

# Married at First Sight 4316-4320

If he kept making trouble, Qingqing would eventually cut ties with him completely. And when that happened, he would regret it—sooner or later.

Kathryn took a deep breath, stepped out of the car, and walked up to her father. Her voice was cold and firm. “Dad, what do you want this time?”

“I’m not writing any apology letter,” Zheng Hua said. “Your brothers need to pay for what they’ve done.”

Kathryn frowned. So he was here because of her brothers.

Zheng Hua looked at her closely, and for a moment, he was in a daze. Kathryn looked so much like his late wife. His lips moved slightly as he murmured, “So similar... just like her.”

His own daughter.

Her mannerisms, personality, and even her expressions were becoming more and more like her mother.

“Dad, why are you here?” Kathryn asked again, ignoring his distracted mumbling.

Zheng Hua snapped back to reality. The dazed look in his eyes disappeared, replaced by sharp calculation.

“Are you and Pedro on your way to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get your marriage certificate?”

Kathryn didn’t hesitate. “That’s my business.”

“He took you to see the fireworks last night,” Zheng Hua continued. “The ones that lit up the entire Jiangcheng sky for half an hour... That was him, wasn’t it?”

“So what?” Kathryn remained indifferent.

“He’s quite rich, isn’t he?”

Zheng Hua had spent decades with Feng Yue, yet he never fully understood how much the master’s all-purpose assistant earned. But he knew one thing—they were like a money-printing machine, never short of cash.

Pedro gave him the same impression.

This son-in-law of his must be very wealthy.

And his daughter had money, too.

She was getting married. Since she wasn't taking over the Feng family and bringing in a husband, it meant she was marrying like everyone else.

And in a proper marriage, there had to be a dowry.

Zheng Hua thought to himself—he was the one who gave Kathryn life. Now that she was getting married, shouldn't she at least give him part of the dowry? Maybe not all of it, but at least half.

Zheng Hua didn't have much money now, and it made him anxious.

Even though Kathryn had assured him that she wouldn't abandon him, wouldn't let him starve, and would provide him with a monthly allowance, it wasn't the same as before. Unlike his sons, who had given him tens or even hundreds of thousands, Kathryn only provided him with basic living expenses.

When he heard that Kathryn and Pedro were going to get their marriage certificate today, he immediately got up early and had the driver take him back. He was determined to arrive before they left, and he managed to stop them just in time.

"Dad, just say what you want," Kathryn said impatiently. "Don't beat around the bush."

Zheng Hua forced a smile. "Ah Qing, no matter what, I'm still your father. I know I've done things that made you angry, but that doesn't change the fact that we're family."

"You refused to listen to me and gave up inheriting the Feng family's wealth and power," he continued. "Since you're not taking over, you don't have to follow their rules anymore. You're getting married now, not bringing in a husband to join the family."

"Normally, in a marriage, the groom is supposed to provide a dowry to the bride's family. Raising a daughter isn't easy, you know."

Kathryn immediately understood—her father hadn't rushed back because of her brothers. He was here for money.

No matter how much he had, it was never enough. He always wanted more.

That was why she had stopped giving him large sums and only provided him with basic living expenses. She even arranged for Pedro to pay the household staff directly, ensuring that the money never passed through Zheng Hua's hands, so he couldn't misuse it.

Ever since his marriage, Zheng Hua had never truly controlled his own money, which only made his desire for wealth stronger.

Even though his bank account had more than most men his age, he still felt insecure. He believed it wasn't enough to last him for the rest of his life.

He figured he had another ten or twenty years to live.

And as he got older, his health would decline. Medical expenses alone would cost a fortune.

Without money in his hands, he felt uneasy.

That was why Zheng Hua always wanted more.

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"Raising a daughter isn't easy."

Kathryn agreed.

The cost of raising a child was immense.

"But you didn't raise me," she said calmly. "You raised Feng Ruo. I was raised by my adoptive parents. Before I returned to the Feng family, I secretly gave them some money as compensation for the years they spent taking care of me."

