

Married At First Sight Chapter 3886-3890

Chapter 3886

Liberty glanced at Duncan, her lips curving into a teasing smile. “Duncan, your grin is so big it’s practically reaching your ears.”

Duncan’s smile grew even brighter, if that were possible. “I’m happy—beyond happy.”

The weather that day was fickle, alternating between sun and clouds, but even the sunniest moment couldn’t compete with the radiance of Duncan’s smile.

Liberty handed her marriage certificate to Sonny, who eagerly flipped through it. He recognized a few words but didn’t fully grasp the meaning. What caught his attention most was the picture of his mother and Uncle Duncan.

Looking up, Sonny asked curiously, “Mom, I was there too. Why didn’t the man who took your picture ask me to be in it?”

Liberty crouched down to his level, her tone gentle. “Sweetheart, this is a marriage certificate for Uncle Duncan and me. That’s why it’s just the two of us in the photo. From now on, Uncle Duncan and I are officially a family—a family of three. Isn’t that exciting?”

She scooped Sonny up, planting a soft kiss on his cheek. “You can even call Uncle Duncan ‘Dad’ now if you want.”

Sonny looked at Duncan, who was grinning like he’d won the lottery. His lips moved, but the word “Dad” wouldn’t come out. He hesitated, not out of rejection but because he was used to calling someone else by that name—his biological father.

After a moment, Sonny asked, “Mom, can I just keep calling him Uncle Duncan?”

Before Liberty could respond, Duncan chimed in with an easygoing smile. “Of course, Sonny. You can call me whatever makes you comfortable.”

With that settled, Duncan tucked his marriage certificate safely into his pocket and held out his arms. Liberty handed Sonny to him, and Duncan settled the little boy on his lap. Liberty took hold of the wheelchair, guiding them toward the exit of the Civil Affairs Bureau.

“Sonny,” Duncan said warmly, “you can call me Dad, or you can keep calling me Uncle Duncan. It’s completely up to you. No pressure, okay?”

He leaned forward and kissed Sonny's cheek. Duncan had taken extra care that morning, shaving his beard to ensure he'd look his best for the big day. The effort paid off—this time, Sonny didn't complain about his scratchy beard.

Duncan turned to Liberty, his voice filled with sincerity. "Liberty, it's okay if Sonny keeps calling me Uncle Duncan. It doesn't matter to me. No matter what he calls me, I'll always treat him like my own son."

Liberty's eyes softened as she nodded. "I won't push him. I just wanted him to know he has the option."

Sonny, still processing the day's events, piped up again. "Uncle Duncan, now that you're married to my mom, are you going to move in and live with us?"

Duncan chuckled, appreciating the little boy's straightforwardness. "That's right. Starting tonight, I'll be living with you and your mom. From now on, we're all together—no more being apart. Sound good?"

Sonny clapped his hands enthusiastically. "Okay! I warmly welcome you, Uncle Duncan!"

His genuine excitement brought a smile to both Liberty and Duncan's faces. They exchanged a glance, a shared understanding passing between them—they were building something solid and filled with love.

As they left the Civil Affairs Bureau, Duncan's two bodyguards were waiting by the car. The moment they spotted the family, the bodyguards stepped forward to greet them, their professional demeanor contrasting with the warmth of the trio.

For Duncan, Liberty, and Sonny, this was the beginning of a new chapter—one filled with promise, unity, and joy.

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Chapter 3887

Liberty guided Duncan's wheelchair to the car without waiting for anyone's assistance. She pushed him smoothly, her movements confident. The bodyguard stepped forward to help Duncan into the vehicle, and soon, the family of three settled in.

The sleek luxury car eased out of the Civil Affairs Bureau parking lot and merged into the bustling traffic. As it disappeared into the flow of vehicles, becoming smaller and smaller in the distance, another car parked nearby came to life, slowly pulling out of its spot.

The driver of this car was Hank.

He hadn't planned to interfere with Liberty and Duncan's marriage—he had no right to stop them even if he wanted to. But he also hadn't intended to find himself here. Initially, Hank told himself he was out for a casual drive, with no destination in mind. Yet somehow, his aimless wandering had led him to the Civil Affairs Bureau.

In truth, Hank had arrived well before Liberty and Duncan. He parked farther away, unnoticed among the other cars lining the street. Liberty, now deeply uninterested in her ex-husband, didn't see his vehicle and remained unaware that he had been sitting there, watching, for nearly half an hour.

Hank himself didn't fully understand why he was there. He had told his mother he was heading out to visit Jessica, yet instead, he ended up loitering outside the place where Liberty would officially move forward with her life.

