

Married At First Sight Chapter 4004

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“The Farrell family members aren’t fools,” Holden said, his tone dripping with bitterness. “They know how to assess the situation. Even if your sister doesn’t willingly step aside, they’ll make their move and back Liberty. They’ll push her to take over as the head of the family.”

Holden shook his head. “The major families in Wiltspoon are set on securing the Farrell family leadership. Whoever claims that position must align with their interests. Besides, Mr. Jimenez is still alive. Do you think he’ll let it slide? He was Clarissa’s eldest sister’s assistant, and now he’s determined to see justice done.”

“Clarissa’s crimes—murdering her own sisters to gain power—have come to light again. Do you really think the public, or the Farrell family for that matter, will allow her children to take over? It’s out of the question.”

Marco slammed his fist against the armrest of his chair, his anger barely contained. “Dad, I refuse to accept this!”

His voice rose. “I don’t care if I don’t win the position of head of the family, but Liberty cannot take what’s ours in the Farrell Group! And what about the fortune Mom left behind? Kathryn isn’t sharing it equally with us. She can’t keep it all for herself. At worst, I’ll take her down with me. If I die, my children can still inherit Mom’s estate. Kathryn is unmarried and childless—if she dies, she loses everything. That’s her weakness!”

With that, Marco stood abruptly, his chair scraping against the floor. He stormed off without waiting for his father’s response, unwilling to hear more of Holden’s warnings.

His two younger brothers exchanged uneasy glances, then looked at their father. Holden sat shaking with anger, his face pale. After a moment’s hesitation, they got up and followed Marco, leaving Holden to stew in his frustration.

Once they were gone, Holden let out a bitter laugh, muttering to himself. “Why? Why did I end up with these three rebellious fools? They’re nothing but trouble, deaf to reason. Clarissa, you’ve ruined me—even from beyond the grave!”

He cursed his late wife under his breath, his anger spilling over as he sat alone, wrestling with his despair.

In Wiltspoon

At 3:30 in the afternoon, Duncan left his office and drove to the kindergarten where Sonny attended.

When he arrived, it was still ten minutes before 4:00 p.m. Children like Sonny, who weren't picked up by school buses, weren't allowed to leave until the official pickup time.

Because of his mobility issues, Duncan stayed in his car, waiting for Sonny. As he watched the entrance, an elderly couple walked by, carrying a bag of KFC. Duncan immediately recognized them: Sonny's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

The Browns weren't there to pick Sonny up—they didn't have the required pickup card, and the kindergarten staff didn't know them. But that didn't stop them from trying to get close to their grandson.

They'd brought fried chicken, burgers, and fries—Sonny's favorites. Their plan was obvious: win him over with food, make him think fondly of them, and inch closer to regaining a connection with him.

Duncan watched silently, making no move to greet them. The Browns despised him, and the feeling was mutual. But because they were Sonny's grandparents, Duncan maintained a polite distance, avoiding any direct confrontation.

At 4:00 p.m., Duncan finally got out of his car. His bodyguard quickly unloaded the wheelchair and helped him into it. With the pickup card in hand, Duncan approached the teacher at the entrance. It was easier to let the staff bring Sonny out rather than struggle to go in himself.

The Browns noticed Duncan right away. Mrs. Brown leaned closer to her husband, whispering.

"Tell Hank he needs to start picking Sonny up when he has the time," she said, her voice laced with bitterness. "If he doesn't want to bring Sonny back to our house, he should at least drop him off at Serenity's. We can't let that stepfather get too close to Sonny."

Her expression darkened as she continued, “Liberty isn’t in Wiltspoon right now. Do you really think that man—Duncan—cares about Sonny? He’s just pretending, putting on a show for everyone. Liberty’s too blind to see it, but I’m not fooled.

Sonny moved in with his aunt as soon as Liberty left. If Duncan were such a great stepfather, wouldn’t Sonny want to stay with him? Instead, the poor boy is living with Serenity, who’s pregnant and already exhausted.

Serenity’s due in a couple of months, and she’s barely managing. Sonny’s smart—he knows she’s tired, but he still chooses to stay with her. That says it all. This man character is no good. He’s just acting nice to fool Liberty and the others.”

Mrs. Brown’s voice dropped even lower, her tone full of suspicion and disdain.
