

Married At First Sight Chapter 4295

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Pedro watched as Holden walked away before returning to the inpatient ward.

Kathryn was sitting on the hospital bed, phone in hand, discussing work with Liberty.

Even though she was hospitalized, she remained updated on company affairs. Liberty didn't actually need to consult her on most matters, but she did anyway—Kathryn was still the vice president of the Farrell Group, and Liberty respected that.

Pedro didn't interrupt. Instead, he silently stepped into the small lounge area, opened the mini fridge, and took out the fruits sent by well-wishers. He washed them, cut them into bite-sized pieces, and placed them on disposable forks before carrying the plate back into the room.

Kathryn had just finished her conversation with Liberty when she saw Pedro approach with the fruit plate.

"Didn't I just eat an apple? Now you're giving me more?" she asked.

Pedro smiled. "There's too much fruit. If we don't eat it, it'll go bad. We should finish it while it's still fresh."

He pulled up a chair beside her bed, his dark eyes scanning her face with concern. "You've been in the hospital for days now. I think you've lost weight."

"I have not!" Kathryn retorted, picking up a piece of fruit with a fork. "How could I? You feed me like a pig every day! All I do is take medicine, get injections, and eat. Meals, pastries, fruit—you name it. I barely even get out of bed. And when I do, you get all nervous. The worst injury I have is on my arm—it doesn't stop me from walking."

She fired off more than a dozen sentences in quick succession.

Pedro chuckled. "Alright, alright, you're not losing weight. But honestly, you are. You lost a lot of blood, and your complexion hasn't fully recovered. Once you're discharged, I'll make sure you replenish your strength. You've been working so hard—just take this time to rest."

Kathryn sighed. “My dad’s gone, right?” She was too tired to argue further. Talking about food with Pedro was pointless—he’d keep feeding her regardless.

Pedro nodded. “Mr. Janzen left. I talked to him about elderly care, and he finally calmed down. I think he’ll head back to his hometown.”

Kathryn scoffed. “He knows the truth deep down, yet he still causes trouble. He’s always been biased.”

Holden’s favorite had always been Shiloh. He believed she was his only daughter, and he poured his love into her, convinced that if she took over the family, his own status would rise. She was filial, at least in his eyes.

His second favorite was Marco, his eldest son—the firstborn who carried the Janzen name. Holden cherished Marco almost as much as Shiloh.

But when he learned Shiloh wasn’t his biological daughter, he couldn’t take back the love he had already given her, nor could he redirect it to Kathryn.

Ironically, Holden despised his only real daughter the most. Yet, in the end, he had no choice but to rely on her for his future care.

Kathryn would never bring him into her home, but she would cover his living expenses. If he ever needed a caregiver, she’d pay for one.

It wouldn’t be the luxurious retirement he had imagined, but it would be far better than the lives of most elderly people in his hometown.

“He still has money,” Kathryn said. “For now, we don’t need to worry. When he runs out, just send him a monthly allowance.”