

Married At First Sight Chapter 4183

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“Okay, you can go wherever you want. I’ll be right there with you,” Pedro said firmly. “Miss, no matter what happens in the future, you can’t push me away again. What you did this time was way too dangerous. If anything had gone wrong, your life would have been at risk. And for what? For people like them? It’s not worth it.”

The three Janzen brothers had nearly killed Kathryn.

“There won’t be a next time,” Kathryn said with certainty. “This was the first and last. They’re not worth the risk. I only did it to repay my mother’s kindness—the little bit of maternal love she showed me before she was gone.”

She took a deep breath and continued, “I cut ties with them completely last night. Have you sent my father his pension money yet? Just give it to him all at once. I don’t think we’ll ever have any contact again.”

As soon as she said it, a wave of sadness washed over her. She had so little family to hold on to.

“Get some rest. Once your injuries heal in a few days, I’ll go see Mr. Janzen again,” Pedro assured her.

He wanted Kathryn to focus on recovering, not worrying about other things. He would handle everything.

Holden should consider himself lucky that Kathryn still had even a shred of attachment to family. If she didn’t, she wouldn’t have cared whether he lived or died.

After all, Holden had never treated Kathryn like a daughter.

There had never been any father-daughter bond between them.

“I think he’ll come,” Kathryn murmured before closing her eyes, exhaustion settling in. “Pedro, I need to sleep for a bit. I’m too tired. While I’m resting, don’t let anyone in.”

Liberty had said she'd visit after work.

"Oh, but if Liberty comes, wake me up," she added.

Pedro gently tucked the blanket around her and replied warmly, "Okay, sleep now. I'll keep an eye on the IV."

It was another long day of treatment.

She had to be on fluids again, and the infusion would take hours—probably until evening.

Her body was still weak, and she drifted off quickly.

Now that her fever had broken, she finally slept peacefully.

Meanwhile, at the Janzen family's old estate, Holden had spent a restless night.

Even when he managed to doze off, his dreams were filled with horror. He dreamt of his sons killing Kathryn, dismembering her, and throwing her body into the deep sea.

He dreamt of Kathryn appearing before him, covered in blood, pleading in anguish—asking why he, as a father, had let his children turn on each other.

What had she done to deserve this?

Even if she had made mistakes, did she really deserve to die?

He had known his sons wanted her dead, but he hadn't stopped them. He hadn't even warned her.

He had let it happen.

When he woke up, he was drenched in sweat.

He never fell back asleep. He just lay there, staring at the ceiling, waiting for dawn.

But because he hadn't slept well the night before, exhaustion hit him again.

Now, he sat alone at the dining table, staring at the elaborate breakfast the housekeeper had prepared. His usual appetite was nowhere to be found.

He hadn't touched a single bite.

Yawning, he wanted to rest, but he knew that no matter how tired he was, he wouldn't be able to sleep until he got some news.

He had never liked Kathryn. He had even hated her.

But now that his sons had actually tried to kill her, a strange sadness lingered.

After all, she was still his daughter.

His own blood ran through her veins.