

Married At First Sight Chapter 3691

Married At First Sight Chapter 3691 – Clarissa dragged the unconscious hostage upstairs and made her way to the roof.

From there, she could see that the crowd had backed far away, and her gun had limited range, making it hard to hit anyone. However, she shouted down, threatening to shoot if anyone approached the house.

Since her hostage was unconscious, Clarissa had her hands free to call Mr. Dunn, asking him to come rescue her. She didn't want to die or take everyone with her—she wanted to escape. She had a small helicopter and thought if Mr. Dunn flew it over, he could help her get away.

Meanwhile, the police had already called for backup, including snipers.

“Mom, let her go! Put down the gun, please! Don't make another mistake,” Kathryn pleaded, running fearlessly toward the house. She begged her mother not to try and escape because it was pointless. There was no way out for Clarissa tonight.

Clarissa looked down at Kathryn, briefly considering shooting her own daughter. Pedro watched anxiously, ready to protect Kathryn, even if it meant risking his own life.

But Clarissa hesitated. She couldn't bring herself to shoot Kathryn, even though they didn't share the same values or mindset. Kathryn had been raised in a different environment, and Clarissa had to admit that Kathryn's values were more positive than her own.

Kathryn wasn't weak. Though she appeared soft, she was tough and strategic, and Clarissa had underestimated her. If Kathryn had been raised by her side, she would've been an excellent successor, capable of restoring the Farrell family to its former glory.

But despite everything, Kathryn and Pedro were strong enough to succeed in life without the family fortune.

Clarissa had made many mistakes, and most people wanted her to fail. She had lost to her older sister in many ways, but in Kathryn, she found a small source of pride—her daughter was not inferior to her sister's descendants.

No matter how angry Clarissa was, she couldn't shoot Kathryn for real. But scaring her? That, she could do.

As Kathryn approached the house, Clarissa fired a shot at her feet. Startled, Pedro pulled Kathryn back, and they both tumbled to the ground.

Liberty and Zachary rushed to help them up. Liberty, pulling Kathryn back, warned her, “Your mother is desperate and unstable. Don’t go in recklessly. She might not think about your relationship.”

After all, Kathryn had only been with Clarissa for less than three years, and their bond wasn’t strong. Clarissa had initially favored Shiloh, and only later showed interest in Kathryn.

Liberty feared Clarissa might actually shoot her daughter.

Audrey also grabbed Kathryn’s arm, agreeing with Liberty. “She’s right, Kathryn. You shouldn’t go in. Look at what your mother did—she shot your father without hesitation. She’s not in her right mind.”

Holden had been shot and passed out from the pain.

Marco and his brothers were stunned. They never expected their mother to shoot their father.

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3692 – Seeing Clarissa fire at Kathryn, her three sons were too scared to move closer, fearing she might shoot them too, ignoring their family bond. They stayed by Holden’s side, waiting for the ambulance to take him to the hospital.

Kathryn, with tears in her eyes, looked up at Clarissa, who stood by the stair railing. Breaking free from Audrey’s hold, she ran forward, knelt down, and begged, “Mom, please, don’t make any more mistakes. I’m your unfilial daughter—take it out on me, but let the hostages go. Put down the gun and come down.”

She pleaded desperately, “Mom, think about the kindness your sisters showed you, the regrets you’ve had all these years. Think about me, my brothers, your grandchildren. Please, turn back, Mom!” Tears streamed down Kathryn’s face. She couldn’t bear to see her mother continue down this destructive path.

Clarissa couldn’t escape now. She heard the police calling for snipers to arrive, and she knew they’d shoot her. Kathryn didn’t want to see her mother killed, so she begged Clarissa to surrender.

Pedro knelt beside Kathryn, and soon Mr. Jimenez and Audrey joined in, urging Clarissa to release the hostage and put down the gun.

Mr. Jimenez said, “Clarissa, look at your daughter. She’s kneeling and begging you, her forehead is nearly bleeding. She’s in her twenties and sees things more clearly than you. Can’t you let go of your stubbornness?”

Everyone makes mistakes, but refusing to admit them is the real failure. Clarissa, wake up. Release the hostages, put down the gun, come down, and face the consequences. Only then can you honor the years your sister spent raising and educating you. You had so much, and if you hadn't been greedy, you'd still be happy. You've caused your own downfall."

A megaphone was handed to Mr. Jimenez, but he was too exhausted to continue after speaking for so long, so he passed it to Zachary.

