

Married At First Sight Chapter 3896-3900

Chapter 3896

The neighbors warmly congratulated Liberty on her new life and shared stories of how difficult things had been for the Brown family over the past two years.

An older woman who had always been kind to Liberty and Serenity clasped Liberty's hand and said, "It's karma, Liberty. The Brown family's downfall is proof that you're doing better. Living well is the best revenge."

Liberty smiled gently. "I'm not looking for revenge. I just want to focus on my own life. How others are doing is their business, not mine."

The woman nodded approvingly. "That's the spirit. You've always been generous and kind. No need to waste your energy on them." She turned to Sonny, reaching out to gently pinch his cheek. "Look at you, Sonny! You've grown so much—such a handsome little boy. Liberty, he's your spitting image."

"Hello, Auntie," Sonny said sweetly, flashing a shy smile.

The woman beamed. "What a polite boy! Sonny is such a gem. Everyone in the neighborhood loves him. He's always been such a good child."

The neighbors had always adored Sonny. They couldn't understand why the Brown family, especially his grandparents, had treated him so poorly. While they eagerly helped their daughter with her own child, they refused to lift a finger to support Liberty, leaving her exhausted as she struggled to care for Sonny alone. If it hadn't been for Serenity stepping in, Liberty might have crumbled under the pressure.

Now, things were different. Sonny lived with Liberty, and her life had improved dramatically since the divorce.

The Brown family's regret was palpable, but it came too late.

Hank's second wife couldn't hold a candle to Liberty. Sure, she was young and beautiful, but that wasn't enough to build a stable, happy home. Liberty had been the true backbone of their household, and the Browns had let her slip away.

Liberty hadn't just moved on—she'd thrived. Her remarriage to Duncan, a kind and supportive partner, was a stark contrast to her tumultuous past with Hank. The neighbors couldn't help but say the Browns had gotten what they deserved.

Spotting Hank approaching from a distance, Liberty said, "Sonny's dad is here. I'll take him over."

The woman glanced over and saw Hank coming their way. Lowering her voice, she warned, "Your ex-sister-in-law was here earlier. Don't go upstairs—you know how she is. She'll just start something. That woman is selfish and always looking to take advantage of others."

Everyone in the community knew Chelsea's reputation.

Chelsea had spent years causing trouble, meddling in her parents' affairs, and disrupting Hank's marriages. She used to badmouth Liberty constantly, but after Hank remarried, she turned her criticisms toward his new wife, Jessica.

Jessica, however, wasn't as tolerant as Liberty had been. Whenever Chelsea tried to take advantage of her parents' home, Jessica would confront her head-on, leading to heated arguments. Chelsea's tune had since changed, and she was now full of praise for Liberty.

The older woman leaned in one last time. "Liberty, remember this: just because they're Sonny's grandparents and aunt doesn't mean you have to put up with them. If you give them an inch, they'll take a mile. You've lived with them—you know what they're like. Keep your distance."

"I will," Liberty assured her.

As Hank drew nearer, the woman decided to leave, but not before finding a spot nearby to sit and watch the scene unfold.

After all, who doesn't enjoy a bit of neighborhood drama?

Married At First Sight Chapter 3897

Chapter 3897

"Dad!" Sonny shouted excitedly as he spotted Hank and ran toward him.

Hank quickly stepped forward, scooping Sonny up in his arms. He peppered Sonny's face with kisses, rubbing their cheeks together in a playful show of affection. To anyone watching, it seemed like the two shared a close and loving bond.

In truth, Hank had been making an effort to be a better father lately.

After a few moments of father-son affection, Liberty approached, pushing Duncan in his wheelchair.

Hank's gaze lingered on Liberty. Her complexion was glowing, her features softened by a gentle smile that hinted at her happiness. There was no trace of the tension or resentment she once carried. She radiated contentment, and Hank couldn't help but notice. Last night had been her wedding night, and it showed.

"I'm sorry, Liberty," Hank said, his tone unusually apologetic. "I asked you to bring Sonny in when we agreed to meet at the gate. Chelsea showed up, and we got into an argument. I lost track of time."

"It's fine," Liberty replied, her tone calm. "It was just a few extra steps."

She handed Hank Sonny's small suitcase, packed with clothes and toys for his visit, and passed over three neatly wrapped boxes.

