

Married At First Sight Chapter 3891-3895

Chapter 3891

With Audrey taking care of Sonny, Liberty and Duncan were in high spirits as they left the Stone family home.

“Go ahead and head home,” Duncan told the two bodyguards assigned to him. “You don’t need to follow me tonight.”

After all, he had Liberty by his side. Besides, it was their wedding night, and even Sonny was staying with the Stone family. There was no way he was bringing bodyguards along to dampen their moment.

Since Duncan still struggled with walking, Liberty took the wheel. Every now and then, she’d glance over at her new husband with a playful smile.

“You’ve been staring at me all night. Haven’t you seen enough?” she teased. “It’s not like you just met me. What’s so fascinating?”

“Everything,” Duncan replied, his voice soft but sure. “To me, you’re the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Tonight, sweet words flowed effortlessly from Duncan, as if he’d saved them up just for her.

“I could stare at you forever,” he added. “Earlier, I had to hold back because I didn’t want my aunt to laugh at me. But now, it’s just us. I can look at you as much as I want.”

Liberty chuckled. “I didn’t realize I was such a sight tonight. Guess I’ve got some natural charm.”

“I’m not saying this to charm you,” Duncan replied sincerely.

“I know,” Liberty said, her tone softening. “You’re not the type to say sweet things just for the sake of it. If you didn’t love me deeply, you wouldn’t say them at all.”

Duncan’s mind wandered briefly to the past. His mother had once tried to pair him with Lily Harmon, a childhood acquaintance. While Lily was everything his family considered ideal—refined, elegant, and a better match on paper—his heart had never been moved by her. Sweet words never came naturally in Lily’s presence because, simply put, he didn’t love her.

His heart had always been Liberty's. He had watched her transform from a woman weighed down—literally and figuratively—by life, into someone confident, capable, and radiant. But even before her transformation, even at her lowest, Duncan had loved her.

“Liberty,” he said, his voice filled with emotion, “you’re beautiful. You always have been.”

Liberty glanced at him, amused. “Alright, stop it. I’m driving here. If you keep flattering me, I might get so full of myself that I’ll crash the car into a tree.”

Duncan laughed. “I’m not flattering you; I’m just telling the truth. You’re incredible. And Hank? He was a fool not to see it. Tomorrow, when we drop Sonny off at his house, I’ll thank him in person—for divorcing you. If he hadn’t, I wouldn’t have had the chance to get to know you, fall in love with you, and marry you.”

Liberty laughed along, but her smile carried a touch of melancholy. “If Hank had valued me, I’d still be married to him. I’d probably still be stuck in that old version of myself—overweight, out of touch, and dependent on him for everything. I wouldn’t have grown the way I have.

“Sure, I might’ve tried to lose weight, but without the determination I have now, who knows if it would’ve worked? When the divorce happened, I was devastated. We had years together, after all. We were classmates before we were anything else, so even if the love had faded, there was still friendship. How could I not feel sad? I’ll never forget how I went to Seren’s bookstore and just broke down in tears.”

Her voice softened as she continued. “Honestly, if I hadn’t been hurt so badly, if I hadn’t had Seren and others supporting me, I don’t know if I’d have made it through that time. Losing weight, finding myself—it wasn’t easy.

“I still remember starting at your company. You told me to run five laps every day because I was ‘too fat’ and it would ‘hurt the company’s image.’” She glanced at him, eyebrows raised. “Back then, I was sure you thought I was ugly.”

Duncan shook his head, a mix of regret and affection in his expression. “Even then, I admired your strength. I just didn’t know how to show it.”

Liberty smiled, her hands steady on the wheel. “Well, it all worked out in the end, didn’t it?”

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Chapter 3892

Duncan was quick to clarify, “No, I didn’t dislike you. But back then, your weight was a serious health concern. If you hadn’t worked on it, things could’ve gotten worse. You probably had severe fatty liver at the time.”

Liberty gave a small nod. He wasn’t wrong. She had been diagnosed with severe fatty liver during that period, a condition that resolved only after her weight loss.

