

Married At First Sight Chapter 4130

Chapter 4130

Shiloh's two brothers exchanged glances. After a long moment of consideration, they finally agreed not to sign the agreement.

However, they insisted that Marco give them a two-million-dollar deposit upfront—in cash, not through a bank transfer. A transfer would leave a paper trail, making it easy to trace.

After all, they were dirt poor. If they suddenly received two million out of nowhere, even an idiot would suspect something shady was going on.

Marco set down his glass of juice and stood up. "Alright, I'll get your deposit now."

"Take your time," one of them replied, continuing to eat.

Marco headed upstairs to retrieve the money.

Ever since their mother passed, he and his brothers had been wary of their sister freezing their bank accounts. Just in case, they had already withdrawn every last cent from the account that funded their monthly expenses.

Marco rarely touched that money anyway. To him, tens of thousands—or even hundreds of thousands—a month wasn't enough to buy a decent watch.

Usually, he'd let the money pile up for a year or two before transferring it to another account or withdrawing it in cash. That cash made it easier to impress women—flashing stacks of bills had a way of attracting beautiful girls.

Few people could resist that kind of showy arrogance.

This time, he remembered withdrawing several million in cash and locking it in his safe.

When their mother was alive, they spent extravagantly—buying cars worth millions and paying in full, purchasing houses the same way.

Marco was used to burning through money like it was nothing. Spending millions felt as casual to him as spending a few hundred dollars did to the average person.

But that was then.

Now, he had to start rethinking his reckless spending.

Their mother was gone, and no one was around to cover for them anymore.

From now on, every dollar they spent would either come from their savings or be money they actually had to earn.

But since Marco and his brothers frequently skipped work out of spite, Kathryn and Liberty had started deducting their salaries. Some months, they were left with almost nothing.

How could they not resent them?

Liberty had powerful allies. Duncan was still by her side, which meant they couldn't touch her. So, they had to go after Kathryn instead.

Everything went downhill the moment Kathryn returned.

She was the curse that had ruined their lives.

Until she was gone, they wouldn't sleep peacefully.

Meanwhile, Shiloh's brothers watched Marco head upstairs for the cash.

Rich people really are different, they thought. *Who keeps that much money in their house?*

Or had he already withdrawn it ahead of time, knowing he'd need to pay them off?

They hoped it was the former and instantly regretted asking for too little.

They should've demanded ten million.

Marco and his brothers were all wealthy—if each of them chipped in a little over three million, ten million wouldn't be a problem.

But it was too late now.

They had already settled on six million.

If they tried to renegotiate, they might end up with nothing. Worse, they might anger Marco and his brothers—and that could cost them their lives.

The eldest brother, who had witnessed Shiloh's death firsthand, knew just how ruthless they were.

No one in the Farrell family had a shred of humanity.

They were demons who wouldn't hesitate to kill, leaving nothing behind—not even bones.

They had murdered their own sister without a second thought.

If Shiloh were still alive, their lives wouldn't be this miserable.

The Farrells were to blame for everything.

Marco soon returned, dragging a suitcase downstairs.

Everyone emerged from the dining hall, full and satisfied.

Marco set the suitcase in front of Shiloh's brothers and spoke in a low voice.

"There's two million in cash inside. Check it now—so you don't come back later claiming I shorted you."