

Married At First Sight Chapter 3507

Married At First Sight Chapter 3507-The fake Carrie remarked, “This money is easy to make. Next time you cause trouble for your eldest sister, I’ll irritate her again and get her to slap me twice. I can make some extra money that way.”

Carrie laughed, “It’s only a few thousand dollars. It’s worth it for you to do this.”

“Miss Newman, you were born into a wealthy family and have always had everything you wanted. You’ve never had to worry about food or clothing, and you’ve always had endless money. You can’t understand the struggles of ordinary people like me. Your family has assets over 10 billion. What does 10 billion mean to the poor? My family can’t even come up with 500,000.

My brother wants to get married, and my sister-in-law demands a house, a car, the three golds, and a dowry. My brother has been working for nearly ten years, and his savings aren’t enough to cover the down payment. We’ve had to use up all my parents’ savings, and even my savings are gone.

I paid the down payment for the wedding house, bought a car, and borrowed money for the dowry.”

The stand-in paused and continued, “Ordinary people can remain poor for several years after getting married. My sister-in-law has been married for several years and has two children. She and my brother are still working hard to pay off debts, the mortgage, car loan, and other loans. Isn’t it ironic?

It would’ve been better if they had made fewer demands initially, got married, and worked hard together. Then they wouldn’t be struggling to pay off debts now. My family does have a house; it’s just a bit old and small. It’s not impossible to live in if we squeeze in. You won’t have this kind of difficulty.”

Carrie, feeling superior after the comparison, said, “That’s right, I’ve never worried about money.”

Even at her poorest, someone gave her money to spend. It was just a small price to pay.

“Okay, apply some ice to your face. I’ll go upstairs to change clothes, go shopping, and get some beauty and hair treatments.”

She wanted to spend money!

The money Mr. Labbe gave her monthly for keeping her, along with occasional gifts, was more than many people could earn in a lifetime.

Thinking of this, Carrie felt superior again.

Even if she was just Mr. Labbe's mistress, it wasn't something just anyone could become.

The stand-in was really envious.

Watching Carrie's back as she went upstairs, she murmured enviously, "When will I live a life where I have money to spend as I please?"

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It gets dark early in winter. It was only a little after six in the evening, and the city lights were already on.

In a high-end ward in the inpatient department of Jensburg Central Hospital, Pedro opened several insulated lunch boxes he had just brought, took out the food, and arranged it on the coffee table in the small hall.

Then, he walked into the ward and said to Kathryn, who was lying there, "Miss, it's time to eat."

"Dinner? So soon? It feels like lunch wasn't long ago."

Kathryn sat up, still feeling a bit dizzy, and lay back down.

Pedro immediately stepped forward to help her, saying, "I told you not to get up too quickly. It's easy to get dizzy. I don't know what medicine Madam Farrell gave you. You've been sleeping for so long, but you still feel dizzy and fall asleep easily."

He couldn't imagine how long she would sleep if she finished that glass of water.

Kathryn said, "I'm much better now, but I still feel dizzy when I get up too quickly. Has the doctor found out anything yet?"

"No results yet," Pedro comforted her. "They'll figure it out eventually. You've recovered a lot. Just remember not to eat any food they send over, even the fruit they buy. Don't eat it."

No one in the Farrell family can be trusted now.

"I bought the vegetables and cooked dinner myself. I made all your favorites."

Pedro helped Kathryn out of bed, saying, "Eat it while it's hot. It won't taste good if it gets cold."

Kathryn laughed at herself, "I feel like I'm seriously ill now. I need your support to walk."

"I can even carry you."

Kathryn wasn't unable to walk. Pedro was just being cautious, fearing she might get dizzy and fall.