Being overweight didn’t just affect her health—it impacted every part of her life. Finding clothes that fit was a struggle, and her appearance often drew judgmental stares. But after shedding the extra pounds, everything changed. Clothes flattered her new figure effortlessly, and strangers often complimented her radiant complexion and youthful appearance.

“Hard to believe you’re in your early thirties with a four-year-old,” people would say, marveling at how well she maintained herself.

As Liberty glanced at the GPS, she noticed the road ahead marked in red. “Looks like there’s a traffic jam,” she said. “Do you want to take a quick nap while we wait?”

Duncan peered at the congested stretch ahead, grumbling, “It’s the New Year holiday. You’d think everyone would already be home. Maybe there’s been an accident. But no, I’m good. I’m too hyped to sleep anyway.”

The excitement in his voice was unmistakable. “If I’m talking too much, just turn on some music,” he added with a grin.

Liberty slowed the car as they approached the jam, eventually bringing it to a stop. She glanced at Duncan, her voice soft with concern. “You haven’t rested all day. Why don’t you close your eyes for a bit? It’ll be another forty minutes before we’re home.”

Duncan leaned back into his seat, still buzzing with energy. It had been an incredible day, one he couldn’t stop replaying in his mind. He was just shy of turning 37 but felt like a love-struck teenager again.

“Alright,” he said with a chuckle. “I’ll nap for a bit, but you’ll have to wake me when we get there.”

Liberty smirked. “You think I can carry you upstairs if you fall into a deep sleep? You’re too big for that.”

Duncan laughed softly. "Fair enough. But before I doze off, how about a goodnight kiss for encouragement?"

Liberty rolled her eyes, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Someone might see us."

"It's dark, and the streetlights barely work," Duncan countered, his teasing smile widening.

Shaking her head, Liberty leaned over and planted a quick kiss on his cheek. Before he could say anything, she pressed her hand lightly over his lips, silencing him.

"Enough," she said, pulling back.

Duncan, still not entirely satisfied, grinned mischievously. He'd have the rest of the night at home to cherish his wife.

The excitement of the day finally caught up with him. With Liberty nearby, he found himself relaxing. In no time, his eyes closed, and he drifted into a deep, peaceful sleep.

When Duncan woke, Liberty was gently shaking his shoulder. The car was parked in the driveway of her villa.

"Are we home?" he asked groggily, blinking against the darkness.

"Yes," she said with a smile. "And no, it's not dawn yet. You've only been out for about forty minutes."

Duncan stretched, his energy quickly returning. His heart swelled as he realized they were about to begin this new chapter of their lives together.

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Liberty smiled as she teased Duncan. "Not yet. If you'd rather sleep in the car until dawn, be my guest. But since we're home, let's go inside. If you want to sleep, take a shower first. It's still warm out, but the weather forecast says there'll be light rain on New Year's Day, and the temperature will drop a little."

Duncan sat up, wiping his forehead. "You're right—it's warm. I'm actually sweating."

Liberty hadn't turned on the car's air conditioner; the temperature made it uncomfortable with or without it. While driving with the windows down let a cool breeze in, stopping in traffic left the air inside stuffy.

She stepped out of the car first, then walked around to help Duncan out. However, he waved her off, determined to manage on his own. Once out, he grabbed her hand, and together, they made their way slowly into the house.

As they climbed the stairs, Duncan suddenly stopped. "Liberty," he said, "I just realized—I don't have any clothes here."

Liberty smirked. "You could always borrow mine. My nightgown should fit you. Or should I find you something frilly?"

Duncan gave her a look, utterly speechless.

Chuckling, Liberty reassured him, "Relax. I talked to your mom days ago, and she sent over your essentials. Your clothes are already here. So go ahead, take a shower. I promise you won't have to walk around naked."

Duncan's eyes softened, and his heart swelled. He'd always felt he put more effort into their relationship, with Liberty seeming more hesitant. Yet here she was, quietly taking care of the little things he hadn't even thought of.

Overwhelmed with affection, he pulled her into a tight hug and kissed her cheek. His voice turned playful as he whispered in her ear, "Honey, let's take a bath together."