Zachary, now holding the megaphone, spoke to Clarissa, "Mrs. Farrell, don't count on your assistant to save you. He can't even save himself. Your private helicopter is no longer an option. We've already made arrangements to trap you.

You can't escape tonight. Even with your gun, how many bullets do you have left? You can't kill us all. Stop this pointless fight. Put down your gun, let the hostages go, and come down. You might even get a lighter sentence."

Though his words about a lighter sentence weren't true, given everything Clarissa had done, there was no chance of leniency.

The police took the megaphone from Zachary and continued to persuade Clarissa. They were armed, but with hostages involved, they couldn't risk rushing in.

Clarissa stood on the roof, looking down at everyone below. Zachary's words hit her hard. Was her helicopter really unusable? Had Mr. Dunn lost his ability to carry out his plans, and was he unable to retrieve the guns he had hidden? Was he truly in danger now?

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3693 – No matter how capable Mr. Dunn was, he was still just a man—and an old one at that. He was almost eighty, a few years older than her, and still working for her. But no matter how strong he was, he couldn't compete with younger people like Zachary.

He wasn't invincible.

Just like Mr. Jimenez—he had been powerful too, but the assassins she sent nearly killed him. Even though he survived, he was seriously injured and had suffered from pain and illness for decades.

If it weren't for a miracle doctor, Mr. Jimenez wouldn't be alive today.

Clarissa didn't want to believe things were hopeless. She tried calling Mr. Dunn again.

The call connected, but he didn't answer.

The phone rang for a long time, but there was still no answer.

She called again. Still nothing.

It felt like her heart was falling into a bottomless pit.

Coldness and despair crept up from her feet, spreading through her entire body, leaving her heart frozen.

It was over. Completely over.

She hadn't managed to kill any of them, couldn't escape, and even her assistant was likely dead.

Looking at her daughter, kneeling and begging her to stop, and at her three sons standing by Holden, waiting for the ambulance, Clarissa smiled through her tears.

The one who truly cared for her was her daughter. She felt guilt toward her older and younger sisters and was ashamed to face them.

As a mother, she was too embarrassed to face Kathryn.

"Kathryn, stand up!" Clarissa called, telling her daughter to stop bowing. If Kathryn hurt herself, it would break her heart as a mother.

"I made mistakes, but there's no way to undo them now," Clarissa said to her daughter. "Kathryn, just live your life. Don't let anyone pressure you. Remember what I've told you."

"Pedro, I hope you'll remember what I asked of you and what you promised me. Kathryn, I'm leaving her to you. Take care of her."

Clarissa knew there was no turning back, but she couldn't face prison. She'd rather die than be locked up. She didn't want to endure the shame and insults from everyone.

For decades, as the head of the family, she pushed out anyone who opposed her, took away benefits from many family members, and gathered all the power into her own hands.

She had made too many enemies.

While people in the family showed her respect, secretly they wished for her downfall. She didn't fear enemies. She'd even killed her sister, who raised her—why would she care about offending others?

But after all the things she'd done, all the enemies she made, the power she built now benefited her eldest sister's descendants. It made her angry.

But what could she do now?

She had taken what wasn't hers, and now it was slipping away.

Clarissa raised her pistol again toward the people below.

There were only two bullets left in the gun—she had already fired three.

Seeing this, the police shouted for everyone to move back. Luckily, the yard of the Farrell family mansion was big, so when people retreated to the edges, they were several hundred meters from the main house.

Clarissa's old pistol had a short range.

As long as they stayed far enough, she wouldn't be able to hit them.

It was also night, and though the yard was well-lit, it wasn't as bright as daytime. Clarissa, at seventy, didn't have the eyesight she used to.

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3694 – Even though Clarissa stood at the highest point and aimed at the people below, she knew she likely wouldn't hit anyone.

She was well aware of the limitations of her pistol and her own poor eyesight. At that distance, she couldn't even make out their faces.

With only two bullets left, who could she hit?

Just herself.

Clarissa looked at the hostage she had taken—a young woman with potential. Keeping her alive could be a threat to her daughter Kathryn's future. Killing her might give Kathryn a better chance.

But no, even now, Kathryn might not advance.

Keeping these capable people around would only create more problems for Liberty.

Liberty's experience was mostly in simple businesses. After her divorce, she restarted with a small breakfast shop and later a restaurant. It wasn't until she came to Jensburg and started her new company that she entered the corporate world. Her experience was nowhere near Kathryn's.

When Kathryn first joined the Farrell Group, many people didn't respect her, and she faced resistance. If Liberty took charge, she would have an even harder time earning respect and keeping her position.