When Liberty finally appeared, her transformation struck him. She looked radiant—slim, poised, and exuding an effortless confidence. She reminded him of the sharp, ambitious woman she'd been back when they first met, before he had persuaded her to leave her job to focus on their home life.

Before their marriage, Liberty had been a rising star at work, earning admiration and even envy from her colleagues. Hank had felt it too—jealousy. It gnawed at him, seeing her outshine him professionally. That jealousy had driven him to convince her to give up her career, first to focus on their future family and then to stay home full-time after Sonny was born.

Over time, Liberty's life had narrowed. With no professional outlet and the demands of motherhood weighing on her, she lost the vibrant confidence that had once defined her. She gained weight, stopped caring about her appearance, and became reliant on Hank for financial support.

For a time, Hank reveled in the power imbalance. He felt important, superior. But that pride quickly turned into disdain. Disdain became justification for his infidelity, and eventually, their marriage ended in betrayal and bitterness.

And yet, here she was now—stronger than ever.

Duncan, despite being in a wheelchair, carried himself with an undeniable presence. Dressed in a sharp black suit, his commanding aura radiated strength and resilience. Even with the scar on his face, his sharp features hinted at a rugged handsomeness. If he ever chose to remove the scar, Hank thought bitterly, Duncan might attract even more attention.

But Liberty wasn't interested in just any man. She had chosen Duncan—a man who had stood by her side during her lowest moments. When Liberty was at her most vulnerable, Duncan had seen her, supported her, and encouraged her transformation.

Hank couldn't ignore how different Liberty was now. She radiated the confidence and charm of a mature, successful woman. Her every gesture, her every word reflected the wisdom and strength she had gained through her struggles. She wasn't the same woman who had once looked at Hank with unwavering devotion, trusting him to be the center of her happiness.

As Hank watched Liberty and Duncan leave the Civil Affairs Bureau with Sonny in tow, he felt a sharp pang in his chest. The sight of Duncan holding Sonny on his lap, the way they laughed and interacted like a father and son, deepened the ache.

Hank stayed in his car, watching as their vehicle disappeared into the distance. The small, happy family looked complete—a picture of love and unity.

His hands tightened on the steering wheel as a wave of regret and pain surged through him. Liberty had moved on, finding happiness and stability with a man who valued her for who she truly was.

Hank, meanwhile, was left sitting alone, staring at the empty street, his heart heavy with the weight of what he had lost.

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Chapter 3888

Hank tried to convince himself that his pain stemmed from seeing how well Sonny got along with Duncan. Sonny was his biological son, yet from now on, he'd live with Duncan. There was even a chance that Sonny might start calling Duncan "Dad."

As these thoughts spiraled, Hank felt a wetness on his face.

Raising his hand to his cheek, he realized his palm was damp with tears.

He was crying.

But why?

Deep down, Hank knew the reason. He just couldn't bring himself to admit it—not out loud, not even to himself.

Unable to process his emotions, he slumped forward, resting his head on the steering wheel, and let the tears flow freely. He sobbed, releasing the torrent of regret and sorrow that had been building inside him.

Once the tears dried, Hank pulled himself together. He had made a plan for the day, and despite the turmoil, he would stick to it. Starting his car, he left the Civil Affairs Bureau and drove toward the prison to visit Jessica.

When Jessica saw Hank in the visitor's area, her eyes immediately landed on his swollen, red-rimmed eyes. She picked up the phone with urgency, leaning closer to the glass partition.

“Hank, what's wrong? Why have you been crying? Your eyes are all puffy. Did something happen to your parents?”

Her voice carried a mix of concern and curiosity, though the latter had a darker edge. Jessica still harbored a deep grudge against Hank's mother, Mrs. Brown, and his sister, Chelsea. The two women had caused her nothing but misery. In fact, Jessica sometimes fantasized about something terrible happening to them, especially Mrs. Brown.

If she could rewind time, Jessica thought bitterly, she would have stabbed Chelsea instead of Hank during that chaotic confrontation. Chelsea had been the puppet master behind so much of their chaos. She had fueled the conflicts between Hank and Liberty, pushed Jessica into her current predicament, and destroyed any chance Jessica had of a decent life.

Hank's voice was low and calm, lacking his usual arrogance. “No, my parents are fine.”

He knew better than to defend his mother or sister in front of Jessica. The way they had treated her in the past was indefensible, and even he felt ashamed of their actions.

Jessica tilted her head, her brow furrowed in confusion. “Then why are you crying? Are my parents okay?”

