

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4116

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Most young people in the Farrell family don't make it into the headquarters of Farrell Group. Instead, they work at its subsidiaries, just like regular employees.

They put in long hours for a modest salary of four or five thousand dollars a month.

Being part of the Farrell family doesn't guarantee a high-paying job. Those who lack skills or work ethic can't even get into the subsidiaries.

Clarissa made it clear when she was alive—the Farrell Group wouldn't carry dead weight. Anyone hoping to coast through and collect a white-collar paycheck was just dreaming.

For most family members, the biggest perk was the festival bonuses—a gift package and a red envelope from the company.

These were distributed equally, regardless of age or seniority. Newborns and elders alike received the same amount.

After a moment of thought, Liberty said, "If I don't have a daughter, there's still Seren and Elisa. They could have daughters."

Grandma York's trusted master had predicted that Serenity and Zachary would have both sons and daughters. A daughter was inevitable.

And once Elisa married, she might have a daughter, too.

Either way, the Farrell family wouldn't be left without an heir.

"Let's eat. No more heavy topics at the table," Pedro said with a smile, shifting the conversation.

Everyone nodded, focusing on the meal instead.

After dinner, the two couples strolled through the yard.

The Farrell family mansion wasn't as crowded with servants as it once was. Kathryn didn't like having too many people around, and Liberty felt the same.

Audrey had handpicked the current staff—efficient, trustworthy, and to Kathryn's satisfaction.

When Clarissa was alive, she had replaced every servant, including the butler, making sure none of the old staff remained.

Kathryn had been wary of the servants being bribed by her three brothers, so she dismissed them all and let Audrey bring in new people.

As they walked, Kathryn turned to Pedro. "You leave for your business trip tomorrow. While you're away, I'll spread some rumors and make sure my brothers hear them."

Pedro hesitated. "That soon?"

He hated leaving her.

"The sooner we get rid of them, the sooner I can enjoy some peace," Kathryn said. "Once they're in jail, I need you to transfer some money to my dad—enough for his monthly expenses. Make sure he knows it's meant to last him the rest of his life."

She continued, "He shouldn't blow through it just because he got a lump sum. According to my mother's will, my brothers were supposed to take care of him in his old age. If I'm in a good mood, I might send him extra. If not, I won't.

"At the end of the day, he's still my father. He never loved me, but I carry his blood. I won't be cruel—I'll make sure he has the basics and doesn't starve."

Holden had settled back in his hometown and was living well—Kathryn knew that much.

He didn't have much money himself, but his three sons were considered wealthy there.

Each of them sent him tens or even hundreds of thousands a month, funding his comfortable lifestyle, complete with multiple caretakers.