With this in mind, Clarissa pushed the unconscious hostage away.

The woman hit the ground, waking up from the pain. Seeing Clarissa with a gun, she panicked and backed away in fear.

Clarissa aimed the gun at her.

"Please don't shoot! I don't want to die!"

The woman knelt and begged for her life, terrified and helpless.

Clarissa hesitated. She didn't want to kill her after all. Keeping these strong people around would cause Liberty more trouble.

"Get out!" Clarissa shouted, only intending to scare her.

The woman froze, shocked that Clarissa might actually let her go. Clarissa had always been ruthless.

"Don't want to leave? Then die with me," Clarissa taunted, pretending to shoot.

The woman didn't wait any longer. She got up and ran downstairs as fast as she could.

Clarissa laughed. "Coward!"

As she turned her back, the police, Kathryn, and others rushed into the house.

On the stairs, they encountered the stumbling hostage.

"Where's my mother?" Kathryn asked urgently.

The woman, trembling, replied, "She's still on the roof."

Kathryn let her go and sprinted toward the roof, followed by the police, all with guns drawn.

Pedro, Zachary, Lilian, and other martial arts experts joined the rush upstairs. Though others, including the elderly, followed, they didn't dare move as quickly, afraid Clarissa might shoot them.

Meanwhile, an ambulance arrived and took Holden, who had fainted from blood loss. Marco and his brothers followed him to the hospital, taking the chance to escape the chaos. They were terrified.

They regretted not listening to their father and going back to the Janzen family's old house earlier. If they had, they wouldn't be in this mess.

As Kathryn reached the rooftop, she saw Clarissa pointing the gun at her own head.

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3695 – “Mom, no!” Kathryn screamed, trying to run over. Then, a gunshot rang out. She saw her mother's body start to collapse.

“Mom!” Kathryn rushed forward, catching her mother's limp body just in time. The gun her mother had been holding fell to the ground.

“Mom, Mom...” Kathryn sobbed, holding her tightly.

Clarissa opened her eyes and looked at her daughter. She wanted to say something, but no words came out.

In her fading vision, she saw her older and younger sisters. Her older sister stared at her, stern and serious, while her younger sister was furious. Of course they were angry—she had killed them.

“Sister... I'm sorry...”

Clarissa whispered her apology, calling out to her sisters. Then her eyes slowly closed, but a faint smile appeared on her lips.

She was at peace now. She had apologized to them, finally.

She knew she had been wrong. She should never have killed her sisters for power and influence.

Their parents had died young, and her eldest sister had taken on the role of a mother, raising her and their younger sister through many hardships. But she had repaid that kindness with cruelty, murdering them both.

She was a killer, the greatest sinner of the Farrell family.

It wasn't just her sisters—she had killed many others, too. Anyone who knew even a hint of the truth was silenced by her.

Clarissa believed that only the dead could keep secrets. She thought no one could ever testify against her.

But decades later, all her wrongdoings were brought to light, one by one. She had no defense, and she didn't want one anymore.

Her daughter once asked if she regretted killing the people closest to her.

She did.

Many nights, she would wake up crying from dreams of her sisters.

But it was too late. The damage was done, and there was no undoing it. Regret wouldn't change anything.

All she could do was hold onto what she had sacrificed so much to get.

Tonight, she had lost it all—the very thing she had killed so many people for.

In the end, it was never truly hers.

Clarissa's hands went limp.

"Mom, Mom!" Kathryn cried, hugging her mother's still-warm body. Tears streamed down her face. No amount of crying or screaming could bring her back.

Her mother had died to make amends.

Before she passed, she called for her sister.

She knew she had been wrong, that she had betrayed her family. If she could go back, she would never have taken that doomed path.

Hearing the gunshot, everyone rushed outside.

When they saw that Clarissa had chosen death over facing the law, they fell silent. No one spoke.

Pedro helped Kathryn support Clarissa's body. He didn't say a word to comfort her, letting her cry out the pain, knowing it was the only way she could heal.

Mr. Dunn, who had just returned to the Farrell mansion, jumped out of his car and rushed inside with his men. As he ran, he heard Kathryn's cries.

Suddenly, he stopped. His men stopped, too.

“Madam is gone, and my duty is over,” Mr. Dunn murmured.

He knelt down, bowing three times toward the house, then rose and walked away.

His men, confused but loyal, followed him.

Outside, Mr. Dunn got into his car alone and told the others not to follow. Then he drove off.

The night grew deeper, but as always, after the darkest hour, the light returned. A new day began.