

Married At First Sight Chapter 3901-3905

Chapter 3901

If Lucas weren't afraid of the beating his mother might give him later, he'd have already run off to play with Sonny.

Chelsea, meanwhile, couldn't resist snooping. She opened Sonny's small suitcase, rifling through it with a critical eye.

Other than Sonny's clothes and a few toys, there wasn't much inside.

"Where's the seafood? Auntie loves seafood! Didn't your mom pack a big bag for me to take home?" she asked, her voice laced with annoyance.

She then turned her attention to three gift boxes stacked neatly nearby, reaching for them.

Hank stepped in immediately, his tone sharp. "Don't touch those. They're Sonny's. They're for his health."

Chelsea froze, momentarily stunned by her brother's tone. Hank's patience for her antics had run dry long ago. He no longer indulged her behavior, and she knew better than to push him too far—especially since she still relied on the occasional favor from her family.

Reluctantly, she backed off, sulking as Hank carried the gift boxes into the room and slammed the door behind him.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Brown said a word, their silence heavy in the air.

Realizing there was no chance of claiming the gift boxes for herself, Chelsea returned to Sonny, trying again to cozy up to him. She reached out, aiming for a hug, but Sonny leaned away, nestling deeper into his grandfather's lap.

"Grandpa," Sonny said firmly, "I don't want Auntie to hug me."

Mr. Brown shot a warning glare at his daughter.

Chelsea withdrew her hand, looking more than a little embarrassed. “Sonny, why are you like this? What did I do wrong? I used to hold you all the time when you were a baby. I loved you so much.”

Sonny looked up at her, unimpressed. “Auntie, I’m not three anymore. You can’t fool me.”

Chelsea opened her mouth but couldn’t find the words to respond.

Changing tactics, she pouted. “Sonny, why didn’t you bring me anything for the New Year? You only bought gifts for Grandpa and Grandma, but not for me. It’s almost the New Year, you know. You could’ve gotten me something nice, like a big seafood package. Why don’t you call your mom now and ask her to send a few over? Then you can give one to me as a New Year gift. What do you say?”

Before Sonny could answer, Mr. Brown’s face darkened, and he snapped at his daughter.

“Chelsea, do you have any shame at all? Why on earth did I raise someone so shameless?”

Chelsea flinched, but he didn’t stop.

“Sonny is a child. He’s your nephew, not someone responsible for getting you gifts! You’re his aunt—have you even prepared a New Year gift for him? And what about me and your mother? Did you bring anything for us?”

His voice grew angrier as he continued.

“Sonny’s mother is wealthy because she’s capable. That doesn’t mean you’re entitled to anything she has. Liberty doesn’t owe you a thing! Not now, and not ever!

“You think back to how Liberty treated you when she was married to Hank. Whenever you came around, she’d cook whatever you wanted, using money that *she* helped Hank earn. If she hadn’t managed the household, Hank wouldn’t have had a dime to his name.

“She was too kind to you, and that kindness turned you into the greedy, entitled person you are today.

“And now you want Liberty, your *former sister-in-law*, to send you New Year gifts? You’ve lost your mind. Even if she and Hank were still married, you wouldn’t have the

right to act this way. And yet here you are, coming back to your parents' home empty-handed, trying to take everything in sight.

“Have some self-respect, Chelsea. You're embarrassing yourself and this family!”

Chelsea sat in stunned silence, her father's words hanging in the air like a heavy weight. Sonny stayed quiet, resting against his grandfather's chest, as if he knew exactly who had his back.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3902

Chapter 3902

“Let me ask you something, Chelsea,” Mr. Brown began, his tone sharp and unrelenting. “Have you *ever* come back to your parents' home empty-handed? Even a roll of paper from your brother's house—you'd find a way to take it home. What do you think this place is, your personal supply depot? You treat your family like a bunch of fools you can rob blind!”

He didn't give her a chance to respond, his anger building.

“It's partly your mother's fault too. We helped you far too much in the past, and you took it for granted. Worse, you turned us against Liberty. You had the nerve to blame her, saying she didn't do enough, even convincing us to neglect our own grandson. You've always acted like the world owes you something, Chelsea!”

Chelsea's eyes reddened, tears streaming down her face. She opened her mouth, but no words came.

Mr. Brown wasn't done.

