

Married At First Sight Chapter 4097

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“Kathryn!” Marco’s expression darkened as he addressed her with a grave tone. He asked coldly, “I’ll ask you one last time—are you really planning to hand over everything that belongs to the Farrell family to Liberty?”

Kathryn responded firmly, “This is Mom’s life’s work!”

Marco snapped, “If you don’t want it, then hand everything over to us. We’d gladly take it. At least that way, Mom’s legacy won’t become someone else’s victory trophy.”

Kathryn met Marco’s gaze and replied calmly, “Brother, I’ve told you countless times—Farrell’s legacy rightfully belongs to Liberty and her lineage. Mom took it, but it was never truly hers. I believe she regretted it before she passed.

“Our branch of the family has lost the trust of the people. Even if we refuse to let Liberty take over, do you really think it would be your turn? There are plenty of ambitious young women in the clan who’d fight for the position.

“Instead of letting it fall into their hands, it’s better to return everything to Aunt’s descendants. I believe Liberty has what it takes to lead the family. Everyone supports her and is willing to follow her as head of the Farrell family. She’s the one who can lead us out of this mess and restore the family to its former glory.”

Kathryn paused before adding, “Liberty has strong backers, including some of the most powerful families. Even in Jensburg, she has the Queen family’s support. And you know how influential the Queen family is—on par with the York family in Wiltspoon.”

Marco clenched his teeth and hissed, “Kathryn, if you’re going to be this stubborn, then we have nothing left to say. From this day forward, we’re no longer siblings. Don’t blame us for what happens next.”

Without waiting for Kathryn to respond, Marco turned to his two younger brothers and ordered, “Let’s go.”

“Brother...”

Marco shot them a stern look and repeated, “I said, let’s go. Don’t make them throw us out.”

Reluctantly, the two younger brothers followed their eldest brother, watching as he stormed to his car and drove off. They quickly got into their own car and followed him.

Marco drove with purpose, his frustration evident, heading toward their hometown. The two younger brothers were confused but didn’t dare question him. They simply followed in silence.

By the time they reached the Janzen family’s old house, it was already evening.

Holden, their relative, had just finished dinner and was sitting on the sofa, watching TV.

The old house, while not as grand or expansive as the Farrell family mansion, was still impressive compared to the surrounding homes. It was a self-built villa with modest front and back yards—enough space for Holden to grow flowers and maintain a small garden.

Holden’s children ensured he lived comfortably, regularly sending him money. His retirement was peaceful, and his lifestyle was considered enviable in the area. Neighbors frequently dropped by for visits, and Holden’s days were filled with quiet contentment.

This sense of comfort came not just from his surroundings, but from the fact that this was *his* home—a place where he felt he truly belonged.

No matter how luxurious the Farrell family mansion was, it had never felt like home to him. He had only lived there because of his connection to Clarissa. Even Clarissa herself had planned to leave the mansion had she not been able to secure the family’s leadership position for her daughter. It was tradition—the new family head would move in with their spouse and children, turning the mansion into their home.

The Farrell mansion wasn’t just a residence; it was steeped in the family’s history, a place that held memories for generations. But for Holden, the Janzen family’s old house offered something far more precious—a genuine sense of belonging.

Holden’s modest villa was well-maintained. He even hired two housekeepers to manage the chores, as his children’s financial support allowed him to live comfortably.

His extended family in the area, though not as wealthy or powerful as the elite families in Jensburg, still fared well. Their success and unity were largely thanks to Holden's sacrifices—sacrifices that included his freedom, his happiness, and even acts of self-harm.

Since his return to his hometown, his siblings, nieces, and nephews had shown him immense respect and care. They visited regularly, brought gifts, shared meals, and spent time with him. Their warmth made his retirement life fulfilling in a way that the grandeur of the Farrell family mansion never could.