

Married At First Sight Chapter 4304

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Kathryn shook her head. “Liberty, I’m not the successor anymore. She’s your assistant. You should know her background—I don’t need to read it.”

She had read Pedro’s resume before. But Pedro was her man.

Since Kathryn declined, Liberty folded the resume, placed it back in the envelope, and set it on the coffee table. Then she turned to Makayla. “Have a seat.”

Makayla remained standing. “Master, after reporting in, I need to settle into my residence. I won’t stay with you unless instructed otherwise.”

Her contact number was listed in the resume. If Liberty needed her, she could call anytime.

“Where will you be living?” Liberty asked.

“Where my senior brother Fraser lives—that’s where I’ll be. It’s the closest place to the Farrell family mansion.”

Assistants had the option to buy their own homes, but there was one condition: their residence couldn’t be too far from the mansion. As all-around assistants, they were also bodyguards. Living too far away would make it difficult to fulfill their duties.

Apart from settling in, Makayla also needed to establish her network—an essential part of her training. The assistants weren’t just highly skilled individuals; they were trained to build connections and accumulate influence, which was later assessed by their superiors.

However, betraying the Matriarch using those connections came with severe consequences. Anyone who did would be hunted down by the island, no matter where they ran. Some assistants were even controlled by special methods. If they ever turned against the Matriarch, their fate would be gruesome.

Liberty said, “Your senior brother Fraser is cooking inside. Don’t rush off just yet—stay for dinner. Afterward, he can take you to settle in.”

Makayla didn't refuse. She bowed slightly. "Thank you, Master."

"I'll go help with the cooking."

Her loyalty revolved entirely around Liberty. Whatever Liberty asked, she would do. That was the mindset ingrained in her for twenty-seven years. Now that she had officially reported in, she belonged to Liberty.

As Pedro had once told Kathryn—he was hers in life and even in death.

Soon, from the kitchen, Pedro's voice rang out in surprise. "Makayla, it's you!"

"Brother Fraser. Long time no see."

Her tone remained cool, as always.

Pedro grinned. "It's been a while."

He paused his cooking, reached out, and shook hands with her. "Welcome to your new role."

Kathryn could finally step away from the Farrell family's burdens. From now on, everything would be Liberty's responsibility. That was the destiny of the Farrell family Matriarchs.

Pedro introduced Makayla to Duncan. "Mr. Lewis, this is Makayla, my junior sister. She's here to take over my duties."

Then he turned to Makayla. "This is Mr. Lewis—the Matriarch's husband. He's the fourth young master of the Lewis family in Wiltspoon."

Makayla acknowledged Duncan politely but without the same deep respect she showed Liberty.

She likely understood the unspoken truth—no matter who the Matriarch married, their role in the family was clear.

For many, the husband of the Matriarch was little more than a means to produce an heir.