

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4017

Abby had always gotten along well with Grandma York and instinctively didn't want to bother her.

"Sister," Abby said, her tone cautious, "if you have any issues, just take them up with Evan directly. Don't involve Grandma York. She may be strong for her age, but she's still in her early eighties. A long journey could be too much for her, and we couldn't forgive ourselves if anything happened."

Adalee chuckled, her tone teasing. "I've heard that Grandma York is quite the lively spirit—an 'old naughty girl' who loves a good spectacle. She's strong, yes, and I think she'd enjoy watching the drama unfold."

Abby sighed. "Please don't, Sister. Grandma York is the backbone of the York family. She's so dear to me, and I'd never forgive myself if anything jeopardized her safety. She's not just strong; she's sharp, too. I truly admire everyone in the York family."

She paused briefly, recalling the words of her master. He had always reassured her, saying that if she married into the York family, she'd never need to worry. If she married elsewhere, however, he feared the family or the man might not treat her well.

Adalee snapped Abby out of her thoughts. "Does Grandma York know how to use WhatsApp?"

"Yes," Abby confirmed. "She's surprisingly tech-savvy for her age."

"Perfect. I'll add her on WhatsApp," Adalee said, her voice laced with determination. "That way, no matter what happens, I can video chat with her and have her witness everything firsthand."

Reluctantly, Abby agreed, but only after confirming several times that Adalee wouldn't ask Grandma York to make the trip. Finally, she gave her sister Grandma York's phone number. But her curiosity—and concern—got the better of her. "Sister, what exactly did you say or do to Evan?"

Adalee's tone turned nonchalant. "I didn't do much. Just teased him a little. I didn't hit him or scold him. After all, you still have feelings for him, right? If he's going to be my brother-in-law someday, I can't go overboard."

She continued with a sly chuckle, “But if you didn’t like him anymore, well, let’s just say Evan wouldn’t get off so easily. Since you do, I’ll settle for venting my frustrations and mocking him a bit. Don’t worry, I know my limits.”

Before Abby could say more, Adalee abruptly ended the call. “Anyway, I’m off to the hotel for dinner. Talk later.”

Abby stared at her phone, unsettled. Her sister had sounded too agreeable—too calm. Adalee, who had been seething with anger for months, wouldn’t just let things go so easily. She was definitely hiding something.

Still, Abby chose not to call Evan or rush outside. Instead, she focused on finishing her work.

By the time she wrapped everything up, it was already past 7:00 PM, and hunger gnawed at her. She packed up her things, grabbed her bag, and turned off the lights in her office. The top floors of the building, housing executive offices and large conference rooms, were dark and quiet. Most of the employees who needed to work overtime had returned to the office earlier at around 6:30 PM.

Abby took the elevator down to the first floor, her footsteps echoing in the stillness. As she walked out, she ran into two female employees who greeted her politely.

One of them hesitated before saying, “Vice President Du, Mr. York is still waiting for you at the front entrance.”

Abby stopped mid-step, surprised. “Evan’s still here?” She’d assumed he had left hours ago.

“Who cares?” she replied dismissively, masking her emotions.

Walking past the employees, Abby stepped outside, only to be greeted by a biting cold wind that stung her face. She shivered, wishing she’d parked her car in the underground lot.

Bracing against the chill, she hurried toward her car, unlocked it, and climbed inside. The heater whirred to life, enveloping her in warmth as she leaned back against the seat, finally feeling some relief from the cold.