"If I were more ruthless, I wouldn't have given them anything. After all, if they hadn't done such terrible things to me, I wouldn't have been separated from my biological parents, abused for over a decade, or nearly sold off."

By the time she became a teenager, her adoptive parents could no longer control her. But those ten years of suffering had already left deep scars.

Kathryn remembered everything clearly but never exaggerated.

Her adoptive parents had secretly asked her for money before, but she refused. She even warned them not to try again, and they didn't dare. They had also approached Feng Ruo, but Feng Ruo mostly ignored them. On rare occasions, she gave them a few thousand yuan at most. She made it clear to her biological mother: she wasn't Kathryn and wouldn't allow them to bully her.

Her mother suffered deeply, but Kathryn refused to let anyone control her. Once she grew up, she fought back—and she was ruthless. If anyone dared to bully her, she would chase them across villages with a kitchen knife.

In her hometown, Kathryn was known for her fierceness.

The Feng family had assumed that since she grew up in the countryside, she would be weak and easy to manipulate. They were wrong.

Zheng Hua fell silent for a moment before speaking.

“I may not have raised you,” he admitted, “but I gave you life. I am your father, and now that you’re getting married, shouldn’t you repay me for bringing you into this world?”

“When your mother was alive, she never got to enjoy your success or see you get married. But I’m still here. So, shouldn’t you show your filial piety to me instead?”

“If she were alive, I wouldn’t have come looking for you.”

Zheng Hua had raised Feng Ruo with care, cherishing her like a treasure.

If things hadn’t taken such a tragic turn, Feng Ruo would have gladly been filial to him. He wouldn’t have had to worry about his retirement at all.

What a pity.

Zheng Hua resented the fate that had torn him and Feng Ruo apart. He refused to believe it was just bad luck—someone must have deliberately plotted against them.

That incident not only shattered his marriage but also forced him to make a devastating choice. To earn his wife’s forgiveness, he castrated himself. Though it saved his life, his health never recovered.

But the worst part? He lost his daughter.

The bond between him and Feng Ruo was completely severed. She despised him, and how could he not hate her in return?

They were both victims. The people who schemed against them deserved a miserable end.

Back then, his wife was still alive. He feared her power and didn’t dare to fight back—he couldn’t.

In the end, he could do nothing but watch as his beloved daughter fell to her death.

Feng Yue was too cruel.

Even though Feng Ruo wasn’t their biological daughter, she had grown up with them. Over time, without realizing it, they had come to love her as their own.

Feng Yue had once cherished Feng Ruo like a part of herself.

But the moment she discovered that Feng Ruo wasn't truly her daughter, she took back all the love she had given her for over twenty years—completely and without hesitation.

It wasn't Feng Ruo's fault. She had been switched at birth. She was innocent.

Zheng Hua saw things differently from Feng Yue. He still felt guilty for Feng Ruo. But Feng Yue? She only cared about the daughter that was rightfully hers.

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If Feng Ruo was innocent, then wasn't Kathryn just as innocent?

What angered Feng Yue the most wasn't just that her daughter had been switched at birth—it was that the people who took her didn't even treat her well. If they had shown her daughter just a little kindness, she wouldn't have hated them so much.

Other people's daughters grew up spoiled, surrounded by wealth and luxury, while her own daughter suffered abuse and was nearly sold off. How could any mother not be filled with hatred after learning the truth?

Zheng Hua's voice interrupted her thoughts.

“Ah Qing, you're about to get your marriage certificate. I assume you've already set the date. Don't let Dad hold you up—just hurry up and give me the betrothal money. Once you do, I'll head back home immediately.”

“I won't come looking for you again this year.”

Kathryn scoffed internally.

Once she got married and moved away from Jiangcheng, her father would have a hard time finding her. He wouldn't see her unless she wanted him to.

She looked at him coldly. “Isn't the betrothal money supposed to be for me? Traditionally, when a woman gets married, the money belongs to her. I didn't even ask my dad for a dowry, so how does he have the nerve to demand my betrothal money?”

