

# Married At First Sight Chapter 3986

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Serenity explained, “The summers here are long and unbearably hot, and even the winters don’t get that cold. With this kind of climate, eating too many high-calorie foods isn’t good for anyone.”

She thought about how friends from other cities often mentioned that people in Wiltspoon avoided spicy food. It wasn’t because they didn’t like it—it was just too much for them to handle.

Sonny seemed to nod as if he understood, but Serenity knew better. He was still too young to fully grasp her explanation, so she let it go.

Just then, Duncan’s voice echoed through the house. “Serenity, is Sonny’s fever gone?”

Duncan was being helped up the steps by his bodyguard, his voice full of concern before he even reached the door.

Serenity gently set Sonny down.

“Uncle Duncan!” Sonny cried joyfully and ran to him.

Duncan scooped Sonny up into his arms as the bodyguard brought over his wheelchair. After sitting down, Duncan placed his hand on Sonny’s forehead and frowned slightly. “Still feels a little warm,” he muttered.

Serenity walked over and reassured him. “His fever has gone down but not completely. I just checked—37.8 degrees. Once he takes another dose of medicine, it should be gone entirely. Brother Duncan, you didn’t have to come all this way. I’ve got everything under control.”

She hadn’t told Zachary about Sonny’s fever because she didn’t want to disrupt his work.

Duncan shook his head. “I couldn’t sit still. I had to check on you both. The company can manage without me for a little while.”

To Duncan, Sonny mattered more than any business deal.

Nestled in Duncan's arms, Sonny listened quietly to their conversation. Then he looked up and said softly, "Uncle Duncan, I miss my mom."

Duncan's expression softened, his voice gentle. "How about this—once you're better, after school on Friday, we'll go visit your mom, okay? But first, you have to take your medicine like a good boy so you can get better quickly."

Sonny nodded obediently, his small face serious. He knew his illness was partly his own fault—he always kicked off the blanket at night and had eaten too much fried chicken.

While Serenity was talking to Duncan, Jasmine called to check on Sonny. Once Serenity assured her that the fever was subsiding, Jasmine finally sounded relieved.

When the kitchen finished cooking the porridge, Duncan insisted on feeding Sonny himself. Before he could even begin, Mrs. and Mr. Lewis arrived with Audrey, Darrell, and Mr. Jimenez in tow.

They had barely settled in when the elders of the York family showed up, making quite the entrance. Even Zachary, whom Serenity had tried to keep out of the loop, dropped everything and rushed back home.

The news of Sonny's illness had spread quickly, and the little boy was practically the center of everyone's world. Calls from Camryn and others came pouring in, each one checking on Sonny's condition.

Sonny was, without a doubt, the baby of several families.

When the old lady held Sonny in her arms, her face was etched with worry. "Oh, my poor Sonny," she said, her voice heavy with emotion. "You've gotten thinner from this illness. Look at you—your little face isn't as bright and cheerful, and it's still flushed from the fever. Seeing you like this hurts more than if someone took a knife to my heart."

Sonny, feeling guilty, looked up at her with his big, innocent eyes. "Great-Grandma, I'm sorry. I was greedy and ate too much fried chicken. It's my fault."

Despite being the family's favorite, Sonny was loved for good reason. He was polite, sweet, and surprisingly mature for his age. Seeing the old lady so upset, he did his best to comfort her, promising that he would feel better soon.

Lilian, watching the scene unfold, leaned over to Serenity and whispered, “When your husband and his siblings were young and sick, would Grandma York fuss over them like this?”

Before Serenity could answer, Zachary, who overheard the question, spoke up. “We never got this kind of treatment.”

Lilian chuckled and sighed. “Grandma York really dotes on Sonny. Just look at her—he’s still got a bit of fever, and she’s already saying he’s lost weight. Poor kid’s face is still a little red from the fever, but she’s treating him like he’s wasting away.”

Everyone’s laughter lightened the mood, but the love and concern in the room were undeniable. Sonny truly was the little star in their lives.