

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4169

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Shiloh, the girl they had raised as their sister, wasn't actually related to them by blood. She was the daughter of the former butler—a man whose ambition had driven him to place his own child at the head of the Farrell family.

Sage fell silent.

Kathryn's voice broke through the tension. "Third brother, let me out. You already have me. Do you really think I'll escape? Just let me out—it's too stuffy in here, and I can barely breathe."

For a moment, Sage hesitated.

Not out of brotherly love.

If there was even a shred of that left, he would have tried to stop his brothers instead of going along with them.

If life had been fair, she would have had five older brothers who cared for her.

But life wasn't fair.

Instead, she had five brothers who wanted her dead.

Had she failed as a person, or were they just too heartless?

Sage finally said, "Stay where you are, Kathryn. We'll let you out when it's time."

He couldn't risk letting her see where they were taking her. If she escaped, she would go straight to the police, and then they would all be finished.

Failure wasn't an option tonight.

If they failed, prison awaited them.

Sage sighed. “Kathryn, you’re our sister. If you behave, we won’t make it too painful for you. The more you cooperate, the more mercy we’ll show.”

It wasn’t much of a promise.

But in the end, it wouldn’t matter.

They were planning to throw her into the deep sea. There were plenty of big fish in those waters—she would be gone within minutes.

It was the dead of night. No merchant ships would be passing through.

It was the perfect time to dispose of a body.

“Sage, stop talking to her,” Noel snapped. His voice was cold. “Kathryn, you brought this on yourself. You forced our hand.”

“You were heartless first. You refused to listen to reason. You ignored the bonds of brotherhood.”

“Our mother spent decades building up the Farrell family. Everything we have is because of her. And yet, you tell us to give it up.”

“Fine, we accept that. But then you kept everything for yourself—our mother’s private assets, our inheritance. You refused to share. If you had just divided things fairly, it wouldn’t have come to this.”

Kathryn was silent for a moment before finally speaking.

“So, you’re really going to kill your own sister?” Her voice was steady, but there was an undeniable weight behind it.

“I divided Mom’s assets exactly as she instructed in her will. It wasn’t my decision—it was hers. You act like I had a choice, but I didn’t. None of us knew she had changed her will. Not you. Not me.

And let’s be honest—you all know how Mom got her position in the first place. You know the kind of power struggle she faced.

Whether I step down or not, the Farrell family will never belong to us again.”

Sage let out a bitter laugh. “Winners write history, Kathryn. I don’t care how Mom became head of the family—what matters is that she did. That was her strength. But I refuse to believe she willingly changed her will.

You and Pedro must have forced her.”

“Otherwise, why would she cut us out? Why would she be so ruthless to her own sons?”

“How is it possible that with all that wealth, we were left with almost nothing?”

“We were her children too. We grew up with her. She raised us.”

The Janzen brothers refused to believe their mother had willingly rewritten her will.

No matter how many times the lawyer confirmed it, they couldn’t accept it.

They couldn’t accept that their own mother had chosen Kathryn over them.