"These are gifts Sonny picked out for you all," Liberty explained. "I'll come back in two days to pick him up. Just bring him to the gate then. In the meantime, make sure to keep an eye on him, especially if your sister is still here with Lucas. Don't let them fight."

Liberty's voice held a firm undertone. While Sonny had been learning martial arts and was now stronger than before, Liberty still worried. The Brown family had a history of siding with Lucas, and she didn't want Sonny to go through the same unfair treatment again.

Hank nodded earnestly. "Don't worry, Liberty. When I bring Sonny back in two days, he'll be just fine. He's my son—my only child. If I don't protect him, who will? I know I messed up in the past."

Hank's expression grew somber as he reflected on his previous mistakes. When Sonny and Lucas used to fight, he'd always blamed Liberty for not teaching Sonny better, completely overlooking Lucas's behavior.

Lucas, spoiled by his parents and grandparents, had developed a bossy and entitled attitude. He frequently snatched Sonny's toys, and while Sonny wasn't one to back down, he often ended up crying when the adults took Lucas's side.

Those days had been a constant source of conflict between Liberty and Hank, with arguments breaking out every time Lucas bullied Sonny.

Looking at Duncan, Hank gave a polite nod. "Mr. Lewis."

Duncan returned the gesture with a quiet hum.

Hank hesitated for a moment before asking, "Since you're already here, would you like to come upstairs for a bit? Maybe have a glass of water?"

Liberty declined without hesitation. "No, thank you. Duncan and I need to head back. We'll see you in two days when we come to pick up Sonny."

Turning to her son, she added, "Sonny, be good. Listen to your dad. Mom and Uncle Duncan will miss you and come get you soon."

"Okay, Mom! I'll be good and listen to Dad," Sonny replied obediently. Then, turning to Duncan, he grinned. "Uncle Duncan, you have to promise to miss me while I'm gone!"

Before anyone could respond, Sonny wriggled out of Hank's arms and climbed onto Duncan's lap. Wrapping his small arms around Duncan's neck, he nuzzled close, his voice soft and playful.

"You have to miss me a lot," Sonny insisted, giggling.

Duncan chuckled and promised, "I'll miss you every minute, Sonny."

Satisfied with the answer, Sonny gave him one last hug before reluctantly letting go.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3898

Chapter 3898

"Uncle Duncan," Sonny said sweetly, "you have to come with Mom to pick me up, okay?"

"Absolutely," Duncan replied without hesitation, his voice filled with warmth.

Even though Sonny was still standing right in front of him, Duncan already missed him. Letting go of the little boy felt harder than he had anticipated.

Sonny slid down from Duncan's lap and ran back to Hank, grabbing his dad's hand. Hank glanced at Duncan, as though wanting to say something, but ultimately, he stayed silent.

Finally, Hank spoke to Liberty and Duncan. "Liberty, Mr. Lewis, Sonny and I are heading upstairs. His grandparents are waiting for him."

Liberty nodded. "Alright."

She and Duncan stood still, watching as Hank walked away with Sonny.

Sonny turned back every few steps, waving enthusiastically at the pair.

Duncan clenched his fists, fighting the urge to rush forward, scoop Sonny up, and bring him back. He kept reminding himself over and over: Hank is his biological father. Sonny deserves to spend time with him.

It was just two days.

But those two days already felt like an eternity.

Duncan silently thanked Serenity for taking Sonny to FC Manor during his winter vacation, ensuring the Brown family didn't keep him longer than they should. If Sonny had stayed with the Browns for weeks—or worse, months—Duncan didn't think he could have handled it.

Moreover, Chelsea and the Browns might try to influence Sonny, planting harmful ideas in his young mind.

Duncan sighed heavily, voicing his frustration. "It's only been a few minutes, and I already miss Sonny. How am I supposed to survive two whole days? Hank might be his father, but I hate the idea of him taking Sonny for even a minute."

Liberty gave Duncan's wheelchair a gentle push, guiding him toward the exit. She replied calmly, "Hank has changed a lot. He's a better father now, and I trust him to protect Sonny. It's only two days—they'll have some quality father-son time. We shouldn't worry. Even Sonny's grandparents have softened over time. He's their only grandson, after all."

