daylight, people unfamiliar with the trails wouldn't dare to wander in, afraid they'd get lost, run into wild animals, and never make it out alive.

At night, it was even worse. The calls of birds, insects, and wild beasts mixed into a creepy symphony that could scare the life out of anyone.

Titus was brave for his age, but he was still just a little kid.

The farther he walked, the more scared he got — terrified he'd run into some ferocious animal that might eat him.

In the end, he turned back, embarrassed and defeated.

The old doctor pretended not to notice anything. He quietly returned to his own room, tucked the little suitcase away, and went back to sleep.

Home, after all, was safe and comfortable.

After that night — after being scared straight — Titus gave up on running away. No matter how often he got punished, he would sit down and copy medical books without a fuss.

When the call with Jane ended, she contacted the old doctor and asked if Titus could call Liberty, saying that Sonny missed him.

A few minutes later, Liberty's phone rang. It was the old doctor.

After the adults exchanged a few polite greetings, they handed their phones over to the kids.

"Sonny, I miss you so much," Titus said, full of excitement.

"I miss you too! Summer break's coming soon. Will you come back? If you do, I'll go over to your house to play, and you can come over to mine."

Titus said, "I'm not sure. It depends on what my master says. If he lets me, I'll come back. I really wish I could grow up faster — then I could go wherever I want and not be stuck listening to adults."

Sonny agreed. "I want to grow up faster too."

Liberty and Duncan exchanged a look. Liberty smiled, then pushed Duncan's wheelchair and said, "Let's go for a walk and let the boys talk a little longer."

"We'll head back to Jensburg tomorrow," Liberty added.

"Anytime's fine," Duncan said. "Wherever you go, I'm going too."

They were husband and wife — they stuck together.

As Liberty pushed Duncan outside, she reminded Sonny, "After you're done talking to Titus, bring me the phone, okay? I'm taking Uncle Duncan out for a walk."

“Okay!” Sonny answered without even turning his head. Then he said excitedly to Titus, “Titus, I’m a big brother now! My aunt had a baby — I have a little brother! When he was first born, he wasn’t very cute... kind of ugly, actually. But now he’s adorable! This is my little brother. I’m officially a big brother!”

Titus replied with a simple, “Oh.”

Last time he visited FC Manor, Jane had mentioned that Aunt Seren had a baby growing in her belly.

Now, after so long, it made sense the baby had been born.

Titus said, “My little brother and sister can already walk and call me ‘brother.’ Your little brother’s just a newborn. Who knows when he’ll be able to call you brother?”

Sonny was stunned into silence.

Titus had just poured cold water all over his excitement.

When Jane’s twins turned 100 days old, Serenity had just found out she was pregnant. Zachary had immediately brought her back to Wiltspoon.

Now Serenity’s baby had been born, while Enzo and Avah were already a year old — walking, talking, calling out for their brother.

It was normal.

After a moment of speechless frustration, Sonny puffed up and said, “My little brother will talk too! Someday, he’ll call me brother. He’ll grow up... and so will we.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Sonny still remembered that when he first met Titus, he was just two or three years old. Now he was five and had grown a lot taller.

“Titus, my mom wants to take me to Jensburg for school. I don’t want to go. What should I do?” Sonny asked.

Realizing he couldn’t outdo Titus when it came to showing off younger siblings, Sonny quickly changed the subject.

The two little boys had a lot to talk about. They said whatever popped into their heads, not caring if the other fully understood.

Titus asked, “Where’s Jensburg? Is it fun there? Why does your mom want you to study there?”

Sonny explained, “My mom’s got a job in Jensburg. She’s gonna be working there for a long time, and she doesn’t want to be apart from me, so she wants me to move and study there. But... I don’t want to leave my aunt.”

Titus responded casually, “So what? I didn’t want to leave my mom Jane and Uncle Ben either. It’s not like I chose to come here. My master brought me. I don’t even know what this place is called.”

The adults had never told him.

Titus couldn’t figure it out. He’d been living there for years, even went to kindergarten, but still didn’t know the name of the place. Every time he had to go to kindergarten, it was a long trip — by private plane, no less.

When he went to school, aunts and uncles would take turns flying helicopters to pick him up.

“Sonny, even if you move schools, at least your mom will be with you. My mom’s not with me. Every day my master makes me dry herbs, plant herbs, pick herbs, and memorize medical books. If I mess up, I have to copy medical books and practice over and over again. I can’t even be lazy. Even when I have to go to kindergarten, I have to practice before I leave and again when I get back.”

Titus had been forced to practice so much that Sonny could never beat him at anything. No one at kindergarten dared to bully him either.

If a kid tried to snatch his toys or push him, Titus would push back harder, sending them flying.

Anyone who tried to fight him would end up crying on the ground.

Now he was like the king of the kids — everyone listened to him.

Titus said, “Sonny, I really envy you.”

Sonny smiled and said, “I envy you too.”

Titus had lots of uncles and aunts who loved him.

Sonny envied how Titus always seemed better than him, how he had several little brothers and a really cute little sister.

That’s just how people are — you think someone else has it better, and they think the same about you.

They never realized the things they disliked were the very things others wished they had.

“When you come back for summer vacation, make sure you call my aunt. I’ll ask her to take me to play with you, and I’ll bring my little brother too. He’s really cute,” Sonny said excitedly. “He doesn’t cry like your brother. He’s really well-behaved.”

A baby who only eats and sleeps might seem like an angel now, but reality had other plans. Soon enough, Sonny would find out his little brother could cry plenty — and wasn’t so easygoing after all.

Titus said, “Yeah, my little brother cries all the time, but my little sister’s really well-behaved. Last time I visited, she kept calling me ‘brother.’ I like her so much.”

Sonny was left speechless.

His little buddy, Titus, always circled back to talking about his sister.

Today, it felt like they couldn’t keep the conversation going much longer.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4393

“Sonny, why doesn’t your aunt give you a little sister? It’d be so nice if you had a brother and a sister like my mom, Jane.”

Sonny was quiet for a moment before he answered, “My aunt said my little sister is still swinging in the garden and doesn’t want to come play with me yet. But when she gets tired of swinging, she’ll come find me.”

Titus asked, “Which garden is she swinging in? Why don’t we just go find her? We could swing there too.”

Sonny answered honestly, “My aunt didn’t say which garden, and I don’t know where to find her.”

Titus said, “You should’ve asked her more clearly.”

Sonny: “...”

“Then I’ll ask my aunt tomorrow which garden my sister’s in,” Sonny said. “I’ll go look for her — maybe I can even bring back two sisters.”

Titus immediately chimed in, “Ask Aunt Seren where my sister is too! I’ll help you look. I love my sister so much. She’s way cuter than my brother. My brother cries all the time, but my sister’s really well-behaved. I love having a sister. Just one isn’t enough — I want a bunch!”

Sonny said, “I’ll tell you after I find my sister.”

If he really did find some sisters swinging in the garden, he’d bring a few home for himself and not tell Titus — that way Titus would only have one sister, but Sonny would have several.

“Okay, you have to tell me once you find out,” Titus reminded him again and again.

The two kids stayed on the phone for a long time, talking until their phones started heating up. Finally, Sonny said reluctantly, “Titus, I have to hang up now. See you during summer

break! I'm going to live in Jensburg with my mom. You should come visit me. It snows in Jensburg in the winter — we can have snowball fights and build snowmen!"

It never snowed in Wiltspoon during winter. People there had always been fascinated by snow. Sonny only saw real snow for the first time when he visited Jensburg last winter.

In his mind, he figured his friends had never seen real snow either.

Annenburg and Wiltspoon were both in the south, and winters there weren't very cold — definitely no snow.

Logically, Titus shouldn't have seen snow either.

But Titus lived with his master now, and where they lived, it snowed a lot. Once winter came, the fields would be blanketed in snow.

After hearing Sonny's invitation, Titus laughed and said, "Okay, okay! I play in the snow all the time in winter. My master's place gets tons of snow."

Sonny: "..."

He thought his friend had never seen snow — turns out he was wrong.

After they finally hung up, Titus handed the phone back to the old doctor.

The old doctor took the phone, popped out the SIM card, slid his regular SIM card back in, and tossed the used SIM card away.

He had plenty of spares anyway.

Every time Titus needed to call someone, the old doctor would install a fresh SIM card and then remove it after the call. That's why Titus didn't have a fixed phone number.

"Master, why do you always throw away that little thing?" Titus asked, confused as he watched.

The old doctor said, "It's to protect you. You're still young — you'll understand when you're older." He patted Titus's head and added, "Titus, you have to study hard and train well. You need to learn everything I teach you."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4394

The old doctor added, "It hasn't been easy for you to get where you are today. It hasn't been easy just to stay alive and grow up."

Titus had no idea how much the old doctor had sacrificed behind the scenes to protect him.

He also didn't realize how much his family had given up to help him survive and succeed.

Titus seemed to understand a little and said, "Master, I've been studying and practicing really hard lately. I haven't been slacking off."

Titus still didn't know the truth about his past. He didn't know he was carrying a blood feud, and he had no idea so many people were out there searching for him.

He had the love of his mother Jane, Uncle Ben, his master, and his grandmaster — and that was enough to make him feel carefree. Even though he didn't know who his biological parents were, it never affected his happiness growing up.

The only thing that confused him was the strange totem on his back. But his master had warned him never to tell anyone about it. Even when his best friend Sonny accidentally saw it, Aunt Seren made sure Sonny knew to keep it a secret too.

Titus could only guess about the totem — he couldn't see it himself. Sonny said it looked weird, kind of like a dragon, but not exactly. Either way, it was strange.

It probably had something to do with his hidden past.

Everyone kept it from him. Since no one talked about it, he didn't ask. All they wanted was for him to grow up happy.

Titus said, "Master, I have a question."

The old doctor nodded. "Go ahead. If I know the answer, I'll tell you."

Titus asked, “Sonny’s aunt had a baby boy, but he misses having a sister. He asked his aunt when he would get a little sister, and his aunt said his sister was still out there swinging in a garden somewhere. Master, are my sisters also swinging in some garden? Which garden are they in? I only have one sister right now, but I want two more. I want to go to the garden and bring back some sisters. My sister really loves swinging in the garden.”

Whenever Titus thought of Avah, he pictured her climbing onto the swing. She was still little and didn’t like sitting on it alone — she always needed him to hold her while she swung. Every time they played on the swing, Avah’s face would light up with happiness.

That’s why Titus believed his sister loved swinging.

Uncle Ben had even promised to install a special swing chair for Avah so she could swing safely by herself.

Titus didn’t know if it had been installed yet — he hadn’t been back to FC Manor in a long time.

The old doctor was speechless.

He just stared for a moment, then burst out laughing.

Titus looked at his master, confused. Was his question really that funny?

He truly wanted more sisters — especially if they were as cute and sweet as Avah. He already had a bunch of brothers, but every time he took them out to play, he ended up with a headache from all their crying.

No wonder Uncle Ben and Aunt Lilian — who was also his master’s apprentice — would hand Fabian off the second they saw the old doctor. That little brother of his cried more than anyone.

Fabian was by far the loudest and the biggest crier among his brothers.

He was also the youngest, always trying to join in the fun even when the older boys didn’t want him around. He would force his way into their games, grab toys, and start crying when things didn’t go his way.

Fabian wasn’t even a year old yet and couldn’t walk — he could only crawl.

But he crawled fast, especially when he was trying to snatch toys from his brothers. As soon as the nanny put him down, he would crawl straight toward the toys and then yell at her to pick him up and rescue him.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4395

Fabian was always afraid his brothers would snatch his toys away.

Of course, every time he tried to grab toys from his brothers, they'd either push him over or hit him with a toy, and his cries would echo through the entire villa.

They were all just one or two years old — way too young to know how to share.

Whenever the little guys played together, it usually ended in a scuffle.

The worst of them was Enzo. He had just learned how to walk. Even though he wasn't the oldest, he acted like he was. He loved bossing his older brothers around and bullying his younger ones.

In short, he was as domineering as they come.

The only person Enzo was afraid of was his twin sister.

They would often fight over toys, and Enzo usually lost to Avah. He'd throw a huge tantrum, while Avah would just sit there, watching him cry like she was the winner.

Losing to Avah taught Enzo a lesson — she wasn't someone he could easily mess with. So he ended up being a little scared of her.

Even though all the kids were still too young to speak clearly, they had already learned how to read the adults' expressions. They knew their little sister was everyone's darling — and that the four brothers combined were no match for her.

Their great-grandmother used to joke all the time, Why did we have so many boys?

Titus said, “Master, don’t laugh. You said if you knew the answer, you’d tell me. Sonny said his sister was brought back from a park. Is that true? Can you really bring a sister home from a park?”

“Next time I go home, I’m going to ask my mom why she didn’t bring back two sisters instead. Why just one? Couldn’t she just bring a sister instead of a brother?”

The old doctor was laughing so hard at Titus’s serious questions that his stomach started to hurt.

Titus stared at him, dead serious.

Hadn’t his master promised to answer his questions?

Why was he just laughing? Was it really that funny?

In Titus’s mind, his question wasn’t funny at all.

It was important — a very serious and solemn matter.

“Master, if you laugh again, I’m going to be mad,” Titus said, his little face turning bright red with frustration.

The old doctor forced himself to stop laughing — but he still chuckled quietly under his breath.

Finally, he said, “Kid, you’ve been tricked. Where are you going to find a park with little sisters you can just take home?”

“Babies come from their mother’s belly. It’s not like the mom can just pick whether to have a boy or a girl. If you’re meant to have a brother, you get a brother. If you’re lucky, you might get a sister. What Sonny’s aunt told him — that was just to comfort him. It’s a little white lie. When you grow up and fall in love, you’ll understand.”

Titus frowned. “Is that really how you coax kids? But Sonny’s aunt said it. Aunt Seren doesn’t seem like the kind of person who would lie. She’s always really nice to Sonny. Why would she lie to him?”

The old doctor smiled gently and said, “Sometimes there are things adults just can’t explain to little kids. So they tell a harmless lie instead. When you get a little older, I’ll tell you the truth — or you’ll figure it out yourself. You’re my grandson. You’re studying medicine. Pretty soon, you’ll understand exactly where babies come from.”

“It’s really not something like — ‘Oh, I want a sister, and then boom, I have a sister,’ or ‘I want several sisters.’ It doesn’t work that way. Your mother’s family and the York family both tend to have a lot more boys than girls. The Johnson family’s a little better — they usually have a girl every other generation. As for your Aunt Seren’s in-laws, they haven’t had a daughter in generations. It’s been nearly a hundred years since one was born.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4396

Titus still didn’t really understand, but he didn’t ask any more questions. His master had made it pretty clear — if they kept pushing for answers, he’d just make up a story to brush them off.

At least Titus now knew one thing for sure: you didn’t go pick up a sister from a garden swing.

That meant Sonny wasn’t going to find any sisters swinging in a park either. Haha — I have sisters, but Sonny doesn’t, Titus thought proudly.

“Master, are you about to cry?” Titus asked, tilting his head.

The old doctor tapped him lightly and said, “All kids love to cry. And you even gave your precious little brother nicknames — Crybaby Fabian, Lovely Fabian... How adorable is Lovely Fabian?”

