

Married At First Sight Chapter 4114

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“I have so many managers—if they can’t handle the company’s affairs, then why am I even paying them? And if things really get out of hand, I have my three brothers. They’ll step in when needed. Plus, Josh and Zachary will help too. Don’t worry—Lewis & Co. won’t go bankrupt just because I’m away for a while.”

Right now, nothing mattered more to Duncan than his wife.

With his brothers helping out and a well-trained management team running the company, there was no reason for him to stress over work.

And if anyone dared remind him of his disability?

Well, when his brothers grumbled about handling extra responsibilities, he simply pointed out that he was now a “useless man” who could barely walk. That usually shut them up, leaving them no choice but to handle business without further complaints.

The group stepped inside the house.

“Let’s eat first,” Kathryn suggested.

The warmth of the heating system wrapped around them, and Duncan suddenly felt hot.

Liberty noticed right away and helped him take off his coat.

“I’ll take you to wash your hands before we eat,” she offered, ready to assist him.

Duncan shook his head. “No need. I can still walk a short distance.”

He motioned for her to let him go, and Liberty stepped back, allowing him to walk to the sink on his own.

Meanwhile, Kathryn and Pedro brought out the prepared dishes, setting them on the small dining table.

The Farrell family mansion had several dining rooms. When the whole family gathered, they used the larger dining room, where a long table could accommodate twenty people at once. If there was an even bigger event, they moved to the grandest dining hall.

But tonight, it was just the four of them, so they dined in the smallest room.

“Liberty, Duncan, these dishes were all made by Mr. Fraser himself. You’ll have to taste his cooking,” Kathryn said with a smile.

Pedro, standing beside her, simply chuckled.

“Since Mr. Fraser cooked, I’d better savor every bite. Let me grab a good bottle of wine—we’ll have a couple of drinks,” Liberty said, turning to fetch it.

There was no need to return to work today, and Kathryn and Pedro weren’t planning to go out either.

A little wine wouldn’t hurt.

Pedro smiled modestly. “I only know how to make a few simple home-cooked meals.”

Kathryn scoffed. “A little humility is nice, but don’t downplay your skills. With your cooking, you could serve a full banquet.”

Pedro was an all-around assistant—cooking was just one of his many talents. And not just ordinary cooking. Compared to him, even a five-star chef might fall short.

Pedro’s gaze softened as he looked at Kathryn. “I worked hard to improve my cooking so you could enjoy your meals. Whatever you like, I’ll make it for you.”

“Ahem—”

Liberty and Duncan cleared their throats at the same time.

A not-so-subtle reminder that they were still there.

Kathryn’s face flushed pink.

It wasn’t like she and Pedro had done anything inappropriate—he had only said a few sweet words to her.

“We’ve endured plenty of your ‘couple moments’—now it’s your turn to deal with ours,” Kathryn teased, turning toward Liberty with a playful glint in her eyes.

Liberty chuckled. “You know what? I can’t even argue with that. Husband, come sit down. I’ll serve you some soup—tell me what you’d like, and I’ll get it for you.”

Understanding the game, Liberty played along, making sure Kathryn got a taste of her own medicine.