“From now on, if you come back here, you leave empty-handed unless Hank gives you something himself. If he doesn't offer it, don't you dare take a single thing. This is *Hank's* house now, and when your mother and I are gone, Hank will be responsible for this family. We rely on him for our retirement, not you.

“And don't even think about swindling money out of your mother anymore. We know all about the so-called hot pot incident. What kind of daughter tricks her own mother like that? You're a grown woman, Chelsea. You're a *mother* yourself. How would you feel if your daughter pulled the same stunts on you one day?”

His voice grew colder, his disappointment cutting through the air like a blade.

“Life has a way of paying people back, Chelsea. Haven’t you already seen the consequences of your actions? You’ve experienced retribution, and yet you refuse to change.”

He paused briefly before continuing, his frustration mounting.

“Hank and Liberty divorced, and Hank remarried. He and Jessica could’ve had a decent life together, but no, you couldn’t stand it. You were jealous of Serenity’s success, jealous that she married into wealth. So, what did you do? You helped Liberty, which I don’t fault, but then you turned your sights on Jessica, dragging your mother into your petty schemes.

“You harassed and humiliated her until she snapped. Jessica ended up on the wrong side of the law, and you played a big part in that. You are a troublemaker, Chelsea!

“If you ever come back here and stir up more trouble, mark my words—I’ll break ties with you. No more visits, no more excuses. You’re my daughter, but there’s only so much I can take.”

Chelsea sat frozen, stunned by her father’s fury.

“You’re doing well for yourself,” Mr. Brown went on. “You and your husband are healthy, your business is thriving, and you’ve saved millions. Meanwhile, look at your brother. Hank’s life is in shambles, and yet you still try to take advantage of him. Don’t you feel any shame?

“When Hank was doing well, he bent over backward for you. He spoiled you, put you first, and destroyed his own family in the process. Even now, you’ve done nothing to help him, despite the fact that you’re comfortable and stable.

“And Sonny?” His voice softened, but the anger remained. “He’s just a little boy, Chelsea. Yet you’re already scheming to use him. You think that because he’s lucky to have a determined mother and a wealthy aunt, he’s fair game? That’s disgusting.

“If you want your kids to have a better future, work for it. Be like Liberty. Build something of your own. Don’t sit here trying to siphon off Sonny’s blessings like some kind of leech.

“Sonny, don’t listen to your aunt,” he said firmly, turning to his grandson. “She doesn’t have your best interests at heart. Just listen to your mother and your Aunt Serenity. They’re the ones who truly care about you.”

Mr. Brown let out a long, frustrated sigh.

Ever since Hank divorced Liberty, Mr. Brown had slowly come to realize the full extent of Chelsea's manipulative ways. For too long, he had turned a blind eye because she was his daughter. But her selfishness had reached a point he could no longer ignore.

He refused to let her exploit Sonny the way she had everyone else in the family. Sonny represented hope for the Brown family—a chance to rise above the mistakes of the past.

Mr. Brown clenched his fists, his heart heavy with regret. How had he raised someone as shameless as Chelsea?

Married At First Sight Chapter 3903

Chapter 3903

Chelsea cried bitterly, her voice trembling with frustration. "Liberty has Serenity to back her up, and now she even has that wealthy aunt, Audrey. She comes from a rich family, and I can't measure up to her no matter how hard I try! All I want is to save more money for my kids. Is that so wrong?"

Her tone grew sharper. "Liberty has it too easy. She married into a wealthy family, and I can't get a single benefit from her. Why shouldn't I turn to Sonny? He's just a child, but he's already richer than me at 40! What's wrong with taking a little help from my nephew? All I got was a few boxes of seafood from his mother, and Dad, you yelled at me like I committed a crime! I'm your biological daughter, and Liberty is just your former daughter-in-law!"

She paused, her voice dripping with entitlement. "Liberty might be rich now, but she's not one of us. Sonny, though—he's a Brown. Why shouldn't I take something from Sonny to support our family? Dad, you had no right to scold me like that!"

Chelsea's self-righteousness left no room for guilt. In her mind, she was always the victim.

Mr. Brown's face darkened with anger, his jaw clenched tight. When he spotted Hank stepping out of the room, he barked, "Hank, drive your sister and her family out of here. I don't want to see her again—especially not while I'm home! From now on, Chelsea is not welcome here!"

“Dad!” Chelsea’s eyes brimmed with tears as she called out, but Mr. Brown’s resolve didn’t waver.