Her question held genuine worry. While her relationship with her family was strained, they were still her parents. The pressure of her incarceration had already taken a toll on

them, both emotionally and socially. They had endured whispers, judgment, and shame from their community because of her actions.

In the beginning, her parents had visited her often, trying to support her as best as they could. But over time, their visits stopped. The occasional package delivered by a third party was the only connection they maintained. She later learned that her brother and sister-in-law had forbidden her parents from seeing her, calling her a disgrace to the family.

Jessica had laughed bitterly when she heard the news. How quickly things had changed.

When she was thriving and showering her family with gifts, they praised her. Her parents proudly boasted about their capable daughter who had “married well.” Her brother and sister-in-law were eager to enjoy the benefits of her city lifestyle—cars, money, and the promise of a better future for their own children.

But the moment Jessica’s life fell apart, she became a stain on their reputation, no longer worthy of love or support.

People, Jessica thought with cold detachment, are so painfully realistic. Even family.

Hank finally broke the silence. His voice was almost a whisper. “Jessica, Liberty got married today.”

Jessica froze. For a moment, she wasn’t sure she’d heard him correctly.

“That’s why you’ve been crying?” she asked slowly, studying his face.

Her mind raced with questions. Did Hank still have feelings for Liberty? Or was his regret purely practical? Liberty had lost weight, built a successful business, and reclaimed her life. She was thriving—far from the woman Hank had discarded.

Jessica remembered the times Hank’s mother and sister had urged him to leave her and try to win Liberty back. To them, Liberty was a better option—stronger, smarter, and connected. After all, Liberty’s sister Serenity had married into wealth and influence.

With Serenity’s backing, Liberty’s future had always seemed bright. And now, with her new marriage, it was undeniable: Liberty had found her happiness.

Jessica couldn’t help but wonder if Hank’s tears were about love lost—or an opportunity missed.

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Jessica sat silently for a moment before asking, "So you cried so hard because Liberty remarried? You know there's no chance for you to remarry her now."

"Jessica, no," Hank stammered, his voice rising slightly. "I've never even thought about remarrying Liberty. That's impossible. I'm going to wait for you to get out, no matter how long it takes. I'll wait for you."

Jessica didn't blink. She simply stared at him as he rushed to explain.

"I'm sad about Liberty's remarriage, yes, but it's because she took Sonny with her. My son will live with another man now. What if Sonny starts calling Duncan 'Dad'? I barely get to see Sonny as it is—I'm terrified he'll grow closer to Duncan than to me, his real father."

Jessica's cold gaze lingered on Hank before she finally responded. "Then spend more time with Sonny when you're free. Even if he's your son by blood, your bond won't mean much if you don't nurture it."

She paused before asking, "Who did Liberty marry? The fourth young master of the Lewis family?"

"Who else?" Hank said bitterly. "Duncan Lewis. He's been hovering around Liberty for years. Anytime a man so much as looked her way, Duncan made sure to scare them off. He's been waiting for this."

Jessica's lips twitched into a faint, sardonic smile. "Well, good for them. Lovers becoming a couple—it's poetic, really. Duncan Lewis is reliable. Liberty made the right choice. She's far luckier than I am."

Without waiting for a response, Jessica placed the receiver back on its hook. She stood up, her chair scraping the floor, and turned her back on Hank.

"Jessica, wait—" Hank called after her, standing up, but she didn't look back.

"Jessica, I'll wait for you! I promise! You're all I have. Please, focus on reforming yourself. I'll be here when you get out."

Jessica didn't react. She walked away with the guard, her posture rigid, her face unreadable.

Hank sat back down, his hands trembling. Did she hear him? Did it matter if she did?

As Jessica walked away, her thoughts churned. Wrong person. Wrong choice. Wrong life.

If only she had ignored Hank's advances back then. If only she'd left the company when she noticed his interest. None of this would've happened.

Liberty, on the other hand, had escaped. She had clawed her way out of the toxic grasp of the Brown family and into a better life. Jessica had done the opposite—she'd walked straight into the fire, and now she was burned beyond repair.

Liberty's remarriage to Duncan Lewis felt like the final nail in the coffin of Jessica's envy. Liberty, like her sister Serenity, had become a phoenix. They had both risen from hardship to claim lives that others could only dream of.

For Jessica, it was hard to accept how fate seemed to favor those two sisters. God, she thought bitterly, must play favorites.

Liberty had no idea that Hank had been waiting outside the Civil Affairs Bureau, watching her and Duncan sign their marriage certificate. She didn't know about his tears or his swollen eyes.