Zheng Hua's face darkened. “Betrothal money is given to the parents. When parents are financially stable, they don't take their daughter's money—they give it back to her. But I'm already in my seventies. I can't work anymore, and I have no income.”

“Give your betrothal money to your father. It will serve as my retirement fund.”

Kathryn's expression remained cold. "I've already given Dad living expenses. I know exactly how much money he has. Not just for one year—what he has now is enough to last at least three years."

"The betrothal money Pedro gave me is mine. I'm not giving it to anyone else."

"You can't force me. If you try, I'll have someone drag you out of here." Her tone turned sharp. "Dad, I suggest you leave now before you make me angry again."

She leaned in slightly, her voice laced with a quiet threat.

"Do you still care about your three sons? Do you want them to come out of this alive?"

"If you push me too far, you'll have no one left to support you in your old age. And as for the money you've saved... if I want it back, I have plenty of ways to make that happen. Believe it or not, I could leave you homeless and starving."

Zheng Hua's face turned pale. His expression shifted from anger to fear in an instant.

Thaksin.

This daughter of his was ruthless—capable of anything.

But after rushing over early in the morning and returning empty-handed, Zheng Hua was unwilling to give up.

After a moment, his expression softened, and he spoke to Kathryn in a coaxing tone.

"Ah Qing, Dad isn't asking for much. Just give me another million. I promise I won't bother you again this year."

"I don't have much money left. I've spent nearly everything running around for your three brothers."

"The living expenses you give me really aren't enough."

"Ah Qing, your mother left you so much property. A million is nothing to you—it's like a single dollar to others. Are you really unwilling to spare even one dollar for your father?"

Kathryn didn't say a word. She turned, got into the car, and pulled off her bag.

After rummaging through it for a while, she realized she didn't have a single one-dollar bill. The smallest cash she had was a five-dollar bill.

Without hesitation, she took out the five-dollar bill and handed it to Zheng Hua.

“I’m still willing to give you a dollar, Dad. Here, you asked for one dollar, so I’m giving you five. No need to give me change—consider it a little extra.”

Zheng Hua’s face darkened. “Kathryn, I asked for a million, not a dollar.”

“You just said you wanted a dollar, didn’t you?” Kathryn smirked. “So I’m giving you one. No—five, actually.”

“Don’t want it? Then don’t accuse me of being disrespectful.”

She pulled her hand back, stuffed the money back into her wallet, and looked him straight in the eye.

“Dad, don’t you know who I am by now? Do you really think you can get the betrothal money from me?”

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“Dad, give up on this idea. You’ll grow old and pass away naturally, but you won’t starve—I won’t let that happen.”

Kathryn turned to the housekeeper, who had just stepped outside.

“Send a couple of people to remove him. Make sure he doesn’t block my way.”

She had no intention of wasting any more time on her father.

What belonged to Pedro was hers. And what belonged to her? Still hers. If her father thought he could get her money, he was dreaming.

“Kathryn, if you don’t give me money, I curse your marriage to be miserable!” Zheng Hua shouted as the housekeeper’s men forced him away.

Kathryn’s expression remained cold. “Don’t worry. My marriage with Pedro will be far happier than yours was with my mother.”

Zheng Hua froze, his face twisting in anger and humiliation.

Meanwhile, Kathryn and Pedro got into their car and drove off without looking back.

Watching them disappear into the distance, Zheng Hua muttered bitterly to himself, “The biggest mistake of my life was marrying your mother and having an unfilial daughter like you.”

But no amount of regret could change the past. There was no medicine for remorse, no way to turn back time. All he could do was live with the consequences of his choices.

#### Preparing for the Wedding

After Kathryn and Pedro obtained their marriage certificate, they immediately started planning their wedding.

Once the date was set, the couple flew to Dongguan with their wedding invitations.

When they arrived in Wancheng, they found out it was the full-month celebration of Shen Xiaojun's son.

Time passed so quickly.

