

Married At First Sight Chapter 4173

Chapter 4173

Kathryn sat there, looking as if she was ready to die, completely indifferent to their threats. Her calm defiance only fueled her brothers' rage.

Marco turned away, walking toward the car. He lifted the trunk and pulled it open.

Inside, two sharp kitchen knives gleamed under the dim light.

Sage hesitated before stepping forward, his voice unsteady. It was the first time he had ever been part of something like this—killing someone. And not just anyone, but his own sister. His hands trembled. “Big brother... are we really going to do this? Are we really going to kill her?”

Marco grabbed one of the knives and shot Sage a cold glare. “What’s wrong? Are you backing out? Scared?”

Sage stammered, “I... Brother, I’ve never killed anyone before. She’s our sister... I—I just don’t think I can do it.”

Marco let out a sharp, disdainful laugh. “You still see her as family? She never saw us that way. Think about everything she’s done. Every move she made was a knife in our backs.”

He shoved the knife toward Sage. “Here. Go on. You don’t have to kill her right away—just take a chunk out of her shoulder or arm. Let her suffer first. A quick death would be too easy for her. If I had the time, I’d make sure she begged for death before we were done.”

Marco’s eyes burned with fury. “Sage, think about Mom. Think about Shiloh. Think about Dad. He’s crippled because of her. She knew Mom was coming back and didn’t warn Dad. She knew the wine was tampered with and kept quiet, letting the scheme succeed. Because of her, Shiloh and Dad were ruined.”

Marco knew all too well why his mother had grown distant from his father—why she had been utterly heartbroken over Shiloh. It all led back to that scandal.

And Shiloh... If she were still alive, Marco would have divorced his wife and married her. He would have given her the status she deserved.

After all, they had grown up together. Before he learned they weren't related by blood, he had already spoiled her beyond measure. And even after finding out the truth, nothing changed. When Shiloh had come to him, seducing him, he hadn't resisted.

No—it wasn't incest. They weren't siblings. There was nothing wrong with it.

And Kathryn... She was the reason he had lost Shiloh.

"Brother, I—I just can't," Sage whispered, stepping back, his face pale. He couldn't bring himself to take the knife from Marco's hand.

Marco's expression darkened. "Pathetic. You think refusing to do it makes you innocent? If the police catch us, you won't get off scot-free. You're already an accomplice."

"I know," Sage admitted, voice tight. "I followed you and Noel here. I never planned to walk away from this."

If they got caught, he would go down with them. He understood that. But actually raising the knife himself—that was something else entirely.

Sage wasn't the mastermind. That would make a difference in how he was judged.

Marco scoffed. "Useless."

With that, he turned and walked toward Kathryn, gripping the knife tightly.

The spring air in Jensburg was still bitterly cold, especially late at night. The wind from the sea cut through like ice.

Kathryn, already in pain from her injuries, shivered as the cold seeped into her bones. But she wasn't afraid.

She listened to Marco and Sage's conversation, her mind focused on one thing—stalling.

The longer they hesitated, the closer Pedro would be with the police.

If they were going to do it, they needed to hurry up. She was tired of waiting in the cold.

Marco stopped in front of her, the knife catching the faintest glimmer in the darkness.

Noel shifted uneasily. Watching Marco step forward with the weapon made reality hit harder. His voice was hesitant. “Brother... are we really doing this?”

Marco shot him an exasperated look. “What now? Are you backing out too?”

“No, I just...” Noel hesitated.

Marco’s voice turned sharp. “We didn’t even bother covering our faces. She knows it’s us. If we let her go, we’re the ones who’ll end up dead.”

His grip tightened on the knife. “Think about it. Ever since she came back, our lives have been hell. We’ve lost everything. Even Mom is gone because of her.”

The knife gleamed in his hand, cold and merciless—just like the hatred in his eyes.