

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4294

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## Chapter 4294

Pedro walked up to Holden, his face cold and stern. Holden, startled by his intensity, instinctively stopped cursing. But he quickly masked his fear, straightened up, and glared at Pedro. "What do you want?"

Pedro's voice was icy. "Mr. Janzen, your sons are in prison. Your grandsons are still minors. Your daughters-in-law don't care about you. Who do you think will take care of you in the future? Your eldest daughter recently asked me to send you a pension."

Holden's expression darkened. "You think you can use money to threaten me? I—I'm not afraid! I have plenty of money! I'm not worried about how I'll live!"

But his voice lacked its earlier arrogance. He was clearly shaken.

"Mr. Janzen, I suggest you go home and accept reality. If you push your daughter too far, your sons' sentences could become even harsher."

Holden opened his mouth to argue but stopped. Deep down, he knew Pedro was right—his sons were in a terrible position.

As for his daughters-in-law, the eldest had already divorced. The other two had stayed silent and moved on quickly. At first, they entertained his requests for help. But soon, they stopped answering his calls altogether.

They even blamed his sons for their reckless actions, for not thinking about their children, for ruining their futures. Now, the grandchildren would never be able to take civil service exams because of their fathers' criminal records.

Not that their family ever aimed for government jobs, but it was one thing to choose a different path—it was another to have no choice at all.

Holden knew his daughters-in-law resented their husbands for cheating.

Hadn't they forgiven them before?

They had acted like loving couples. But the moment trouble struck, the wives washed their hands of it. None of them were willing to pay for a lawyer.

The grandchildren were too young to help. Though they had inherited property from their grandmother, they couldn't access it. Their mothers controlled it now. They had money, but no way to use it.

Holden realized he had no one to rely on. His daughters-in-law and grandchildren were out of the question.

If his sons received long sentences—ten years, maybe more—his own pension wouldn't be enough.

And Holden had no intention of dying anytime soon. He wanted to live another twenty, maybe even thirty years. He needed to think about his future.

After calming down, he realized the only person he could turn to was Kathryn—the daughter he hated the most.

She was the richest one. Even a small amount of money from her would be enough for him to live comfortably.

But she wouldn't give him much.

She would only provide a few thousand dollars a month, just enough for basic expenses. If she gave him a lump sum, it would be no more than a few tens of thousands.

Maybe, if she was feeling generous, she'd give a little more.

Holden's face turned pale.

His rage and bravado vanished.

He looked like a wilted flower after a frost.

Pedro spoke again. "Mr. Janzen, go home and enjoy your retirement. Yelling and cursing won't get your sons out of prison. If you really want to help, hire a lawyer. That's your only option. Or, if you're willing, you can apologize to your eldest daughter on their behalf."

Holden trembled, unable to respond.

After a long pause, he turned and walked away—defeated.

He returned to his hometown.

After all his struggling, he had done his duty as a father. But there was nothing more he could do.