

## Married At First Sight Chapter 3674

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**Married At First Sight Chapter 3674** – The three brothers respectfully replied and quickly left.

Audrey and the others stepped out of their cars when Kathryn came out.

Mr. Jimenez, being very old, took his time getting out.

Zachary and Clive stood on either side of the car door, waiting for him. When Mr. Jimenez opened the door, they both leaned in to help. “Take it slow, Grandpa Jimenez. No rush, take your time.”

For Zachary and Clive, the Farrell Family Mansion was just Clarissa’s home. But for Mr. Jimenez, it was filled with memories. It was where his master had lived her entire life—born, raised, and later becoming the head of the mansion. Mr. Jimenez had spent decades by his master’s side. Though he never lived there, he visited often. Today, he was returning to a place that felt like home.

“You don’t need to help me. I can get out by myself. I’m in no rush,” Mr. Jimenez said, though he was clearly excited.

His hands and feet trembled slightly—not just from excitement but because of his age. It was common for the elderly to experience this.

Still, Zachary and Clive carefully helped him out of the car.

Once out, Lilian stepped forward to check Mr. Jimenez’s pulse. He smiled and reassured her, “Don’t worry, I’m fine. I won’t rest until I see Clarissa’s downfall.”

“Stop saying that, Uncle Jimenez. You’ll live to be a hundred—no, a hundred and twenty!” Audrey joked, quickly correcting herself since Mr. Jimenez was already close to a hundred.

Mr. Jimenez smiled. “I just want to make it to a hundred.”

He was determined to live long enough to help the late matriarch get justice and see the end of her murderer. After that, the purpose that had driven him for decades would be fulfilled, and he wouldn’t care about life or death anymore.

But as long as he was alive, he would take care of Audrey’s children and grandchildren, watching over them as the late matriarch would have.

He had lived a long life—longer than most—and had no regrets.

Ezequiel (Silver Fox), Dakota (the thief), and others got out of their vehicles as well, smiling as they joined the conversation: “Brother, you have to live to a hundred and twenty. We all need to live long. There are still many young ones unmarried. If we don’t nag them every day, they’ll end up like us old bachelors.”

Bianca, who had just arrived in Jensburg that day, quietly said to Sariah, “Sister Sariah, ever since you and Sister Lilian got married, us single ones have been getting nagged to marry every day. It’s not just once a day either—they call morning, noon, and night! It feels like a constant reminder.”

“They’ve been bachelors all their lives, living carefree. But now that they’re old, they’re the ones pressuring us to get married.”

Sariah smiled and replied, “You’ll get used to it. Your family will sort it out for you. While your master may not worry about your marriage, your fellow disciples do seem to stress Uncle Ezequiel out.”

Sariah knew Bianca’s background well.

Bianca was also from a wealthy family, holding a high position in the family business. Even if her master wasn’t concerned about her, her family still was. But Bianca was young and capable, so her family likely wasn’t in a hurry to marry her off.

Unless she found a family that was a perfect match for the Du family—where the man was suitable, and the family had strong values—then they might start urging her to marry.

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