

Married At First Sight Chapter 4008

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Mrs. Brown sighed dramatically. “Sonny, we’re leaving now. But remember, if you ever want something to eat, just call us. We’ll buy it and bring it over. And don’t forget to visit us on the weekends, okay?”

Sonny stayed silent, refusing to respond.

Annoyed, Mrs. Brown shot Duncan a venomous glare. “You think you can just push people around because you’ve got power? Let’s see how long that lasts. Bah!” She spat on the ground before her husband dragged her away, muttering under his breath.

Duncan stood motionless, his face an unreadable mask of cold anger as he watched them disappear.

“Uncle Duncan, don’t be upset,” Sonny said softly, tugging on Duncan’s hand to get his attention. His childish voice carried a surprising note of wisdom. “That’s just how my grandma is. I remember when Lucas wanted to take my toys, and I cried because I didn’t want to give them to him. My mom stopped him, but grandma wouldn’t let it go. She yelled at my mom for the longest time. I still remember it.”

The little boy’s words struck a chord with Duncan. Even at just two years old, Sonny had endured the unfairness and favoritism of his grandparents.

Now, standing there at only four years old, Sonny reached up to touch Duncan’s face gently. “Aunt Seren told me that getting angry makes you get old faster. Uncle Duncan, I don’t want you to get old. You should always stay the way you are now.”

Then, with a bright smile, he added, “So don’t be mad, okay? I promise I’ll never eat the fried chicken grandma buys for me again.”

Duncan couldn’t help but laugh, though it was tinged with sadness. Being comforted by a child so young was both heartwarming and heartbreaking. He felt a pang of guilt for Liberty and Sonny—both of whom had suffered under the Brown family’s cruelty.

And then there was Hank, still bitter and jealous of him. Did the man even realize how ridiculous he looked?

Hank had spent years prioritizing his parents and sister’s family, using his earnings to support them while neglecting his own wife and son. Yet now, he had the audacity to act like a loving father. The only saving grace in Sonny’s life was Liberty’s kindness and grace. Even after the divorce, she had never badmouthed Hank in front of Sonny.

Because of that, Sonny still had some feelings for his biological father—a natural connection rooted in blood.

Duncan tightened his arms around Sonny, his voice firm and full of promise. “Sonny, I’ll always be here for you. No one will ever bully you or your mom again as long as I’m around. I’ve got your back.”

Sonny nodded eagerly. “Uncle Duncan, you’ll protect my mom, right? And Aunt Seren too!”

Duncan leaned down, meeting Sonny’s gaze. “Of course, I’ll protect your mom. But your Aunt Seren can take care of herself—you don’t have to worry about her.”

“Okay, Uncle Duncan,” Sonny said with a satisfied smile. Then, tilting his head, he added, “Can you take me home for dinner?”

Duncan smiled back. “Already handled. I called your Aunt Seren on the way here. She said after dinner, you can decide whether to stay at home overnight or go back to your aunt’s house. Whatever you want, I’ll make it happen.”

Sonny beamed at him, but then his face turned thoughtful. “Uncle Duncan, we could live together, right? You could take care of me like a dad. But...”

Duncan’s heart swelled at the thought, but Sonny’s hesitation gave him pause. “But what, Sonny?”

Sonny hesitated before blurting out, “Your house is... well, it’s kind of cold and lonely. My aunt’s house is so much livelier. Other aunts always come over to visit, and they’re so pretty and nice to me. I like them.”

Duncan froze, momentarily speechless.

By “aunts,” Sonny meant Serenity’s friends, like Jasmine and the others. Duncan let out a resigned sigh.

“Well,” Duncan muttered to himself, shaking his head with a wry smile, “I guess Serenity’s house wins in that department.”

Sonny giggled, blissfully unaware of Duncan’s inner conflict.