It felt like just yesterday when Shen Xiaojun was born, and now, in the blink of an eye, she was already a month old.

However, since Kathryn and Pedro hadn't received an invitation from the Su family, it wouldn't be appropriate for them to attend the celebration. Instead, they waited at the Shang family's residence for Audrey, who was attending the banquet, to return.

The Shang family's housekeeper called Audrey to inform her.

Understanding the situation, Audrey remained calm and simply replied, "I know."

"Aunt, what's wrong?"

Haitong, who was sitting next to Audrey, noticed her aunt's unusual reaction and asked with concern.

Meanwhile, Shen Xiaojun had already finished her postpartum confinement, and Haitong was also nearing the end of her pregnancy.

Lately, Zhan Yin had been sleeping poorly—not because of insomnia, but because he was too afraid to sleep too deeply.

He worried that Haitong might go into labor in the middle of the night and he wouldn't wake up in time.

Every time she so much as turned over in bed, he would anxiously ask if she was okay, afraid she might give birth early, just like Shen Xiaojun had.

Audrey snapped out of her thoughts and said, "Kathryn is here. She's waiting at my house."



Haitong nodded. "My sister told me that Kathryn and Pedro have already registered their marriage and are now preparing for the wedding. They're probably here to deliver invitations."

She knew she wouldn't be able to attend Kathryn's wedding.

The date was too close to her own due date.

Her sister had told her she would attend on their behalf—drop off a wedding gift, have a couple of drinks, and then rush back to Wancheng.

By that time, Haitong would be about to give birth, and her sister didn't want to leave her alone. It was her first child, and both she and her sister were nervous.

Audrey's expression softened as she spoke. "Your sister mentioned this to me on the phone a while ago. I told her that if Kathryn and Pedro really wanted to invite me, they should come in person instead of sending the message through your sister."

Audrey was usually reserved, but when it came to her beloved niece, she was always gentle.

Shang Xiaofei often joked that ever since their mother found her long-lost nieces, she—the biological daughter—had been pushed to the side.

"They're probably here to give me an invitation this time," Audrey added.

Haitong looked at her expectantly. "Auntie, will you be able to come and have a couple of drinks at the wedding?"

"Dad, just give up. You'll grow old and pass away naturally, but you won't starve. I won't let that happen."

Kathryn turned to the housekeeper, who had just stepped outside. "Send two people to escort him away. Make sure he doesn't block my way."

She had no intention of wasting any more time with her father.

What belonged to Pedro was hers, and what belonged to her was still hers. If her father thought he could take her money, he was dreaming.

"Kathryn, if you don't give me the money, I curse your marriage to be miserable!" Zheng Hua shouted as he was being removed.

Kathryn's voice was cold. "Don't worry, my marriage with Pedro will be far happier than yours with my mother ever was."

Zheng Hua froze, his face twisting in anger and frustration.

Without another word, Kathryn and Pedro got into their car and drove away.

Zheng Hua watched as the car disappeared down the road, muttering to himself, “The biggest mistake of my life was marrying your mother and raising such an unfilial daughter.”

But no matter how much he regretted marrying Feng Yue, there was no cure for regret and no way to turn back time. He would have to live with his choices.

#### Wedding Preparations

After registering their marriage, Kathryn and Pedro began preparing for their wedding.

Once the date was confirmed, they flew to Dongguan with invitations in hand.

By chance, when they arrived in Wancheng, it was the full-month celebration of Shen Xiaojun’s son.

Time had passed so quickly.

It felt like Shen Xiaojun had just given birth yesterday, yet now, her baby was already a month old.

Since Kathryn and Pedro hadn’t received an invitation from the Su family, attending the celebration directly wasn’t an option. Instead, they waited at the Shang family estate for Audrey, who had been invited, to return.

The Shang family’s housekeeper called Audrey to inform her of their arrival.

Audrey immediately understood the situation. She remained calm and simply said, “I know.”

“Aunt, what’s wrong?”

Haitong, sitting beside Audrey, noticed her aunt’s unusual reaction and asked with concern.