For her, life moved forward. She, Duncan, and Sonny returned to the Lewis family's home, where a small celebration was in full swing. Relatives and friends gathered to congratulate the newlyweds, filling the house with laughter and joy.

After spending the afternoon at the Lewis home, the little family visited the Stone family. As night fell, Liberty's aunt, Audrey, gently suggested something to Sonny.

"Sonny, why don't you stay with me tonight? Keep your Grandma Audrey company. You haven't visited me since winter break, and I know you love playing with your little brother. Wouldn't it be fun to spend the night here?"

Sonny hesitated, clearly tempted by the offer.

He turned to Liberty, his eyes wide. "Mom, can I? Please? You can come get me tomorrow before we go see Dad."

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Chapter 3890

After Liberty received a call from her former mother-in-law, she decided to consult Sonny once he woke up. When she explained the situation, Sonny was eager to stay with his grandparents at the Brown house for a couple of days.

“I’ll take you over there tomorrow,” Liberty said gently, smiling at her son.

But then she added, “If you’d rather stay just one night, that’s fine too. I’ll pick you up tomorrow and take you to your dad’s house for lunch.”

Later, Liberty planned to call Hank to let him know Sonny wouldn’t arrive early in the morning, sparing the Brown family the trouble of waiting around unnecessarily.

Sonny was thrilled and bounded toward his grandmother Audrey, announcing with excitement, “Grandma, Mom said I can stay! I’m going to sleep at your house tonight and play with my little brother!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Sonny darted upstairs, brimming with energy. He adored his baby cousin, who had grown increasingly animated. Whenever Sonny talked to him, the baby’s cheerful babbling brought fits of laughter to everyone.

“Aunt Audrey, thanks for taking care of Sonny tonight,” Liberty said with gratitude.

Audrey waved a hand, her eyes twinkling knowingly. “It’s no trouble at all. In fact, this house feels livelier when Sonny is around, and your Uncle Darrell enjoys having him here, too. Besides,” she added with a teasing smile, “tonight is your wedding night, Liberty. You and Duncan deserve some time alone.”

Liberty flushed slightly, recognizing her aunt’s well-intentioned maneuver. With Sonny at home, their night would have been anything but private. When he was excited like this, he often refused to sleep, requiring her full attention to settle him down.

With her son staying at Audrey’s, Liberty and Duncan could savor their first evening as a married couple without interruptions—or concerns about a little “light bulb” suddenly lighting up the room.

Audrey chuckled. “Enjoy your time together, Liberty. Trust me, I’ve been there—these moments matter. Now go home and make the most of it.”

After ensuring Sonny was comfortable, Audrey turned her attention to Serenity and Zachary, urging them to head home as well.

Serenity, who had been looking a bit tired—likely from her pregnancy—gratefully accepted.

“Aunt Audrey, we’ll head out now,” she said with a warm smile, leaning slightly on Zachary as they departed.

Liberty and Duncan followed close behind, their hands interlocked as they said their goodbyes. Audrey and Darrell stood in the doorway, watching as the two couples drove off into the night, their taillights fading into the distance.

Darrell turned to his wife, a satisfied smile on his face. “Well, now you can finally relax. Both of our nieces have married into good families. No more sleepless nights worrying about them. Let’s focus on enjoying our golden years with the grandchildren.”

Audrey, however, wasn’t ready to relinquish her worries entirely. “Not yet. Don’t forget about Leland. That stubborn boy hasn’t celebrated New Year’s with us in years. He’s still single and living abroad. No matter how many blind dates we set up, nothing clicks with him!”

Darrell sighed, exasperated. “Love isn’t something you can force, Audrey. All your pestering is probably why he ran halfway across the world.”

“I can’t help it,” Audrey said defensively. “There used to be plenty of bachelors his age, but now even the most eligible ones—like Julian and Duncan—are happily married. Meanwhile, Leland is still out there on his own. How can I not worry?”

Darrell chuckled. “You’re envious, aren’t you? But even if you asked Old Mrs. York to set him up, do you think she has the time? That woman had nine grandsons to deal with, and most of them already have their matches lined up. She’s got enough on her plate without worrying about Leland.”

Audrey crossed her arms, her lips curving into a wry smile. “True, but I can’t help admiring her knack for matchmaking. The women she chose for her grandsons are all exceptional and perfectly suited for them. I’ll admit—I’m a little jealous of her success.”

Darrell shook his head, laughing. “Well, let’s just be patient. Leland’s story isn’t written yet. When he’s ready, he’ll find someone. Until then, we’ve got plenty to enjoy with the family we have.”