Liberty's cheeks flushed bright red. She pushed him away, stammering, "The guest bathroom works just fine for me!" Then, in a hurry, she escaped to another room.

Duncan laughed softly to himself, loving her shy reaction.

Their wedding night was as sweet as he had imagined, the hours melting away until it seemed morning arrived in a blink.

When Liberty stirred awake, she instinctively reached for Duncan but found his side of the bed empty. She frowned, surprised. He'd kept her up late with his endless chatter and affection, and she'd assumed he would be exhausted. But Duncan, ever energetic despite his physical challenges, had woken up before her.

Reaching for her phone on the bedside table, Liberty checked the time: 7:00 a.m. It was still early, but her body ached, her waist especially sore. She sighed, deciding she deserved a little more rest. She closed her eyes and drifted back to sleep.

The next time she woke, it wasn't to her alarm but to two familiar faces—Duncan and Sonny.

“Mom!” Sonny exclaimed, scrambling into her arms. “Why are you still in bed? The sun’s practically burning your butt!”

Laughing, Liberty hugged her son tightly. “When did you get back?” she asked.

Sonny beamed. “Uncle Duncan picked me up! He said after breakfast, we’re going to see Dad.”

Duncan stood by the door, grinning.

Sonny tilted his head, looking at his mother with concern. “Mom, are you feeling okay?”

Liberty gave him a warm smile, ruffling his hair. “I’m fine, sweetheart. Just a little tired, that’s all.”

Duncan raised an eyebrow, his grin turning mischievous. “Tired, huh?”

Liberty shot him a quick glare, though her lips twitched into a smile. She knew he wouldn't let her live down the previous night anytime soon.

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Sonny, concerned for his mom, straightened his little body and mimicked what he'd seen her and Aunt Serenity do when he was unwell. He placed one hand on Liberty's forehead, then his own, and finally leaned forward, pressing his forehead against hers.

Liberty couldn't help but smile at his sweet gesture, though she couldn't bring herself to explain her sore waist and wobbly legs. Instead, she shot a glare at Duncan, who sat at the edge of the bed. The look said it all: This is your fault.

Duncan, clearly amused, gave her a sheepish grin. He knew he had overindulged. After years of being single, he had let himself get carried away, and now Liberty was paying the price.

Sonny tilted his head and asked innocently, “Then how come you slept so late, Mom? It’s already eleven o’clock! I wanted to wake you up, but Uncle Duncan wouldn’t let me. He said you were really tired and needed to rest.”

Liberty smiled gently, fabricating a plausible excuse. “I’ve been so busy with work—leaving early, coming back late, and running around all day. It’s been exhausting. Now that I finally have a break, I just wanted to sleep in and recharge. I promise, Sonny, I’m fine. Why don’t you and Uncle Duncan head out for a bit? I’ll get up, wash up, and come downstairs for lunch.”

Duncan obliged, scooping Sonny into his arms and carrying him out of the room.

Before leaving, he paused and asked, “Do you want me to run a hot bath for you? It’ll help you feel better.”

Liberty waved him off, her tone light but firm. “I’ll take care of it myself. You two head downstairs.” She didn’t want to say too much with Sonny listening.

With that, Duncan reluctantly left, taking Sonny with him.

Liberty took a quick hot bath, which worked wonders for her aching body. By the time she was dressed and ready, she felt much better—her soreness reduced to a manageable level, and her steps no longer hesitant.

After lunch, Liberty helped Sonny pack a small bag with a couple of changes of clothes and some of his favorite toys. She didn’t want him to feel bored when he returned to his dad’s house.

Spotting the boxes of supplements Serenity had dropped off the day before, Liberty handed three of them to Sonny. “Take these back to your dad and grandparents. Give one box to each of them—it’s a nice way to show you care.”

Duncan stood by, silently watching. He didn’t object. He understood the importance of teaching Sonny values like kindness and thoughtfulness, even if it meant giving back to her ex-husband’s family.

Sonny, however, hesitated. “But what if Aunt Chelsea takes them? Every time I go back, if Aunt Chelsea comes over, she takes a lot of stuff from Grandpa and Grandma’s house.”

