

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4192

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“Jim, stop him. Don’t let him follow us.”

Liberty gave the order without hesitation.

With Duncan by her side and their bodyguards surrounding them, she pushed forward, heading straight for Kathryn’s ward.

She had already called Audrey and informed Serenity about everything that had happened.

Now that the three Janzen brothers were behind bars, Serenity finally felt at ease, no longer needing to worry about her sister’s safety in Jensburg.

She told Zachary that Kathryn would never let anyone down.

Zachary, as usual, kept his thoughts to himself.

Kathryn’s fever had subsided completely, but her cough had worsened. The doctor had adjusted her prescription, though it hadn’t taken full effect yet.

When Liberty arrived, Kathryn was out of bed, walking around with Pedro supporting her.

“Kathryn, why are you up?” Liberty scolded. “Get back in bed! You’re still injured. If you move too much, you’ll strain your wounds and make things worse.”

She didn’t direct her frustration at Pedro—she knew he would listen to Kathryn no matter what.

“I’ve been lying down all day,” Kathryn responded. “My back feels stiff. My arm is injured, not my legs. I needed to move around a little.”

She had been beaten and kicked by Noel, leaving her sore all over. After a full day of IV treatment and medication, the pain had lessened. Moving hurt, but it was bearable.

Liberty sighed. "Fine, but since you're already up, eat something first. Do it now before your father arrives and ruins your appetite."

She placed the insulated lunchbox on the coffee table in the small sitting area and motioned for Kathryn to eat.

The meal was simple yet delicious, thanks to a skilled chef. Kathryn wasn't picky when it came to food.

As she ate, she asked bluntly, "How did you know he was coming?"

"I ran into him in the parking lot," Liberty replied. "He must've rushed over after hearing the news. He was alone, following me upstairs, so I had Jim stop him."

"Don't let him ruin your appetite. Just eat."

Kathryn laughed. "You really do know me well, Liberty."

She treated Liberty, who was a few years older than her, as both a cousin and a close friend.

She often confided in Liberty about her relationship with Pedro.

Liberty had experience—she understood emotions and relationships well.

"Did you get this from Fortress Hotel, or did the chef at home make it?" Kathryn asked, referring to the food.

"The chef at home made it," Liberty replied.

Kathryn nodded approvingly. "The new chef is great—way better than the last one."

"I hired him from Wiltspoon," Liberty explained. "I wasn't used to the food here, so I brought in a chef who could cook what I liked."

Kathryn smiled. "I think I prefer southern food too."

"If you like it that much, you should consider moving to Wiltspoon. It's lively there, and my aunt actually treats you well."

Kathryn was pragmatic. She hadn't been around for the tragedy that happened decades ago, and she had never wronged Audrey or the others.

Audrey hadn't said it outright, but anyone who knew her could tell—she admired Kathryn.