

Married At First Sight Chapter 4138

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Back in the day, the people working under Marco were highly capable. But that was because Clarissa had personally arranged for top talents to support him. Any success he achieved was largely thanks to them.

It was as if they did all the work, while Marco took all the credit.

Marco was silent.

Was he really that bad?

He had always thought he was doing well.

When his mother was still around, he never had to lift a finger. He simply passed down instructions, and the capable team beneath him would put together flawless plans that met every expectation.

All he had to do was sit back and wait for the praise.

After years of this, he actually believed he was competent.

Even though he knew Shiloh wasn't his biological sister while Kathryn was, he had still looked down on Kathryn. She had grown up in the countryside, seemed timid, and was practically useless in the company.

To him, she was like a pile of mud that couldn't be shaped into anything useful.

Marco had started dreaming big. He wanted to take Kathryn's place as the successor of the Farrell family.

He had even gone so far as to express to their mother that he should be the first male heir to lead the family. He even offered to change his last name to Farrell.

But no matter how much their mother loved her sons, Farrell's was always her priority.

She had changed many of the family's rules, but she never altered one fundamental principle: only daughters could inherit.

That was one thing she refused to compromise on.

"Kathryn, I really put effort into this plan," Marco insisted. "Is it really that bad? I think I did a good job."

Kathryn didn't sugarcoat it. "That's what you think. But what you think doesn't matter. What matters is whether I think it's good, and more importantly, whether Liberty thinks it's good."

Marco's expression darkened again.

After a long pause, he flipped through the folder once more and reluctantly asked, "How should I revise it? How do I make it better? Teach me."

Kathryn let out a short laugh. "Oh? So now you want my help? Should I also take your paycheck? My time is far more valuable than yours. I have a client meeting later. If it goes well, it'll bring huge profits to Farrell Group. I don't have time to clean up your mess. I'm not your mother."

Marco clenched his jaw. "Where's this meeting? Can I come along? Maybe I'll learn something."

"I'm meeting them at Fortress Hotel at 4:30," Kathryn said. "After the business talk, we'll have dinner."

Then, with a smirk, she added, "But do you really need me to show you the world? You've attended more events than I've had meals. I wouldn't dare act like a boss in front of you."

Marco felt his face heat up with embarrassment.

Kathryn took another sip of her coffee, then softened her tone.

"Brother, go back and work on the plan. Take your time and get it right. If you get stuck, ask your team. They're all experienced professionals."

Even if they tended to switch allegiances depending on the situation, the people in Marco's department had earned their positions through skill and hard work—not by pulling strings.

