

Married at First Sight 4311-4315

Pedro held Kathryn in his arms as she recorded the fireworks display.

The fireworks he had arranged would last for a full thirty minutes.

Watching her smile warmed his heart. As long as she was happy, anything was worth it.

That night, many people in Jiangcheng noticed the dazzling fireworks lighting up the suburban sky.

The breathtaking display stretched across the entire night, shining brightly for all to see.

People began to wonder—who was celebrating with such a grand fireworks show? Some even speculated it was a wedding, as the spectacle was visible from the city.

When the final fireworks faded, Kathryn turned to Pedro with a look of reluctance.

“Pedro, thank you. This was such a beautiful surprise—I loved it!”

She slipped her phone back into her pocket, then spun around to face him. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she shouted joyfully, “Pedro, I love you!”

Pedro gazed at her fondly and replied, “Qingqing, I love you even more.”

They embraced tightly before sharing a deep, passionate kiss.

Afterward, Pedro gently took her hand and said, “Qingqing, let’s go home. It’s late, and it’s getting cold.”

“Okay, let’s go home,” she agreed.

Hand in hand, they walked out of the park.

By the time Kathryn returned to the Feng family mansion, it was already late at night.

Pedro walked her inside but didn’t stay. Since they hadn’t registered their marriage yet, he wouldn’t spend the night at the Feng family home. Besides, the mansion now belonged to Liberty.

Kathryn sat down on the sofa, still holding the bouquet of flowers Pedro had given her when he proposed.

Just then, footsteps echoed from the stairs.

Liberty came down, dressed in her nightgown, and looked at Kathryn with concern.

“You just got out of the hospital, and yet you ran off into the cold night and came back so late. Pedro spoils you too much—but no matter how much he dotes on you, he should also consider your health,” she said as she approached.

Her eyes landed on the bouquet Kathryn was holding. “Did Pedro give you these? Wait... did he propose to you?”

A smile spread across Liberty’s face as she noticed the diamond ring on Kathryn’s hand.

“Yes! Tonight—well, I guess technically last night—he took me out for dinner and proposed in front of a crowd at the hotel entrance,” Kathryn said, her voice full of excitement.

“After that, he took me to the suburbs to set off fireworks. They were absolutely beautiful and lasted for a full thirty minutes. I took so many videos! Hailing, let me show you!”

Kathryn’s happiness was infectious. She couldn’t wait to share it with someone, and Liberty was the perfect person.

Liberty’s eyes widened in realization. “So that fireworks show was for you? I saw it from my office window! The whole night sky lit up.”

“Everyone was wondering who was so extravagant to set off fireworks for half an hour. Turns out, it was your Pedro’s doing.”

Kathryn grinned as she sent the video to Liberty. “It was such a surprise! I never expected him to do something like that for me.”

“Fireworks aren’t allowed in the city anymore. Back when I lived with my adoptive mother, I could still see them during Chinese New Year, but they were nothing compared to what Pedro arranged.”

Liberty chuckled. “Of course not! Not everyone is as generous as Mr. Fang.”

Pedro truly adored Kathryn.

Knowing the hardships of her past—the abuse she endured from her adoptive parents—he understood what she longed for most.

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Liberty held Kathryn’s hand and said warmly, “Kathryn, I wish you and Pedro a long and happy life together. Leave the hardships of the past behind and focus on the future.”

“You know, Tongtong and I went through a lot of unfair treatment too, but we chose to let go of the hatred. Ever since then, life has been much easier.”

“Those so-called relatives who mistreated my sister and me now have to rely on us to make a living. Our happiness and success are the best revenge.”

Kathryn’s smile slowly faded as she fell into deep thought.

After a long pause, she nodded and said, “You’re right. We should all look forward.”

The two embraced, finding comfort in their shared understanding.

When they pulled away, their eyes held support, encouragement, and heartfelt blessings for each other.

Just then, beep, beep—Kathryn’s phone chimed with a new WeChat message.

She glanced at the screen. It was from Pedro, reminding her to go to bed early.

Smiling, she quickly replied and then sent another message: Let’s go to the Civil Affairs Bureau tomorrow to get our marriage certificate.

Pedro’s response came almost instantly. That’s exactly what I want.

Kathryn turned to Liberty, her excitement evident. “Liberty, I’ve made up my mind. Tomorrow, Pedro and I are going to get our marriage certificate!”

“Congratulations!” Liberty said with a bright smile. “Get some rest. You don’t have to wake up too early—sleep in until around nine, have a good breakfast, put on some light makeup, and step out looking beautiful.”

