

## Married At First Sight Chapter 4180

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### Chapter

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Kathryn added, "By the time they get out, I'll be long gone. I doubt we'll ever cross paths again."

Even when she visited her mother's grave during Qingming Festival, she would avoid them.

Besides, the family's gravekeeper might not even let her brothers pay their respects. The Farrells resented their deceased mother.

Kathryn turned to Liberty. "Don't worry. I'm not going to die. And honestly, I don't feel like I lost anything by doing this."

Liberty scoffed. "Pfft, don't talk about dying first thing in the morning. We're all going to live to a hundred."

Kathryn chuckled again. "Alright, alright, we'll live to a hundred. But don't look so distraught—it makes me want to cry."

Liberty's voice softened. "Don't cry. It breaks my heart. Why won't you trust me?"

Kathryn sighed. "It's not that I don't trust you, Liberty. It's my brothers I don't trust."

Liberty had nothing to say to that.

Pedro returned, carrying a bowl of porridge. "Miss, you must be hungry. You have a cold—eat something light."

Then he turned to Liberty and Duncan. "Miss Hunt, Mr. Lewis, I didn't bring breakfast for you two. You'll have to get your own."

Liberty had to head back to work anyway. "Don't worry about us. Just take care of Kathryn."

She stood up to leave. "Kathryn, get some rest. I'll check on you after work."

Kathryn waved them off. "Go on. I'm finally getting some proper sleep."

“Don’t stress about the company,” Liberty reassured her.

Since arriving in Jensburg after the New Year, she had gotten a solid understanding of the Farrell Group’s operations. With Duncan guiding her, she could manage things, even without Kathryn there.

Liberty and Duncan left, and Kathryn asked Pedro to walk them out. Pedro saw them to the elevator before returning to the ward.

Kathryn tried sitting up to eat on her own.

“Miss, don’t move. Let me do it. Your right arm is injured.”

Her left hand had an IV drip attached.

She sighed. “Can’t I do anything for myself?”

Pedro helped her sit up, then picked up the bowl and started feeding her.

Kathryn was starving. She finished the porridge quickly.

She noticed Pedro’s tense expression and, despite her injuries, attempted to lift her hand to touch his face.

The motion pulled at her wound. She hissed in pain and immediately dropped her hand.

Pedro frowned. “Miss, what are you trying to do now? Be still.”

Kathryn looked at him with a small smile. “Pedro, you’re mad. I can tell. I wanted to touch your face to calm you down, but I hurt myself.”

Pedro’s face remained hard, his anger evident.

He was furious that she ignored his warnings. Furious that she got hurt.

Even if it wasn’t serious, it pained him to see her in pain.

Even a scratch on her felt like a wound on his own heart.

And yet, here she was, still moving around recklessly.

Pedro's anger only deepened.