

Married At First Sight Chapter 4137

Chapter 4137

Marco tried multiple times to interrupt his sister, but Kathryn's words came at him like rapid-fire rounds from a machine gun. He never got the chance to speak.

All he could do was glare at Kathryn with a sullen expression.

If looks could kill, she would have been torn to pieces by now.

After she finally finished speaking, Kathryn picked up her cup, took a couple of sips of coffee, and said, "Brother, I've been talking so much that my lips are dry. I really tried my best to reason with you—just like you tried to convince me not to give up Farrell's.

"But let's be honest here. Even if I don't return Farrell's to our cousins, do you really think I can hold onto the position of family head?

"No one in the family supports us. They might not be completely on my cousin's side, but they're definitely not on ours either. They've resented Mom and us for a long time. Without their backing and without the ability to overpower our cousins, it's only a matter of time before they reclaim Farrell's.

"So rather than clinging to something that was never truly ours, I'd rather hand it back to them on my terms. That way, we can at least secure a path for survival instead of fighting a battle we're destined to lose."

Kathryn sighed. "But you don't appreciate my good intentions, let alone my painstaking efforts. There's no point in repeating myself—you must be sick of hearing it by now. So, what brings you here?"

Only now did she acknowledge why Marco had knocked on her door.

Marco took several deep breaths, trying to suppress his anger. After a few moments, he handed her a document.

“Kathryn, take a look at this plan I put together,” he said. “I showed it to Liberty, but she outright rejected it and scolded us. She called us useless freeloaders, accused us of being incompetent, and told us to get out.”

Lowering his voice, he added bitterly, “She even said if we don’t shape up, we’ll be fired. If she really wants to get rid of us, she better be prepared to pay a hefty severance. Otherwise, we’re not leaving.”

Kathryn took the folder from him, flipped through it, then closed it and tossed it back in front of him.

“Liberty had every right to call you out,” she said flatly. “If you’re not competent, you shouldn’t be in that position collecting a fat paycheck for doing nothing.”

“Brother, you’ve been at Farrell Group for over a decade, right? How is it that your skills are getting worse instead of better? Is it because you’re not paying attention, or are you deliberately messing things up?”

She took a breath before continuing. “I don’t know what Mom taught you, but she always claimed she raised you three equally, gave you the same education. So why is it that...?”

She trailed off, finally understanding why Clarissa always avoided discussing her three sons.

When Clarissa was alive, she would change the subject whenever they came up. She clearly had her disappointments.

And now, Kathryn could see why.

Still, as their mother, Clarissa had done everything she could to craft an image of them as business elites.