

# Married At First Sight Chapter 3839

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The phone rang, echoing through the room.

Liberty picked up.

The secretary's voice came through, letting her know that Kathryn had arrived.

"Please show Miss Farrell in," Liberty replied, setting the phone back down.

"Kathryn's here," she told Duncan.

Unfazed, Duncan responded, "Let her come in. We have nothing to hide. No reason to avoid her."

Everyone in Wiltspoon and Jensburg knew that Duncan was Liberty's fiancé. It wasn't unusual for Kathryn to see him in Liberty's office. After all, Duncan was a shareholder in Liberty's company, even if he wasn't involved in its day-to-day operations. He trusted Liberty to manage it well.

Liberty smiled but didn't say anything. Instead, she headed to the tea room to brew some tea.

It wasn't long before Kathryn walked in, followed by Pedro, who was carrying several large and small gift bags.

Liberty emerged from the tea room just as they entered. She raised an eyebrow at the sight and joked, "Kathryn, did you really need to bring all this?"

Kathryn greeted Duncan first, then motioned for Pedro to set down the bags. She sat on the couch, eyes on Liberty. "Aren't you heading back to Wiltspoon soon? I brought some New Year gifts for you, along with wedding gifts for you and Mr. Lewis. I might not make it to your wedding, so I wanted to give these to you ahead of time. You'll be getting your marriage certificate when you get back, so now's as good a time as any."

Liberty poured tea for Kathryn and Pedro before pushing Duncan's chair over to join her. She filled a cup for Duncan and took her seat beside him.

“If it’s a wedding gift from an elder, I’ll accept it with gratitude,” Liberty said warmly.

Though Kathryn was technically younger, her status made her an elder in some respects.

“I’ve prepared some New Year gifts for you too. I’ll have them sent over later,” Liberty added. Fair was fair.

Their relationship was complex—sometimes friends, sometimes rivals—but they were always connected by family ties.

Kathryn smiled, a touch of sadness in her expression. “You don’t have to bother with that.”

The smile faded, and after a pause, she said, “There won’t be any real New Year celebration for us this year.”

Even if her mother’s fate was justified, Kathryn and her siblings were still mourning. It was hard to feel festive after losing a parent.

Liberty looked at her with concern. “Are your brothers still arguing with you over the inheritance?”

She knew that Kathryn’s brothers, Marco included, were still fighting over their mother Clarissa’s estate.

Everyone in Jensburg was aware of the fracture within the Farrell family after Clarissa’s death. It had even sparked a power struggle among the family’s descendants. People were speculating whether the next head of the family would be Kathryn or Liberty.

Nearly everyone put their money on Liberty.

Her backing was too strong.

Kathryn, while knowledgeable about the Farrell Group and the family’s affairs, lacked the same support. Her reputation had taken a hit—not because she wasn’t capable, but because she was Clarissa’s daughter. The media’s exposure of Clarissa’s deeds had left a mark, and it was clear that the family hadn’t fully healed.

