

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4042

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The old lady had never had a daughter of her own, so she regarded her daughters-in-law as if they were her own children. Over the decades, they shared a bond so deep that they'd never once argued or even raised their voices at each other. In fact, their relationship felt more like that of a mother and her biological daughters than that of in-laws.

Her sons and daughters-in-law trusted her completely, leaning on her wisdom and guidance.

This was the life she cherished—a life of connection and respect.

To the York family, she was nothing short of a godsend. With nine grandchildren, all highly capable and independent, she had built a legacy. Even if the York Corporation were to collapse tomorrow, each grandchild could start fresh and rebuild, armed with the skills and resilience she helped instill in them.

But the thought of failure wasn't even on the horizon. With such a capable family, the York Corporation was destined to thrive for generations to come.

Now, the old lady's wishes were simple. She hoped to see a girl born into the York family in her lifetime—a little beacon of light to carry on their legacy. And she prayed she'd live long enough to see her youngest grandchild grow up.

Once those wishes were fulfilled, she'd be ready to join her beloved husband. Only then would she feel she had truly honored his memory.

Her thoughts often drifted to him. She had married a remarkable man. Together, they built an empire, defended it, and stood at its helm. In their later years, they retired to raise and mentor their grandchildren, envisioning a future where they'd grow old side by side.

But fate had other plans. He had passed on years ago, leaving her to navigate life alone.

Time had flown by, yet the pain of his absence lingered. She remembered how worried he had been for Zachary before he died, lamenting that Zachary's cold demeanor might leave him a bachelor for life—not because he couldn't find a wife, but because he didn't want one.

Now, though, she had done her part. Six of her grandchildren were happily paired, three had already married, and in just over two months, the family would welcome its first great-grandchild.

She had kept her promise to him. She had done her best.

"Mom, are you okay?" Rosella's gentle voice pulled her out of her thoughts.

The old lady blinked, realizing her cheeks were wet with tears. Embarrassed, she raised a hand to wipe her face just as Rosella handed her a tissue.

"Oh, it's nothing," she said, forcing a smile. "Just some dust in my eyes."

Rosella frowned. "Mom, we're indoors. There's no wind or dust in here. Are you thinking about Dad?"

Rosella knew her mother-in-law's heart well. The love between her parents-in-law had been extraordinary, a bond that even death couldn't diminish.

The only person who could make her mother-in-law cry like this was her father-in-law, even though he had been gone for years.

When he passed, the entire family had been consumed with worry for her. The grandchildren stayed by her side constantly, calling out to her with their sweet, innocent voices, while her sons and daughters-in-law showered her with love and care.

Eventually, she emerged from her grief, thanks to their unwavering support. But even now, the memories of her husband still had the power to overwhelm her.

Rosella recalled something her mother-in-law had once said to her father-in-law: *"We'll walk through life together, sleep side by side, and even in death, we'll remain together."*

Her father-in-law must have known how deeply those words resonated. Perhaps that's why, in his final days, he left her a parting wish. He expressed his worries about Zachary, urging her to stay strong and ensure that their family legacy continued. He asked her to see the birth of their first great-grandchild, a symbol of hope and continuity.

It was that wish that gave her purpose during her darkest moments. It kept her grounded, carrying her through the years of loneliness and grief.