

Married At First Sight Chapter 3847

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Holden stewed in resentment. Kathryn might be his daughter, but she was ungrateful. Even with all she'd inherited, she barely spared him enough for a comfortable retirement. Sure, she provided a villa and a monthly allowance, but he thought \$300,000 a month was reasonable for his needs.

Kathryn spoke, breaking his train of thought. "Auntie, how's my dad doing these past few days?"

The caregiver answered honestly, "Mr. Janzen is recovering well, but given his age, the doctor suggested he stay a few more days before going home."

Holden chimed in, "The doctor says I should be here at least another two weeks."

Deep down, he dreaded leaving the hospital. At home, without the dedicated caregiver, he knew he'd be neglected. His sons were preoccupied with their own lives, and though his daughter-in-law showed outward respect, she never truly cared.

Kathryn raised an eyebrow. "The New Year's coming up, Dad. Are you planning to celebrate here in the hospital?"

She signaled the caregiver to leave before walking over with the bouquet, replacing the wilted flowers in the vase with the fresh ones she'd brought.

Holden's face soured. "Why'd you bring flowers? They're useless—they just sit there, wilt, and die. It'd be better if you brought food. I'd be happier with that."

"Dad, you don't lack food," Kathryn replied, glancing at the untouched fruit basket she'd bought on her last visit.

He scoffed. "Those fruits are bland. I've spent most of my life eating imported ones; I can't stand these basic, seasonal ones. You should bring me some nutritional supplements. I need to build my strength back up."

Kathryn pulled a chair closer and sat down, smiling in a way that Holden found infuriating.

“Dad, Mom’s gone,” Kathryn said pointedly. “She might not have loved you deeply, but she was your wife for decades and gave you children. Because of her, you lived a life of luxury, ate well, and never wanted for anything. Now that she’s gone, those days are over. You’ll eat what I bring you. If you keep complaining that it’s not good enough, next time, I’ll skip the flowers and come empty-handed. We’re family, after all—no need for pleasantries.”

Holden’s jaw clenched. This daughter of his, so unfilial! She only ever riled him up.

“Kathryn, what I said earlier... that was just me venting.”

Kathryn’s eyes narrowed playfully. “Oh? What did you say, Dad? I must’ve missed it. Care to repeat?”

Holden hesitated, his face tightening. “It was nothing. Forget it.”

She wasn’t going to admit she’d heard him complain, so he decided to drop it. No point repeating himself if she was just playing coy.

“Dad, want an apple? I’ll wash one for you,” Kathryn offered, but before he could respond, she grabbed two apples, washed them, and handed one to him while biting into her own.

Holden disliked apples but accepted it anyway.

“So, Dad,” Kathryn said between bites, “are you really planning to stay here another two weeks?”

With irritation flickering in his eyes, Holden snapped, “Where else would I go? Once I’m out of the hospital, where am I supposed to stay? Except for you and Pedro, the rest of us aren’t even allowed into the Farrell mansion anymore.”