

Married At First Sight Chapter 3981-3985

Chapter 3981

Serenity paused for a moment before saying, “The next time Uncle Brown and his family come to pick up Sonny, I’ll remind them not to give him too much spicy or irritating food. Sonny’s throat gets inflamed easily, even with just a little. He can’t handle it.”

As Sonny’s aunt, Serenity was familiar with the Brown family dynamics, and she knew her approach would be more effective.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown wouldn’t argue with her since they understood she had Sonny’s best interests at heart. But if Duncan were the one to bring it up, it might spark misunderstandings. The Browns might think Duncan was trying to drive a wedge between them and Sonny. Sonny living with his mother in the Lewis household was already a sore spot for the Browns. Still, they knew it was ultimately for Sonny’s future, so they didn’t openly protest.

Mrs. Brown had once suggested to her son, Hank, that they should fight for custody of Sonny.

But Hank refused. After discussing the matter with his parents, they agreed it was better for Sonny to stay with Liberty. Living with her simply offered him a better environment.

Even after Liberty moved to Jensburg, Serenity remained in Wiltspoon and took care of Sonny like he was her own child. That gave the Browns peace of mind.

At least Sonny wasn’t living full-time in the Lewis household.

Liberty and Duncan, though married, hadn’t moved into the Lewis family home. Instead, they lived in Liberty’s house, which made the Browns feel a bit better.

Understanding Serenity’s intentions, Duncan replied, “Alright. When they come for Sonny next time, remind them. Also, make sure Sonny knows he can’t eat too much of that stuff. If he wants it, we can fry some for him ourselves—it’s safer that way.”

Sonny’s favorite foods—fried chicken, chips, and the like—were considered junk food by most people.

“It’s better if we prepare those treats at home,” Duncan added.

Sonny, feeling restricted at home, would sometimes tell his grandparents what he wanted to eat. Desperate to make him happy, his grandparents would give in. They would have granted him anything he asked for—fried chicken and chips were nothing in comparison.

“I’ll go check on Sonny later,” Duncan said in a low voice. “I’m meeting with an important client right now, so I can’t leave yet.”

“Sonny’s fever is already going down, Brother Duncan,” Serenity reassured him. “Focus on your work. Don’t worry about Sonny—I’ll take good care of him.”

Duncan didn’t argue and hung up, but he had already decided to visit Sonny once his client left. He’d ask his bodyguard to drive him to Zachary’s house. Sonny was sick, and Duncan wanted to check on him personally.

After Liberty left for Jensburg on the eighth day of the first lunar month, Sonny had stayed with Duncan for two days before moving to Serenity’s care. Duncan knew his physical limitations made it hard for him to care for Sonny properly. He wasn’t as attentive or meticulous as Serenity.

To ensure Sonny was in the best hands, Duncan sent him to Zachary and Serenity’s house, trusting them to look after him.

Even though Duncan’s parents offered to take Sonny back to the Lewis family home, Duncan declined. Sonny didn’t need his grandparents hovering over him—he was old enough to manage without their constant attention.

When Duncan asked Sonny where he wanted to stay, Sonny had no hesitation in choosing his Aunt Seren.

Back at Zachary’s house, Serenity gently wiped Sonny’s sweat again before standing up and leaving the child’s room.

Downstairs, Lilian was waiting. It was a rare visit, and Serenity didn’t want to ignore her.

When Serenity came down, Lilian asked, “Is Sonny’s fever going down now?”

“Yes,” Serenity said with a nod. “He took some fever medicine, and his temperature is starting to drop. He’s been sweating a lot—I’ve wiped him down twice already.”

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Chapter 3982

Lilian said, "It's just a common cold. As long as there's no sore throat, he'll be fine once the fever breaks. Don't worry too much. Just give him medicine for a couple of days, watch his diet, and stick to light foods."

Serenity sat down beside her and replied, "I spoke with Duncan earlier. He told me Sonny's grandparents had him over last Saturday and fed him fried chicken, French fries, potato chips, and all sorts of junk food. With the climate here, eating too much of that stuff can easily irritate the throat."

When Serenity was single, she'd occasionally treat herself to fried chicken from KFC—fried wings were her favorite. But she always followed up with a cup of herbal tea. If she skipped the tea, her throat would start hurting within two days.

That's why most people in Wiltspoon preferred lighter food. It wasn't just a preference—it was a necessity.

