

Married At First Sight Chapter 4197

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Holden was at a loss for words. Money had never been his strong suit. Back when Clarissa was alive, he rarely had more than \$500 to his name. Once his kids were grown, he'd secretly ask them for cash. For a while, he lived comfortably, even carefree, but that money didn't last. He never saved a dime.

The truth was, Holden had a habit of spending recklessly. Saving just wasn't in his nature. He didn't own any shops or properties—Clarissa had kept him on a tight leash. The house in his hometown was built with her money, but it wasn't in his name. It belonged to his three sons.

After Clarissa passed away, his sons took care of him in his old age. Each of them gave him over \$100,000 a month for living expenses. Combined, it was hundreds of thousands monthly, and Holden lived a relaxed life back home. He managed to save a little over a million, but that was it.

Now, he wanted to hire the best lawyers for his sons, and that million might not even cover it.

Holden turned to his daughters-in-law. "Don't tell me you're broke. When your mother-in-law was alive, she gave you an allowance every month. Your families have money too. What about the dowry and betrothal gifts from your weddings? Are they all gone? Each of you pitch in two million, and we'll have four million. Isn't that enough? If it's not, ask your kids to chip in. They inherited plenty from Clarissa. It's only right they help save their own father."

Amora didn't hesitate. "Dad, that's not possible. We don't have that kind of money. We can spare a hundred thousand, but two million? No way. Sure, our families have some assets, but we have brothers to think about. The dowry money was spent years ago. We've been married for so long—how would we still have that? The property Mom left for the kids is theirs. It's for their education and future businesses. We can't touch that. We're just managing it for them."

Holden was furious. “So, you’re saying you won’t lift a finger to save your husbands? How heartless can you be? Is this Kathryn’s doing? Is she stopping you from helping Marco and the others?”

Anya shot back, “Dad, say what you want, but our husbands haven’t been saints. They’ve cheated on us, had mistresses—did they ever care about our feelings? And when they crossed Kathryn, did they think about the consequences? Did they consider us or the kids? If they had, they wouldn’t have kidnapped or tried to kill anyone. The law doesn’t play favorites. We can’t save them, and honestly, they deserve to face the consequences.”

Holden pointed at Anya, seething. “Noel married a viper like you? Are you trying to be like Erika? You’re his wife!”

Amora scoffed. “Wife? Dad, haven’t you heard? Birds of a feather flock together, but when disaster strikes, they scatter. Second sister-in-law is right. If they’d thought about us or the kids, they wouldn’t have done what they did. Kathryn’s their own sister, and look how they treated her. If we don’t let the law handle this, who’s to say they won’t turn on us next? If they can do that to their sister, what’s stopping them from doing worse to us? We’re just their wives, and they’ve betrayed us more times than we can count.”