Liberty's tone was steady and resolute, but Duncan's brow furrowed in frustration.

"The Browns didn't know how to value you or Sonny when they had the chance," he muttered. "Now that they've lost you, they're all trying to backpedal. And why is Chelsea hanging around again? It's New Year's—can't she just stay home instead of stirring up trouble at her parents' house?"

Duncan glanced back at Liberty, his expression pained. "Liberty, what kind of life did you have back then? I can't imagine dealing with someone like Chelsea constantly."

Liberty's voice remained calm. "It's all in the past. None of it bothers me anymore. I'm genuinely happy now. When I think about those days, it feels like I'm remembering someone else's life, not mine."

Duncan's gaze softened, though a protective edge remained in his voice. "If anyone in my family treated you like Chelsea did, I'd cut them off immediately. No one is going to make you suffer while I'm around."

Liberty smiled faintly at Duncan's fierce declaration, touched by his unwavering support.

"Your family isn't like Chelsea," she said gently. "They're good people—well-educated and respectful. Besides, they see how much you love and protect me. They'd never cross a line."

Duncan nodded, though his protective instincts didn't waver. He vowed silently to always stand by Liberty's side, ensuring she never endured even a fraction of the pain she had faced in the past.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3899

Chapter 3899

Mrs. Lewis, as a mother-in-law, knew better than to meddle in Liberty's life. Even her extended family, though not particularly close-knit, had the decency to steer clear of unnecessary drama.

Unlike Chelsea, they didn't cause trouble just to stir the pot.

Besides, Liberty had strong support behind her—the York family and a powerful network of businesspeople. Everyone in Wiltspoon knew how fiercely Serenity protected her sister.

Anyone foolish enough to mess with Liberty would have to deal with Serenity. And if Serenity was ready to go to war, Zachary wouldn't just sit back and let it happen.

Liberty exhaled softly, reflecting on her past. "I'm not the same person I used to be. Back then, I let people walk all over me. Looking back now, I can't believe how naïve I was. I gave up my career to be a full-time housewife, dedicating every moment to my husband and child. And what did I get in return?"

Her gaze turned somber as she added, "Even my health suffered. I didn't take care of myself, and I let myself go. I became overweight, and I didn't care because I thought, *I'm married now. I have a son. What does it matter?*"

Liberty shook her head, her voice firmer. "But after the divorce, I woke up. I realized that if I didn't love myself, how could I expect anyone else to?"

She straightened her shoulders, her resolve clear. "But it's all behind me now, Duncan. Let's not dwell on the past. What matters is the life we're building together."

Duncan smiled at her determination. "You're right. Let's focus on the future."

Meanwhile, Chelsea stood on the balcony of Hank's apartment, squinting as Liberty and Duncan walked away. Even at a distance, Duncan's wheelchair made him easily recognizable.

George stepped outside and joined her. "Didn't Liberty go upstairs?" he asked quietly.

Chelsea scoffed. "Of course not. She's married to that cripple, so she has to keep up appearances."

George frowned. "Duncan may be in a wheelchair, but he's filthy rich. Liberty hit the jackpot. Even as a second marriage, she's going to live a life of luxury. Some people have all the luck."

Chelsea rolled her eyes but couldn't argue. "It's all because of Serenity. If her sister hadn't married into the York family, Liberty would never have met Duncan or had the chance to marry into wealth."

George nodded thoughtfully. "Duncan's legs may be injured, but that doesn't mean he can't fulfill his duties as a husband. If Liberty marries him, she's set for life. Honestly, she'd be a fool not to." He lowered his voice. "And have you heard the rumors? Liberty and Serenity are supposedly descendants of the Farrell family in Jensburg. Their mother was the Farrell family's eldest daughter before she passed."

Chelsea sighed heavily, a bitter edge in her tone. "Our family really missed the boat. If we'd known Liberty came from such a powerful lineage, and if we'd known Serenity would marry into money, I'd have stopped Hank from divorcing her. I'd have kicked Jessica to the curb myself."

Her voice rose with frustration. "We had a goldmine right under our noses and didn't realize it. Now people mock us for being so blind."

Their conversation ended abruptly when Hank returned with Sonny. Chelsea darted inside from the balcony, eager to make a show of her affection.

