

# Married At First Sight Chapter 3848

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Holden's frustration bubbled over. "Kathryn, where's your pride? That's our home—how can you just hand it over and bow down? If your mother knew, she'd be rolling in her grave!"

Kathryn took another bite of her apple, unfazed. "It was never really mine, Dad. Before Mom passed, she realized her mistakes and wanted to make things right with Auntie. Everything she took—control of the family estate, the mansion, the properties—was meant to go back to Auntie's side of the family. I'm honoring her wishes. It's called being a good daughter."

Holden's expression darkened. "Your mother didn't say anything like that before she died! There's no way she wanted you to give everything away. Don't try to pull one over on me."

"Dad," Kathryn replied, her voice sharp, "you weren't even there when she passed. How could you know what she said? Everything Mom left me is mine now, and I'll manage it how I see fit. You don't need to worry about it. Just focus on healing. If you're set on staying here, fine. Spend the New Year in the hospital. If not, I'll arrange a ride to take you back to your hometown to recover."

Holden's eyes blazed with anger. "You're trying to get rid of me, aren't you? Kathryn, you ungrateful daughter! I'm your father! Aren't you afraid I'll go public and show everyone your true colors?"

Kathryn smirked. "What do I have to be afraid of, Dad? Even if you talk to the media, who's going to believe you or care enough to help? This is a Farrell family matter. And let's be real, you didn't raise me or show me an ounce of love when I returned. You've always had it out for me. The fact that I haven't cut ties with you is already generous. Don't think just because I'm giving you some leeway, you can push your luck."

Holden's mouth dropped open, stunned.

"Look," Kathryn continued, her tone cool, "I'm still a decent person. Even though you never gave me fatherly love, I'm not going to leave you high and dry. When you're back home, I'll transfer money to your account every month for your living expenses."

Holden's eyes lit up with hope. "How much? Your mother held me back my entire life—I never had more than \$500 in my pocket. I'm not asking for much, just \$10,000 a day."

Kathryn snorted. "Dad, \$10,000 a day? You must be joking. I'll send you \$10,000 a month."

The smile fell from Holden's face, replaced by rage. "\$10,000 a *month*? Kathryn, are you serious? You might as well be tossing change to a beggar. I'm your father, your real father! Your mother left you a fortune, and you think \$10,000 is enough for me?"

Back when Clarissa was alive, Holden had at least \$400 or \$500 a day—far more than what Kathryn was offering now.

"Dad," Kathryn said calmly, "\$10,000 a month is more than enough back home. There are people working full-time who don't even make that much. Besides, if you're so unsatisfied, my three brothers can pitch in too. If they each contribute \$10,000, that's \$40,000 a month. That should be more than enough for you to live comfortably."