Chelsea’s mother hesitated, her voice trembling. “Husband, don’t get so worked up. Chelsea is just...”

“Enough!” Mr. Brown cut her off sharply. “If you defend her one more time, you can go with her! Then we’ll see how she treats you when you have nothing left to offer.”

His wife fell silent, too scared to argue further.

Even Chelsea’s husband, George, knew the situation had spiraled out of control. He pulled Chelsea aside and urged her, “Chelsea, you’ve gone too far. You need to apologize to Dad.”

But Chelsea’s indignation only grew. “I just want my kids to have a better life! Sonny has so much, and my kids have nothing. How is that fair?”

Mr. Brown finally snapped. Without another word, he stepped forward and slapped Chelsea—hard, twice—leaving her stunned.

He didn’t stop there. Grabbing her by the arm, he dragged her to the door, flung it open, and shoved her outside. He turned to George, his voice cold and final. “Take your children and leave. Don’t come back until Chelsea admits she was wrong.”

George had no choice but to gather their three children and leave, their steps heavy with shame.

The kids, though teenagers, understood the gravity of the situation. They were angry at being kicked out, but deep down, they knew their mother had crossed the line.

Lucas, the youngest, pouted as they walked away. “I want to stay at Grandpa and Grandma’s house! Sonny has so many toys, and I don’t have any like his!”

Chelsea had always pushed Lucas to cozy up to Sonny, telling him, “Sonny has everything, so be nice to him. If you’re close to him, you’ll get whatever you want.”

“Bang!”

The sound of the door slamming shut echoed through the air, cutting off Chelsea’s protests. Inside, Mr. Brown scooped Sonny into his arms, shielding the little boy from the tension.

But Sonny wriggled free and looked up at his grandmother with wide, innocent eyes. “Grandma, I heard everything Aunt Chelsea said.”

Though young, Sonny could already tell right from wrong. He spoke with a quiet certainty that pierced the silence.

“Aunt Chelsea isn’t a good person.”

Married At First Sight Chapter 3904

Chapter 3904

The gifts Sonny’s mother had sent were meant for his grandparents and father, but his aunt Chelsea had complained, pressuring him to call his mom and demand a New Year’s gift for her too.

But Sonny didn’t want to. He didn’t think people who weren’t good deserved gifts.

“Sonny,” Mrs. Brown said softly, her words faltering. She didn’t know how to respond, so she turned her frustration toward her husband. “You shouldn’t have said all those things in front of Sonny. He’s just a child. It’s not right for him to hear that.”

Mr. Brown, however, was unyielding. “Now you’re worried about him being a child? If you didn’t want his ears polluted, you should’ve dealt with Chelsea! She’s the one with these shameless schemes—always looking to bleed Liberty dry.

“If it weren’t for Sonny, do you think Serenity would’ve spared us back then? Mr. York had every reason to crush us. Instead, they let us off easy for Sonny’s sake. But your daughter? She doesn’t appreciate anything! She still wants to take advantage of Liberty. Does she think Liberty is just going to sit back and let her push her around like she used to?”

Mrs. Brown had no retort. Her husband’s anger silenced her.

Hank, trying to calm the tension, brought over a pot of chrysanthemum tea for his father. “Dad, here. Have some tea to cool down. You know Chelsea isn’t going to change. The best we can do is limit how often she comes here. We can’t let her near Sonny anymore.”

He crouched down, scooping Sonny into his arms. “Sonny, I’m sorry,” he said, his tone heavy with guilt. “You came back to visit for just a couple of days, and you’ve already been caught up in all this drama. From now on, I’ll make sure your aunt doesn’t bother you. You shouldn’t have to hear her nonsense or deal with her at all.”

Sonny wrapped his small arms around Hank’s neck, his voice clear and cheerful. “It’s okay, Dad. I know you love me now. I’m not mad.”

Children have a remarkable way of moving past adult conflicts, and Sonny’s innocent understanding brought a lump to Hank’s throat.

Sonny’s maturity and kindness were a testament to how well Liberty and Serenity had raised him. Hank couldn’t help but feel grateful that he hadn’t fought for Sonny’s custody. If Sonny had been forced to live in the toxic environment of the Brown household, it would have destroyed him.

Hank reflected on his past decisions, feeling a bittersweet sense of relief that he had let Liberty raise their son. Even if Liberty remarried, Sonny would always be her priority. Hank realized he hadn’t shown that same dedication. When he remarried Jessica, his focus had been on having more children, not on Sonny’s well-being.

