

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4170

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## Chapter 4170

It wasn't that their mother didn't love her three sons. Kathryn had made sure they received the best education, arranged prestigious jobs for them, bought them houses and cars, and even matched them with wives of equal status.

She did everything a mother was supposed to do.

There was no doubt their mother loved them. But when it came to dividing her estate, the three sons received far less than their children.

Clarissa had left most of her wealth to her grandchildren.

She believed they had their whole lives ahead of them and needed a stronger financial foundation.

Her sons, on the other hand, spent lavishly on alcohol and women, made reckless business investments, and showered mistresses with money without a second thought.

Even when faced with their infidelities, Clarissa had still chosen to stand by them. She coaxed and persuaded their wives not to leave, unwilling to see their marriages fall apart.

But deep down, she resented her sons.

They couldn't control their urges, just like their father.

Holden had been kept in check for years, too afraid to act on his desires. But the moment he had the chance, he followed in his brothers' footsteps.

Clarissa had personally intervened to drive their mistresses out of Jensburg.

She refused to let those women continue destroying her sons' marriages.

But she was getting old. How much longer could she keep them in line?

Her sons' in-laws didn't have nearly as much wealth as the Farrells. Once she was gone, there would be no one left to rein them in.

Their marriages would eventually fall apart anyway.

That was why she hadn't given them too much money—she knew they would squander it on mistresses, leaving nothing for their own children.

Instead, she left a portion of her estate directly to her grandchildren, ensuring their future security.

Clarissa had known that changing her will would cause trouble for Kathryn.

But she believed Kathryn was strong enough to handle it.

She trusted that her daughter wouldn't let her brothers push her around.

Kathryn didn't want to argue anymore.

There was no point.

For years, she and her brothers had fought over wealth and status.

She had explained things to them over and over again—until her voice had grown hoarse and her words had lost all meaning.

But they had never listened.

And if they had, they wouldn't have ended up here tonight.

Marco, who had been watching the road, noticed something.

“Noel, call Shiloh's brothers. Ask if they're still following us,” he ordered.

There were no headlights in the rearview mirror. No vehicles tailing them.

Noel nodded and dialed Shiloh's eldest brother.

The man answered after a few rings. “Second Young Master, we're not following you anymore. Tomorrow, we'll head to the eldest Young Master's house to collect the rest of our payment. Kathryn's bodyguard and driver got away, and the car was wrecked at the scene.”

Noel's tone turned icy. "Move the vehicle. We can't have it blocking traffic. Then head back. Come to my eldest brother's house at noon tomorrow for the rest of the money. We need to withdraw the cash from the bank first."

"Understood."

As soon as the call ended, Noel turned to Marco.

"Brother, they know too much. I think we should just kill them. Dead men don't talk."

Tonight, they had already crossed the line—they were about to kill their own sister.

So why should Shiloh's brothers be spared?

They were loose ends.

Sage agreed. "Big Brother, Noel's right. Once they take the money, what's stopping them from coming back for more when they run out?"