He chuckled and added, “And don’t think I didn’t notice — you still cry sometimes too. So don’t go calling your brother a crybaby.”

Titus rubbed the spot where his master had tapped him and grumbled, “But Fabian cries the most. Was I like that when I was a baby? No way. I heard Mom say I was really well-behaved. Every time I saw her, I would hug her and call her ‘Mom’ right away.”

Mom always said she and he were destined to be mother and son.

The old doctor smiled. “You’re still just a kid yourself. You think you’ve grown up already? You’re only four or five years old.”

“Master, I really don’t know what you were like when you were Fabian’s age,” Titus said thoughtfully.

When Jane had first picked up Titus, he had just learned to walk and could barely speak. He could only manage to call out “Mom” and “Dad.” But the moment he saw Jane, he reached for her and called her “Mom,” melting her heart completely.

That moment sealed their bond — and soon after, Jane and Ben officially adopted him.

“Master,” Titus asked seriously, “you said every child is born from their mother. What about me? I don’t envy my mom. I envy my mom when I was born.”

Titus saw Jane as his real mother. But deep down, he understood — he wasn’t born from Jane like Enzo and Avah were.

He had seen it himself: Jane’s belly had grown big, she went to the hospital, and then she gave birth to his little brother and sister.

But he had been... picked up.

The old doctor pulled Titus into a tight hug. After a long pause, he said softly, “Master doesn’t know what your mother looked like. But you — you look like your parents now.”

“Usually, children resemble their parents. Sometimes, they take after their grandparents.”

Titus’s biological parents had been murdered years ago. It wasn’t just his parents — his entire family had been wiped out. Only Titus survived, because the nanny had risked everything to smuggle him out.

Even so, the nanny and the bodyguard who helped protect him didn’t make it in the end.

It was a miracle that Jane had found him. And it was a blessing that the old doctor's apprentice had spotted his talent and taken him under his wing to pass down the art of healing.

Thanks to them, Titus could now live a carefree, happy life.

But when he came of age, he would have to face the blood feud he unknowingly carried.

Poor child, the old doctor thought as he hugged him even tighter.

He had raised so many children over the years, but every time he thought about the cruel fate that awaited Titus, it broke his heart all over again.

Yet there was nothing he could do but protect him until he grew up. He was getting old now.

By the time Titus was ready to face his destiny, the old doctor knew he might not be around anymore.

Just because he was a miracle doctor didn't mean he could cheat death. His body had been damaged years ago from testing medicine on himself.

If his apprentice hadn't graduated and taken over his heavy responsibilities, he might not have lasted even this long.

Now, retired and living quietly, he had no major worries. His only goal was to teach his apprentice and Titus well.

If he was lucky, maybe he could live another ten years.

Maybe — just maybe — he could live long enough to see Titus take his revenge, reclaim everything that was stolen from the Labbe family, find happiness, marry, and have children.

Then, he could leave this world with no regrets.

“Master, are my real parents dead?”
Titus suddenly looked up and asked.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4397

The old doctor froze for a moment, then gently touched Titus's head and asked kindly, "Why do you ask that? You've never seen your parents. You don't even know what they look like. If they were alive, why wouldn't they come looking for you? How could you have ended up abandoned on the side of the road, only to be found by your mother?"

Titus was a smart boy—he knew how to think things through.

"Sonny's parents got divorced, but he still sees his dad all the time. He lives with his mom. Even when she goes far away for work, she comes back to see him. But me? They never came to see me. They didn't look for me. So I thought... maybe they turned into stars in the sky, watching over me."

The old doctor pulled him into a hug, let out a long sigh, and said, "Titus, you're a lucky child. Your mother Jane and Uncle Ben love you like their own. The Johnson family treats you like part of their family too. Even though your parents are gone, you still have so many people who care about you. You'll grow up surrounded by love."

Titus snuggled into his master's arms.

So it was true—his biological parents were gone.

For as long as he could remember, Jane had been his mother. With her love and the care of the Johnson family, he never felt sorry for himself. He hadn't missed his biological parents, probably because he'd been so young—just a baby, maybe one or two years old—when it all happened.

But now that he was five, he understood more. He could tell he was different from his friends. He thought about things. He analyzed them. And he believed his real parents were no longer in this world.

He had no memory of them, but now that he knew the truth, a quiet sadness settled in. Still, he didn't cry.

"Master," Titus asked, "do you know how my parents died?"

The old doctor lied, gently. “You were chosen by your master and taken in as his disciple. That’s how I met you. I don’t know anything about your past. Not even your mother Jane knows. So how could I?”

Titus pressed on. “What about Uncle Alijah? Everyone says he’s really powerful. If he wants to find something out, he can figure out anything.”

The old doctor kept up the lie. “No one’s ever asked him to look into it. How would he know? We don’t even know where you came from. Jane found you in Meadspring, but you’re not from there. She asked around—turns out, you definitely weren’t born in Meadspring. But I believe your family was well-off, and it was fate that brought you here.”

He gently pulled Titus back and looked down at the bright little boy. In a warm voice, he said, “Titus, all you need to do is study hard. Learn medicine from your master. Practice martial arts with your brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles. Whatever they teach you—learn it. When you grow up and become strong, you’ll be able to find out who you are and learn about your birth parents.”

Titus asked, still sounding like a child, “Master, when you became powerful, did you meet my parents? If I get strong too, will they come back? I really want to know what they looked like.”

No matter how kind Jane was or how much love she gave, she wasn’t his biological mother.

If he hadn’t been abandoned, he would want to know who his real parents were.

The old doctor said softly, “They’re watching over you. The stronger you become, the happier they’ll be. And the more at peace they’ll feel.”

Titus didn’t quite understand, but he didn’t ask more questions.

He felt like the topic had suddenly made everything quiet and heavy. His master wasn’t playful anymore—just very gentle, almost too gentle. It made him feel like something was off.

He figured it was this topic that changed his master’s usual cheerful tone. Maybe he felt bad for him. That’s why he was being so soft and kind now.

“Master,” Titus said with determination, “I’ll study hard and train every day. I’ll learn medicine from you and become someone who can heal people and save lives.”

The old doctor smiled. “That’s my boy. I’ll reward you with a chicken leg tonight. Let’s go catch a chicken. There are two legs—one for you, one for me.”

At the mention of food, Titus’s eyes lit up.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4398

Titus ran straight to the backyard.

All the chickens the old doctor raised were free-range and kept in the backyard. He always said that chickens raised this way tasted the best.

Watching Titus disappear around the corner, the old doctor muttered, “This little foodie—once chicken’s mentioned, he forgets all about his parents.” He got up and followed. “Master’s old now and has no real teeth left. I’ll let you have both chicken legs.”

Titus glanced back and said, “Master, you’ve got a mouth full of teeth! And you always say the leg is the tastiest part of the chicken—tender and juicy. So how can you not eat a leg when your teeth are still there?”

He didn’t mind either way. He planned to eat one chicken leg and give the other to his master.

The old doctor replied, “These teeth? All fake.”

“Still, you’re eating the chicken leg. Master Carden doesn’t like chicken legs, so call her and tell her that old lady who keeps visiting wants to move in with you and grow old together.”

The old doctor scowled. “You little rascal! If you dare tell Carden that, I’ll show you what real punishment looks like.”

There was indeed an old woman who kept showing up, pestering him, saying she wanted to live with him in his old age.

But the old doctor had no interest in that. He was content with the life he had. He was surrounded by his disciples, a group of loyal old friends, and several caring nephews. One of his apprentices, like a daughter to him, had even given him a little grandson—Titus—who stayed by his side every night.

He wasn't lonely. He didn't need anyone to live with.

He'd never married—not when he was young, and not even in middle age. After taking in an apprentice, he put all his energy into raising her and never considered finding a stepmother for the child.

Now that he was older and finally retired, he just wanted to enjoy life in peace. Why complicate things?

And who knew what that woman's intentions really were?

He had his doubts. So, he quietly changed the formation at the entrance of Medicine Valley, making sure that from now on, the old woman couldn't come in anymore.

But he didn't want his disciple to find out. That disciple was still hoping to find a wife for her master.

Titus stuck his tongue out playfully. "So Master does get scared sometimes."

The old doctor tapped him on the head. "You little brat, trying to scare your master now, huh?"

"You're just afraid Master Carden will find out you don't honor her and won't even share a chicken leg. Then she'll think you weren't taking care of her, and that's why you let that old lady come and keep you company. If I tell her that..."

"Alright, alright, don't say another word. Two chicken legs—one for you, one for me. Happy now?"

"Then go catch the chicken already! But don't grab a big one. We're cooking it in the kiln—smaller ones are better for that."

A big chicken would be too much for just the two of them.

Titus happily agreed and ran off to catch one.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4399

After some commotion, Titus finally caught a hen and carried it over. “Master, is this one okay?”

The old doctor took the chicken from him, gave it a quick weigh, and nodded. “This is the one. Let’s go—grandfather and grandson, time to feast.”

Titus followed the old doctor cheerfully, running back to the kitchen to boil water.

While Titus and the old miracle doctor were getting ready to butcher the chicken and cook it in the kiln for dinner, Sonny had wandered off with his phone, looking for his parents.

He found them sitting under a tree in the yard, deep in conversation. From a distance, he saw Uncle Duncan gently brushing his hand across his mom’s cheek, then watched as his mom leaned her head against Duncan’s shoulder.

A moment later, Uncle Duncan leaned in and bit his mom’s mouth. Why would Uncle Duncan do that? Was her mouth tasty? Was he trying to eat it?

“Uncle Duncan!”

Sonny came running and shouted loudly.

Startled, Duncan and Liberty quickly pulled apart and backed away.

Liberty’s face flushed red with embarrassment, clearly flustered.

They had gotten caught up in the moment, showing affection in front of their child—something they shouldn’t have done.

Liberty shot Duncan a sharp glare.

Sonny ran up to them and asked Duncan, “Uncle Duncan, why were you biting my mom’s mouth?”

Duncan was at a complete loss for words.

No matter how thick-skinned he usually was, even he didn’t know how to respond to a question like that from his stepson.

“Sonny.”

Liberty gently pulled her son to her side and took the phone from him.

“Did you finish talking to Titus? You guys hadn’t chatted in a while—why not talk a little longer?”

She quickly changed the subject to ease the awkward tension and avoid answering the unexpected question.

Sonny replied, “We talked for a long time. My phone got hot. Oh! Mom, Titus said he wants more baby sisters. He said one isn’t enough—he wants a bunch. Auntie said my baby sister didn’t even know which park to go to for the swings. Titus told me to ask Auntie which park my sister was at. Let’s go find her and bring her home. I want lots of sisters, as cute and sweet as Avah—eight or ten would be great! I have money too. I can buy milk powder, toys, and lots of pretty dresses for them.”

Sonny clearly understood that raising kids costs money.

Liberty burst into laughter.

Duncan couldn’t help laughing either.

Their laughter made Sonny forget all about asking Duncan why he bit his mom. He looked up, confused by their reaction, as both of them laughed uncontrollably.

Watching them, Sonny started to grin too, his silly smile making Liberty laugh even harder.

Holding her stomach, Liberty chuckled, “Sonny, are you trying to make Mommy laugh to death?”

She pulled him into her arms, trying to suppress her laughter, and said, “Your aunt was just joking. It was something anyone could say—don’t take it seriously. There’s no sister waiting

at a park to be picked up. Sisters are born, like your little cousin. She was born from your aunt's belly."

Sonny _____ wasn't _____ convinced.
"But Auntie did say my sister was on the swing at the park. She also said my sister was sitting on the clouds looking for her mommy. If my sister's trying to find her mom, then we should go get her and bring her home so she can call you Mommy."

Liberty didn't know how to explain any of this to her curious son.

"Auntie wouldn't lie to me. Auntie's not a liar."

Sonny just couldn't accept that his favorite aunt had made something up. In his mind, the story of his sister on the swing was real. But now his mom was saying that sisters are born?

Born how?

When would his aunt or mom give birth to a baby sister?

Liberty sighed and said, "Your aunt—never mind. When you're older, you'll understand what she meant. Mommy doesn't really know how to explain it right now."

Sonny _____ pouted.
"Mom, you're just picking on me again because I'm little. I'm not some dumb 16-year-old anymore!"

Duncan laughed and added, "That's right! Our Sonny's no 15-year-old kid—he's already a big 20-year-old!"

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4400

Sonny: "..."

Okay, fine—he was still a kid after all.

“Did Titus say when he’s coming back you?” Liberty quickly changed the subject, trying to steer the conversation away from more tough questions. She really didn’t know how to explain things to him right now.

“He said he’ll be back during summer break. Right now, he’s living with his master, and he has to copy medical books every day. His hands are sore from writing so much.”

Sonny remembered when they visited FC Manor and helped copy some of those medical texts. It didn’t take long before his hand felt like it was going to fall off. And his handwriting? It was a mess—plus, he didn’t even recognize half the characters.

Titus, on the other hand, had really neat handwriting and knew way more words. His aunt once told Titus that his beautiful handwriting was thanks to being punished by his master to copy every day.

Sonny barely practiced writing, so it made sense his handwriting wasn’t great. His aunt had even said hers wasn’t very good either.

Sonny believed her—until he saw her writing at home. It was gorgeous, even better than Titus’s. That’s when he realized she was just trying to make him feel better.

“I told Titus I might be transferring to Jensburg, and I asked him to come visit during the holidays,” Sonny said, looking up at his mom. “Mom, I’ve made up my mind. I want to live with you in Jensburg and go to school there.”

Titus had said he really wanted to be with his parents too, but he couldn’t. He was committed to learning medicine from his master and could only visit home during breaks.

Sonny felt lucky. He could see his parents whenever he wanted.

He even had two dads now. His mom said Uncle Duncan was also his dad—his stepdad counted too.

Uncle Duncan was great with him. Honestly, Sonny liked Uncle Duncan even more than his real dad.

Liberty was a little surprised. She guessed talking to Titus must've helped Sonny make up his mind about transferring schools.

She picked him up and settled him on her lap, speaking gently. "Sonny, even though we're moving to Jensburg, we'll still come back to visit when we can. And your aunt and the others will visit us too when they're free. If I'm busy, Uncle Duncan can bring you back to Wancheng."

Sonny nodded.

Then he suddenly wrapped his arms around her neck and whispered, "Mom, I love you."

Liberty smiled and hugged him back. "I love you too, baby. When we get back to Jensburg tomorrow, I'll start looking for a good kindergarten. You'll start there in September."

Sonny nodded again.

Wherever his mom was—that's where home was.

He decided he'd stay with her. Aunt Seren had a baby now and was busy taking care of him, so she didn't have much time for Sonny anymore.

And Mom had told him it was her job to take care of him, not Aunt Seren's.

He couldn't keep relying on his aunt forever.

Liberty leaned down and kissed Sonny on the cheek.

Sonny grinned and kissed her back.

Duncan stood nearby, quietly watching the sweet moment between mother and son.

The family felt warm, close, and happy—just the way it should be.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Sonny asked, "Mom, can we go to my aunt's house to see my little brother?"

Liberty said, "Didn't we just see him this morning?"

Sonny said, "I want to see him. my little brother is so cute now."

