

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4122

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## Chapter 4122

“Take your time. You’ll close the gap soon enough. I believe you have what it takes to lead the Farrell family back to the top. But let’s set that aside for now—we need to tackle this work issue first.”

After discussing family matters for a bit, Kathryn shifted the conversation to business. She handed Liberty the documents she had brought.

The two of them went over the details and strategized how to resolve the issue.

At noon, Duncan arrived early at the company, waiting for Liberty so they could have lunch together.

Standing at the entrance of the office building, Kathryn watched them leave, feeling a pang of envy.

She missed Pedro. Even though he was still protecting her, he had gone from being openly by her side to operating in the shadows. She wasn’t used to it.

But to lure her three brothers into her trap, she had to endure it—and wait.

In her heart, she urged them to act faster. She didn’t want to wait too long.

Just then, Marco and his two brothers stepped out of the elevator, deep in conversation. When they spotted Kathryn standing outside, they hesitated for a brief moment but quickly pretended not to see her. Without a word, they veered to her right and walked past her.

A few moments later, three cars pulled away from the Farrell Group building.

Kathryn stood there for a while before heading to the parking lot. Her personal bodyguard was already waiting by the car. As soon as he saw her approaching, he rushed over. Another bodyguard immediately opened the car door for her.

Meanwhile, after leaving the company, Marco didn’t head to the Farrell Group’s hotel for lunch. Instead, he returned to his private villa in Jensburg’s high-end residential area.

When he got married, his mother had purchased the villa outright, fully furnished it, and gifted it to him and his wife as their marital home. The property was registered in both their names.

When Marco divorced Erika, she chose not to fight for the house. Given that they had been married for over a decade and had three children—who all lived with Erika—Marco compensated her financially.

His two younger brothers followed him home.

As Marco approached the villa community, he noticed two men squatting near the entrance. The security guards were keeping an eye on them, wary that they might be troublemakers.

The moment they spotted Marco's car, the two men quickly stood up, straightened their clothes, and tried to make themselves look more presentable.

Marco stopped the car.

They immediately walked over, their expressions eager and obsequious. As Marco rolled down the window, one of them said respectfully, "Master Farrell, we've been waiting here for a long time."

"Call me Mr. Janzen," Marco corrected, his tone firm. "I'm no longer the Master of the Farrell family."

The Farrell family was no longer theirs. They had no right to set foot in the family estate anymore.

Marco didn't want to be addressed as "Master Farrell" anymore. After all, his surname wasn't even Farrell.

Back when his mother ruled the family, they had been at the center of power.

But now, she was gone. The people who once flocked around them had long since distanced themselves. And even those who still stuck around no longer treated them with the same respect.

People could be so fickle.

"Get in the car."

Marco unlocked the doors, allowing the two men to climb in.

“Thank you,” they said hurriedly before getting into the back seat.

Marco then drove into the villa community.

“How’s Auntie doing?” he asked while keeping his eyes on the road. “Is she feeling better?”

Both men in the backseat nodded.

“She’s doing much better. Shiloh has been gone for a while now, and my mother is finally starting to move on.”