

Married At First Sight Chapter 4125

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“Kathryn will face retribution for this,” Marco said bitterly. “I want to see how she dies. Sooner or later, those people in Wiltspoon will take her out.

“Does she really think she can earn their favor by betraying her own family for the sake of so-called justice? They despise us. No matter what she does, she’s still my parents’ biological daughter—there’s no way she’ll escape unscathed.”

“Exactly.”

They continued cursing Kathryn the entire way.

When they arrived at Marco’s villa, he drove through the gate and parked. Shiloh’s brothers stepped out, glancing around. The place was lavish.

Marco had called it a “small house,” but compared to what they had in the countryside, this was a mansion.

Marco led them inside.

As they followed him, the eldest brother leaned in and whispered to his younger brother, “Second brother, they’re locked in a brutal fight with Kathryn over the family fortune. If they brought us all the way here, it can’t be for anything good.

“Whatever they ask, don’t agree unless I do. And if they want us to do something, we name our price—tens of millions, minimum. We won’t make the same mistake as last time with Shiloh. We won’t risk our lives for nothing.”

The second brother grunted in agreement.

They had already guessed why the Janzen brothers had summoned them. They wanted to team up against Kathryn.

But if the three Janzen brothers couldn't take her down, what chance did two nobodies from the countryside have? They had no money, no power—nothing to fight Kathryn with.

Inside, Marco gestured for them to sit. He ordered the nanny to make tea and asked Noel to bring out fruit and snacks.

The three Janzen brothers settled on the long sofa. Shiloh's brothers took single chairs. After sipping their tea and snacking, the eldest brother got straight to the point.

"Mr. Janzen, you called us here today—just say what you need. If we can help, we will. But we're not in a good financial situation. We scrape by with odd jobs, so if we drop everything to help you, we expect proper compensation."

They wouldn't lift a finger for free.

Marco picked up his teacup, took a slow sip, then set it down.

"I did ask you here for a reason," he said. "But don't worry—we'll pay you whether it succeeds or not. This is about getting revenge for Shiloh."

"You both know how to drive, right? I want you to ram Kathryn's car. Make it look like an accident. If we're lucky, she'll die on the spot."

He leaned back, his tone casual.

"It's just an accident. If you have insurance, you'll only need to pay some money. And if you get caught, we'll handle the legal side. We'll do everything we can to get you out as soon as possible."

"And even if you do end up in prison, it won't be for long. In the meantime, we'll make sure your families are well taken care of. You'll walk away with a fortune."

Shiloh's brothers exchanged a glance.

The eldest finally spoke. "A crash like that has to be carefully planned. And even then, it might not work. Kathryn always has bodyguards when she goes out."

"You just need to get her alone," Marco said. "We'll take care of the rest. If we can't stage the accident, we have a backup plan—crash into her bodyguards instead. Force her car to stop."

“Once we have her, leave the rest to us.”

Marco had thought of everything.