Liberty said, "Okay, then let's go to your aunt's house. If you like, you can stay overnight at your aunt's house. However, you have to go to kindergarten tomorrow. It takes a long time to get back to the city from the villa. You need to get up very early to avoid being late. It's better not to stay there overnight. Come back early."

Sonny pouted and said, "I really want summer vacation to start soon."

Liberty rubbed his head, "It's still early. Summer vacation will come soon after Children's Day on June 1st."

Sonny asked, "Mom, we will perform on Children's Day on June 1st. Will you come to see my performance?"

Liberty agreed without thinking: "On the day of your performance, Mom will definitely come back to see your performance."

No matter how busy Liberty is at work, she will participate in everything related to her child so as not to disappoint her child.

Sonny was satisfied.

The family of three went to Wildridge Manor to see Serenity and her son again.

Seeing her sister coming, Serenity said, "Sister, I thought you went to Jensburg."

Liberty told Serenity that after she was discharged from the hospital and went home to recuperate after the baby was born, she would go back to Jensburg to work, and then she would come back when she was one month old.

"I was going to go today, but I changed it to tomorrow."

Liberty would leave after Sonny went to kindergarten, so that the child would not be too sad.

Sonny went to see his little brother, who was sleeping.

He took advantage of the adults not paying attention and reached out to poke his little brother's face lightly. The force was very light, because he was afraid that if the force was too strong, the little brother would feel pain.

That's it, the little guy was still sleeping.

Liberty and Serenity talked about Sonny's question about which park his sister was swinging on, which made Serenity laugh.

Sonny teased his little brother for a while, but found it boring to see that he was always sleeping. He wanted to find his friends at the foot of the villa to play, so he said goodbye to his mother and aunt and ran away.

The family of three stayed in Wildridge Manor until dark, and returned to the city after dinner.

There was no more talk that night.

The next morning, Liberty personally sent Sonny to kindergarten, and then she went to the airport and flew to Jensburg.

Duncan stayed in Wiltspoon for the time being. When he came back, he had to deal with things in his company.

He planned to fly to Jensburg again in two days.

After Serenity was discharged from the hospital, the young masters of the York family also left one after another. They all had their own jobs and their own life goals, especially those like Evan who had not yet caught up with his wife.

When Evan arrived in Huyoniville, it was already past four o'clock in the afternoon. He did not go back to his own home, but went directly to the Du Group and waited for Abby to get off work at the door of the company.

He also bought Abby a bouquet of flowers and a set of jewelry.

In the past, Abby was only willing to accept the bouquets, jewelry and other expensive gifts he sent, and Abby refused to accept them.

Abby soon knew that Evan was here.

She left work early for the first time.

Evan thought he would have to wait until about six o'clock to see her. When he saw her walking out, Evan was a little dazed, thinking that he was dazzled.

Thinking that she would be home for a few days, although he would call and send her messages, she rarely responded. Now that she knew he was waiting for her at the company gate, could she not wait to come out to see him?

Maybe, she missed him.

Thinking that Abby missed him, Evan was in a good mood, and the fatigue of catching the plane was swept away. With a smile on his face, he went forward with a bouquet of flowers.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4402

“Abby,” Evan said softly.

She stepped out of the company and stopped in front of him.

Evan looked at her, his eyes full of tenderness and longing. He wanted to pull her into a hug—but he held back.

She hadn't agreed to be his girlfriend yet. She hadn't even admitted that she was Fox.

But Evan already had his answer. His grandmother had confirmed it. He no longer needed Abby to say it out loud—he knew in his heart she was Fox, the woman he'd fallen for. His grandmother wouldn't lie to him, and the clues from his brother and sister-in-law had been painfully obvious. He'd just been too slow to put it all together.

His grandmother was a force to be reckoned with. If she had her eye on Abby, there was no way she didn't know how many identities Abby had.

So, Evan chose to trust her.

Like his brothers said, their grandmother might act like a mischievous old lady and enjoy bossing them around, but when it came to their love lives, she never played around.

Before she set any of them up with someone, she always did her homework—sometimes even meeting the woman herself to make sure she had solid character. Only then would she give the green light.

That's exactly what happened with Serenity. Everyone thought Serenity had saved their grandmother by chance, but in reality, it was all planned.

Grandma had pretended to fall in front of Serenity, knowing full well what she was doing.

These days, people are scared to help an elderly person who falls. No one wants to be falsely accused and end up paying for something they didn't do—especially people without deep pockets.

Serenity had the same concern. She asked bystanders to record everything and noticed a surveillance camera nearby before stepping in to help and taking Grandma to the hospital.

She was cautious—rightfully so. If anything had gone wrong, she could've been dragged into a financial mess her family couldn't afford.

But Grandma had no intention of trapping anyone. She just wanted to get close to Serenity. She liked her from the start.

And sure enough, just a few months later, Serenity and Zachary tied the knot in a whirlwind romance. To this day, Serenity still didn't know that Grandma had staged the whole thing just to meet her.

Grandma had repaid her "rescuer" with love and happiness.

"Abby, these flowers are for you," Evan said, holding out the bouquet. "And this jewelry set—I thought it would look great on you. Just a little something from me."

He offered the jewelry box as well.

Abby looked at him for a long moment before finally accepting the bouquet. Then she glanced at the box, took the red gift bag, and said, “I already have plenty of jewelry. You really don’t need to buy more.”

“What you already have is yours. What I give you is from me,” Evan said with a grin. Seeing her accept the jewelry made him feel like he was finally making progress.

He was convinced that even the few days they’d been apart had changed something. Abby seemed warmer now, more open. Maybe during that time, she’d realized she missed him—realized that she’d loved him all along.

Actually, Evan knew she’d fallen for him last year. But he’d been clueless then, even hurt her—enough to make her walk away.

Now, he was chasing her again—hoping she’d fall for him all over again and give him a second chance.

“Why are you smiling like that?” Abby teased. “Did you stumble across a gold mine while you were home?”

Evan chuckled. “I’m just happy to see you smile. I missed you so much, Abby. Even a day without you feels like three years.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4403

Abby narrowed her eyes at him. “I haven’t seen you in a few days, and you’re still the same—so slick I can’t tell what’s real and what’s not. Honestly, Evan, I don’t know what to believe. I prefer mature, grounded men, not guys who say whatever sounds good.”

Evan immediately straightened up, replying seriously, “Abby, I am mature and grounded. I’m not slick—I mean everything I say.”

Wasn't he mature enough?

In his mind, he definitely was. As his mom often teased him, he was already thirty—not exactly a kid anymore.

In a few more years, people would start calling him middle-aged.

“Relax, I’m just teasing you,” Abby said with a laugh, noticing how nervous he suddenly looked. “When did you get here?”

She smiled again when she saw how flustered he was.

It meant he cared—deeply. Just one sentence could throw him off. That alone showed her how much she meant to him.

She wasn't showing up in front of him as Fox anymore—she wanted him to fall in love with the real her. Not a disguise, not a persona—just Abby.

Evan replied, “I just got here. As soon as I landed, I hopped in a cab and came straight here. Didn't even stop by my place.”

Abby studied him for a moment. “You don't look tired.”

Evan: “...”

She raised an eyebrow. “So you flew all the way here, rushed straight over, and waited outside my office just to give me flowers and jewelry? Nothing else?”

Like maybe... ask her to dinner or a movie?

Evan picked up on it immediately and said, “I was planning to invite you to dinner, but I wasn't sure if you were off work yet. I know you're busy, so I didn't want to interrupt. That's why I waited here. Abby, are you off now? If you are, let's go to the hotel restaurant. By the time we order, it'll be perfect timing for dinner.”

A little early dinner wouldn't hurt.

Abby smiled. “Wait here—I'm just going to get my car.”

She turned around, still holding the bouquet and red gift bag, and walked back toward the office.

Evan stood there for a second, stunned—then a grin spread across his face. “Okay! I’ll wait right here!”

Abby hadn’t turned him down.

In the past, if he invited her out ten times, she might agree twice—three times if he was lucky.

Most of the time, she said she was busy, had dinner plans with clients, or was tied up with work.

He had even followed her once to Huyoniville Hotel, only to see her actually entertaining clients.

Being in business himself, Evan understood. He knew how demanding the job could be. But understanding her didn’t mean he didn’t feel for her.

He’d made a silent promise: once she was his, he’d protect her, care for her, and make sure she never had to work so hard again.

She had plenty of cousins—there was no reason she had to shoulder so much herself. She wasn’t even the heir to the Du family.

As Abby returned to the building, Evan continued waiting outside.

Just a couple of minutes later, a black Mercedes pulled up next to him.

He instinctively looked over as the window rolled down—and saw Spencer inside, giving him a half-smile.

“Let me guess,” Spencer said. “Abby wouldn’t let you in again, huh, Fourth Young Master York? Want a ride? I’ve got full access to the Du Group.”

Spencer was Abby’s mom’s godson—and practically her brother.

His company had partnered with the Du Group on a major project, and he was the lead on their side. That meant he came by often, so his presence at the Du Group was routine.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4404

It had to be said—Evan was definitely jealous of Spencer’s ability to come and go freely at the Du Group.

Meanwhile, he still needed permission just to step inside.

Even ordinary visitors had more access than he did. At least they could get to the front desk before being stopped—he was blocked right at the gate.

But today, Evan wasn’t feeling particularly jealous—especially not after Spencer opened his mouth.

He politely declined Spencer’s offer and said, “Mr. Chouinard, go ahead. I’ll wait here for Abby. She just went in to grab her car. We’re heading to Huyoniville Hotel for dinner soon.”

Spencer raised an eyebrow. “Oh, so Abby’s free to have dinner with you now? You do realize it’s not even the end of the workday, right? I actually came to see her about something urgent. I’m afraid she won’t be able to leave with you just yet.”

Evan immediately regretted mentioning the dinner plan so casually. He wanted to slap himself—why did he have to say that out loud?

He quickly said, “Mr. Chouinard, you can talk to Sister Adalee instead. She should be able to help.”

Adalee, Abby’s cousin, was someone Evan also respectfully called “sister.”

Spencer smirked. “Yeah, but Abby’s the one who’s been handling this project from the start. President Adalee Du isn’t too familiar with the details. I’ll speak with Abby first. Once we’re done with work, the three of us can go to dinner together. My treat.”

That last part—he threw it in deliberately.

Truth was, Spencer did have business at the Du Group, but it didn't have to be with Abby specifically.

He just couldn't stand the idea of Evan winning Abby over so easily.

His own love life was far from smooth, and the thought of Evan succeeding so fast made something twist in his chest. Call it jealousy—because that's exactly what it was.

The York family was simply too perfect. Even Spencer, for all his pride, had to admit he sometimes envied—and even resented—their blessings.

The Yorks had wealthy and powerful in-laws in every direction. If they ever hit a rough patch, any one of those families could step in to help.

That was a luxury Spencer didn't have—not in his relationship with Victoria, anyway.

Things with Victoria were complicated.

Once he finally figured out his true feelings for her, he'd told her clearly—through calls and WhatsApp—that he wanted her as his girlfriend, not a sister.

But Victoria said they no longer matched.

Even though her family's situation had improved, the issues weren't completely behind them.

Their recovery had largely been thanks to overseas branches of the Du Group, which offered a helping hand.

Victoria was deeply grateful to Abby's mom—her godmother—and to Mrs. Chouinard, Spencer's own mother, who also happened to be Victoria's godmother. But when Victoria's family business had crashed into financial trouble, Mrs. Chouinard had coldly distanced herself and refused to help.

Spencer had supported Victoria behind the scenes anyway—but his parents scolded him fiercely for it.

Mrs. Chouinard even pulled Victoria aside several times to “remind” her that she was no longer worthy of Spencer and should stay away.

She said Spencer had returned to Huyoniville to focus on his career, and the woman he would eventually marry would be a rich, local girl.

She all but came out and said Spencer would end up with Abby.

But Abby didn't love Spencer—she'd never seen him as more than a brother.

And the Du family, while polite on the surface, clearly leaned toward Evan.

Compared to the Chouinard family, the Yorks were a much better fit.

Their family culture, their values—the Yorks were just in another league.

Only a fool wouldn't choose them.

And more importantly, Abby loved Evan.

Still, Spencer couldn't help the pangs of jealousy as he watched Evan succeed. He told himself he saw Abby as a sister, but seeing Evan win her over so quickly was still hard to stomach.

He wasn't alone in that.

Plenty of people probably envied and even hated Evan—for exactly the same reasons.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4405

Spencer was just about to drive into the Du Group when he saw Abby's car coming out.

She stopped when she recognized his car and gave a quick honk, signaling to see who should go first.

Spencer pulled over and let her pass. Then he got out of his car and walked over to hers.

“Abby, heading out? Aren’t you still on the clock?”

He asked like he didn’t already know, making it seem like he had just gotten there.

Abby stepped out of her car too. “Brother Spencer, I left early today. I’ve already handed my work off to someone else, so you can ask around if you need anything. Evan just got here—we’re going out for dinner.”

Spencer said, “Can’t you wait until we’re done with work? I could treat you. Where’s Fourth Young Master York? Did he just show up? I thought he’d been waiting out here for a while—I was going to bring him in to find you.”

Abby smiled. “Sister Seren had her baby. Evan went back to see her—it’s his first nephew, and he really cares about her. Now that she’s been discharged and is home resting, Evan came here. York Corporation is planning to invest in Huyoniville, and he’s in charge of the project.”

Spencer already knew all of this.

But deep down, he also knew Abby’s heart had completely shifted toward Evan.

Even though Evan had turned Abby down once, the Du family didn’t stay mad for long—especially after Evan ate those chili peppers live on TV, ended up in the hospital, and had a coughing fit that lasted a while. After that, the Du family let it go.

Clearly, they favored Evan. The York family was powerful, and Evan himself was incredibly capable.

Spencer couldn’t help feeling jealous.

“Brother Spencer, you can just go talk to the Vice President. He and I are both in charge of working with your company. Since I’m not around, you can deal with him directly. He’ll help you out.”

Spencer was no stranger to how things worked.

“Is that so? Alright then. Mind if I join you for dinner? Work stuff’s not that urgent,” he said, clearly trying to crash their dinner.

Abby hesitated, then turned him down. “Brother Spencer, Evan just got here, and I have a lot to talk to him about. It’s not that you *can’t* come, but we’ll be deep in conversation. I’d hate to make it awkward for you, so it’s probably better if you don’t join us today. Let’s go another time.”

She smiled. “I’ll treat you another day. Or better yet, come to my house for dinner this weekend. My mom’s always asking about you. Since our companies are working together now, she keeps saying that if she sees you, she’s inviting you over. She told me to let her know in advance if you’re coming so she can cook all your favorite dishes.”

Spencer smiled. “My godmother’s so thoughtful. I’ll clear my schedule this weekend and spend the day at your place.”

“Great, I’ll let my mom know,” Abby said.

Spencer nodded. Even if his godmother favored Evan, she was still kind to him as her godson.

Lately, he’d been so busy with work that he hadn’t visited the Du family in a while.

His own mother often reminded him to stop by—catch up with his godmother, talk about family stuff, and keep up his presence in front of everyone there.

Spencer nodded again. “Alright, I’ll stop bothering you. Go enjoy your dinner.”

