

Married At First Sight Chapter 4182

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Kathryn had fought back.

At first, when her adoptive brothers beat her, she resisted with everything she had.

They were older and stronger, but she refused to go down without a fight. She threw anything she could get her hands on at them.

One time, she even grabbed a hatchet and chased them across the village.

They were terrified.

Even when her adoptive mother tried to punish her on their behalf, Kathryn didn't back down—she raised the hatchet and swung at her, too.

Her defiance finally shocked them into submission.

After that, they never dared to lay a hand on her again.

But she still had to live in that house, relying on them for food and shelter. The abuse didn't stop—it just took different forms. She was always hungry, always cold, never given decent clothes or a proper place to sleep.

And her adoptive father, the man who had brought her into that family, never once stepped in. He never defended her.

Kathryn hated him the most.

When he was sent to prison, he later died of a so-called “illness” behind bars.

But Kathryn knew the truth—her biological mother had arranged for his death.

She felt nothing. No sympathy, no pity. If anything, she thought death was too easy for him.

When she returned to the Farrell family, her adoptive mother and brothers tried to latch onto her, desperate to drain her dry.

She never gave them the chance.

By the time she reunited with the Farrells, she had already built a successful business and was worth tens of millions.

She had kept it a secret from her adoptive family. She had no intention of helping them. No intention of repaying them.

They had tormented her for years—why should she lift a finger for them?

She wasn't a saint.

Pedro gently touched her face, his heart aching. "Miss, none of that will ever happen again."

Then he stood up, grabbed some ice, and carefully pressed it against her swollen skin.

"The swelling has gone down a lot," he said.

When she had been beaten, her face was badly bruised.

But after a night of Pedro tending to her with ice packs, the redness had faded significantly.

Pedro said, "Miss doesn't like cold winters. How about Wiltspoon? Or Annenburg? It doesn't get too cold there, but summer lasts forever—seven or eight months of heat."

Kathryn thought for a moment. "If it's too hot, we can turn on the air conditioner. But the cold? If there's no proper heating, it's unbearable."

Maybe it was because of everything she had endured as a child, but winter always haunted her.

She used to suffer from frostbite every year.

It wasn't until she built her business and became wealthy that she finally had warmth—heated buildings, a car to get around.

She never got frostbite again.

Kathryn looked at Pedro. "Let's go to Annenburg. Maybe we can build a house near FC Manor. I want to live next to the Johnson family."

Pedro frowned slightly. "Why not Wiltspoon?"

He had assumed she would choose Wiltspoon.

After all, she knew many people there.

Kathryn smiled. "The Johnson family's little girl is adorable. Liberty has mentioned more than once that the York family's matriarch has been visiting the Johnsons with her three daughters-in-law—just to spend time with that little girl."

She continued, "The Johnsons have the same strong family values as the Yorks. I want neighbors who are well-educated and respectable. Wiltspoon is great, but my connections there are... complicated. It never feels entirely comfortable."

Because she was Clarissa's daughter.

And Clarissa had murdered Audrey's mother.

Kathryn had chosen justice over family.

Audrey had assured her there were no hard feelings. But still, Kathryn didn't want to settle in Wiltspoon.

Living near the Johnsons seemed like the better choice.