

Married At First Sight Chapter 4006

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After checking Sonny's temperature and finding it normal, Mrs. Brown shot Duncan a suspicious look. "Are you sure it wasn't because you've been feeding him poorly at home? Maybe the heat built up over time, and it's just convenient to blame us. We gave him his favorite fried chicken—how is that wrong?"

She crossed her arms, her tone turning accusatory. "I know you don't like us seeing Sonny and want to keep him away from us. But we're his biological grandparents, connected by blood. Blood ties can't be replaced by someone like you."

Fixing Duncan with a sharp glare, she continued, "Sonny is my grandson. I have every right to see him and bring him food. You're just a stepfather, and you have no authority over this. Remember, Sonny's last name is Brown. His father is Hank Brown—not you!"

Duncan listened calmly, letting her vent. When she finally paused, he said evenly, "Auntie, you're right—Sonny's last name is still Brown, and I have no intention of changing that. I've also never tried to stop you from seeing him. You're his grandparents, and that's a fact no one can erase.

All I ask is that you avoid feeding him junk food. It's not good for his health. At home, we ensure his meals are balanced and nutritious. That's why he doesn't experience 'heat accumulation' as you suggested."

Mrs. Brown glared at him. "So now you're saying it's wrong for us to let Sonny eat what he enjoys? You're the one taking care of him, yet he still got sick. How dare you blame us for his fever? Admit it—you're just looking for excuses to keep Sonny away from us."

Turning to Sonny, she softened her tone. "Sonny, don't listen to Mr. Lewis. He's not your real dad. He's only acting nice to impress your mom. When she's not around, who knows how he treats you? Stepdads rarely have good intentions."

Before Duncan could respond, Sonny's small voice interrupted.

“Grandma, Uncle Duncan is a good man. Don’t say bad things about him!” Sonny said firmly, his little face serious. “Aunt Seren takes care of me most of the time—are you saying she doesn’t love me either?”

Mrs. Brown was momentarily taken aback but quickly shifted tactics. “Sonny, you’re too young to understand. Adults aren’t always who they seem. Do you want some fried chicken? Look, Grandpa and I brought your favorite—it’s still hot. Eat it before it gets cold.”

She reached out again, trying to pull Sonny from Duncan’s arms, but Sonny held on tightly.

Mrs. Brown’s frustration grew. If things continued this way, she feared Sonny would drift further away from them, even if his last name never changed. The thought of losing the only grandchild she would ever have filled her with both anxiety and resentment.

In her mind, the blame lay squarely with Liberty and Duncan. Liberty shouldn’t have left Sonny behind, and Duncan—well, how could any stepfather’s love be genuine?