

Married At First Sight Chapter 4244

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Abby didn't mince words. "It's not a good time. I've got clients to deal with. That's it—you should head back." With that, she hung up the phone quickly.

She knew Evan could be persistent, but this was next-level clingy. How many days had it even been? Abby glanced at the date. It hadn't even been a full month since work resumed after the New Year. Why did it feel like time was dragging?

Adalee had advised her to hold out for at least six months—no giving Evan any hope, no letting him off easy. Let him feel the sting of chasing her. After half a year, Abby could start to sprinkle in a little sweetness, just enough to keep him hooked but still working for it. Once she had him completely wrapped around her finger, she could finally let him in. They'd spend time together as a couple, and eventually, they'd get married.

The whole process would take at least two years.

After all, the one-year deadline Grandma York had given Evan had long passed.

Deep down, Abby didn't blame Evan. She had too many secrets, too many layers she hadn't peeled back. Even now, she hadn't come clean about being Fox.

Evan had rejected *Abby*, not Fox. But Fox *was* Abby. They were the same person. Evan just didn't know it yet.

If anyone had a right to be upset, it was Evan. He was the one who'd been played.

Adalee's advice came from a good place, but Abby wasn't going to follow it to the letter. Once she got through these next few months, she'd have an honest conversation with Evan. Then they'd decide where to go from there.

Abby loved him. And he loved her too—even if his initial feelings were for Fox. But Fox was just Abby in disguise. That meant Evan loved *her*.

Abby turned away from the window and walked back to the reception area, taking a seat.

Spencer had been watching her every move. When she'd been on the phone with Evan, she'd kept her voice low, but Spencer could guess what they'd been talking about.

"That was Evan, wasn't it?" Spencer asked gently.

Abby nodded.

"He said he bought movie tickets. Wanted to take me after work," Abby said casually. "I haven't been to the movies in years. Honestly, I can't even remember the last time I sat down to watch one."

These days, if she watched anything, it was the news or business programs. She didn't have the time—or the patience—for TV shows or movies.

"When I got here, he was already waiting outside the company. I think I saw a gift in his car—probably for you," Spencer said with a smile. "Evan's serious about you, Abby. You can't hold the past against him forever. He loves you. If he'd fallen for someone else back then, would you really say he hurt you?"

"I'm not holding it against him, Brother Spencer. I didn't expect you to stick up for him, though," Abby admitted. "I've just been swamped lately. No time to deal with relationship stuff. But when I think about how he turned me down when I chased him to Wiltspoon... it still stings a little. Now, I'm just making him work for it. Is that too much?"

Spencer chuckled. "Not at all. You've been more than fair to Evan. I just want you to be happy—not like me and Victoria. Evan's sincere, and you love him. You're both into each other. As your brother, I want to see you two together, living a good life."

Spencer and Victoria had their own issues. If they didn't handle things carefully, happiness would be hard to come by. Their relationship was complicated, and that's exactly why Spencer wanted Abby to have it better. If they couldn't find their own happiness, at least they could hope for Abby to have hers.