“At noon, Dongming and I will take you and Pedro out for a meal to celebrate.”

“Thank you,” Kathryn said gratefully. “I’m lucky to have you here to share my happiness.”

Liberty’s smile deepened. “We’re friends. Now, go get some sleep.”
Kathryn hummed softly in response.

The two of them headed upstairs together and returned to their rooms.

Liberty gently pushed open the door and stepped inside, careful not to make any noise for fear of disturbing Duncan. But as soon as she closed the door, the light flicked on.

Duncan’s voice came from the doorway. “Where did you go in the middle of the night? I woke up and looked around, but my wife was gone.”

He was leaning against the bedroom door, looking as if he had been about to go out and search for her.

Liberty walked up to him, took his arm, and helped him back into the bedroom. They sat down together on the bed.

“Kathryn just got home. I wanted to check on her. She just got out of the hospital and is still recovering.”

Duncan nodded, understanding his wife’s concern. “Where did she go?”

“Pedro took her out to dinner and proposed to her. They’re going to register their marriage tomorrow,” Liberty said, then added with a smile, “By the way, do you know who set off fireworks for half an hour tonight? It was Pedro.”

“That whole fireworks show was his surprise for Kathryn. It was breathtaking. The night sky over Jiangcheng was completely lit up—it was absolutely stunning.”

Duncan pulled her into his arms and playfully fell back onto the bed. “You love fireworks too. I can buy even more and set them off for a whole hour—twice as long as Pedro did for Kathryn.”

Liberty nudged him, laughing. “Come on, we’re already an old married couple. No need to waste money on that. It’s not even the New Year.”

Duncan turned to her with a teasing smile. “Old married couple? We just got our marriage certificate before the New Year. We haven’t even had the wedding yet—we’re still newlyweds!”

He kissed her cheek and continued, “When we have our wedding, I’ll prepare a fireworks show just for you and Yangyang. I won’t do it now, though, or Pedro will say I copied him.”

Liberty smirked. “You totally learned it from him. If I hadn’t mentioned it, you wouldn’t have thought of it at all.”

Duncan chuckled, knowing she was right. He had never been the romantic type. He wasn’t great at sweet talk or grand gestures—his idea of romance was learning from others and occasionally giving flowers or jewelry to make Liberty happy.

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“Didn’t Pedro get the idea from someone else? I don’t believe he came up with it on his own,” Liberty teased.

Duncan tried to defend himself but eventually admitted, “I’m just not the romantic type. That’s who I am—it’s in my nature, and I can’t change it.”

He looked at her seriously and added, “If you regret marrying me, well, too bad. There’s no turning back now. You’re stuck with a rough man like me who doesn’t understand romance.”

Before Liberty could respond, Duncan silenced her with a kiss, pulling her into his embrace.

Later, as they lay together, Liberty suddenly realized something. “You didn’t use any protection.”

“We don’t have any birth control pills at home either,” she added, narrowing her eyes at him.

Duncan shrugged. “You should be in your safe period, so it should be fine.”

“There’s no such thing as a 100% safe period. Accidents can still happen,” she reminded him.

After a brief pause, Duncan said, “Well, if you do get pregnant, then we’ll have the baby. Yangyang is already in kindergarten and studying in Wancheng. Without a little one around, the house feels too quiet.”

“But we haven’t even had our wedding yet,” Liberty pointed out. “If I’m pregnant, it’ll be exhausting to plan and attend a wedding while carrying a big belly.”

Duncan thought for a moment. “After you take them to the ancestral ceremony and officially become the head of the Feng family, we can start planning the wedding. If you do get pregnant, it won’t be too obvious right away.”

He reached out and gently touched her stomach, a hopeful smile on his face. “I’d love for it to be a girl—one who looks like you and is just as smart and adorable as Yangyang.”

Having a daughter as their second child would mean they had both a son and a daughter, and they wouldn’t need to try for a third.

Liberty studied him suspiciously. “Did you do this on purpose?”

“Do what on purpose?”

“You deliberately didn’t take any precautions because you want me to get pregnant,” she accused.

Duncan shook his head, looking innocent. “Of course not! You’ve said you don’t want a second child too soon, so I’ve always been careful. This time...I just got carried away.”

He truly hadn't planned it. He knew how busy Liberty was and how demanding pregnancy could be. The last thing he wanted was to put more pressure on her.

How could he intentionally make her pregnant?