"How's Camryn doing?" Serenity asked, her tone filled with concern.

Camryn, her sister-in-law, had been working on improving her health so she could eventually conceive and experience motherhood like any other woman.

Lilian took a sip of her hot tea and answered, "She's doing much better. After this year's treatment, she won't need any more medication. Once she stops the medicine for six months, she'll be ready to try for a baby."

Serenity did a quick mental calculation. By the time Camryn had her first child, she'd be around thirty—not too old.

"These days, a lot of career-driven women don't even think about marriage until their thirties," Lilian added. "By the time they have kids, they're considered older moms. But most just have one child anyway."

Camryn and Callum, however, both adored children. Lilian figured they'd probably want at least two. And why not? Callum could more than afford to raise them. Even Camryn had the financial means. They were both wealthy enough to provide a great life for any number of kids.

"That's great news," Serenity said with a smile. "Camryn loves children, and Callum does too. Even though he keeps saying he doesn't just to ease any pressure on her."

Lilian chuckled softly. “The men in your family are so thoughtful.”

Serenity grinned. “Your family’s pretty great too. Are you and Tim thinking about having a second child?”

Lilian shook her head firmly. “Nope. I’m not interested in having another baby, and Tim’s on the same page. Besides, I already have an apprentice who’s like a son to me, and Jane’s kids keep the house lively enough.”

Raising a baby, in Lilian’s eyes, was an exhausting task she wasn’t eager to repeat.

“That’s why I still see patients when I get the chance,” Lilian admitted. “It gives me an excuse to avoid dealing with babies.”

Her master often scolded her and Tim for being such hands-off parents. Whenever he visited FC Manor, they’d leave their son, Fabian, in his care and take a step back. But Fabian didn’t seem to mind—he loved tagging along with his grandfather.

Serenity, meanwhile, gently touched her stomach, her eyes glowing with maternal affection. “I love the chaos of a full house. In a few years, when the time is right, I’d love to have a daughter.”

“What if it’s another son?” Lilian teased.

“Then I’ll embrace it,” Serenity said with a quick smile. “But I trust what the master told me.”

Lilian, ever the doctor, trusted science over fortune-telling, but she decided to stay quiet. She’d heard plenty about Serenity’s master and had even asked around. Apparently, the master had quite the reputation for his skills.

Even so, Lilian stuck to her belief in science. Everyone had their own convictions, after all.

Changing the subject, she asked, “Did your sister head to Jensburg so soon? The New Year’s barely over—it’s only the tenth day. Most factories are just reopening today. Schools, too. They’re starting earlier this year, though in the past, it was usually after the fifteenth day of the first lunar month.”

Lilian reminisced about her own school days. Back then, classes typically resumed after the fifteenth day of the lunar New Year. The earliest they’d ever started was around the eleventh or twelfth day.

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Chapter 3983

Serenity said, “Kathryn is leaving Jensburg soon. She’s eager to pass things over to my sister as quickly as possible. Once my sister gets the hang of everything, Kathryn will step aside.

Farrell Group resumed work on the eighth day of the Lunar New Year, so my sister went to Jensburg early to prepare for the handover. She’s about to take over the Farrell family and needs to familiarize herself with the family elders and handle a mountain of responsibilities.”

As Serenity touched her rounded belly, she added, “If I weren’t pregnant, I’d go help her. But right now, everything rests on her shoulders. Aunt Audrey is getting older and only visits occasionally. She said it’s best for my sister to take charge on her own—it’s both a test and a chance to earn respect.

My brother-in-law isn’t able to move around much, so he can’t go with her. That would only distract her. At this moment, my sister is truly on her own.”

Lilian responded, “Even if you weren’t pregnant, you still shouldn’t go. Your involvement could make it harder for your sister to gain the trust of the family.

Let’s not forget—she’s already seen as an outsider stepping into the role of successor. If she can’t handle the pressure or earn the respect of the Farrell clan, how will they ever accept her?

I’m sure there are other capable and ambitious individuals in the family, waiting in the wings. The only thing stopping them is the Farrell family’s century-old rules.”

She paused, then continued, “If your sister doesn’t rise to the occasion, and Kathryn has lost the clan’s trust due to her mother’s actions, the family will have no choice but to select a new successor. But honestly, I don’t think you need to worry.

Liberty may have only been back in the workforce for two years, but she was incredibly accomplished before. She’s sharp, capable, and resilient. As long as Kathryn is sincere about passing on the Farrell family responsibilities to your sister, there shouldn’t be an issue.