Abby smiled once more, then waved toward Evan.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-4 minutes4/22/2025

Chapter 4406

While Abby was talking to Spencer, Evan kept his distance. He was considerate enough to give her space and didn’t try to eavesdrop.

Still, he could tell Abby didn’t have any feelings for Spencer. No matter how hard Spencer tried, it all seemed forced—like he was just putting on a show.

But Evan didn't let his guard down. The Chouinard family clearly wanted Spencer to marry Abby, and until Spencer was officially off the market, Evan still saw him as a competitor.

"Evan, let's go eat," Abby said, getting into the car with him. She rolled down the window and waved to Spencer.

Evan rolled his window down too. He smiled at Spencer—a bright, confident smile that, to Spencer, felt like a slap in the face.

Did Spencer really think Abby would change her mind just because he showed up?

Goodbye, Spencer, my rival, Evan thought to himself.

Only after Abby's car disappeared from view did Spencer finally get back in his own and drive into the Du Group.

He wasn't really giving up on work.

Unlike Abby—who was the second daughter of the Du family and could leave work whenever she wanted—Spencer was just an employee. He had to earn his place.

Spencer had returned to Huyonville to develop his career, and thanks to his close relationship with the Du family, he managed to land a partnership with the Du Group. That gave him some credibility, and people started to recognize his capability.

But the pressure on him was immense.

Thinking about it, Spencer couldn't help feeling envious of Evan.

From what he knew, the York family had taken work off Evan's plate—reassigning it to his cousins and other executives—just so he'd have time to pursue Abby.

Evan didn't have to worry about business. His whole family was behind him, helping him chase after the woman he loved.

How could he possibly fail with that kind of support?

Sigh... same effort, different fate.

The York Corporation's investment in Huyoniville, with Evan leading the project, wasn't just business. It was the York family's way of showing he was worthy of Abby—and making sure the Du family saw it too.

It also gave Evan a reason to stay in Huyoniville long-term.

Among the York brothers, only Zachary wasn't relocated. As the head of the family, he had to stay with the corporation. He used to travel a lot for work, but after getting married, he scaled back to spend more time with his wife.

The other brothers often moved around—going wherever the family needed them most.

“Ring, ring, ring...”

Spencer's phone rang.

He pulled over before answering.

It was a long-distance call from his mother, Mrs. Chouinard.

“Mom,” he answered.

“Are you busy? Is this a good time to talk?” she asked.

“I just got to the Du Group. Still in the car. What's up?” Spencer replied, concerned.

“You went to the Du Group... Were you trying to see Abby? Can I video chat with her? I miss that girl,” his mother said.

“Abby went out,” Spencer replied. “Evan showed up, and she left with him for dinner. She looked really happy. She clearly likes him.”

There was a pause on the other end. Mrs. Chouinard's tone had noticeably shifted—no longer cheerful.

“Is there really no chance between you and Abby?” she asked softly. “Her mom and I are old friends. We've known each other for decades. I watched Abby grow up, and she watched you grow up. Our families are so close...”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4407

Mrs. Chouinard added, "If you marry Abby, everyone will be happy. It would also help your career."

She knew that Spencer's partnership with the Du Group after returning to Huyoniville was thanks to his close relationship with the Du family.

The Du Group was one of the largest corporations in Huyoniville. Working with them gave her son a real shot at building something big—far more promising than collaborating with small companies.

Spencer sighed, a little helpless. "Mom, I can't marry her just because I want to. Abby doesn't love me—she only sees me as a brother. Even my godmother isn't trying to force us together. Evan's a great guy, and he's a better match for Abby. The York family has a solid reputation, and the Du family isn't stupid.

"Mom, I know you're looking out for me, but don't you think my godmother is doing the same for Abby? I'm just her godson—but Abby is her own daughter. When it comes down to choosing between a godson and a daughter, we both know the answer."

"Abby likes Evan," he continued. "Please don't bring up anything between me and Abby again. It's never going to happen. If you keep pushing it, you'll only make things awkward between me and my godmother—and worse, it might strain your relationship with her too. You've already fallen out with one of your old friends. Do you really want to go through that again?"

Mrs. Chouinard fell silent after her son's firm response. She finally let out a sigh and said, "If there's really no chance, then I won't say anything else. I'm not in the country, and I can't help you from here."

"Even if I came back, what could I do?" she added. "If I showed up and kept bringing this up with your godmother, it would only upset her—and the Du family might start to resent us. And let's be honest, your godmother doesn't run the Du family on her own."

The Du family was led by its eldest branch, and the different branches were united. Spencer's godmother wasn't about to break ties with the rest of the family over this.

"Mom," Spencer said, "let's help Victoria's family if we can. Look—setting aside the fact that I love her—you and Victoria's mom have been best friends for decades. Doesn't that count for something?"

"Her family's not hopeless. If we help them through this rough patch, they can recover. Once Victoria takes over the company, I believe she'll bring it back to its former glory. Mom, I love her. I've already told her how I feel. Being apart from her recently has only made things clearer. I love her. I really do.

"I never treated her as just a friend or a confidante. I've always loved her. That's why I've been so good to her—why I've accepted everything about her and done whatever I could to help her family. Even the Du Group's overseas branch stepped in to help. So why can't we?"

"Mom, whether you approve or not, Victoria is the only one I'll ever love. She's the only one I'll marry. And if you and Dad won't accept it, then I'd rather stay single for the rest of my life."

Victoria hadn't moved on either. Her feelings for Spencer were as deep as his for her.

Both of them had mentally prepared themselves for the possibility that their families might never approve. And if that was the case, they were ready to spend their lives together unmarried.

There was another long pause on the line before Mrs. Chouinard finally said, with a heavy sigh, "Compared to Abby, I'm actually more familiar with Victoria. Our two families... well, it's your decision. It's your life, and it's your marriage. You're the one who has to live with your wife every day. If you've really chosen Victoria, then I won't interfere anymore."

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Mrs. Chouinard added, “As for helping Victoria’s family, that’s not my decision to make. I’m just a full-time housewife—I don’t handle business matters. It all depends on your father.”

“I’ll talk to Dad,” Spencer said, visibly relieved that his mother had finally let go.

He was confident his father already knew that the Du Group was stepping in to help Victoria’s family. With their support, her family wouldn’t go bankrupt or fall into deep debt.

Knowing his father’s pragmatic nature, Spencer was sure he’d take action now—before Spencer even had to ask—just to stay ahead of the curve.

Still, Spencer was aware their family might face criticism for only stepping in after the Du Group had. And even if he and Victoria made their relationship official, that lingering pain—that “thorn” in her heart—would still be there.

But Spencer didn’t care about that anymore. He had already told Victoria: once her family overcame this crisis, he wanted her to move back to Huyonville. Away from her parents and the weight of family obligations, they could finally build a life of their own.

He believed they’d be happy together.

“Alright,” Mrs. Chouinard said, “go talk to your father. I won’t keep you any longer.”

She had originally called just to check how things were going between Spencer and Abby. To her surprise, her son was still holding onto Victoria—and had openly confessed his love for her.

But that was that. Spencer was in his early thirties. He knew what he wanted. He wasn’t a child anymore. As his mother, she couldn’t control him forever. So, she decided to let it go.

Just then, on the other side of town, Abby sneezed.

Evan, who was sitting in the passenger seat beside her, turned quickly and asked with concern, “Did you catch a cold?”

Abby waved him off. “No, it’s just one sneeze. Don’t overreact. You sneeze too sometimes, don’t you?”

It wasn’t like she was sneezing nonstop—that would be something. But this? Just a single sneeze. Her health was solid; she rarely got sick, even during cold season.

Evan smiled and admitted, “Honestly, I was just afraid you’d change your mind earlier and go deal with work stuff with Mr. Chouinard first. I know he’s like a brother to you, but to me, he’s still a rival in love.”

After all, Spencer was Abby’s foster brother. There was no blood relation between them.

Abby reassured him, “I’ve already handed everything off to the Vice President. If Spencer needs something, he can go through him. Why didn’t you tell me ahead of time you were going home? I could’ve arranged a few days off and gone with you. I really wanted to see Sister Seren’s baby too. Isn’t he just the cutest?”

Serenity had posted on her social feed, announcing the baby’s birth—both mother and child were healthy.

But she hadn’t shared any front-facing photos of the baby.

The York family was very protective. Before their children reached adulthood, they wouldn’t allow the media to take direct photos of their faces. Even within the family, social media posts with full baby pictures were kept private—visible only to close relatives.

Serenity’s baby was only a few days old, and she didn’t want to expose him just yet.

Abby pouted slightly. “You could’ve at least taken a couple photos and sent them to me privately. I still don’t even know what the baby looks like.”

Evan looked a little guilty. “Yeah... I’m sorry. That totally slipped my mind. Everyone was scrambling to hold the baby. When I finally got my turn, before I could even get a good look, one of my brothers grabbed him from me. It was pure chaos. I didn’t even think to take a photo.”

He smiled and added, “It’s fine though. When the baby turns one month old, we’ll go back for the full-month celebration. You’ll get to see him then—and by that time, he’ll be even more adorable.”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-4 minutes4/22/2025

Chapter 4409

Abby sighed. “You’ve been back for days, and you didn’t take a single photo?”

Evan replied sheepishly, “I seriously didn’t think of it. I spent all my time fighting my brothers just to hold my nephew. It’s all my brother and sister-in-law’s fault.”

Abby glanced at him, amused. “How is that their fault?”

Evan grinned. “If they had just given birth to three or four nephews instead of one, there’d be plenty of babies to go around. I’d get more time holding one and maybe remember to take a picture.”

Abby laughed so hard she almost rear-ended the car in front of her. She hit the brakes just in time, narrowly avoiding a collision.

Once she regained her composure, she started driving again, this time more cautiously. Still, she couldn’t help chattering away. “You think it’s easy to have multiple babies? It’s already tough enough for Seren to carry one, let alone twins or triplets. Quadruplets? Come on, that’s a medical miracle.”

“If you didn’t take any pictures, fine. I’ll just wait until the full-month celebration. I’ll hold the baby myself and get a good look. So, who does he look like—Seren or Zack?”

Evan thought for a moment. “At first, I thought he looked like my big brother. But a couple of days later, I started seeing more of my sister-in-law in him. Everyone says babies change every day. His looks aren’t set yet.”

“Once he grows up a bit, we’ll know for sure. Either way, he’s going to resemble both of them. And since both my brother and sister-in-law are good-looking, there’s no doubt the baby’s going to be adorable and handsome.”

He sighed dramatically. “Still, it’s a shame he’s not a girl. Abby, let me tell you—my brothers and I secretly bought a bunch of princess dresses. We were so sure we’d have a little niece to spoil. Girls’ clothes are just so cute. Even my big brother couldn’t resist buying some.”

They all knew the odds weren’t great that Seren would have a daughter as her first child. But there was this fortune-teller—someone they’d never met but whose words held serious weight

in the family. He once told their grandmother that the York family's generations-long streak of having only sons would finally be broken by Zack and Seren.

The idea that their family—famous for being “blessed” with boys—might finally welcome a girl reignited hope. What if Seren did have a daughter?

Even if there was only a one-percent chance, hope was hope.

But as it turned out, the baby was a boy—just as expected.

Still, being the first grandchild of the family, the little guy was showered with love and attention.

After all, the York family had plenty of things, but none rarer than sons.

That might sound strange, but in families where sons are abundant, they're taken for granted. Daughters become the treasures. In families with too many daughters, sons become more cherished.

It's all about rarity.

Like with Tatum's fiancée—her family had plenty of daughters. So over there, a son was worth his weight in gold.

Abby chuckled. “Your York family's known for being a ‘Boys Only’ temple. There's no way Seren was having a daughter on her first try. If she manages to have one later, it'll be thanks to your ancestors pulling every string they can from the afterlife.”

Evan laughed. “Dream on. Oh, by the way, I saw Tatum's fiancée while I was home. She came back to Wiltspoon with him to meet his parents for the first time. That Miss Ormond—she's right up there with my third sister-in-law, Hayden Queen.”

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Abby turned her head slightly to glance at Evan, then kept her eyes on the road.

“What—Tatum’s fiancée is also a woman disguised as a man?”

She knew all about the famous Third Young Mistress, Hayden.

So when Evan said that, she immediately assumed the future Sixth Young Mistress of the York family was also cross-dressing. She couldn’t help but grumble silently: *Why does Grandma York always like finding granddaughters-in-law who dress like men?*

Evan quickly clarified, “No, not like that. I meant her personality is a lot like my third sister-in-law. She’s serious, driven. Maybe it’s because they both shoulder the burden of their family businesses.”

The difference, though, was that Hayden had chosen her own path. She genuinely liked the business world and had preferred dressing like a man since she was little. Though she had a brother, people always mistook her for the son of the Queen family.

In Jensburg, folks still called her *Young Master Queen*.

Hayden never corrected them. After two or three decades of being called that, she was used to it. Honestly, if she hadn’t fallen in love with Kevin and married him, she might have just kept living as a man.

But now, with marriage and love softening her edges, Hayden was showing glimpses of femininity.

Still, Evan thought to himself—next to Abby, that femininity didn’t stand a chance.

Abby had it all: strength, independence, and grace. Women could lead and run businesses without needing to hide who they were. That whole dressing-like-a-man thing? It just made things easier for Hayden, but that was her choice. As a brother-in-law, Evan knew better than to comment on it.

Abby raised a brow. “Lots of people are serious. Just because Ms. Ormond seems stern in public doesn’t mean she’s not gentle with the Sixth Young Master in private.”

“Maybe,” Evan admitted. “I’m sure she has soft moments. But from what I’ve seen, Tatum’s the one doing most of the compromising. He absolutely spoils her. She’s super picky, you know. Since she’s been back, he’s cooked every single meal for her.”

“I heard she’d rather go hungry than eat food that doesn’t meet her standards. I mean, plenty of people are picky eaters, but she takes it to another level. Lucky for her, Tatum’s been obsessed with cooking since he was a kid. Over 20 years of experience—he’s basically a five-star chef. That’s the only reason he can keep up with her taste buds. Otherwise, she’d be starving half the time.”

Elora had developed stomach issues from her pickiness. Before Tatum came into the picture, she often skipped meals and ended up with chronic stomachaches. But once he took over as her personal chef and adjusted her diet, things turned around. Combined with her medication, her stomach problems gradually improved. These days, she rarely gets sick.

When it comes to stomach health, it’s all about proper care.

With a fiancé who makes her nutritious meals and nourishing soups daily, if Elora still ended up with stomach issues, it would honestly be an insult to Tatum’s cooking skills.

After a pause, Abby remarked thoughtfully, “Maybe Miss Ormond’s pickiness comes from being raised on gourmet food her whole life.”

Sure, they were all born into privilege. But Abby had been accepted as an apprentice by her mentor at a young age. Training under a master wasn’t easy, and her meals never compared to the carefully prepared dishes her sisters enjoyed at home.

Abby wasn’t fussy about food. She knew how to take care of herself and live simply. In fact, she was the most grounded among her siblings.

Even her sisters weren’t particularly picky—and that had a lot to do with how they were raised.

