

Married At First Sight Chapter 4193

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“Well, I’m heading to Wiltspoon soon to visit my cousin, but I don’t know if I’ll get kicked out once I get there. I also need to see Mr. Jimenez. By the way, Liberty, how’s Mr. Jimenez doing? Is he in good health?”

Mr. Jimenez was the oldest person Kathryn had ever seen. Back in her adoptive mother’s village, the oldest man had lived into his eighties, and very few made it to ninety. But Mr. Jimenez was pushing a hundred.

The most impressive part? He didn’t just walk on his own—he could still run, keeping pace with a few of his old friends.

Liberty replied, “Mr. Jimenez is doing well. My aunt takes him for a walk every day. When he stays in, he just sits in front of the cradle, staring at my cousin’s baby. He could watch for hours.”

The bond between generations ran deep.

For Mr. Jimenez, looking at Clive’s son was like seeing his own great-grandson—the great-grandchild of the master he had served so loyally.

“Dr. Carden stops by regularly to check his pulse and adjust his medication. He’s in good spirits. Dr. Carden says there’s no reason he won’t live past a hundred.”

Mr. Jimenez had held on this long fueled by sheer hatred.

Everyone feared he’d lose his will to live after getting revenge. Even the old doctor estimated he had, at most, two years left.

But now, with Audrey caring for him, keeping him company, and surrounding him with family, his mood had lifted. He had great-grandchildren to dote on, and he was determined to keep going.

Audrey insisted he had to stick around at least until Liberty had a daughter, ensuring the Farrell family's next generation.

Seeing Serenity give birth, watching Leland and Elisa get married—he wanted to witness the younger generation find their paths.

That way, when he finally reunited with the head of the family he had served all his life, he would have good news to share. He imagined the head of the family smiling, knowing his descendants were thriving.

Kathryn remained silent.

Mr. Jimenez would turn a hundred by the end of the year. Next year, he'd be past the century mark.

"I hope he lives to 120," she murmured.

For a man like him, living a long life meant knowing each year could be his last.