Kathryn has always been a mix of optimism and ruthlessness. Plus, with Mr. Fraser by her side, they're an unstoppable duo."

Lilian's tone grew sharper. "Don't forget—Kathryn has already dealt with her three foolish brothers and her biological father, who's consumed by his desire to take revenge on the Farrell family and seize their wealth. Her father and brothers might be overly ambitious, but they're not nearly as competent as she is."

Hearing this, Serenity smiled. "Doctor Carden, you've only just been to Jensburg, yet you seem to understand the situation better than I do. You've even got more insight than me!"

Lilian chuckled. "That's because you're too emotionally involved. Your concern for your sister is clouding your judgment. And let's not forget, they kept you in the dark for a while—they didn't want you stressing over it."

"You're right," Serenity admitted with a sigh. "I'm just worried my sister might suffer through all this. It feels awful not being able to help her. The only thing I can do is take care of Sonny for her."

"Doctor Carden, why don't you stay a couple more days this time?" Serenity suggested.

Lilian smiled warmly. "I'm having dinner at your aunt's house tonight. I'll check Grandpa Jimenez's pulse and prescribe him some medicine.

After that, I'll head back early tomorrow morning—I have a surgery to assist with. I'll probably be swamped until mid-February before I can even think about taking a couple of days off to spend with my own baby. My master keeps teasing me, saying I don't want to take care of my child because I'm always flying around treating patients.

But I'm a doctor. If I don't treat people, who will? That's my calling. I can't just stop healing people because I'm a mother."

Married At First Sight Chapter 3984

Chapter 3984

Serenity smiled and teased, "Are you just using Fabian as an excuse to avoid taking care of him? Deep down, you know he's easier to handle now. He's growing up and getting cuter every day. Sure, he still cries—that's just normal for a baby. He can't talk

or walk yet, so crying is how he communicates when he's uncomfortable or wants something. But once he starts walking and talking... oh, he'll be a handful! Honestly, I think Fabian is at his cutest right now."

Serenity spoke with the confidence of someone experienced in raising nephews. She had always loved children, especially babies just a few months old, finding them irresistibly adorable.

Lilian let out a small sigh. "I know all babies cry, but I just can't handle it. It wears me out! Being a mom is no joke. But since becoming a mother, I've grown even more grateful to my master. He's never married or had kids of his own, yet he became a father to me. He picked me up, learned how to care for a baby, raised me, nurtured my talents, and taught me everything I know about medicine. He's not my biological father, but he's been better to me than any father could be. I owe him everything. One day, I'll repay his kindness tenfold. Even now, he helps take care of Fabian and trains my apprentice, Titus. Honestly, Titus feels like his apprentice too."

Whenever she had time, Lilian would step in to guide Titus, but most of the time, he lived with her master and several other elders. They were the ones shaping him.

Serenity nodded. "Your master adores Fabian, and it's clear Fabian loves him too. Asking him to help with Fabian isn't a burden—it's a joy for him. Remember how he used to urge you to get married just so he could experience the happiness of having a grandchild? Letting him care for Fabian is its own form of filial piety.

"And Titus is in great hands. Your master and the other elders treat him like one of their own. We can rest easy knowing Titus is with them. His future is secure. With their guidance—and the love and support of your siblings and the other seniors—Titus will grow up strong. The kind of child they're raising won't let anyone walk over him."

Titus had been raised among the elders since he was little, growing up under their watchful eyes. Serenity felt confident that, twenty or thirty years from now, when Titus was ready to pursue his own goals, those same elders would ensure he stayed on the right path and avoided trouble.

Jane and Ben's decision to send Titus to the doctor had been the right one.

Lilian smiled softly. "It was fate. The moment I saw Titus, I just knew I liked him. He's incredibly smart."

Back then, Lilian had never considered getting married or having kids. Her master had been adamant that she find an heir, someone to carry on their legacy. While traveling to treat patients, she kept an eye out for potential candidates. Her master insisted she find a young child, ideally an orphan, who could grow up by her side. That way, the bond

between master and apprentice would be strong, and they'd be more receptive to learning.

Lilian met many intelligent kids during her travels, but none of them clicked with her—until she met Titus. She felt an instant connection. Even now, she thought Titus outshone her own son when it came to learning medicine.