Back when they were little, their meals were designed by a nutritionist. No matter how bland or unappetizing the food was, if it showed up on the table, they ate it. That’s just how they were brought up.

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Chapter 4411

Adults always stressed the importance of a balanced diet—and being picky simply wasn't allowed.

That mindset stuck with them into adulthood, making it hard for any of them to be as particular about food as Miss Ormond.

“Grandma would've carefully considered whoever Tatum chose as his fiancée,” Abby said. “If Tatum wasn't capable of handling Miss Ormond, then no matter how much Grandma admired her, she wouldn't have approved the match. But because Tatum *can* handle her, Grandma chose her. I think Grandma York knows exactly what kind of women are right for each of you.”

“Look at your eldest brother. He's cold and distant, never really close to women. So what did Grandma do? She basically forced him into marrying your eldest sister-in-law. She took advantage of his strong sense of duty. Because once he's married, he considers it a responsibility—he *has* to be a good husband. That sense of duty makes him care about his wife more and more. Over time, with enough understanding and closeness, love naturally follows.”

The men in the York family were loyal and deeply responsible.

Zachary didn't fall in love right away—he agreed to marry Serenity because he owed Grandma a favor. He said he'd take some time to observe whether Serenity was someone he could entrust his life to.

But in truth, the responsibility ingrained in his bones made him embrace her fully, shielding and cherishing her.

And that very sense of responsibility slowly grew into love.

“Take your third brother Kevin and his wife Hayden as another example. Your third sister-in-law doesn't talk much, but your third brother? He's a talker. They complement each other perfectly. There's never a dull moment between them.

“Then there's your second brother Callum and his wife Camryn. Camryn was blind when they met. But your second brother has a gentle, kind nature. He never looked down on her and accepted everything about her without hesitation.

“Your grandmother really is something special. She loves you all so much.”

Abby was certain of one thing—Grandma York didn’t just start helping her grandsons find the right partners overnight. She’d probably been planning it for years.

Why did she wait until Young Master York was married before arranging love stories for the rest? Most likely, she believed they weren’t mature or stable enough before that. Younger men can be impulsive, and back then, they didn’t seem ready to handle a relationship, much less a marriage.

If they had started chasing wives too early, it likely wouldn’t have worked out. Worse, their immaturity might have ended up hurting someone else’s daughter.

Now, the seventh and eighth grandsons were around 23 or 24. But even now, the old lady wasn’t in a rush. She said she’d wait until they were 26 or 27 before guiding them toward relationships.

Maybe she’d even hold off until they were 28 or 29.

After all, Grandma York already had a handful of granddaughters-in-law, and her excitement had simmered down. Plus, she’d just become a great-grandmother—she was ready to enjoy a well-deserved break.

Evan smiled. “I know Grandma loves us. She and Grandpa basically raised us. Back when we were kids, our parents were always busy with work, so they left us with our grandparents. Grandma used to say that once she retired, she’d be surrounded by grandchildren, and she wouldn’t feel bored.”

He chuckled softly. “She got her wish.”

“Our grandparents are remarkable people. They’ve built such successful lives, and they passed on all that wisdom to us, little by little. Sure, we brothers are different from one another—but compared to most, we’re all elites in our own right.”

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Chapter 4412

“That’s because Grandpa and Grandma raised us right.”

Evan smiled as he spoke. “My grandfather was an amazing man too. It’s just a shame he didn’t live long enough to see us all get married and have children. He would’ve been so proud to see my eldest brother become a dad. Grandpa always loved him the most—he was the eldest grandson, and that meant something special.”

Abby didn’t quite know how to respond.

She had never met the York family’s grandfather. He had passed away from illness when Zachary was in his twenties. That had been six or seven years ago now.

She said softly, “As long as you live well and stay devoted to your grandmother, your grandpa would be at peace. He’s surely smiling down on you from heaven.”

Evan was quiet for a moment before replying, “You’re right. We’ll all do our best and take care of Grandma.”

The brothers all had a deep bond with their grandmother.

Oddly enough, their relationships with their own parents weren’t quite as close.

When they arrived at the Huyoniville Hotel, Abby pulled the car into the lot. They got out at the same time. Evan glanced at the bouquet and asked with a hint of amusement, “Abby, aren’t you going to carry the bouquet I gave you?”

Abby replied matter-of-factly, “We’re heading in to eat. No point carrying a bouquet around—it just gets in the way. Next time, don’t get such a big one. It’s hard to hold.”

Evan chuckled. “But a big bouquet looks better. Alright, I’ll go with something smaller next time.”

As long as Abby was willing to accept flowers from him, Evan didn’t care about the size. He’d buy her whatever she liked.

He gently reached out, trying to take her hand.

But the moment he touched her fingers, Abby instinctively pulled away.

Evan felt a small pang of disappointment—but he understood.

Even though she'd softened a bit toward him after he returned from Wiltspoon, that didn't mean she had truly accepted him. She probably agreed to meet more because she wanted to ask about her sister-in-law than anything else.

Still, he wasn't discouraged. There was time.

He had a whole lifetime to win her heart again.

Without showing a hint of frustration, Evan followed her into the hotel.

The Huyoniville Hotel belonged to the Du Group. Abby was extremely familiar with the place—it was one of her family's businesses.

She led Evan into a private room she often used and asked casually, "What do you want to eat?"

"Whatever you're having," Evan replied. "I'm easy."

Without hesitation, Abby ordered a few of the hotel's signature dishes.

Once the waiter left, she asked, "How's your family's investment coming along here?"

Evan replied, "Pretty smoothly. Once our branch is officially set up, I wonder if there's a chance we could partner with your company?"

Abby gave him a knowing smile. "I doubt it—for now, at least. Who knows if your branch will even make it?"

Evan raised an eyebrow. "You're questioning my ability?"

She nodded, not holding back. "Yes, I am. Your success in Wiltspoon came with a lot of help—from the York family name. Not to mention your family's strong ties with the Lewises, the Stones, and the Buchams. You're surrounded by powerful allies in Wiltspoon.

"But here in Huyoniville? That influence doesn't reach very far. Any business you get here will be minimal. To succeed, you're basically starting from scratch. If you can get your branch running smoothly within two or three years, I'll admit you've got what it takes."

Evan said firmly, “I’ll have it up and running in two years.”

He wanted to say one—but considering he also needed time to win Abby back, he gave himself a little cushion.

He couldn’t let the woman he loved look down on him. No matter what, he would make the Huyoniville branch a success—fast.

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Chapter 4413

Abby asked, “Do you think it’ll really work in two years?”

Evan replied, “Abby, instead of doubting me, you should be supporting and encouraging me. I *can* do it!”

Abby said, “I wasn’t doubting you. I’m just saying it’s really hard to start a company and get it up and running in just a year or two—unless you happen to be in an industry that’s leading the trend. But right now, there aren’t many industries like that.”

He was the one who brought up whether it could work. The way he interpreted her question wasn’t what she meant at all.

Evan looked at her and said, “How about we make a bet?”

Abby raised an eyebrow. “What kind of bet?”

“Let’s bet on us,” Evan said. “If I can get my family’s branch in Huyoniville on track within two years, you’ll marry me.”

Abby shot back, “And if you lose?”

Evan leaned back, spreading his hands with a grin. “Then I’ll marry you. If I win, you marry me. If I lose, I marry you.”

“Swindler!” Abby said. “No matter what, the outcome’s the same.”

“It’s not the same,” Evan said. “If you marry me, you’ll live with me in Wiltspoon. If I marry you, I’ll live with you in Huyoniville.”

Abby shook her head. “Forget it. I’m not betting with you. Whether your business succeeds or not is your problem—it has nothing to do with me.”

Evan replied softly, “I really wish you’d take the bet.”

That way, he wouldn’t have to wait for the company to take off—he could just admit defeat and marry her.

But Abby was too smart not to see through him. That’s exactly why she didn’t want to make the bet.

She wanted their relationship to be built on real love, without any games or conditions attached.

Abby said, “You rarely come home. Why not stay a few more days and spend time with your grandma and parents?”

Evan chuckled. “My grandma’s a great-grandmother now. All she cares about are the great-grandkids—us grandkids don’t even register. As for my parents, the only time they’re truly happy is when I bring a girlfriend home. Then they actually notice me and remember I’m their son.”

He added, “When Tatum brought his girlfriend home to meet our parents, they were so jealous. They said my aunt-in-law had completed her ‘mission,’ but they hadn’t. What mission? They gave birth to us boys. My older brother’s married, so now they’re zeroed in on me.”

Evan was self-aware enough to laugh about it.

“I only stayed home one day before they started pushing me to come back again. I told them I’d wait until my sister-in-law gave birth. After she did and both mom and baby were healthy, my mom started pressuring me again.” He looked at Abby with deep affection. “Abby, I love you. I really do. I don’t care if you’re Fox, the Du family’s second daughter, or Bianca. I love *you*.”

No matter what name she used, she was still the woman he loved.

Abby replied, “Tatum knew to bring his girlfriend home, but you ran off by yourself without even telling me. Something big happened in your family, and you didn’t think of me.”

Evan was at a loss. “...I—I just thought I’d go see my nephew and then come here afterward. I didn’t think it through. I also figured you wouldn’t want to go back with me. You haven’t accepted my feelings yet, and we’re still in a gray area.”

“If you don’t ask, how would you know?” Abby said. “Of course I wanted to go back—not because I’ve accepted your feelings or become your girlfriend, but because of my sister Seren. She’s like family to me. She just had a baby, and as her close friend, I should be there for her.”

Evan was left speechless, unsure of what to say.

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Chapter 4414

Evan hadn’t thought things through. He knew Abby and his sister-in-law were close. If Abby had known Serenity had given birth, she definitely would’ve wanted to visit her.

But Evan had gotten the news and rushed back alone. At the time, it just didn’t cross his mind.

That was on him.

After a moment, Evan said, “Abby, I didn’t handle things well. I’ll do better from now on—I promise.”

Abby said, “There’s a banquet on Saturday. I’m attending, and I need someone to go with me. See if you’re free.”

The invitation caught Evan completely off guard. He looked up at her, stunned. “Wait—are you talking to *me*?”

“Do you see a third person here besides us?”

Sometimes Evan could be so clueless.

He broke into a wide grin. “I thought I might’ve misheard. Abby, of course I’m free—anytime. If you ever need someone to go with you to an event or social function, just say the word. I’d be happy to be your escort—your personal bodyguard.”

Even if she didn’t ask him, if he knew she was attending a banquet, he would’ve found a way to crash it with an invitation.

No way he’d let other guys try to make a move on her.

From what he knew, plenty of wealthy families in Huyonville were eyeing Abby as a future daughter-in-law. But Abby just didn’t click with their sons. None of those local young elites were her type.

Abby liked *him*—Evan.

She hadn’t accepted his feelings yet, but Evan could feel it. She had fallen for him last year.

Abby said, “Come to my house around six on Saturday evening.”

“Got it,” Evan replied.

“Do you have a new suit?”

Evan started to say yes, then caught himself. “Nope. All my suits are old.”

Was she going to buy him a new one?

Abby said, “Then take some time this week and go shopping. Pick up a couple of new suits. If you want to custom order them, it’s probably too late, so just grab something off the rack. There are a few brands with really good options.”

Evan’s excitement faded.

So she wasn’t planning to buy him one—she just wanted him to get it himself.

“Abby, how about you pick out a few for me? I usually have someone custom-make my clothes. If I shop on my own, I might end up choosing something awful.”

She wasn't buying that for a second.

Everyone knew the York men were perfectly capable. Scared of picking out a bad suit? Yeah, right.

He just wanted her to gift him some new clothes.

The waiter came in and began serving the food.

Once everything was brought out, Abby treated Evan to dinner.

As for the suits? She never gave him a straight answer, even after the meal was over and they were full and content.

Evan accepted his fate.

He'd just buy his own.

Clearly, he still had work to do to win her over.

"Abby, let's go see a movie," Evan suggested as they left the hotel.

"I haven't seen one in ages," Abby said. "No idea what's even playing."

Evan smiled, "Only one way to find out—let's go see for ourselves. Since you're not busy with anything else tonight, just relax for once. My treat."

Abby didn't say no.

And just like that, the disappointed look on Evan's face vanished.

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Chapter 4415

Once they got in the car, Evan asked, “What kind of movies do you like?”

Abby answered, “Anything but romance. I like martial arts, horror—pretty much everything else.”

Evan chuckled. “Really? I thought all girls were into romance films. Do you have any favorite actors?”

“No,” Abby replied calmly. “I’ve never been into celebrities. The people I admire are the ones who’ve made real contributions to the country and society.”

For people like them, chasing stars was easy. If they wanted, they could sign a celebrity to their own entertainment company in minutes and have them making money for the family.

Evan nodded. “Makes sense.”

No wonder she liked going out in disguise. He figured maybe it came from watching too many martial arts shows—maybe she had a heroine fantasy.

But Evan was wrong.

Abby wore a disguise when she stepped into the outside world for other reasons. First, she couldn’t let people know she was the second daughter of the Du family—she didn’t want to tarnish their name. Being from a prominent family came with restrictions. Everything she did reflected on them.

Second, she’d trained under her master from a young age. Most of the people around her were older senior disciples. By the time she’d finished learning, they were already out making a living in the world. After hearing their stories, she too wanted to experience life on her own terms.

Abby smiled. “What exactly do you think you understand?”

“I, uh...” Evan quickly changed the subject, glancing at the skyline. “The night view in Huyoniville is amazing, huh?”

Abby had been about to explain, but stopped herself. Saying too much would feel like confirming to Evan that she really was Fox—even though he already knew she was Fox and Bianca.

"It is beautiful," she said softly.

"I'm thinking of heading to the beach this weekend to unwind. Are you free? Come with me. I've got a yacht—we can take it out."

Abby's invitation came out of nowhere.

"Working every day, drowning in documents, nonstop meetings, endless business trips—it's exhausting. Even weekends barely feel like a break anymore," she said, gazing out the car window. "But that's part of the responsibility. When we were young, our parents worked hard to give us this life. We grew up without worries because of their sacrifice."

She paused before adding, "Now that they're getting older, it's our turn to carry that load and give them a peaceful retirement."

That's how it goes between parents and children. *You raised me, and now I'll take care of you.*

Evan glanced over at her, then focused back on the road. "That's why my grandma likes you."

His grandma always placed character above all else.

She used to say, even if someone's family background didn't match the Yorks, as long as they came from a clean, upright family and had strong character, she wouldn't care. She'd still welcome them as a granddaughter-in-law.

The York family already had more than enough wealth. Marrying someone without status wouldn't harm their legacy.

A good woman could bless three generations.

That's why Grandma placed so much importance on character.

She wanted the York family to remain grounded. Losses might happen, but the foundation would stay strong. And so far, York Corporation remained steady—better than most. The family had survived where others hadn't. Many of the families that once rose alongside them had already crumbled, their wealth wasted by the next generation.

Only the Yorks kept growing stronger.

Abby smiled faintly. “Honestly, the person I admire most is still your grandma, Evan. Back then, when I liked you, I think it was more about admiring the whole York family. I felt like—no matter who it was—if they were from the Yorks and appeared in my world, I would’ve liked them.”