Shen Xiaojun had just finished her postpartum confinement.

And soon, Haitong would be giving birth too.

Lately, Zhan Yin hadn’t been sleeping well. It wasn’t insomnia—he was just too afraid to sleep too deeply.

He worried that if Haitong went into labor in the middle of the night, he wouldn’t wake up in time.

Whenever she so much as turned over in bed, he would immediately ask her if she was okay, afraid she might give birth early like Shen Xiaojun had.

“Kathryn is here,” Audrey finally said. “She’s waiting at my house.”

Haitong nodded. “My sister told me that Kathryn and Pedro have already registered their marriage and are now preparing for the wedding. They’re probably here to give out invitations.”

She sighed. There was no way she could attend Kathryn’s wedding—her due date was too close.

Her sister had already planned to attend on her behalf. She would bring a gift, have a drink or two, and then rush back to Wancheng.

By then, Haitong would be on the verge of giving birth.

Her sister was worried about her. Since it was her first child, she was nervous, and her sister didn’t want to leave her alone.

Audrey’s expression softened as she spoke. “Your sister mentioned this to me on the phone a while ago. I told them that if they truly wanted to invite me, they should come in person instead of passing the message through her.”

Her usual cold demeanor melted away when speaking to her niece.

Shang Xiaofei often joked that ever since her mother found her two nieces, she, the biological daughter, had been pushed aside.

“They must be here to give me an invitation this time,” Audrey added.

Haitong smiled and asked, “Auntie, will you be able to come and have a drink at the wedding?”

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Audrey glanced at Haitong’s belly and said, “Go home this afternoon and check their wedding date. If it clashes with your due date, I won’t go.”

“When the time comes, we’ll just send a gift.”

“But when you give birth, I’ll definitely be there for you.”

She gently held Haitong’s hand and added, “You should go out less now. Walking too much in the late stages of pregnancy will make you tired.”

“I haven’t been going out much lately,” Haitong replied. “Even when Yangyang goes to kindergarten, Zhan Yin has someone pick him up. I don’t do it anymore.”

“I probably won’t give birth early.”

She touched her belly. Everyone who had seen it said the baby hadn’t dropped yet, so it wasn’t time.

“Thirty-five weeks now?” Audrey asked. “I remember your baby is about a month younger than Xiaojun’s. She gave birth a month early. If she hadn’t, she’d be giving birth right around now.”

Haitong nodded.

She was thirty-five weeks and three days along.

Now, she went for prenatal check-ups every four days.

Zhan Yin, who had never slacked off, had significantly reduced his workload to focus on her.

Her grandmother-in-law, mother-in-law, and sister-in-law had also returned from Fengchen Villa.

One reason was to attend Shen Xiaojun’s son’s full moon celebration. The other was that Haitong was entering the final stage of pregnancy.

This was the old lady’s first great-grandchild, and she cherished him deeply.

Everything was ready—the maternity bag, baby essentials, and more.

Zhan Yin had bought piles of baby clothes, quilts, and bottles. Whenever the sun was out, he would take the clothes outside to dry, saying they smelled fresher that way.

“It’s better than using a dryer,” he’d say. “They smell like sunshine.”

Haitong often told Zhan Yin that they weren’t running a maternity and baby store, so there was no need to buy so many baby supplies.

Yet, an entire room in their home had been dedicated to storing maternity and baby essentials.

He had bought clothes for their child to wear from birth up to one year old—more than enough.

One time, he even bought a few tiny princess dresses.

After washing and drying them, he placed them at the head of their bed. Every night, he would pick them up, admire them, and tell her, “Since we have these princess dresses, we’re bound to have a baby girl in the future.”

“If we leave them here for a few years, when we try for a second child, we’ll definitely have a daughter.”

Haitong laughed at him. “The first baby isn’t even born yet, and you’re already thinking about the second one!”

Still, she adored those little dresses and let him admire them every day.

During her pregnancy, everyone who saw her said she was carrying a boy. Her belly was pointed, and her belly button protruded—just like Shen Xiaojun’s had.

