

Married At First Sight Chapter 3846

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Once Shiloh accepted that the rumors were true, fear crept in—fear of losing everything she'd ever known. Back then, Clarissa was still deeply attached to Shiloh and couldn't bear the thought of sending her back to her biological parents to live a lesser life. So, she kept Shiloh close, but not without consequence; Shiloh was no longer considered the successor of the Farrell family.

Everything Shiloh had was thanks to the Farrells. If any legal battles arose, the Farrell family would likely come out ahead, securing more of the estate.

Kathryn sighed. "People will do anything for money."

Money reveals a person's true nature, showing the worst sides of humanity.

When they reached the hospital, Kathryn turned to Pedro. "Wait for me here. Don't come in."

Pedro nodded and stood outside the ward as Kathryn walked down the hallway, steadying her breath before stepping inside with the bouquet. The moment she entered, she overheard her father, Holden, griping to the staff about her coldness and Clarissa's favoritism.

"Clarissa had it coming," Holden muttered, bitterness lacing his words. "She should've died years ago. If she had, Shiloh would've taken over the Farrell family, and I'd have had everything I deserved. Shiloh would've looked after me, handed me money whenever I wanted, and Kathryn wouldn't even matter."

One of the caretakers, fed up with his rants, finally spoke up. "Mr. Janzen, Miss Farrell is your daughter. Ma'am Farrell did plenty for you when she was alive. You betrayed her trust, and now you expect to inherit her wealth?"

The servant's voice grew sharper. "The world doesn't work like that. You blame Miss Farrell for being distant, but how good of a father have you been to her?"

In her mind, the servant couldn't help but wonder why Clarissa hadn't just cut Holden out completely. He was lucky to still be alive and well-cared for, yet he had the nerve to complain. The Farrell estate wasn't his to begin with.

"If it weren't for Miss Farrell covering your medical bills and arranging your care, do you think the young masters would step up? You'd be left with nothing," the servant continued, her tone pointed.

Her message was clear: Holden should be grateful, not bitter.

"Miss Farrell still has some sense of duty as a daughter. If she were as heartless as you claim, she wouldn't even be here," the servant added. "She wouldn't give you a second thought if you were dying."

Holden's face flushed with anger. "I'm a tiger brought low, now bullied by a dog. Even you, a servant, dare to talk back to me?"

The servant didn't miss a beat. "Since when have you ever been a tiger, Mr. Janzen?"

Holden was stunned into silence.

He'd spent decades in the shadow of the Farrell family, unable to raise his voice or stand tall, always dependent on Clarissa's favor. He had even gone out of his way to appease the servants she trusted, terrified they'd speak ill of him to her.

Hearing familiar footsteps, the servant turned and saw Kathryn entering the room. She straightened and greeted her respectfully. "Miss."

Holden flinched.

Kathryn was here.

And she'd probably heard everything. A chill of anxiety swept over him, but then he steeled himself. He was her father, after all. So what if she'd overheard? It wasn't like she could punish him. Or could she?