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Chapter 4416

Evan was momentarily speechless. He couldn’t help but feel a little defeated.

So it’s not me she likes—it’s my family.

Luckily, Grandma had encouraged him to pursue her. And thankfully, Abby liked him now—really liked him.

They chatted along the way and soon arrived at the nearest movie theater.

To be honest, it had been a long time since Evan went to a theater. If he wanted to watch a movie, he could do it at home in luxury.

But this was what people did on dates—go to the movies. So he was going along with it. Not just to be with Abby, but also to enjoy the experience of a real date.

Since Abby liked martial arts and horror films, Evan bought two tickets for a horror movie. The show hadn’t started yet, so they strolled through the theater.

Evan also bought a bunch of snacks for her, claiming she’d need them during the movie.

Abby looked at the haul and shook her head. “This is too much. I’m not a kid. Who eats this many snacks during a movie?”

“With all this,” she added, “I’ll probably be too busy munching to even follow the plot.”

But even as she said it, her heart was warm. She was happy.

Evan tried to buy her other things too—designer bags, jewelry, and other luxury items—but Abby stopped him.

“You already gave me a set of jewelry,” she reminded him. “No more. I haven’t even brought that one home yet. What do you think I am, a jewelry store?”

She had plenty of jewelry already—some pieces passed down from her grandmother, worth far more than what you’d find in stores today.

Maybe it was the way she was raised. From a young age, she’d trained under her master. The training had been rigorous. Even though her master and the disciples came from wealthy families, they had been made to endure hardship. Living conditions during that time were tough.

Though Abby was born into privilege as the second daughter of the Du family, her pride had been tempered through those years of discipline.

When she returned to her identity as a Du family heiress, she still enjoyed looking at gold and silver and collecting jewelry—but she rarely wore it.

In everyday life, she only wore a necklace she was particularly fond of, along with a bracelet. Occasionally, she’d add earrings. Only when attending high-society events would she truly dress up.

“I really don’t need all that,” she said simply.

Evan replied, “I know you don’t. But I *want* to give them to you. I *like* buying you things. I want to spend all the money I make on you. Spending it gives me more motivation to make even more.”

He smiled as he added, “My eldest brother told me that once the Huyoniville branch is up and running, all the profits for the first three years will go to me. Of course, if there are losses, those are on me too. I’ll be reporting to my brother starting from next month.”

Part of the earnings would go to York headquarters, but the rest would be his.

Abby smiled. “Then you’d better work hard and get the branch stable fast. With a yearly income in the hundreds of millions—or even billions—your net worth is going to skyrocket.”

Evan grinned. “It’s already not too shabby.”

If he could marry her, he'd give her the best life possible.

He'd take on all the responsibilities, all the stress—just so she could be happy and carefree.

That was how a true York family lady should live—like a princess or a queen.

“Probably a few hundred million more than I have,” Abby said knowingly.

She was well aware of Evan's personal wealth.

Evan responded with a smile, “From now on, what's mine is yours. And what's yours is still yours.”

Abby laughed. “In that case, I'll surpass my eldest sister and become the richest woman in Huyoniville.”

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Chapter 4417

Evan said, “If your dream is to surpass your older sister and become the richest woman in Huyoniville, I'll do everything in my power to make it happen for you.”

Abby raised an eyebrow and teased, “Aren't you afraid I'll just take your money, kick you to the curb, and leave you broke?”

Evan reached for her hand and held it gently, looking at her with total trust. “I believe in your character. You wouldn't do that. And if you ever did, then that's on me.”

Abby narrowed her eyes. “Why would it be your problem?”

He smiled. “Because that would mean I didn't do enough. I didn't make you trust me completely, didn't make you love me deeply enough, or want to spend your life with me. So if you ever left, that's my failure—not yours.”

Abby stared at him for a while, then suddenly reached out and pinched his cheek, saying nothing.

During the movie, Evan barely paid attention to the screen. His focus was entirely on her.

He spent most of the time feeding her snacks.

After the movie ended and they walked out of the theater, Abby said, "I've been eating nonstop all night. I'm stuffed. I won't sleep well like this. Walk with me for thirty minutes so I can digest, and then go get the car."

"Sure," Evan agreed immediately.

He was more than happy to spend extra time with her tonight.

Abby didn't head home until around eleven.

She refused to let Evan drive her back.

When he insisted, she told him flatly that if he did, she wouldn't speak to him for a whole month. That threat worked. He had no choice but to give up.

When Abby got home, she found her mother still awake.

She walked over, sat down next to her, and said with concern, "Mom, it's so late. Why are you still up? Is something wrong?"

"No, I just couldn't sleep," Mrs. Du replied. "Your father and his fishing buddies went night fishing. He's not back yet, so I'm waiting for him."

Since retiring, Mr. Du had taken up fishing as his favorite pastime.

Day or night, he was out with his rod, and he'd made a lot of fishing friends.

Mrs. Du didn't try to stop him. She just set a few rules: no staying out later than midnight, and no fishing on holidays—those were her days. He had to accompany her.

Abby smiled. "I knew Dad liked fishing, but I didn't realize he was this obsessed. Out every night?"

“Who knows with him?” Mrs. Du sighed. “He used to go fishing on holidays before he retired, and I even joined him sometimes. Back then, I was too busy with the company to really notice how much he liked it. But now that he’s retired and has nothing but time, he’s gotten hooked again.”

She added, “As long as he’s back by midnight, I don’t mind. It’s boring to be home all day. I can go out with friends, play cards, go shopping, enjoy hot springs... but your dad doesn’t enjoy those things. Most of his friends haven’t retired yet, so they’re still busy. Fishing gives him something to do.”

Honestly, he was retired now. He could do whatever he wanted.

Everything came down to the children’s abilities. Many of their peers were still running their family businesses and couldn’t step back yet.

But the Du family? Their daughters had taken over and were doing great. The older generation didn’t have to worry anymore. They could relax and enjoy life.

Many families in Huyoniville’s upper class were jealous of Mr. Du’s retirement lifestyle.

Mrs. Du turned to Abby with a knowing smile. “You didn’t have any social events tonight, and you left work early. I’m guessing you went on a date with Evan?”

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Chapter 4418

“Mom, how did you know?” Abby admitted with a small smile, then muttered under her breath, “Oh—I forgot the bouquet and the jewelry Evan gave me.”

She stood up and walked outside.

Mrs. Du chuckled. “You left all the gifts he gave you in the car? That must mean you’re not that into him yet.”

Abby was already out of earshot and didn't respond.

When she returned with the bouquet and jewelry in hand, Mrs. Du couldn't resist teasing her again. "If your feelings for Evan aren't that deep and you two could split up at any time, have you thought about giving Spencer a chance?"

"Our families have a close bond and a good relationship. Your Aunt Chouinard and I have been friends for decades—she's watched you grow up. Sure, she's a bit snobbish, but that's common in our circle. Besides, with the Du family behind you, and with your own strength—both brains and boldness—no one would dare to push you around. If you were with Spencer, your Aunt Chouinard would treat you like royalty, probably better than she treats Spencer."

Abby looked at her mother and asked calmly, "Mom, which family do you think is better—the Chouinards or the Yorks? Which one is a better match for me? Who do you think I'd be happier with—Spencer or Evan?"

Mrs. Du paused, caught off guard.

After a few seconds, she smiled. "I was just teasing. I'm not seriously trying to push you to marry Spencer. His heart was never with you, and you never loved him. Forcing a marriage just for business would only make both of you miserable."

She added honestly, "Your Aunt Chouinard... she's not quite in the same league as Evan's mom. She doesn't have her grace, or her competence, or her open mind. The Chouinard family can't really compare to the Yorks. If we're being honest, the Chouinards aren't truly a good match for the Du family either.

"The Yorks, though... they're the real deal. A well-matched family, even if they are a little far away."

She smiled warmly. "But as long as you're happy, that's all that matters. Your dad and I are still healthy. We can fly out to visit you whenever we want. And you'll always be welcome to come home."

It was true—Mrs. Du and Mrs. Chouinard had been close friends for decades. Mrs. Du was even Spencer's godmother. As a Libra, she naturally leaned toward Spencer. But she wasn't blinded by sentiment. She could still see things clearly.

She knew that her daughter's happiness came first. And whether it was the York family or the Chouinard family, she had already made up her mind.

The Yorks had an excellent family legacy, and they were a great match for the Du family. The men of the York family were known for being loyal and devoted to their wives—something rare in many wealthy circles.

In fact, many daughters of high society dreamed of marrying into the York family—not just for their money, but for their reputation as loving husbands.

But getting into the York family wasn't easy. Every marriage had to pass the approval of the old matriarch. The lady of the house was shrewd, and you couldn't win her over with appearances alone—you had to prove yourself.

Mrs. Du wasn't about to let her daughter miss out on that opportunity.

Just the other night, Mrs. Chouinard had called, subtly testing the waters about a possible match between their families. But both women knew it wasn't going to happen. It seemed even she had given up.

"If you're not mad at Evan anymore," Mrs. Du said gently, "maybe it's time you make your relationship official. Don't give other women a chance to swoop in and steal him."

She added, "Your rival Paisley has been popping up around Evan a little too often lately—definitely on purpose."

Evan, of course, only had eyes for Abby. He didn't pay any attention to that wealthy heiress.

But it was clear the other woman had a plan—and she was targeting Evan.

The moment Abby heard her name—Paisley—her expression darkened.

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Chapter 4419

Paisley Hache came from the Hache family, which ranked fifth among Huyoniville's wealthiest families. Although the Du family outranked them, the difference wasn't too huge.

She and Abby had been classmates for two years.

Back then, Paisley loved sticking close to Abby—yet she secretly wanted to outdo her in everything. Unfortunately, no matter what she did, she just couldn't beat Abby. That bitterness turned into obsession. Abby didn't care much about her, but Paisley constantly picked fights, forcing Abby to respond. Abby wasn't a saint—she had a temper too—and eventually the two ended up as clear-cut rivals.

Now, both women worked for their respective family businesses.

Abby had started at the bottom and worked her way up to vice president through real accomplishments and hard work.

Paisley, lacking Abby's skills, was only given a meaningless title. Once again, she lost to Abby.

When Evan first began pursuing Abby, Paisley took notice.

At first, she didn't know who Evan really was—just that he was incredibly handsome. But when she found out he was the fourth young master of the powerful York family in Wiltspoon, her envy exploded.

Still, Evan had made it clear to Abby back then that he couldn't be with her. Then he returned to Wiltspoon. Abby had even flown there to find out why—only to come back to Huyoniville and resume her role as VP.

Paisley had mocked her repeatedly over that. She sneered, "So what if you're the Du family's second daughter? You finally fall for a guy, and he doesn't even want you."

She also liked to say, "If it were me, I would've already married into the York family and become Mrs. York by now."

Though Abby never stooped to her level, Paisley's jabs and sarcasm spread all over Huyoniville's upper circles. It only deepened the rivalry between them.

Paisley had a boyfriend, but his family background wasn't impressive. The Hache family hadn't approved of the relationship.

She didn't care too much—she was waiting to see if he could rise to the occasion. Secretly, though, she was planning a breakup.

After a few years, the spark was gone. And with so many attractive men out there, she began eyeing other options. Her plan was to find someone better and then dump her boyfriend.

She thought she had Abby beat when it came to love.

But unexpectedly, Evan reappeared—and this time, he was serious. He chased Abby with real commitment, refusing to back off no matter what the Du family or Abby herself said.

Evan wasn't just anyone—he was the fourth young master of the York family, whose wealth soared into the hundreds of billions. Compared to the Hache family's few tens of billions, the Yorks were in another league entirely.

And the Hache family's fortune wasn't even centralized. It was the combined wealth of Paisley's father and four uncles. If divided equally, her share would be far less than Abby's—not to mention Evan's, whose family was basically in a different stratosphere.

In the past, Paisley thought she had the upper hand in relationships. Now that Evan was openly pursuing Abby, she was green with envy.

So she made a move.

Since Evan's pursuit hadn't seemed to work at first, she thought she could swoop in and steal him away. She began appearing near him constantly, creating every opportunity she could to be seen.

But Evan only had eyes for Abby. He didn't even know who Paisley was—barely noticed her at all.

Still, while Evan was oblivious, the Du family definitely wasn't.

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Mrs. Du couldn't help but worry that her future son-in-law might get snatched up by the Hache family, so she gave Abby a gentle but pointed reminder.

"You love Evan, and he loves you too. Last year when he said he couldn't fall for you, it was because you entered his life under a different identity. The truth is, he loved *you* from the start. He was just misled—fooled, really. Let's be honest, he didn't handle it well. But when he realized he couldn't be with you, he didn't run away—he went back to Wiltspoon to calm down.

"He needed time to sort through his feelings. And when he was ready, he came back and explained everything. He didn't want to waste your time or youth. The only problem was, you went after him too quickly. If you had waited a little longer, he would've told you the truth himself.

"Abby, everything that's happened... it's always been just the two of you. From beginning to end.

"Our family isn't angry at him, and we don't disapprove. Your dad and I have already accepted him in our hearts. So stop pretending you're above it all—just accept his love openly and be his girlfriend. Don't wait until some other woman swoops in. You'll regret it when it's too late."

Abby replied stubbornly, "Mom, if someone can take him away, then it was never real love to begin with. If he truly loves me, no one can steal him."

Mrs. Du nodded. "That's true. But still, it's exhausting having so many rivals, and you can't always guard against them. If someone manages to trap him into something, he's the kind of man who takes responsibility. If that happens, who knows—he might feel obligated to marry her.

"Abby, when you meet a great man who you love and who checks every box, you *grab* him. If you don't, and you let him out into the wild, someone else will scoop him up in no time."

That's why wealthy families often arrange early connections—once a promising young man or woman appears, other families take notice. The kids grow up together, become familiar, even develop feelings. It ensures the best don't end up on the open market.

Abby said, "But aren't we already like a couple? Tonight, he invited me to dinner, and I went. He gave me flowers and jewelry—I accepted them. We even watched a movie together. Isn't that what dating looks like? Anyone with eyes can tell we're together.

“This is *our* relationship. It’s enough that we know it. There’s no need to go public just yet. When we get married and have a wedding, everyone will find out then.”

And when that wedding happened, the media would definitely cover it. All of Huyoniville would know.

“Mom, Evan’s not going to fall for Paisley. He doesn’t even notice her. She can’t compare to me in *any* way. With me right in front of him, glowing like a diamond, there’s no way he’d choose someone like her. She’s been losing to me all her life. If she thinks she can steal Evan from me, she’s dreaming.”

Abby was confident—completely secure in herself.

And she had full faith in Evan.

She wasn’t the least bit worried about her so-called rival.

Could Paisley even *dare* try to scheme against Evan?

Please. Evan wasn’t that easy to manipulate.

Don’t let his soft demeanor fool you. Sure, he could seem a little slow emotionally—like his EQ and IQ took a dip whenever he was with Abby—but that was just the image he gave off. He came across as gentle and refined, the perfect gentleman.

But beneath that polished exterior was a sharper edge.

Any grandson raised by Grandma York might *look* kind on the surface, but underneath it all, he was a smiling tiger.