And sure enough, Shen Xiaojun had given birth to a boy.

“Have you prepared everything you need?”

“Everything’s ready,” Haitong said. “Didn’t my aunt already buy me a ton of baby supplies? Xiaofei also brings me things now and then, and my cousin’s wife gave me some brand-new clothes that my nephew never wore.”

After Shang Wuhen’s son was born, he had so many new clothes that some had never even been used before they no longer fit him.

Lan Jing had asked Haitong beforehand if she would mind hand-me-downs, and after Haitong assured her she didn’t, Lan Jing gave her the unused baby clothes.

Haitong even asked her cousin’s wife if she could have some of the little girl’s clothes that no longer fit her daughter. She didn’t mind second-hand items at all.

Her nephew’s clothes were high quality—so many that he never got the chance to wear them all. Even the ones he had worn still looked brand new.

Shen Xiaojun’s son had also worn some of Lan Jing’s son’s outgrown clothes.

However, when Zhan Yin saw this, he mistakenly thought Haitong felt they didn’t have enough clothes for their baby. So, he brought back two massive boxes of clothes from a supplier.

That led to another shopping spree.

Now, even before their baby was born, the tiny clothes had already filled several closets.

Haitong often told Zhan Yin, “We’re not running a maternity and baby store—there’s no need to buy so much stuff!”

Yet, an entire room in their home had been set aside just for baby supplies.

Zhan Yin had bought clothes for their child to wear from birth to one year old—more than enough.

Once, he even bought a few tiny princess dresses.

After washing and drying them, he carefully placed them at the head of their bed. Every night, he would pick them up, admire them, and tell her, “Now that we have these princess dresses, we’re bound to have a baby girl in the future.”

“If we keep them here for a few years, when we decide to have a second child, it’ll definitely be a daughter.”

Haitong couldn’t help but laugh. “The first baby isn’t even born yet, and you’re already thinking about the second one!”

Still, she found the little dresses adorable and didn’t stop him from looking at them every night.

During her pregnancy, everyone who saw her said she was carrying a boy. Her belly was pointed, and her belly button protruded—just like Shen Xiaojun’s had.

And sure enough, Shen Xiaojun had given birth to a boy.

“Have you prepared everything you need?” someone asked.

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"After giving birth, you need plenty of rest. Take at least six months before returning to work. Don't rush back too soon—childbirth takes a toll on a woman's body. If you don't recover properly, the effects could stay with you for life."

Haitong smiled. "Aunt, I haven't even given birth yet."

"I know," she added, "but I understand all of this."

She had taken care of her sister during her postpartum period and knew exactly what to expect.

Just then, Su Nan came downstairs, carrying his son, with Shen Xiaojun beside him.

Su Nan had been smiling all day.

Shen Xiaojun looked well-rested and healthy. Throughout her confinement, she had eaten well and slept soundly. The baby was taken care of by Su Nan, her mother-in-law, and the nanny, so she had little to worry about. Her only job was to rest, eat, and recover.

Everyone gathered around to see the baby.

Haitong, being pregnant, stayed back, not wanting to get caught in the excitement.

Audrey also held her hand, making sure she didn't join in, worried that someone might accidentally bump into her belly.

Before long, Shen Xiaojun and Su Nan came over.

"Tongtong," Shen Xiaojun greeted her with a bright smile.

Haitong reached into her bag and placed a red envelope into the baby's tiny arms. She had prepared it well in advance.

The little one was dressed in a brand-new outfit—clothes bought by his grandmother. According to tradition, a baby must wear new clothes from their grandmother on their full moon celebration.

“He’s asleep,” Haitong said, gently touching the baby’s soft, chubby cheek.

He had gained several pounds since birth and was clearly well cared for.

“Yeah,” Shen Xiaojun said with a laugh. “He eats, sleeps, wakes up to poop, eats again, then sleeps some more. He’s so easy to take care of—hardly ever cries or fusses.”

She was clearly proud of her peaceful little baby.