Liberty’s lips pressed into a thin line, but she kept her tone even. “Once you give the supplements to your grandparents, they belong to them. If they decide to share with Aunt Chelsea, that’s their choice. Just tell your dad to keep his box in his room. That

way, Aunt Chelsea won't be able to take it. He's been working so hard driving taxis; he needs to take care of himself."

Hank, Sonny's father, had faced his own struggles. After a brush with death, he had recovered and gone back to driving taxis to support himself and Sonny. Though his health wasn't the best, he made a point to provide child support and even gave Sonny extra money to save for his future.

Despite their differences, Liberty respected that Hank prioritized their son. She wanted Sonny to grow up understanding the importance of gratitude.

"We have more supplements here than we need," Liberty said softly. "I can't finish them all on my own, so it's good to share. Taking these to your dad and grandparents shows you appreciate what they do for you."

Sonny nodded solemnly, his little hands clutching the boxes of supplements. Duncan watched the scene unfold with admiration, silently impressed by Liberty's approach to parenting.

In teaching Sonny to give back, Liberty wasn't just shaping a kind-hearted boy—she was fostering a bond between father and son that no amount of past conflict could undo.

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Sonny nodded solemnly. "Mom, I understand. I'll ask Dad to hide the stuff so Aunt Chelsea won't take it. Why does she always come to Dad's house and take things away? Back then, Brother Lucas used to take my toys too. I cried, and Grandma said he'd return them after playing with them for a while. But he never gave them back."

Even though Sonny had only been two years old at the time, he still remembered how his grandmother favored Lucas.

"Sonny, that's grown-up business. You're still a child; don't let it bother you," Liberty said gently.

Chelsea had always been selfish, taking advantage of her parents and, by extension, Hank. Hank had enabled her behavior for years, favoring his sister over anyone else.

Whenever Chelsea visited the city, she made sure her favorite dishes—always the expensive ones—were prepared. Liberty would cook lavish meals, often including pricey

seafood like lobster and king crab, just to appease Chelsea. And Chelsea never came empty-handed to contribute, not even bringing a small treat for Sonny.

Liberty used to vent to her sister Serenity about how Chelsea would come as a guest but never as a considerate one. She'd arrive empty-handed and leave with leftovers packed to the brim.

When Liberty brought this up to Hank, he'd brush her off, saying it wasn't her money being spent. "I pay for the groceries," he'd snap. "Just cook whatever Chelsea likes." Yet, whenever Liberty asked him for grocery money, he'd lash out, accusing her of being wasteful and spending recklessly.

He never seemed to notice how much his sister's indulgences were costing them.

Shaking her head, Liberty pushed those thoughts aside. That was all in the past.

She and Hank had been divorced for two years now, and her life had completely changed. She was remarried—to Duncan. Duncan wasn't Hank, and he never would be.

Liberty had rebuilt her life. She owned a successful restaurant and company, was financially independent, and finally lived on her own terms. No one could criticize her choices anymore, and she didn't have to tolerate anyone taking advantage of her.

And Duncan? The gifts he gave her ensured she'd never have to worry about her material needs again. Her life now was one of security and freedom.

Sonny pouted but stayed quiet. He'd already decided to tell his dad to keep the supplements hidden from Aunt Chelsea.

After getting ready, the family of three set off for the Brown family home.

Hank still lived in the house he and Liberty had shared during their marriage. Returning to the community where she'd spent three years felt surreal to Liberty.

As she walked through the familiar neighborhood, many of the residents recognized her and Sonny, greeting them warmly.

Duncan, by her side in his wheelchair, quickly became the topic of curiosity.

Liberty answered their questions with ease, introducing him proudly. "This is my husband, Mr. Duncan Lewis."

When people's eyes inevitably drifted to Duncan's legs, Liberty explained, "He was injured in a car accident and needs a wheelchair temporarily. But he's undergoing rehabilitation and should be back on his feet in about six months."

The neighbors knew of Liberty's sister, Serenity, who had married into the wealthy York family. They were well aware of the bond between the two sisters and how they always supported each other. If Liberty had remarried, they figured, her new husband must be someone exceptional—and they weren't wrong.

