

Married At First Sight Chapter 4177

Chapter 4177

Farrell Mansion

In the master bedroom, Liberty suddenly jolted awake after barely two hours of sleep.

Her abrupt movement startled her husband beside her.

“What’s wrong? Did you have a nightmare?”

Duncan sat up, turned on the bedside lamp, and looked at her with concern.

“I dreamt that Kathryn was in danger,” Liberty said, her voice filled with unease. “She wouldn’t let me go with her. She planned to get hurt on purpose. I’m afraid she might have risked her life.”

After spending so much time with Kathryn, Liberty had come to admire her.

If not for the deep-seated grudges of the previous generation, she and Kathryn could have been the best of friends.

Even now, there was a mutual respect between them.

Out of everyone in the Farrell family, Kathryn was the only one Liberty truly liked.

Not just her—Hayden felt the same way.

At one point, Hayden had even considered setting Kathryn up with Hugh.

But Hugh wasn’t interested in Kathryn, and Kathryn had no feelings for Hugh either.

Kathryn admired Hayden—but Hayden was a woman.

When she realized she could never have Hayden, Kathryn slowly found herself drawn to Pedro instead.

Pedro might be an orphan, but his devotion and loyalty to Kathryn were undeniable.

The two of them were a perfect match.

“I’m calling Kathryn,” Liberty said, grabbing her phone. She didn’t care that it was past three in the morning.

The phone rang.

The moment the call connected, Liberty let out a breath of relief.

If Kathryn’s phone had been turned off, it would have meant she was still in danger—likely in the hands of her brothers, unable to reach out for help.

A few seconds later, someone answered.

“Miss Hunt.”

It was Pedro.

Hearing his voice, Liberty’s relief was short-lived. Her heart clenched with worry.

“What happened? How’s Kathryn?” she asked anxiously.

“It’s over,” Pedro said, his voice heavy with concern. “Miss has been rescued. She’s injured. She was just taken to the hospital—she’s in the emergency room now.”

The pain in his voice was unmistakable.

He had seen the knife wound on Kathryn’s right arm, the bruises on her face, the swelling on her nose. He had no idea how severe her injuries were, but they were bad enough.

Pedro had never agreed with Kathryn’s plan, but she had insisted.

She believed that by setting this trap, they could take her brothers down in one decisive move—ensuring they would never be a threat again.

Even if they were released in a few years, maybe even a decade, the Farrell family would no longer be the same. By then, Liberty’s power would be immovable.

After years in prison, her brothers wouldn’t be thinking about revenge.

And Kathryn?

She and Pedro would leave Jensburg behind, disappearing to a place where no one knew them, where they could start fresh.

If her brothers were smart, they'd accept their fate and keep a low profile.

Their future wouldn't be glamorous, but they wouldn't starve.

It was the best compromise Kathryn could offer, a way to honor the mother who had—at least in her later years—truly cared for her.

Her mother had done so much for her.

And as much as Kathryn hated her brothers, they were still her mother's sons.

No mother wants to see all her children dead.

In return for her mother's kindness, Kathryn had spared them once—by making sure they didn't provoke Liberty.

Because if they had, she wouldn't have even known how she died.

But they had forced her hand.

She had to teach them a lesson, make them accept reality.

After tonight, any remaining sibling bond between them would be gone.

Because her brothers had wanted her dead.

And if they ever tried again after getting out of prison, she wouldn't just send them back behind bars.

Next time, she'd make sure they disappeared for good.

Kathryn had the same ruthless blood as Clarissa running through her veins.