Fabian, as the grandson of the Johnson family, might not follow the path of medicine. The family's legacy came with other responsibilities, and he would likely inherit those. That left Titus as the one destined to carry on her master's and her own medical skills.

"Titus is brilliant," Serenity agreed. "I really like him too. He and Sonny get along so well—they're like two peas in a pod. Growing up together like this, they'll probably stay close friends. It's always good to have someone to lean on."

Lilian nodded in agreement.

"Auntie! Auntie!"

Sonny's voice called out from the staircase.

"Sonny's awake!" Serenity exclaimed, turning toward the stairs.

She saw the little boy at the top and immediately walked toward him. "Sonny, are you feeling better? Are you hungry? Do you want something to drink?" she asked warmly as she approached, her concern evident in her tone.

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Chapter 3985

Sonny leaned into Serenity, waiting for her to hold him. His fever had left him clingy, seeking comfort in her arms.

"Auntie, I want some porridge," Sonny said softly.

He hadn't had much of an appetite at kindergarten earlier, but now that his fever was subsiding, hunger was catching up to him. All he wanted was a simple bowl of porridge.

Serenity picked him up and gently touched his forehead. His temperature felt normal, but to be sure, she carried him downstairs and grabbed a thermometer. While measuring his temperature, she asked the kitchen to prepare some porridge for him.

“I didn’t have anyone make porridge ahead of time,” she explained. “So you’ll need to wait a little while, Sonny.”

He cuddled closer to her and murmured, “But I’m really hungry, Auntie. Can I have a snack while I wait?”

Serenity glanced at Lilian and asked, “Doctor Carden, is it okay for Sonny to have a snack since he has a cold?”

Lilian smiled and replied, “He can, but just a little. Otherwise, he might not want his dinner later.”

Serenity handed Sonny a small snack and asked, “How about this, Sonny?”

“Auntie, can you feed me?” he asked, his voice laced with the sweet vulnerability of a sick child.

“Of course, I’ll feed you,” Serenity said, her tone warm and indulgent.

Whenever Sonny was sick, he became extra clingy—always wanting to be held, fed, and doted on. Serenity had cared for him since birth and understood these moments well. She gently broke the snack into smaller pieces and fed him with care.

Lilian watched the tender exchange for a few moments before reminding her, “Seren, it’s been a few minutes. You can take the thermometer out now.”

Serenity carefully removed the thermometer from under Sonny’s arm, checked the reading, and said, “37.8 degrees. The fever isn’t completely gone yet.”

She handed it to Lilian, who confirmed, “It’s still a low-grade fever, which is normal. He only had one dose of medicine so far, and his throat is inflamed again. Once he takes his next dose, his fever should go down completely.”

Lilian then poured Sonny a glass of warm water and handed it to him. “Sonny, make sure you drink more water, okay?”

Sonny accepted the glass and said sweetly, “Thank you, Doctor Carden.”

At that moment, the butler entered the room and addressed Serenity. “Madam, Mr. Lewis is here.”

Serenity smiled and replied, “Please bring him in. Brother Duncan is always welcome.” Turning to Sonny, she added softly, “Sonny, your Uncle Duncan heard you weren’t feeling well and left work to come check on you. Do you know why you caught this cold? It’s because you kicked off your blanket at night and ate too much fried chicken and potato chips. That upset your stomach, made your throat inflamed, and gave you a fever. You’ll need to take medicine for the next two days to get better.”

Sonny’s big eyes blinked up at her, listening intently.

Serenity continued, “From now on, you need to eat less fried chicken and chips. When you want some, just tell me or Uncle Duncan, and we’ll have the chef make it for you. But you can’t eat too much, okay? Eating too much junk food can make your throat inflamed again, and you’ll end up sick like this.”

Sonny thought back to when his grandparents had taken him shopping. They’d asked him what he wanted to eat, and he’d chosen fried chicken. He remembered eating a lot of it because it tasted so good.

He nodded earnestly, though his understanding was still limited. “Auntie, I get it. I’ll eat less from now on. But if I really want it, will you really make it for me? You and Mom always say it’s junk food and won’t let me have any.”

Serenity’s expression softened. “If we make it at home, it’ll be healthier, and you can have a little. But even then, you can’t eat too much. The weather here isn’t ideal for eating high-calorie foods like that. It can make you sick easily.”

Sonny tilted his head in curiosity. “Auntie, why isn’t the weather here good for that kind of food?”