"How about I go out and buy you some medicine now?" Duncan asked.

Liberty chuckled. "It's already so late. The pharmacy is probably closed by now. Besides, I'm in my safe period, so I doubt I'll get pregnant."

"Let's just go to sleep."

Duncan kissed her forehead. "Good night, honey."

Liberty closed her eyes, but that night, she kept having dreams—dreams where she was pregnant and gave birth to a daughter.

Strangely, the baby didn't look like her at all. Instead, she was the spitting image of Duncan.

Not that Duncan was unattractive—he was actually quite handsome. It was just the scar on his face that made him look a bit fierce.

In her dream, Duncan became a doting father, completely obsessed with their daughter. From the moment she was born, he hardly let go of her, carrying her everywhere. As a result, their little girl grew attached to him and only wanted her father.

Since Liberty was always busy managing the company, she had opted to feed their daughter formula instead of breastfeeding, making it easier for Duncan to care for her as a stay-at-home dad. Unfortunately, this only deepened the bond between father and daughter, leaving Liberty feeling slightly left out.

As their daughter grew older, Duncan proudly carried her around to show her off. Every time he met up with his friends—many of whom only had sons—he would parade his little girl in front of them, making them jealous.

"What a shameless show-off," Liberty muttered in her sleep, laughing.

Duncan, half-asleep, nudged her. "Wife, what are you dreaming about? You look so happy."

Still groggy, Liberty slowly opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling, taking a moment to regain her senses.

So it was just a dream.

But it had felt so real—so real that, for a moment, she actually believed she had given birth to a daughter.

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Morning light filled the room.

Liberty had a wonderful dream that night.

Turning her head, she looked at Duncan and complained, “Why did you wake me up? My dream was amazing. I wanted to keep watching her grow up, get married, and take over the business.”

Duncan blinked in confusion. “Who were you dreaming about? Yangyang? Are you planning for him to take over in the future?”

The Feng family had always been led by women for generations. Would they even allow Yangyang to take over? Probably not.

Liberty shook her head. “No, before we fell asleep, we were talking about having another baby. Then I dreamed that I actually got pregnant and had a daughter. She didn’t look like me at all—she looked exactly like you. Every bit like you.”

Duncan raised an eyebrow, amused.

“Of course, you’re cute too,” Liberty teased. “You’re not ugly. Before that scar, you were actually quite handsome.” She glanced at the side of his face that was unscarred—he really was good-looking.

“Anyway,” she continued, “you were so happy about our daughter that you held her all the time. You barely had time for work because she became your entire world. Yangyang and I were both jealous of her.”

She sighed dramatically. “I never had a real romantic rival, but I didn’t expect to give birth to one. Our daughter completely took over your arms.”

Duncan chuckled.

“And the worst part?” Liberty added. “You kept showing her off every chance you got. Every time you met up with your friends, you bragged about her. Especially in front of Zhan Yin and Su Nan, just to rub it in that they only had sons.”

Duncan laughed. “They didn’t beat me up for it?”

“No, because they’re decent people,” Liberty said with a smirk. “But I got so annoyed in my dream that I finally snapped and called you a show-off. That’s when you pushed me and woke me up. I didn’t even get to hold my daughter!”

Duncan smiled. “So that’s why you were mumbling in your sleep. If I’d known you were having such a beautiful dream, I wouldn’t have woken you up. You could’ve watched our daughter grow up, get married, and take over the family business.”

He leaned back thoughtfully. “Then when we retire, I’d hand my business over to Yangyang. We’d travel the world with Zhan Yin, Su Nan, and the rest of our friends—just a group of happy retirees.”

He glanced at her playfully. “Our daughter was adorable, right? You said she looked like me, so I guess I should try to be gentler. I wouldn’t want her growing up as rough as I am.”

Liberty chuckled. “That was just a dream, Duncan. It’s not real.”

But even as she said it, the warmth of the dream lingered in her heart. “Dreams often reflect the opposite of reality,” Liberty mused. “Since we were talking about having a daughter before bed, I ended up dreaming about it.”

Still, she decided not to take the morning-after pill. She would just let nature take its course.

If I do get pregnant, I’ll keep the baby, she thought. And if not, there’s still time for a second child once things settle down.

These days, many people were having children in their thirties and even forties. Since she had already given birth to one child, waiting a little longer for a second wouldn’t be an issue. But if she waited until 35 or 36, it might start feeling too late.

She reached for her phone on the bedside table, checked the time, then sat up. “What time is it? I need to get up.”

