

Married At First Sight Chapter 4198

Chapter 4198

Holden was so angry with his daughters-in-law that he couldn't speak. He was utterly disappointed. If even they wouldn't lift a finger to save his sons, who would? As an old man with no money or influence, what could he possibly do?

"Dad, just go home. When the trial starts, we'll send someone to pick you up. We'll attend, but that's it."

Holden stormed out, furious.

Once he was gone, Amora turned to Anya. "Are we really not going to do anything? My child's still young. Having a father in prison isn't good for them."

Anya sighed. "What can we do? Even if we wanted to help, we're powerless. You know Kathryn. She's not going to let this slide. She's not the type to forgive and forget."

Amora nodded. "Remember how they treated us last year when we found out about their affairs?"

Anya's expression hardened. "Let them rot in prison for a few years. By the way, Kathryn's in the hospital. Should we visit her?"

Amora agreed. "Yes, let's call the eldest sister-in-law tomorrow and go together. The Farrell family's full of snakes, but Kathryn's the only one with a conscience. She's always stood by us."

The two decided to reach out to their former sister-in-law first thing in the morning to visit Kathryn.

Meanwhile, in Annenburg, Province X.

Elora's car pulled into the Ormond family's sprawling estate. When it came to a stop, Elora, seated in the back, didn't move.

The driver and the bodyguard in the passenger seat glanced back. Elora had fallen asleep against the seat. She'd had quite a bit to drink at the social event that night and was clearly tipsy when she got in the car. She must've dozed off on the way home.

The bodyguard stepped out, opened her door, and leaned in. "Eldest lady, we're home," he said softly. "Wake up, we're here."

He didn't dare touch her. Elora had made it clear: if she fell asleep in the car, they were to wake her. If she didn't wake, they were to call her sisters for help. Under no circumstances were the bodyguards to lay a hand on her.

Elora didn't stir.

The bodyguard stepped back and pulled out his phone. He tried calling Tinsley first, but she wasn't home yet. Next, he dialed Sevyn. Thankfully, she was around.

Soon, Sevyn appeared. "What's going on?"

Before the bodyguard could answer, a warm voice cut in. It was Tatum. He was technically off duty, but he always kept an eye on Elora's schedule. If she wanted a late-night snack, he'd be there in a heartbeat.

"Mr. York, the eldest lady had a few drinks tonight and fell asleep in the car. We tried waking her, but she's out cold. She said we're not to touch her, so we called the third lady to help."

Sevyn, the third lady, was on her way from the third wing of the estate. It'd take her a few minutes.

Tatum leaned into the car and gently patted Elora's cheek. "Eldest lady, wake up. We're home."

The bodyguard hesitated, watching Tatum touch Elora's face. But knowing how close the two were, he decided not to say anything.