

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4043

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“I miss my husband. He’s been gone for so long,” the old lady said, wiping her tears. “But I don’t dwell on it anymore. I feel blessed—more than he was. I’ve lived long enough to see several of my grandsons get married. Maybe, if I’m even more fortunate, I’ll see the ninth one get married too.”

She paused, her gaze wistful. “All I truly wish for is to have a great-granddaughter before I go. Before he passed, my husband said his biggest regret was never having a daughter or a granddaughter.”

Rosella gently comforted her. “Mom, you’ll live to be a hundred—no, 120—and you’ll see the ninth grandson marry and hold your great-granddaughter in your arms. You have nine grandsons, after all. Surely one of them will give you a little girl.”

Rosella, however, didn’t dare to speak too confidently.

The York family hadn’t had a daughter in three generations. Any baby girls born in the past had tragically passed away in infancy.

It was as if girls didn’t dare to be reborn into the York family.

“That’s right,” the old lady said, her tone hopeful. “Nine granddaughters-in-law—one of them is bound to give me a great-granddaughter. With the excellent genes in our family, she’ll undoubtedly be beautiful, sweet, and utterly adorable.”

She smiled, her thoughts drifting. “Like little Avah. I haven’t seen her in so long. I miss her terribly. Every time I see her, I feel like a thief, tempted to steal her away to raise her myself. But, of course, I wouldn’t actually do that—the Johnsons would think I’m crazy!”

Rosella chuckled. “Mom, every time you see Avah, you practically drool over her. It’s no wonder they guard her so closely. She’s their only precious child, and with the way you look at her, anyone would think you’re plotting something.”

The old lady laughed, a little embarrassed. “You’re right. That’s why we need one of our own. If we have our own little girl, we won’t have to envy anyone. Let them envy us instead!”

Still, families like the Yorks—who hadn’t had daughters in generations—were rare.

Perhaps it was the wish of the York ancestor for a flourishing lineage. And perhaps God, in granting that wish, made the family prosperous but kept daughters away.

“Rosella,” the old lady said, her tone shifting. “Since they’re not home, let’s go out for a bit. Let’s visit FC Manor. I miss Avah, and she should be walking by now. Children are the most adorable when they first start walking—waddling like little penguins.”

Rosella thought about it. Staying home was dull, and a little getaway with her mother-in-law sounded appealing. The household would run just fine without her; her sister-in-law managed most of the responsibilities anyway.

“Alright,” Rosella agreed. “But shouldn’t we let your sons—or at least Zachary—know?”

The old lady rolled her eyes, looking at Rosella as if she’d lost her mind. “Are you serious? If we tell Zachary, do you think we’ll actually get to leave? He won’t let me go anywhere. He keeps saying I’m too old and should just stay home and relax.”

She sighed dramatically. “The seventh and eighth boys aren’t in any rush to get married. They’ve just started their careers and need to toughen up before settling down. Let them mature a bit. When the time comes, I’ll find good wives for them. But until then, I’ll stay put—or at least let Zachary *think* I am.”

Rosella couldn’t help but laugh. “You’re right. If Zachary knows, it’s game over. I’ll pack quietly, and we’ll slip out before anyone notices.”

“Good girl,” the old lady said, a mischievous twinkle in her eye.