Duncan got up as well. “I’ll get your clothes for you.”

Liberty shook her head with a smile. “I have hands, you know. I can do it myself.”

Still, as she grabbed her own clothes, she also took his and handed them to him.

The couple dressed, freshened up, and went downstairs together.

Duncan had been doing rehabilitation for a long time. Though he still couldn’t walk completely normally, he had made a lot of progress. He could manage the stairs—just a little slower and with a limp.

At one point, Duncan had worried about his future. What if he never fully recovered? What if he remained crippled for life? He had asked Liberty if she would ever resent him for it.

Her answer had been simple: “If I minded, I wouldn’t have married you.”

After all, when they got their marriage certificate, he had been in even worse condition than he was now.

That reassurance had put Duncan at ease, but it also strengthened his resolve. I have to keep going with rehab. I won’t let myself become a cripple.

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Kathryn was already up and had even prepared breakfast for the three of them.

Hearing footsteps, she stepped out of the kitchen, still wearing her apron.

“Kathryn, good morning,” Liberty greeted her. “Did you make breakfast? We have a chef at home—you don’t need to do that. Your injury hasn’t fully healed yet, so you should rest.”

Kathryn smiled. “It’s fine. It wasn’t hard. Making breakfast is simple.”

Today was a special day—she and Pedro were going to register their marriage. Maybe that’s why she felt so happy and full of energy, much more than she did yesterday.

“Breakfast is ready,” she said. “You two have work, so eat quickly. I’m not in a rush—I can eat later.”

She turned back to the kitchen, brought out the breakfast she had prepared for the couple, and then went back to tidy up. After removing her apron, she carried her own plate to the table and sat down.

“Isn’t Pedro coming over for breakfast?” Liberty asked.

“He’ll figure it out himself,” Kathryn replied with a smile.

Liberty chuckled. “I’m not worried about him going hungry.”

“He won’t,” Kathryn said, laughing. “He told me not to make his breakfast—didn’t even give me a chance to take care of him.”

Liberty grinned. “That’s a very ‘Versailles’ thing to say.”

“We all know how much Pedro dotes on you,” she added. “No one loves you more than he does.”

Kathryn’s eyes sparkled with joy. “That’s right. I chose the right person.”

After breakfast, Liberty and Duncan quickly left for work.

Kathryn returned to her room and spent a long time in the walk-in closet, carefully choosing an outfit. Once she found the perfect one, she changed and sat in front of the vanity, applying light makeup.

She wasn’t a stunning beauty, just a naturally pretty woman. But in Pedro’s eyes, she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

With just a little makeup, Kathryn transformed from a pretty girl into a true beauty.

She carefully put on the jewelry Pedro had given her, admiring how it sparkled in the light.

Just as she finished getting ready, Pedro arrived.

The moment he saw her, his eyes widened. She was putting on makeup and wearing the jewelry he had given her—it made his heart skip a beat.

“Well?” Kathryn twirled slightly. “How do I look? I’m wearing the jewelry you gave me. It’s beautiful. I really like it.”

Pedro nodded enthusiastically. “Qingqing, you look stunning.”

She laughed. “You don’t have to flatter me—I know my limits. I’m not exactly a great beauty. At best, I’m just pretty. There are so many gorgeous women around me. Compared to them, I don’t stand out at all.”

The Hailing sisters, Shen Xiaojun, Shang Xiaofei, and the others were all exceptionally beautiful. Standing next to them, she felt she had no real advantage.

“In my eyes, you’re the most beautiful woman in the world,” Pedro said without hesitation.

To him, beauty wasn’t just about looks—it was about the person he loved.

He gently took her hand, brought it to his lips, and placed a soft kiss on her fingers.

“Qingqing, I love you so much.”

Kathryn smiled. “You must’ve had honey for breakfast—your words are so sweet.” She playfully withdrew her hand. “Come on, let’s go. We have an appointment at the Civil Affairs Bureau.”

She double-checked her bag to make sure she had all the necessary documents, then turned to Pedro. “You have everything, right?”

Pedro pulled out his ID from the hidden pocket inside his suit and handed it to her. “Here, put it in your bag so we don’t lose it.”

With everything set, the two of them walked downstairs hand in hand.

But just as they were about to leave, Zheng Hua suddenly appeared, blocking their way.

Pedro stopped in his tracks, frowning. “Didn’t Dad go back to his hometown? Why is he here again?”

Was his father-in-law here to cause trouble again?