

Married At First Sight Chapter 4139

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Marco frowned. "Are you saying I don't do real work? Kathryn, when I started at Farrell Group, you didn't even know where you were."

Kathryn smiled. "You're right, big brother. You joined Farrell Group early on. But tell me, what exactly have you accomplished? Can you honestly say your achievements were earned by your own merit? You know better than anyone how those successes came about. Let's not pretend otherwise. I've been with the Farrells for a short time, yet look where I am now. I'm making myself clear, brother—if you want to succeed, then work hard and take it seriously. Stop trying to claim credit for what others have done."

Marco's expression darkened. "I just said a couple of things, and you shot back at me a dozen times. Can't you give me some respect? I deserve some dignity too."

"Brother, just get back to work. I need to get ready to head out myself." Kathryn had no patience for more back-and-forth.

Marco stayed silent for a moment, then grabbed the folder, stood up, and gave Kathryn a long, searching look. His lips moved slightly, but in the end, he said nothing.

Kathryn watched him closely, noting every flicker of emotion on his face.

When he finally turned to leave without another word, she hesitated before calling out, "Big brother."

Marco stopped and turned back. "What is it?"

"Even though Mom is gone, we're still siblings. We're family for life. Mom would have wanted the four of us to stick together, even in the afterlife. Don't you think so? When the Qingming Festival comes, we should all go burn incense for her. The clan resents Mom, and they probably won't honor her memory."

Clarissa had ruled the family for decades, but she had made too many enemies. The clan had long held grudges against her, and her death had been anything but honorable.

Kathryn had no illusions—when Qingming arrived, she doubted any of the clan members would pay respects to their mother.

Marco pressed his lips together. “We want to get along with you, but you never take us seriously. You always side with outsiders, never thinking about our future. There’s an opportunity to fight for power, but you act all selfless and just hand everything over. Do you really think they’ll appreciate your generosity?”

Hearing this, Kathryn sighed.

She and her brother saw things differently, and there was no point arguing further.

With a calm expression, she withdrew her gaze. “Brother, just go back to work.”

Since their mother’s passing, every decision Kathryn had made was for the benefit of herself and her three brothers—to secure a future for them all.

But they didn’t see that. They didn’t understand. All they knew was that she was giving things away.

They never considered the bigger picture. They never saw her sacrifices or her efforts.

Calling him “brother” just now had been her final attempt to reach him, to remind him of their bond, to stop him from making the same mistakes over and over.

It was her last effort to hold onto their sibling relationship.

But it was useless.

Her eldest brother was too stubborn.

It was time to cut ties.

Marco left Kathryn’s office and returned to his own.

He poured himself a cup of warm water, then sat down at his desk. As he took a sip, he pulled out his phone and dialed Shiloh’s eldest brother.

When the call connected, he lowered his voice. “Stick to the plan. Kathryn will be at the Fortress Hotel later for a business meeting and dinner. Make sure everything is in place.”

