

Married At First Sight Chapter 3993

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Jensburg, Farrell Group. The expansive conference room on the top floor buzzed with tension as senior executives and more than a dozen elder members of the Farrell family gathered.

These elders, peers of Audrey's generation, were considered "old folks" from Liberty's perspective.

At the head of the room, Kathryn and Liberty sat side by side, commanding attention. Pedro, ever loyal, occupied the seat next to Kathryn. Across the table sat Marco and his two brothers, their piercing gazes fixed on the two women.

If looks could kill, Kathryn and Liberty would have been ripped to shreds. The three brothers, especially Marco, seethed with resentment.

They had begged Kathryn, pleaded with her to reconsider. But she wouldn't budge. She was determined to pass control of the Farrell Group—and the entire family legacy—into Liberty's hands.

They accused Kathryn of alienating the family's trust and losing the hearts of the clan. But so what?

Under Kathryn's mother's rule, relentless ambition had concentrated 80% of the family's power in the hands of the head of the household. The Farrell family had long ceased to operate as a democracy.

Now, the head of the family wielded absolute authority. The elder generation had no say anymore, and the younger generation's voices were mere whispers in the wind.

Kathryn's mother had suppressed every promising young talent in the family, leaving them with little room to rise. The so-called loss of clan support was irrelevant. Kathryn held the reins of power firmly. As long as she did, what could the others do?

This world favored the strong. Power was everything.

Years ago, Liberty's branch of the family had weakened, giving Kathryn's mother the chance to seize control. Now, Kathryn intended to pass that power to Liberty—against all opposition.

Rising to her feet, Kathryn's sharp gaze swept across the room. Her voice was steady, each word laced with authority.

"Everyone here knows what happened last year," she began, her tone brooking no argument. "There's no need for me to rehash it. You all know why we're here today. I'm officially handing over the Farrell Group and the family's leadership to Liberty. From now on, she is your new president and the new head of the family.

"Do not underestimate her because of her age or inexperience. Support her. Work with her. And let me make this very clear—if anyone dares to undermine Liberty or act in the shadows, you'll have me to answer to. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Liberty sat quietly, her expression calm but resolute as Kathryn spoke.

Kathryn continued, her voice firm yet tinged with finality. "Once Liberty has settled into her role, I will resign from all my positions within the Farrell Group and step away from my responsibilities in the family. From that point forward, the Farrell family's affairs will no longer concern me.

"I will not take a single thing that belongs to this family. The only thing I'm leaving with is Pedro."

Pedro, loyal to the core, would never serve another master. He belonged at Kathryn's side, and she had no intention of leaving him behind. Their bond was unshakable.

Marco, his temper boiling over, slammed a hand on the table. "Liberty? She's a Hunt! Her surname isn't even Farrell. Why should she take over our family? Sure, her grandmother was the head of the family once—but that was ages ago!

"Tradition dictates that leadership is passed from mother to daughter—not aunt to niece. Kathryn, you're unmarried and childless. If you don't want to marry and have a daughter of your own, fine. But at least pass the position to another capable girl within the clan. Even if she's not a direct descendant, she'd still carry the Farrell name. Liberty doesn't."

Noel, Marco's brother, nodded in agreement. "He's right, Kathryn. You're disrupting generations of tradition with this decision."

Liberty's calm demeanor didn't falter as she turned her gaze to the three brothers. Their defiance didn't intimidate her.

“I’ve already taken care of that,” she said, her voice steady and clear. “I’ve changed my surname. From now on, my name is Liberty Farrell. My mother’s surname was Farrell, and now, so is mine.”

Her words silenced the room.

Liberty Hunt was no more. She had embraced her new identity as Liberty Farrell, ready to take her place as the rightful head of the family.

Her sister, Serenity, would retain the Hunt name. That was her choice. But Liberty had made her decision, and she wasn’t backing down.