

Married At First Sight Chapter 4233

Chapter 4233

Audrey heard her precious grandson crying and immediately stopped paying attention to her daughter. She said loudly, "You two enjoy your time together. My grandson is crying, so I'm heading back inside. You and Remy should start planning for a baby too—get pregnant first, then have the wedding. That way, it'll be double the joy."

Seeing other people's daughters become mothers made Audrey eager to become a grandmother herself.

And once she had her first grandchild, she only wanted more. That's just how it is for parents with both sons and daughters.

Elisa: "..."

She heard her mother's hurried footsteps rushing inside, calling out even before stepping in the door, "Baby, don't cry! Grandma's back!"

Elisa muttered to herself, "Now that she has a grandson, I, her beloved daughter, have been pushed aside. The moment a grandson arrives, the daughter barely exists."

She and Remy definitely planned on having a baby, but there was no rush. Maybe in a couple of years.

Their wedding was scheduled for the fall.

Serenity would have her baby in the first half of the year, and then, in the second half, Elisa would have her wedding. That way, both Serenity and Jasmine could attend.

When they got married, she had been there for both of them, even serving as a bridesmaid. It only made sense that they be there for her too. She'd wait until they could make it.

Elisa turned around and walked back into the yard.

The late-blooming camellias had finally blossomed, filling the garden with beautiful colors. There were so many different varieties, all blooming under the soft glow of the yard lights.

Feeling content, Elisa took out her phone and snapped a few pictures of the gorgeous flowers.

She looked around the quiet yard again.

Remy had designed the landscape to match her tastes, carefully considering her preferences. The space was large, peaceful, and beautifully arranged.

Just imagining herself sitting outside, feeling the evening breeze while gazing at the moon, made her feel warm and cozy.

Back inside, she walked into the kitchen.

Remy was cooking. Wearing an apron, he handled the spatula with practiced ease, his movements as skilled as a professional chef's.

Despite being the young master of the richest family in Annenburg, he still cooked for her.

Elisa walked up behind him.

"Are you hungry? Dinner's almost ready. If you can't wait, have a little something first."

Noticing the snacks still in her hand, Remy simply smiled and said nothing.

Elisa always made sure to take care of herself—she'd never let herself go hungry.

"My mom wanted us to go over and eat. She said they were having dinner."

Elisa nibbled on her snack as she spoke. "I told her you were cooking, and I really wanted to eat your food tonight. She scolded me, saying you work so hard every day, and when you finally get home, you still have to cook for me. She felt bad for you."

Remy chuckled. "I eat at your house 340 days out of the year. The times I actually cook are rare. You enjoy my cooking, so I take it as an opportunity to practice. Honestly, I love doing it—I don't even feel tired."

Elisa leaned over and kissed him.

He momentarily paused but then turned slightly, letting her kiss him on the cheek.

Looking into the pot, Elisa inhaled deeply, savoring the aroma. “I don’t know what it is, but after tasting your cooking, I can’t get enough. I love it more and more.”

“As long as you love it, I’ll cook for you anytime.”

“Just like Grandma York always said—knowing how to cook isn’t just a bonus when looking for a wife. It’s also a great way to take care of yourself.”

His grandmother had never actually said that.