

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4188

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## Chapter 4188

Pedro had seen what it meant to have loving parents. Kathryn, unfortunately, had been deprived of that.

“I don’t care,” Kathryn said firmly. “I don’t care at all. Did my father ask you for money? He’s not actually broke—he just wants to check on my brothers’ situation. He must have warned them not to act against me, but they didn’t listen. Now he’s waiting to see how things play out.”

She knew her father was aware of the assassination attempt.

He had probably tried to dissuade her brothers, but when they refused to listen, he let things unfold, hoping their plan would succeed so they could inherit a fortune.

Kathryn sighed. “The will states my brothers are responsible for his care. Since they have money, they won’t let him suffer. That’s better for him than anything I’d provide. Still, I won’t let my father starve. I’ll give him enough for basic living expenses, based on the standards of our hometown. If he falls ill, the medical bills will be split equally among us. That’s all I owe him.”

“He asked me for a million dollars,” Pedro informed her. “Said he needed it for gambling. But he’s not even a gambling addict. He just enjoys a luxurious lifestyle—good food, relaxation, and hired help.”

Ever since Holden had himself castrated, he could no longer chase women. Instead, he spent money on comfort and indulgence.

“Ignore him,” Kathryn said, closing her eyes with a yawn. “He’ll probably show up at the hospital later. I’m going back to sleep. The more I sleep, the sleepier I get.”

Pedro adjusted her blanket. “Get some rest. You’ve been too exhausted lately.”

As he reached out to check her forehead, he frowned. “Your fever’s back. You can’t take your next dose for another half-hour, but you should drink some warm water.”

Kathryn placed a hand on her forehead. It was burning again. No wonder she felt so sluggish.

“Fine,” she murmured. “Get me some water. I’ll drink more and go back to sleep after taking my medicine.”

Pedro quickly fetched a glass of warm water and handed it to her.

As she drank, she suddenly coughed. Pedro patted her back gently. “Miss, slow down. You’re choking.”

Kathryn shook her head. “It’s not that. It’s the cold. I was nearly frozen to death in that storm. This fever isn’t the only problem—I’ll probably be dealing with this cough for a while.”

Pedro reassured her, “This is the best hospital in Jensburg with the best doctors. I’ll tell them about your cough so they can adjust your medication.”

The doctor had prescribed just one day’s worth of medicine for her fever, planning to reassess her condition before giving further treatment.

Kathryn sighed. “Alright. Just let me sleep a little longer.”

Pedro sat by her side, determined to take care of her, no matter what.