

Married At First Sight Chapter 4194

Chapter 4194

Half an hour later.

“Kathryn, Kathryn!”

Holden, who had been stopped by Jim, finally made it into the hospital room.

Jim followed closely behind, but Liberty motioned for him to let it go. Taking the hint, Jim left the room.

As soon as Holden stepped inside, he went straight for Kathryn, about to kneel before her, his body trembling.

Kathryn almost jumped up to stop him.

No matter how strained their relationship was, he was still her father.

Watching him kneel before her would make her look heartless, like an unfilial daughter.

Not that Kathryn had ever been particularly devoted to him.

“Dad, what are you doing?!”

She grabbed his arm, and Pedro quickly stepped in to help, preventing Holden from dropping to his knees.

“Kathryn, no matter what your brothers have done, they’re still your family. Please forgive them—let them go. I promise, I’ll take them back to our hometown, even if it costs me everything.”

“If they ever try to hurt you again, I swear I’ll break their legs myself.”

“Kathryn, I’m begging you. Please spare them.”

Holden struggled as if trying to kneel again, but Pedro held him firmly in place.

Frustrated, Holden slapped Pedro across the face.

The sound echoed through the room. Pedro didn't flinch or loosen his grip. The side of his face turned red, the mark instantly visible.

Kathryn's expression darkened. Staring coldly at her father, she spoke in an icy tone. "Dad, if you're so determined to kneel, do it outside. Go ahead, kneel at the hospital entrance and yell about how your daughter is unfilial. Announce to the world that your sons tried to kill their sister and that she refuses to forgive them. See if I care."

Holden froze.

After slapping Pedro, he had expected Kathryn to lash out at him, but she didn't. That, somehow, was even more unsettling.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

"Kathryn..."

His voice broke as he sobbed uncontrollably.

Pedro finally released his grip, and Holden collapsed onto the sofa, crying miserably.

"Kathryn, I'm old. I have no job, no money. My parents are long gone, and your mom is no longer here. The only people I have left are your brothers. If they go to jail, what will happen to me? Who will take care of me in my old age?"

Holden's voice cracked with desperation.

"Please, Kathryn. Just let them go. I swear, I'll take them back home. They won't fight over your mom's estate—it'll all be yours. I just need them out of jail. I have no one else."

He wiped his tears, looking pitiful.

"I know I wasn't a good father. I never gave you the love you deserved. But Kathryn, we're family. You have the Janzen blood in your veins. I gave you life—please, let your brothers go. Yes, they were cruel to you, and I'm deeply disappointed in them. But you're still alive. Let them pay your medical bills, compensate you for your suffering—just don't send them to prison."

Kathryn stared at him coldly for a long time before finally turning to Liberty. “Liberty, this is a personal matter. You and Mr. Lewis should go home and rest.”

Liberty glanced at Holden, sighed, and gave Kathryn a few words of advice before leaving with Duncan.

Outside, she exhaled heavily and muttered, “Dealing with my greedy hometown relatives was bad enough, but Kathryn has to deal with her own father and brothers. Her situation is even worse.”

“The Hunt family just wanted to steal my house and money, but Kathryn’s brothers wanted her dead.”

Duncan squeezed her hand reassuringly. “Miss Farrell can handle it.”

“I know,” Liberty said. “She just wanted us to leave so she could keep some dignity in front of us.”

Inside, Kathryn turned to Pedro. “Leave us.”

“Miss...”

Pedro hesitated, worried Holden might try something reckless.

But Kathryn insisted. “I’ll be fine.”

Reluctantly, Pedro left the room, closing the door behind him.

Now, it was just Kathryn and her father.

Kathryn sat down across from him, her cold gaze locking onto his.

“Dad, do you even know what happened last night?”

Holden huffed. “How would I know? I’m all the way back home. I’m not some mind reader.”

Kathryn let out a bitter laugh. “You know. You know everything. They tried to kill me. They planned to chop me into pieces and dump me in the ocean. Your three sons were merciless. And yet, you have the audacity to ask me to forgive them? They committed an unforgivable crime. And you, Dad—you bear just as much responsibility.”

