

Married At First Sight Chapter 4181

Chapter 4181

Kathryn looked up at Pedro. "I want to touch your face," she said.

Pedro's expression was tense, his features hardened with anger. But after a moment, he leaned down, letting her reach him easily.

She ran her fingers across his face. "Your face is as hard as marble. So handsome, yet so rigid. I don't like seeing you like this. I prefer when you're gentle, like jade."

Pedro's voice was low and firm. "Miss, I'm not gentle like jade."

Years of brutal training at the base had shaped him into a hardened soldier. Gentleness was not in his nature.

Yet, when he was in a good mood, his sharp edges softened.

To her, he was always handsome, always polite. To her, he was gentle like jade.

And as she spoke, the tension in his face eased.

"Pedro, don't be angry," Kathryn said, her tone light. "Look at me—I'm fine. I still have both my legs, my arms, and my head. They didn't chop me up and feed me to the fish. I knew their timing. I let them scratch my arm, nothing more. They were first-time killers, inexperienced and mentally weak. They panicked and only managed to scratch me. I screamed on purpose—scared my eldest brother so much that he dropped the kitchen knife."

Pedro was speechless. With a flick of his fingers, he tapped her forehead.

"Miss, do you even hear yourself?"

Kathryn's eyes sparkled mischievously. "Of course, I do."

She knew her brothers had never killed anyone before.

Neither had she.

Pedro's gaze turned icy. "They actually planned to chop you up and feed you to the fish!" His voice was cold and sharp. "If it weren't for you insisting on sparing them, I wouldn't let them walk out of prison alive."

Pedro had ways—many ways—to make sure those three brothers never left prison. But Kathryn didn't want them dead.

She gave him a reassuring smile. "That's what I mean. They didn't have the guts to go through with it. Pedro, let's put this behind us. My plan worked perfectly. I won't worry about them anymore. Once I've recovered, once Liberty is settled and secure, we'll leave."

She exhaled slowly. "I have my own company. I want to move out of Jensburg. Aside from visiting my mother's grave during the Qingming Festival, I never want to come back."

Before Pedro could respond, she continued, "Pedro, where should we go? I want to live somewhere warm. Jensburg is freezing. Last night, I thought I'd die from the cold. When I was little, no one bought me warm clothes. I had to wear secondhand rags, and I nearly froze to death every winter. I survived over twenty brutal winters by luck alone."

She paused, lost in thought.

As a child, her adoptive mother forced her to wash the family's clothes by the river—even in winter.

Even when the river froze over, she had to haul water from the well to scrub the laundry.

The winter water was ice-cold, stabbing her hands with pain every time she dipped them in.

If she hesitated, her adoptive mother would lash her with a whip. The pain was unbearable, but her mother never showed a shred of remorse.

The villagers were the only ones who ever intervened, stopping the beatings when they could.

After too many complaints, even from the village head and the Women's Federation, her mother stopped hitting her in public.

But the abuse continued behind closed doors.

Her adoptive brothers beat her too.

No matter how hard she worked, no matter how much she did for them, the beatings never stopped.

Other mothers loved their children.

Hers never did.

And at a young age, she was forced to accept that cruel reality.