As soon as the door opened, she rushed over, dramatically throwing her arms around Sonny. “Sonny! You’re finally home! Auntie missed you so much. Did you miss me?”

Sonny wriggled uncomfortably in her embrace. He knew Auntie Chelsea was the one who always badmouthed his mom and Uncle Duncan.

“I missed you too, Auntie,” Sonny replied flatly, pulling free from her grip and retreating to Hank’s side.

Hank picked him up protectively and shot Chelsea a stern look. “Don’t scare him.”

Mr. and Mrs. Brown soon joined them. Mr. Brown gently pushed Chelsea aside, smiling warmly at Sonny. “Let Grandpa hold him.”

Sonny hesitated but eventually let his grandfather carry him to the sofa.

Lucas, meanwhile, sat nearby, stuffing his face with snacks. The table was covered in treats Hank had bought for Sonny’s visit, but Lucas had claimed most of them.

When Lucas saw Sonny, he didn’t bother saying hello. Instead, he grabbed a plate loaded with snacks and glared at Sonny. “These are all mine,” he announced.

Sonny frowned, annoyed. *Brother Lucas is still as bossy as ever.*

Whenever Sonny visited his dad’s house, Lucas either snatched his toys or hogged the food.

Sonny glanced around and sighed inwardly. *This isn’t really my home*, he thought. *The house where I live with Mom is my real home.*

Married At First Sight Chapter 3900

Chapter 3900

“Lucas,” Chelsea snapped at her son. “Those snacks were bought for Sonny by your uncle. Put the plate down and share with your little brother. You’re the older one—you should know how to take care of him.”

Chelsea had always tried to teach Lucas to get along with Sonny, but her words never seemed to sink in.

But things were different now.

Sonny wasn't just any kid anymore. He was the stepson of Duncan Lewis, a man of wealth and influence. His mother, Liberty, was financially secure, and his aunt Serenity was even wealthier. Sonny had earned the title of *Young Master Sonny*.

He was practically a little lord.

Chelsea had long since realized the potential benefits of having Lucas develop a strong bond with Sonny. If Lucas played his cards right and built a deep brotherly connection, he might secure a small piece of Sonny's future fortune—a fortune that could easily provide Lucas a comfortable life.

With this thought in mind, Chelsea strode over, grabbed the plate from Lucas's hands, and placed it back on the coffee table. She smiled sweetly at Sonny. "Sonny, these are all for you. Go ahead and eat. Your dad bought them especially for you."

She even grabbed a handful of snacks and held them out to him.

But Sonny shook his head politely. "Mom said I shouldn't eat too many snacks."

Sonny wasn't lacking in food. At home, he had all kinds of delicious treats. Fighting over snacks with Lucas didn't interest him in the least.

"Mom, I want them! I want to eat them!" Lucas whined, reaching for the snacks.

Chelsea slapped his hand away, her irritation evident. She glared at him, her voice low and sharp. Lucas had promised to behave before they left the house. He knew how important it was to make Sonny feel welcome.

Why can't this boy just listen?

Chelsea's frustration bubbled over. Earlier, she and Hank had argued over this very issue. She had insisted that Lucas and Sonny needed to build a close brotherly relationship. Hank, however, accused her of trying to manipulate Sonny for personal gain, calling her selfish and accusing her of always putting her own interests—and those of her immediate family—above everyone else's.

Hank's life had taken a sharp downturn lately. His high-paying job was long gone, his marriage had crumbled, and he was barely scraping by. He had no sympathy left for his sister, who still tried to leech off him at every opportunity.

But Chelsea had only herself to blame. Years of Hank indulging her had fueled her sense of entitlement. Now, with the Brown family's fortunes in decline, she clung to any chance to secure an advantage—even if it meant using Sonny.

Realizing he'd crossed the line, Lucas slouched back, chastened. For now, he would behave.

Still, jealousy simmered beneath the surface.

Everyone else in the room—his grandparents, his uncle, even his own parents—was focused entirely on Sonny. They hovered around him, fussing over him and asking how he was doing, as if he were royalty.

Lucas's small hands clenched into fists, his face darkening. He couldn't stand it. Why did Sonny always get all the attention? Why did everyone act like he was so special?

It's not fair, Lucas thought bitterly. *Why does Sonny get to be the center of everyone's world?*