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“Even if she *can’t* take him from you, you still need to be careful. After everything you two have been through, it’s only natural you’d end up together,” Mrs. Du said, still clearly worried that someone might steal her future son-in-law.

Abby nodded. “Mom, I get it.”

She wasn’t the least bit concerned that Paisley could take Evan away.

If someone *could* steal his heart that easily, it would only mean she’d misjudged him—and loved the wrong person.

“By the way, Mom, Sister Seren had her baby. It’s a boy. She’s already been discharged and is resting at home.”

Mrs. Du’s expression softened. “Then in a few days, your father and I should go to Wiltspoon to visit and drop off some gifts for Mrs. York.”

Before this, the Du and York families hadn’t really interacted.

But now, with Evan going all-in on pursuing her daughter—and the Du family having more or less accepted him as their future son-in-law—it only made sense. Seren was the first in the new generation of the York family to have a child. A visit and a thoughtful gift were appropriate.

It would also be a good opportunity for the two families to begin visiting each other like normal relatives.

“I haven’t seen Evan around lately. He must have gone back to Wiltspoon,” Mrs. Du added.

“Yeah. His sister-in-law just gave birth, so he went back to see her. He didn’t even tell me—just left on his own. If he had, I would’ve gone with him. I get along really well with Sister Seren. Even setting aside my relationship with Evan, I would’ve visited just to congratulate her.”

Mrs. Du said, “You can wait and go after the baby turns one month. That’s the best time.”

Serenity was the eldest daughter-in-law of the York family, and once Tania stepped down, she’d be the head matriarch.

Her own daughter would be marrying in as the fourth young lady of the Yorks. Building a good relationship with the future head of the family early on would make everything easier in the long run.

Still, thinking about the York daughters-in-law—how they were all top-tier women from powerful families, well-raised and cultured—Mrs. Du realized maybe she didn't need to worry so much.

Her daughter wasn't someone easily pushed around either.

Abby added, "I'll definitely visit when the baby hits one month. Oh, and Mom, when you and Dad go, could you bring some extra nutritional supplements for Sister Seren? Even if she doesn't need them, it's the thought that counts."

Mrs. Du smiled. "I've got it, don't worry. I'll handle it."

She also figured it would be a good time to talk with her future in-laws, maybe even start planning how the kids would live after they were married. It was smart to be prepared.

Abby yawned. "Mom, I'm getting sleepy. I'm heading upstairs. Don't wait up too long—Dad's not a kid."

Mrs. Du checked the time. "He should be home any minute."

Just then, the sound of a car pulling into the driveway echoed from outside.

Mrs. Du stood up right away. "That's your dad. I'll go see what he brought back tonight. I'll make you some fish porridge tomorrow."

She walked out of the house with a cheerful spring in her step.

Abby smiled and headed upstairs on her own, returning to her bedroom.

Beep—

Her phone buzzed. A new WhatsApp message had come in.

It was from Evan.

She didn't rush to read it. First, she carefully placed the bouquet in a vase and locked the jewelry away in her vault.

Then she sank into the sofa and finally opened the message, assuming it was Evan checking in to make sure she got home safe.

But instead, Evan had sent a few photos.

They were pictures of gift boxes—several of them, stacked neatly.

The strange part?

The gifts were addressed to *him*, but the signature on the card wasn't hers.

It said **Paisley**.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4422

Evan had no idea who Paisley was.

He had looked into the major families in Huyoniville and learned about their backgrounds, but he'd never bothered to find out how many daughters each family had.

So, he genuinely didn't know that Paisley was the daughter of the Hache family.

He texted Abby to let her know he had tossed the gift box into the trash outside.

Since his new house was in a wealthy neighborhood—where only the rich and powerful came and went—he figured the sender had to be a daughter from one of the elite families. He asked Abby to confirm, since she was far more familiar with the daughters of Huyoniville's upper class than he was.

Abby hadn't expected Paisley to move in on Evan so fast—sending gifts already?

She immediately called him.

As soon as Evan picked up, he said, “Abby, is this Paisley from the Hache family? I’ve never even met her. Why is she sending me gifts? Whoever she is, I’m tossing that stuff. If it’s not from you, I’m not keeping anything another woman gives me. Straight to the trash.”

He scoffed. “What do I look like, a recycling center for random junk?”

He wasn’t just asking because he didn’t know Paisley’s identity—he also wanted Abby to feel a little pressure, maybe even nudge her into officially becoming his girlfriend.

After all, she had competition now.

Abby replied, “There are a few wealthy Hache families around here, but the only one with enough money to buy a big villa in your area and come and go freely is Paisley’s. Her family’s worth billions. She was my classmate—and she’s also my mortal enemy. Always trying to go against me, compete with me... and always losing. Now she’s trying to steal *my* man.”

Then Abby deliberately teased him: “Looks like you’ve got a fan chasing after you. Lucky you. Why don’t you open the gift box and see what she sent? You might like it.”

Evan groaned. “Abby, come on. I only love you. You’re the only one I see. I don’t even *know* this Hache girl. I feel like I’ve been violated, and you’re teasing me about it? That hurts.”

“You’ve got to make it up to me. I want dinner every day—and you *have* to say yes. That’s your punishment.”

Abby laughed and apologized, “Alright, alright. I shouldn’t have teased you. From now on, if I’m free, I’ll say yes to dinner. Happy now?”

She added more seriously, “Paisley’s been hanging around you lately, pretending to bump into you. She even greeted you once. You really don’t remember her at all?”

Abby already knew Paisley had “accidentally” run into Evan several times.

Evan answered honestly, “I seriously don’t remember her. I don’t even know what she looks like. Why would I have any impression of her? Tons of people say hi to me every day. I can’t keep track.”

If it were a guy, Evan would probably remember him after a single greeting. But as for women?

Sorry—he didn't pay them any attention.

He'd never even looked at them directly, let alone tried to remember their faces.

Evan said, "So, she's your mortal enemy? Want me to do something about it? I'll handle it."

No one messes with *his* Abby. He wasn't just going to sit back.

Abby smiled. "No need. She's never gotten the better of me."

"One of these days, when she shows up again, I'll point her out to you," she added casually. She wasn't even mad—just calm and confident.

Letting Evan know who Paisley was didn't bother her in the slightest.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4423

Evan responded without thinking, "Nope. I don't even want to know what she looks like."

Abby shot back, "That won't work. She's dead set on going head-to-head with me and stealing my man. She's not going to back off easily. If you don't know who she is, how are you supposed to watch out for her? What if she sets you up and things get out of hand? Evan—what are you gonna do then? Will you take responsibility or not?"

Evan was speechless.

After a moment, he finally let out a sigh and said helplessly, "Alright, fine. Next time you see her, point her out to me. I'll make sure to steer clear. I won't even let her get within three meters of me. Maybe I should take a page from my older brother's book and start walking around with a squad of bodyguards to keep scheming women away from me."

Abby laughed. “You don’t need to go that far, but yeah, having a few bodyguards isn’t a bad idea. If Paisley’s really serious about chasing you, she might literally throw herself at you and try to trap you. With bodyguards around, she won’t even get the chance to get close. Keep a two-meter distance if you want, but if three meters feels safer, go for it.”

Before her future brother-in-law got married, he always had a team of bodyguards around him whenever he went out. They weren’t just loyal—they were skilled fighters. Not only did they protect him, but they also made sure no clingy admirers got anywhere near him.

Abby had seen it all before.

It wasn’t a secret in Wiltspoon. That was just Zachary’s standard setup whenever he appeared in public.

Evan said, “I’ll call my big brother later and ask him to assign a few guys to me.”

Abby chuckled. “It’s late. You’re really going to bother him right now? If you wake him up, don’t blame him if he shows up in your dreams and strangles you.”

Evan laughed. “It’s fine. My brother’s schedule is a mess. For all I know, he’s probably up changing my nephew’s diaper or feeding him right now.”

Abby: “...”

She had nothing to say about how the brothers handled things between them.

Then she added, “You haven’t showered yet, have you? Go take a shower and get to bed. Don’t stay up too late.”

Evan: “Got it. You too, Abby. Good night. Love you.”

Abby smiled. “Good night.”

But she didn’t say “love you” back.

After hanging up, she set her phone on the nightstand, stared at the ceiling for a moment, then turned off the lights and got ready for bed.

Meanwhile, Evan had just gotten home and still hadn’t showered.

Paisley's gift had completely ruined his mood. After getting the full story from Abby, Evan first texted Zachary.

Evan: *Are you still awake?*

Zachary: *You need something? Just say it.*

Evan called him.

Zachary answered quietly, "Is it something urgent? Calling this late..."

Evan asked, "Big bro, you're still up?"

Zachary replied, "The baby was hungry, so I got up to make him a bottle. Just finished feeding him."

He sat beside the bed, holding his son with one arm and his phone in the other.

Serenity was fast asleep on the bed. At night, she always let the baby drink formula so she could get some proper rest. Formula kept him full longer, which meant more sleep for everyone.

After becoming a dad, Zachary finally understood how hard it was to raise a child.

He and Serenity didn't want to hand the baby off to a nanny or the grandparents. They wanted to raise him themselves, to build that bond as parents.

Zachary had been raised by his grandparents, and his relationship with his own parents had always been distant. The people he cared for most had been his grandparents.

Even between a father and his biological child, it takes time—daily interaction, real effort—to build a strong emotional connection.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4424

Evan asked, "Is the baby easy to take care of? He still needs formula? Does he miss me—his favorite fourth uncle?"

Zachary replied, "He's doing fine. I feed him formula at night so your sister-in-law can get some rest."

He looked down at the little guy in his arms. After a full belly, the baby had fallen back asleep. Just a few days old, he seemed like a breeze to take care of—he'd eat when he was hungry and sleep when he was full. But Zachary couldn't help but wonder if it would still be that easy once the baby got older.

Evan asked, "Oh, so he's asleep? Can you take a picture for me, big bro? I just got here and I already miss him."

Zachary said, "He's asleep. I'm not taking pictures right now. Wait until he turns one month old—you'll see him when you come back. If you love kids that much, maybe it's time to marry Miss Du and start your own crew."

Of course, Zachary worried that if he had too many kids, he'd end up regretting it when the house got too loud and chaotic.

He and Serenity had only planned to have two kids. Now that their first was born, they'd think about a second one in a few years. Hopefully, a girl next time.

A fortune teller once said they'd have both a son and a daughter—and that the second child would definitely be a girl.

Looking at his increasingly handsome son, Zachary couldn't help but imagine what a daughter might look like. She'd probably be even more beautiful. The thought made him want a daughter right away.

Evan said, "I'm not moving that fast. If Abby agreed to marry me now, I'd be smiling in my sleep."

Zachary asked, "You've been there a while now. Still no real progress? As far as I know, the Du family hasn't been giving you a hard time anymore."

Zachary hadn't gone to Huyoniville himself, but he kept tabs on Evan's pursuit of Abby from afar and knew bits and pieces of the situation.

The Du family had only made Evan do one live chili challenge—which ended with him getting gastritis, a sore throat, and a nasty cough. He was even hospitalized for a few days. Abby had been so upset that she put her foot down and told her family not to joke about Evan's health again.

A girl like Abby was worth pursuing. She was the kind of woman Grandma would've picked for him—and had.

Evan said, "Things are definitely better this time. Abby's been treating me a lot nicer. She left work early to have dinner with me, we went to a movie, and she even accepted the bouquet and jewelry set I gave her. Bro, does this mean she's starting to accept my feelings?"

Zachary replied, "I'm not Miss Du. How would I know what she's thinking? Evan, why exactly did you call me in the middle of the night? Get to the point. You've been rambling on and on with no purpose."

Evan laughed. "Bro, I'm actually calling to ask you for a favor."

Zachary said, "What kind of favor? Go ahead, let's see if it's something I can do. But if you're about to ask me how to chase your wife, forget it—I can't help you with that one."

Evan grinned. "Don't worry. I don't need help chasing my wife—I got that part. You just got lucky and married your wife straight out. Me? I've got to work for it."

Chasing Abby wasn't easy, and Evan couldn't help but envy Zachary's smooth path to marriage.

"You can't compare yourself to me. All you can do is envy me," Zachary said proudly.

He had completely forgotten the stress and cold wars he'd once gone through with Serenity.

Zachary added, "You're off-topic again. Just tell me—what do you want?"

Evan chuckled. "I need a few guys. Can you help arrange them for me? I want a setup like yours—keep all the young women at least three meters away from me."

Zachary said, “Bodyguards, huh? How many do you need? Got some admirers trying to trap you or something?”

Evan replied, “...Do I sound that pathetic? Come on, plenty of girls still like me.”

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Chapter 4425

Zachary smirked. “Sure, sure—you’ve got admirers too. Plenty of them. But if there are too many girls chasing after you, Miss Du might feel like she has too much competition and lose interest. No woman wants to deal with that.”

Evan fired back, “My sister-in-law has a ton of love rivals too.”

Zachary: “...”

Evan continued, “Even after your wedding, there are still women who admire you and want to break you two up.”

Zachary: “...”

“Bro, I only need four people. Can you arrange for them to come over tomorrow?”

Zachary, clearly annoyed, said, “Alright, fine. But if that’s all, hang up. Next time, don’t bother calling me for small stuff like this. Just contact Uncle Sam directly and have him sort it out.”

Evan chuckled, “I just missed you, bro. That’s why I called. And I miss my nephew too. I’ve only been gone a day and I’m already worried about him.”

Zachary said, “If you’re that concerned, I’ll arrange for Alex to take over the Huyoniville branch when you get back. That way, you can stay here.”

Evan instantly responded, “No, no, that won’t be necessary! I’ll handle it. Alex still needs time to learn from his older brothers—he’s not ready to lead yet. Good night, bro!”

With that, Evan quickly hung up, not daring to push his luck further. He was genuinely afraid Zachary would replace him with Alex.

Zachary placed his phone back on the nightstand, gently paced the room with his son in his arms, then returned to the bed. He bent over carefully and laid the little guy down next to Serenity.

Serenity stirred awake. Opening her eyes, she saw Zachary placing their son next to her. She rolled over, reached out, and gently patted the baby as she held his tiny body close.

With her eyes still closed, she murmured, “Honey, is he hungry or did he have diarrhea?”

Zachary answered softly, “He was hungry. I gave him some formula, and he fell right back asleep. You don’t need to worry—get some more rest.”

Serenity let out a small hum. “You should sleep too.”

Taking care of a newborn was exhausting, and she knew Zachary was tired too.

He gave a quiet response, then lay down beside his wife and child.

Lying on his side, he watched them both sleep peacefully. Even though he felt worn out, the joy in his heart made every bit of it worth it.

The rest of the night passed in silence.

The next morning, Serenity was woken up by her son’s cries.

She opened her eyes to find Zachary already sitting up, gently rocking the baby and trying to calm him down.

“Why is he up so early today?” she asked. “He usually sleeps till around nine before waking up for a feed.”

Serenity sat up and checked the time on her phone—it was just after seven.

Zachary looked a bit sheepish. “I accidentally pressed his hand in my sleep. It must’ve hurt, and he started crying.”

Serenity: “...”

“I’m not used to him sleeping between us yet,” Zachary admitted, clearly embarrassed.

