

# Married At First Sight Novel

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## Chapter 4083

“Drive my car,” Abby said as she invited Evan to accompany her to the airport. Evan’s face lit up with happiness.

“A car is a car—they’re all the same,” he replied with a grin.

Abby led Evan out of the house, and he quickened his pace to open the car door for her. Ever the gentleman, he shielded her head with his hand as she climbed into the car, making sure she wouldn’t bump it.

“You’re so considerate,” Abby said as she fastened her seatbelt, her voice carrying a note of admiration.

“Other than my family, you’re the only one I’ll ever be this considerate to,” Evan replied, glancing at her with a warm smile.

Abby met his gaze briefly but didn’t respond.

A few moments later, Evan started the car and drove them out of the Du family mansion.

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Not long after they left, Mrs. Du came downstairs. Spotting the gifts left on the coffee table and realizing Abby was nowhere to be seen, she quickly called for the butler.

“Did Abby go out?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” the butler replied. “The second lady and the fourth young master of the York family left together. I heard her mention they were heading to the airport to pick up Mr. Chouinard.”

Hearing this, Mrs. Du exhaled in relief. “At least she didn’t forget to pick up Spencer.” She moved to the sofa and sat down.

She wasn’t particularly surprised that Evan had been discharged from the hospital so quickly. The fact that he was accompanying Abby to pick up Spencer only confirmed her suspicions—Evan was nervous. He clearly viewed Spencer as a potential obstacle in his pursuit of Abby, and Mrs. Du saw it as a good thing. A little competition would remind Evan that Abby wasn’t obligated to be with him.

“Who’s driving?” Mrs. Du asked.

“The fourth young master,” the butler answered.

Mrs. Du nodded, then pulled out her phone to call Abby.

When Abby answered, her mother got straight to the point. “After you pick up Spencer, bring him home to settle in, and we’ll have dinner together.”

Abby frowned at her mother’s suggestion. “Mom, by the time I pick up Brother Spencer, it’ll be noon. We won’t get back to the city until late afternoon. Do you really want him to go hungry all that time? I’ll take him to grab something to eat near the airport first, then we’ll head back to the city.”

Mrs. Du, undeterred, replied, “That’s fine for lunch, but Spencer *must* have dinner at our house. He’ll stay here as well. I’ve already discussed it with my best friend—Spencer will stay with us until his house is cleaned and ventilated.”

Abby hesitated. “Mom, I already booked a hotel room for him. He can move into our house after checking out of the hotel.”

“Abby,” Mrs. Du said firmly, “Spencer is my godson. I won’t let him stay in a hotel. He’s family. And don’t forget how warmly his family treats you whenever you visit them abroad. You’ve always stayed with the Chouinards—they’ve never sent you to a hotel. I can’t let him think we’re less hospitable.”

Abby fell silent for a moment before conceding. “Fine, Mom. I’ll call the hotel to cancel the reservation and let Brother Spencer stay with us for a few days. I’ll leave dinner arrangements to you.”

Mrs. Du’s tone softened with satisfaction. “That’s more like it. I’ll ask the kitchen to prepare some of Spencer’s favorite dishes tonight. I’ll also invite your brothers to join us for dinner—they can share a drink with him. Spencer rarely comes back, and as his godmother, I want to give him a proper welcome.”

Abby nodded, though her mother couldn’t see it. “Alright, Mom. Whatever you want to arrange is fine by me.”

Weekends were always busy for Abby and her siblings, but they’d all make time to gather for dinner. After all, Spencer’s return was a special occasion.