

Married At First Sight Chapter 4175

Chapter 4175

Marco and his companions finally heard footsteps. Instinctively, they turned their heads—only to see a group of people closing in fast, surrounding them.

“Police! Hands up! Don’t move!”

As soon as Marco spotted the officers, the lead policeman shouted the command, immediately drawing his pistol and aiming it at them.

The police had been tipped off by Shiloh’s brother, who informed them that the kidnappers were armed.

Meanwhile, the detectives pursuing Pedro were also carrying firearms.

Sage’s mind went blank. His head felt like it was about to explode.

Why were the police after them?

They had scoped out this location in advance. It was remote and desolate—practically abandoned even during the day, let alone at night. No one was supposed to come here.

Marco was the first to react. Without hesitation, he bent down, grabbed a kitchen knife, and lunged toward Kathryn. If he was going down, he was determined to take her with him.

If she died and he paid for her life with his own, it would all be worth it.

He snatched up the knife just as Kathryn, writhing in pain from her injured arm, rolled across the ground. Watching her suffer filled him with twisted satisfaction.

But then—he cursed under his breath.

She had rolled too far.

Furious, Marco charged at her, knife raised high—

A gunshot rang out.

Before he could strike, the police fired, hitting him in the right hand. The knife clattered to the ground.

Marco let out a sharp cry, clutching his wounded hand in agony.

Noel and Sage didn't dare resist. They immediately dropped to the ground, hands over their heads, surrendering without a fight.

The police rushed in, pinning all three brothers down and placing them under arrest.

"Miss!"

Pedro spotted Kathryn lying to the side, her right arm still bleeding.

Without wasting a second, he hurried over, squatted down, and quickly untied the ropes binding her wrists and ankles. Then he took off his coat, wrapped it around her, and lifted her into his arms.

Pedro had been the one who called the police. He had also led them here. Now, with the hostage rescued, his only priority was getting Kathryn to a hospital.

"Do you want to wait for the ambulance?" the lead officer asked. "It'll be here any moment."

Knowing that the eldest daughter of the Farrell family had been kidnapped, the police had notified emergency services in advance, anticipating possible injuries.

Pedro wanted to refuse—he was too anxious to wait. He saw Kathryn's bloodied arm, her trembling lips turning pale from the cold. She was too weak to even speak.

He just wanted to get her to the hospital as fast as possible.

But before he could make a move, two ambulances pulled up. Relieved, he followed them, making sure Kathryn got immediate medical attention.

Meanwhile, Marco was also loaded into an ambulance, escorted by two officers. The moment he was inside, he passed out.

Whether it was from the pain of his wound or the crushing weight of his failure, no one could tell.

As for Noel and Sage, they were handcuffed and shoved into the back of a police car. Cold steel bound their wrists as they sat there, completely drained.

It was over.

Really, truly over.

Not even the emperor himself could save them now.

Why had they made such a colossal mistake?

Sage suddenly recalled his father's advice—words he and his brothers had dismissed time and time again.

Their father had urged them, more than once, to accept reality. To give up. To sell their properties in the city, take the money, and return to their hometown.

They could have bought a house and a shop there, lived comfortably, and collected rent without ever having to worry about money again.

On top of that, they had their bank savings and the wealth their mother had left them.

If they had just listened, they could have lived an easy, carefree life back home.

They had the kind of wealth most people could only dream of—money that others spent a lifetime trying and failing to earn.

And yet, they had thrown it all away.