

Married At First Sight Chapter 4195

Chapter 4195

After a brief silence, Holden repeated himself. “You’re not dead, just slightly injured. It’s not that serious.”

Kathryn almost laughed at his words.

Sure, she wasn’t dead—just “slightly injured.”

But did that change the fact that her brothers had tried to kill her?

She looked at Holden and asked, “Dad, if I had tried to kill your three sons but failed, leaving them just ‘slightly injured,’ would you tell them it was just a family dispute? Would you ask them to forgive me, not press charges, and not send me to prison?”

Holden responded instinctively, “You would have already shown the intent to kill. I couldn’t let you make the same mistake again. Of course, I’d send you to prison for a few years... Kathryn, I’m old. I only have my three sons to rely on in my later years. Do you really want me to end up alone with no one to take care of me?”

Kathryn’s voice turned ice-cold. “Dad, I’ll cover your living expenses. You won’t starve. Even the housekeeper can stay—I’ll pay their wages. Believe me, I want nothing to do with you. But since you’re my biological father, I won’t let you die of hunger. I’ll also ask my sisters-in-law to check in on you from time to time. If anything urgent comes up, they can call me. If you don’t live long enough to see your sons get out of prison and you pass away, I’ll make sure to arrange your funeral. I won’t let your body rot and be eaten by stray dogs.”

Holden was stunned.

Kathryn continued, her voice unwavering. “My brothers wanted me dead. If Pedro hadn’t called the police in time, I would have been killed. They would’ve chopped up my body and dumped it in the sea to feed the fish. Dad, do you ever think about me? Am I not your child, too? I’m not a saint. I can’t pretend nothing happened. I can’t just forgive them when they tried to murder me. No matter who begs for mercy this time, I won’t let them off the hook. They belong in prison.”

Holden pointed at her, his face contorted in rage. “Kathryn, you’re heartless! You’re unfilial! You’ll be struck by lightning!”

Kathryn’s gaze was icy. “If God thinks I’ve done wrong, then let Him strike me down. I’m not afraid. I have a clear conscience. But you—aren’t you afraid of karma?”

Holden retorted, “One day, you’ll have children of your own. What will you do if they turn out like you and your brothers? Kathryn, karma will come for you.”

Kathryn let out a bitter laugh. “Karma? If it exists, let it come. I’m not afraid. Dad, you and my brothers have done so many terrible things, yet none of you fear retribution. I’ve never taken an innocent life—so tell me, what exactly should I be afraid of?”

Holden was seething.

Why wouldn’t the heavens just strike down this ungrateful daughter?

Kathryn remained unfazed. “Go home, Dad. I will never forgive my brothers. The law will punish them. They kidnapped me, injured me, and hurt others. They won’t be getting out anytime soon. You should start coming to terms with that and take care of yourself.”

Holden’s face darkened. “Fine. I’ll live long enough to see what becomes of you.”

With that, he stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

Kathryn didn’t care. She sat quietly for a couple of minutes before heading back to her room and lying down.

Pain coursed through her body. There was a knife wound on her arm, yet her father hadn’t shown even a shred of concern for her. He only cared about pleading for her brothers.

If the roles were reversed, would he have begged for her?

No. To her father, she was never his daughter—Shiloh was.