

Married At First Sight Chapter 4132

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“Take these leftovers with you and heat them up for dinner. If you don’t want them, just toss them after you leave. But don’t waste the wine—you two drank from it, none of us touched it. And trust me, this is top-shelf stuff. In your countryside, even if you had the money, you wouldn’t be able to buy the real thing. If you did, it’d probably be fake.”

Shiloh’s eldest brother took the leftovers and the half-finished bottle of wine from Noel’s hands.

That wine was no joke.

Even if Noel hadn’t offered it, he would’ve asked for it himself.

He had never tasted anything this smooth in his life.

Marco checked the time before turning to them. “Whenever you’re ready, you can go. We still have work to do at the company.”

Then, he motioned for his younger brothers to carry the two suitcases out. Walking side by side with Shiloh’s brothers, he spoke in a measured tone.

“Shiloh may not have been our biological sister, but she grew up in our family. Until she was twenty-five, we had no idea she wasn’t actually related to us. We always treated her as one of our own.

Losing her... it hurts.

We know you’re struggling, and as her family, you’ve come to us for help. We won’t turn you away. But things aren’t like they used to be—we don’t make as much money now, so we can’t do as much for you as we would’ve before.

Take these two suitcases of clothes. Keep what fits, sell the rest. A lot of them are brand names, barely worn. Even secondhand, they’ll fetch a good price.”

In their minds, clothes were just clothes. They weren't dead, and country folk didn't have to be superstitious about secondhand things. Selling them was just another way to make money.

Shiloh's brother bit back his irritation but played along. "We understand things aren't the same for you. We appreciate anything you can give. Thank you for all these clothes—we'll sell what we can."

They made sure to speak loudly enough for Marco's household staff to overhear.

They wanted the nanny to believe they had come for a loan.

Since Marco had once been so attached to Shiloh—perhaps even beyond what was appropriate for a brother—his willingness to help her family would make sense.

Meanwhile, Noel loaded the suitcases into the trunk of their car.

Shiloh's two brothers climbed into Marco's vehicle, and soon, three cars rolled out of his small villa, heading toward the gated entrance of the estate.

A few minutes later, they pulled up by the gate.

Marco unlocked the doors, and Shiloh's brothers stepped out. Marco followed, grabbing the two suitcases from the trunk and pushing them toward them.

The eldest brother clutched a large bag of leftovers.

Marco reached into his wallet, pulled out all the cash he had, and handed it over.

Noel and Sage did the same, emptying their wallets without hesitation.

"Shiloh's eldest brother," Marco said, his tone neutral, "the clothes in these suitcases are just things we don't need anymore. You're about the same build as us, so they should fit. And here—take this cash too."