He was used to just being with Serenity, and now suddenly there was a tiny baby in the middle. Even though it was his own son, the adjustment wasn’t instant. Half-asleep in the night, he’d reached out to hug his wife, and in doing so, accidentally pressed the baby’s hand.

The poor little guy cried hard from the pain.

Serenity took the baby from his arms and said, “Good thing you didn’t roll your whole body on top of him.”

Some new parents forget there’s a baby in the bed and end up rolling onto them in their sleep.

She carefully checked their son’s hand.

Zachary asked nervously, “Seren... I didn’t break his hand, right? I felt myself pressing on something and let go right away. I don’t think I used that much force...”

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4426

“Should we take him to the hospital for a checkup?” Zachary asked, trying to recall exactly how much pressure he’d applied to their son’s hand.

He didn’t think it had been much.

“I think he’s okay,” Serenity said as she gently soothed their baby. The little one stopped crying, opened his eyes, and stared up at his parents.

“He’s not crying anymore,” she added. “It probably wasn’t that serious. If his hand was really hurt, he wouldn’t have stopped crying so quickly.”

Zachary let out a breath of relief. He leaned over and gently stroked his son’s soft cheek, apologizing, “I’m so sorry, buddy. Daddy didn’t mean to. I forgot you were lying next to

Mommy, and I accidentally grabbed your little hand. I promise I'll be more careful from now on. Daddy won't squish you again."

Serenity offered, "Maybe you should sleep in the study. The baby's not too hard to take care of, and I can manage by myself."

Zachary quickly shook his head. "No, I'm staying right here. I'll be more mindful going forward, I promise. You're still in confinement—you're not supposed to be overworked. Even if the baby's easy right now, you still have to wake up several times a night to feed him. That's exhausting."

"I don't have to go back to the company for now. I'm on paternity leave, and my only job is taking care of you and the baby. It's okay if I don't sleep much at night. When the baby naps during the day, I'll nap too and catch up on rest."

Zachary was fully committed to staying home with his wife and child, and no one dared to object out loud. Maybe people whispered behind his back, but if they did, he didn't hear it—and he didn't care.

After all, York Corporation had been under his control for years. Even if he wasn't physically in the office, he could manage everything remotely from his phone or computer. And besides, Callum and Josh were holding things down at the company.

Serenity said, "Alright then. But from now on, put the baby next to me—not in the middle."

That way, if Zachary rolled over in his sleep again, the little one wouldn't be in harm's way.

Even though she was a first-time mom, Serenity had hands-on experience with babies. She was attuned to her son's movements and could wake up quickly. She wouldn't roll over and crush him in her sleep.

"Should I make him a bottle?" Zachary asked as he caressed his son's face again. "His skin is so soft. Seren, our son's getting more handsome every day."

Serenity replied, "With the way you and I look, there's no way our child would be anything but cute—unless your handsomeness came from plastic surgery."

She knew for sure she hadn't had any work done—her beauty was all natural.

Zachary instantly defended himself. "Plastic surgery? No way. I was born this handsome."

Serenity laughed. “Relax, I’m just messing with you. I know you didn’t get plastic surgery.”

His family had great genes, and it showed.

“I’ll feed him,” Serenity said. “Don’t make the formula.”

Zachary nodded.

As he watched his wife nurse their son, he muttered with a hint of jealousy, “This little guy’s taken over my territory.”

“Zack!” Serenity shot him a look.

Was he really jealous of his own baby?

“I’m serious, Seren. You need to remember to put me first. This boy only exists because of me.”

Zachary looked at her with a mix of humor and mock seriousness, clearly feeling just a bit left out.

Serenity couldn’t help but laugh. “You’re seriously jealous of your own son. That’s your child!”

“I know he’s my son,” Zachary replied, “but one day, he’ll be someone else’s husband. You can’t spoil someone else’s husband too much.”

Serenity didn’t know whether to laugh or scold him. “Alright, alright. I’ll be good to *my* husband and make sure you come first. Happy?”

Back when she wasn’t pregnant, she had looked forward to having a baby so much.

And now that she had one, her husband was jealous of the baby.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4427

“When we have a second child in the future, if it’s a daughter, I might get jealous if you love her more,” Zachary said dotingly. “But even if we have a daughter, you’ll always come first in my heart. I’ll never love our children more than you. Children grow up, and we’ll grow old. Once they’re adults, they’ll have their own lives, their own families, and they’ll leave us. Only you will stay with me until the very end. Serenity, to me, you are the most important. No one can compare.”

Serenity smiled. *“I’ll hold you to that. Let’s see if you can keep your promise when we actually have a daughter. Husband, in a few years, if we have a second child and it’s another son, should we try for a third?”*

Zachary thought for a moment. *“No. Two is enough. If the second isn’t a daughter, we’ll let it go. No fortune-teller is infallible—they’re not gods. There’s no need to keep trying for a third or fourth child just because of some prediction.”*

He had seen his aunt bear child after child in hopes of a daughter, only to end up with nine sons. The ordeal had taught him a lesson—he refused to let his beloved wife suffer through multiple pregnancies just for the sake of a girl.

“I don’t want too many children either. One is a little lonely, two is perfect. A son and daughter would be ideal, but if not, we’ll accept it. Your family hasn’t had a daughter for generations—it’s not just us.” Serenity chuckled. *“Here I am, just days postpartum, already discussing a second and third child with you. But honestly, I am a little disappointed this one wasn’t a girl.”*

“Why can’t we be like Jane and have both a son and daughter?” Zachary gently stroked his son’s cheek. *“Look, he’s asleep again.”*

The baby had a habit of dozing off mid-feed. He’d wake soon after, crying from hunger. Breastfeeding kept him constantly hungry.

“Hey, little man, finish eating before sleeping.” Zachary pinched the baby’s cheek lightly, rousing him to resume feeding.

“I had a feeling it’d be a boy. Like you said, our family hasn’t had a girl in generations. Breaking that curse with our first child was never going to be easy.”

From the moment he learned of Serenity's pregnancy, Zachary had guessed it would be a son. When Sonny kept insisting his aunt had a *little brother* in her belly, Zachary grew even more certain.

"Then why did you buy so many princess dresses?" Serenity teased.

Zachary grinned. *"The baby can wear them."*

"No way. What if he grows up effeminate? Boys should look like boys. You've already bought him more clothes than he can wear—no need to add dresses."

Serenity refused to let her husband turn their son into a makeshift daughter.

Zachary relented. *"Fine, we'll save them. When we have a girl, we'll take them out, wash them, and dress her in them."*

Once the baby fell asleep again, Serenity handed him to Zachary. *"Hold him for a bit—don't lay him down too soon. I need to use the bathroom."*

"Be careful. If you feel dizzy or weak, call me."

Though Serenity was recovering well, childbirth had taken its toll. Seeing her still-pale face made Zachary's heart ache—he wished he could heal her instantly.

"Got it."

Serenity's voice floated back from the bathroom.

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson 3-3 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4428

Zachary had become a bit of a nag, but Serenity didn't mind—his fussing only proved how much he cared.

When she returned, she found Zachary carefully settling their son into the crib.

“Don’t put him down so fast—he might spit up,” Serenity warned. *“Hold him a little longer.”*

Zachary obediently picked the baby back up. *“How much longer?”*

“Just a while. Let him sleep beside me, not in the crib. We need to get used to having him around—so you don’t accidentally crush him again.”

Zachary pursed his lips. *“I feel like he’s wedged himself between us. Wife, I’ve finally met my greatest rival—my own son.”*

Serenity: *“...”*

“And I can’t even fight him,” Zachary grumbled. *“I have to spend money raising him, educate him, turn him into a proper man... all while he steals your attention.”*

Serenity burst out laughing. *“When he grows up and marries, he won’t be your rival anymore. This is your son—your flesh and blood. If you think like that, then maybe we shouldn’t have more kids. A son becomes his father’s rival, and a daughter becomes her mother’s.”*

Zachary’s face flushed.

“Give him to me. You should rest—you’re up all night feeding him while I sleep.” Serenity took the baby.

“No, I need to take Sonny to kindergarten. I’ll nap after.” Zachary checked the time.

Sonny adored living with them, and they’d care for him until his transfer. Once summer arrived, he’d move to Jensburg with his parents.

Though Zachary hated the thought of losing the boy he’d helped raise, Sonny belonged with Liberty.

After a quick change, Zachary leaned in for a kiss from Serenity, then pressed one to his son’s cheek before leaving.

Sonny, not to be outdone, rushed in to kiss his baby brother before heading to school.

Once Zachary was gone, Serenity laid her son down.

Soon, the old lady arrived with breakfast.

“Seren, time to eat.”

She set the tray outside before entering the bedroom. Spotting Serenity on her phone, she chided gently, *“Less screen time during confinement—it strains your eyes. Rest more, don’t sit too long, or your back will ache later.”*

“Grandma,” Serenity put the phone down, smiling. *“I was just taking pictures of the baby. I want to document every day of his growth. I wasn’t glued to it, I promise.”*

The old lady sat beside her, gazing lovingly at the newborn. *“I just wanted to see my great-grandson. It doesn’t matter who brings breakfast.”*

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Baxter Carson4-5 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4429

“Zack took Sonny to kindergarten,” Serenity said.

The old lady gently touched her great-grandson’s little face and asked, *“Have you and your husband decided on a name for the baby yet? If not, would you like us to help?”*

She was itching to give the baby a name. After all, she had named her own son and had helped name her grandchildren with her husband.

But when it came to her great-grandson, she chose to respect her eldest grandson and his wife, giving them the honor of naming their child. She wouldn’t interfere.

Serenity replied, *“Zachary hasn’t decided yet. I’m not good at naming. I really don’t know what to pick, so I’m letting him decide. The baby’s still so young. We’re just calling him ‘baby’ for now. Once we settle on a name, we’ll use it. There’s no rush—it’s only been a few days since I got discharged from the hospital.”*

Even though Serenity felt like she'd been home for a while, in reality, it had only been a few days.

Liberty had already returned to Jensburg and was busy with work. As the head of her household, she couldn't be away for long.

She'd said she would come back when the baby turned one month old.

Kathryn was on her honeymoon, but she told Serenity she and Pedro would be back for the full moon celebration.

"Grandma, did Tatum and Miss Ouyang head back already?" Serenity asked as she came out after washing her face and sat down on the couch for breakfast.

Just then, Tania knocked and entered with a tray in hand. On it was a bowl of soup.

As she walked in, she said, "Seren, are you just starting breakfast? Your grandma brought it up earlier, but the soup wasn't quite ready. I've got the finished one here—just brought it up for you."

"Thank you, Mom. I was just about to eat. Did you eat already?" Serenity stood up, reaching for the tray, but Tania waved her off and told her to sit back down and eat.

"We've already eaten. You go ahead. The soup's still hot—drink it a little later."

Tania set down the tray, picked up the bowl of soup, and placed it in front of Serenity.

Ever since her daughter-in-law came home to recover, Tania had changed her usual habit of sleeping in. Now she woke up at dawn every day.

She personally oversaw the kitchen's preparation of Serenity's meals. Even though all the ingredients were fresh daily, she kept reminding the kitchen staff—everything had to be the freshest.

Each of Serenity's meals had to be balanced and varied to keep her from getting bored or losing her appetite.

"Okay," Serenity responded.

"Is the baby sleeping?"

Tania was eager to see her first grandson.

It had taken over ten years for another baby to be born in the York family after the ninth young master. Naturally, Tania cherished the baby deeply. She went upstairs dozens of times a day just to check on him.

Her husband, as a father-in-law, didn't enter his daughter-in-law's room, so he relied on Tania to take daily videos of the baby for him.

Her phone gallery was now filled with photos of her grandson.

"Yeah, he just fell asleep after eating. Grandma's watching him inside."

"Oh," Tania replied, and reminded Serenity to take her time eating before heading into the bedroom to check on the baby.

As soon as she walked in, the baby woke up.

He didn't cry—just started kicking, his little legs full of energy, quickly pushing the small quilt off.

"The baby's awake. His little legs are so strong," the old lady said, watching the little one kick off the quilt. She didn't rush to stop him, waiting until he'd fully kicked it off before gently covering him up again.

When she saw Tania enter, she said, "Come look at this little guy. His legs are so strong—he's already good at kicking the quilt off!"

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Baxter Carson3-4 minutes 4/22/2025

Chapter 4430

Tania walked over, wanting to pick up the baby.

The old lady stopped her. "If he's not crying, don't pick him up. Let him play a little."

“He’s just a newborn—how can he play?” Tania asked, pulling her hand back. “Mom, he hardly cries. I haven’t really heard him cry.”

“You’re downstairs—you can’t hear him from there. Zachary’s room is soundproof, and you don’t have super hearing,” the old lady said. “Besides, Zachary takes care of Seren and the baby himself. He’s learned so much about parenting.”

“If the baby cries constantly under his care, then he’s not doing a good job as a father.”

With that, she picked the baby up.

Tania couldn’t help but ask, “Mom, you just said we shouldn’t pick him up if he’s not crying. Why are you picking him up now?”

“I saw him pout. That’s a sign he’s about to cry, so I picked him up first. Don’t cry, baby—Grandma’s got you.”

Tania stared at her grandson, confused. She hadn’t seen any pout. But Grandma had already scooped him up and wasn’t handing him over.

Even though he’d just woken up, the baby dozed off again in less than two minutes, nestled in his great-grandmother’s arms.

“He’s such a sweet baby,” the old lady said with a smile. “Just like Zachary when he was born—he didn’t cry much either.”

Tania looked at her grandson, memories of Zachary’s birth flashing back.

“Well, that’s because he’s full. If he’s hungry, we’ll see how quiet he stays,” she chuckled. “When Zachary was a baby, he was only quiet when his belly was full. Try skipping a feeding—he’d scream so loud the whole villa would hear it.”

Tania laughed. “It’s been over thirty years. I barely remember. I just recall Zachary being easy to care for.”

Truthfully, it had been Zachary’s grandmother who looked after him most of the time when he was a baby.

“When he was a few months old, he didn’t cry much. He’d just make noises or kick his crib to get our attention.”

“If he hadn’t pooped, then it meant he was either hungry or wanted to be held.”

“That child was sharp from the beginning. You could see he was steady and mature, even as a baby.”

He had always carried himself like a big brother—calm, composed, and clever. That’s why she and her husband chose him to be the next head of the family and worked hard to groom him for it.

And they’d been right.

Zachary had that calm, dependable nature. Now, he carried the weight of the family and ran York Corporation with great success.

The old lady looked at the little one in her arms and sighed affectionately, “Feels like just yesterday I was holding baby Zachary. Now I’m holding his son. Time flies.”

“The kids have grown up, and we’ve gotten older.”

Tania gently touched her grandson’s face, brows, and tiny hands. No matter how much she looked at him, she still felt like it wasn’t enough.

She said, “You’re right. In the blink of an eye, our children are grown, married, and having babies. I’m a grandmother now, and you’re a great-grandmother.”

“Tatum will probably get married this year. Once both of my sons are married, my job as a mom will be complete.”

“Thank you, Mom.”

Tania sincerely thanked her mother-in-law. She had chosen such wonderful daughters-in-law for her sons, making things so much easier.

Having a mother-in-law like her was truly a blessing—one she must’ve earned in a past life.