Hank’s voice softened with emotion. “Sonny, thank you—for still wanting me as your dad, even after everything.”

Sonny looked at him with unwavering affection. “You’re my dad, and you’ll always be my dad. Mom says Uncle Duncan is my second dad, so I’m luckier than most kids. I have two dads who love me.”

The little boy paused, his expression earnest. “Mom told me that when I grow up, I have to be good to you. She said you work very hard to take care of me. She also said something like... ‘You raised me when I was little, so I’ll take care of you when you’re old.’”

Though Sonny might not fully grasp the depth of his mother’s words, his sincerity made them even more powerful.

“Dad,” Sonny added, his tone firm, “you work hard, so you need to rest. And you should eat the gift Mom sent for you. Don’t let Aunt take it away.”

Hank hugged Sonny tightly, his eyes stinging with unshed tears. He nodded, his voice thick with emotion. “Don’t worry, Sonny. I promise—I’ll eat the gift your mom sent. Your aunt won’t take it away.”

Married At First Sight Chapter 3905

Chapter 3905

Annenburg, Province X

At the Ormond family estate, the air was filled with the laughter of children and the quiet warmth of a winter afternoon. After lunch, Elora and her cousins sat under the gazebo in the snow-dusted yard, enjoying each other's company while watching their younger brothers play gleefully in the snow.

Tatum, the private chef Elora had recently hired, approached the gazebo with a tray in hand. His arrival was as calming as a warm breeze on a frosty day.

As he stepped onto the gazebo, a natural, genuine smile lit up his face. The Ormond sisters exchanged quick glances; they had all noticed how charming Tatum was. His cooking was exceptional, but it wasn't just his culinary skills that made him stand out. There was something about his demeanor—his warmth and quiet attentiveness—that made him a joy to have around. Even the bitter cold seemed less biting in his presence.

The young women weren't cold, though. Their clothing was warm and luxurious, perfectly suited for the wintry weather. What made this day special was the rare opportunity to be together. Between work and studies, time for family bonding was scarce. Elora's invitation to enjoy the snowy scenery had brought them all together, and the nostalgia of childhood memories bubbled up as they watched the younger boys dive into snowball fights, their laughter echoing through the yard.

"Miss, I've brought the freshly brewed tea," Tatum said politely as he set the tray down. He placed the teapot on a small portable stove to keep it warm, along with a selection of snacks designed to be eaten hot. His thoughtfulness was evident; nothing would grow cold on his watch.

Elora nodded in appreciation but waved him off gently. "We've just finished lunch, Tatum. We're not hungry yet. You should rest—you'll need your energy to prepare dinner later."

Tatum paused, his expression thoughtful. "The young masters mentioned they'd like to have hot pot for dinner tonight. What do you think, Miss?"

Though others in the family might share their preferences, it was Elora's decision that mattered most. Tatum worked exclusively for her, tailoring his dishes to her tastes and preferences above all else.

Elora's gaze shifted to her younger brother Alonzo, who was busy hurling snowballs with unrestrained joy. A tender smile softened her face. "If Alonzo wants hot pot, then hot pot it is," she said warmly. She turned to her cousins with an inviting grin. "You should all join us tonight. Hot pot is always better with more people around the table."

The group eagerly agreed.

The confidence Elora placed in Tatum was unshakable. Since he had become her private chef, meals had transformed from mere sustenance to delightful experiences. He had an innate talent for creating flavors she didn't know she craved. Even with hot pot—something she rarely enjoyed in the past because the soup bases had always fallen short—she had no doubts Tatum would excel.

Tatum's presence in the Ormond household had become a topic of admiration. Not only was he skilled and professional, but his dedication to refining his craft was unparalleled. It was said that despite already being accomplished, he had taken the position as Elora's chef to perfect his cooking.

Elora's reputation for having a discerning palate and exacting standards was no secret. But instead of being deterred, Tatum had embraced the challenge, using her feedback to hone his skills even further. Each dish he prepared reflected his meticulous attention to detail and his commitment to improvement.

"Thank you, Sister," Sevyn, the third Ormond daughter, chimed in with a smile. "It's been such a busy year, and I haven't had much time to enjoy family meals. Tonight will be special."

As they sipped tea and chatted under the gazebo, the warmth of family and the promise of Tatum's expertly prepared hot pot made the cold winter day feel brighter and more inviting.