

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4247

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## Chapter 4247

“Mr. York.”

Evan stepped into the office building, where a lone receptionist greeted him.

She'd already gotten a call from Abby. When she saw Evan walk in, she politely led him to the VIP room on the first floor.

“Mr. York, Vice President Du mentioned it's cold outside, so she asked me to have you wait in the VIP room for a bit. Warm up, have some hot water, and then head back.”

Evan smiled gently. “I'll wait here for Vice President Du to finish work.”

The receptionist nodded and didn't press further. She'd said her piece. Whether Evan listened or not was up to him.

She was used to seeing Evan show up with flowers and an armful of gifts. Every time he visited, he brought something for Vice President Du. He never came empty-handed.

It had always been like this.

Evan was handsome, came from a good family, and had a way of making women feel special. Which woman could resist his charm?

Last year, Vice President Du had fallen for it.

But just when she'd started to fall for him, Evan had pulled back and returned to Wiltspoon. Vice President Du had even chased him there, only to come back disheartened.

For a while, she'd been in a funk. Everyone speculated about what had happened, but no one dared to ask her directly.

Then, at the start of this year, Evan came back, pursuing her again. That's when everyone pieced together the story.

Knowing what had happened last year, the staff couldn't help but side-eye Evan's current infatuation. Was it genuine, or just another game?

When President Du put Evan in his place, the employees—especially the male ones who secretly admired Vice President Du—felt a sense of satisfaction. Some even wished they could teach Evan a lesson themselves.

Evan set the gifts he'd brought on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

The receptionist poured him a cup of hot water.

"Mr. York, here's some hot water to warm you up."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Please make yourself comfortable. I'll step out for a moment."

Evan nodded, and the receptionist left.

He waited for nearly two hours before he finally heard footsteps approaching.

Evan quickly set down his cup and stood up, stepping out of the VIP room.

He saw Abby and Spencer walking side by side, deep in conversation, with Spencer's secretary trailing behind. Both were smiling, looking relaxed and happy.

"Abby."

Spencer suddenly stopped. When Abby paused too, he reached out to adjust her coat.

Abby froze for a moment, then chuckled. "Mr. York, you're always so thoughtful. I noticed your coat was a bit messy, so I thought I'd fix it for you."

Spencer smiled warmly, like a spring breeze.

"You've been working so late because of me. You must be hungry. Let me treat you to a midnight snack."

As he spoke, Spencer reached for Abby's hand.

But before he could touch her, a larger hand intercepted, pulling Abby aside.

Spencer didn't need to look to know it was Evan.

His outstretched hand hung in the air for a moment before he turned to face Evan.

"Evan, you're still here?"

Abby felt a wave of relief as Evan pulled her aside.

Sometimes, she couldn't help but wonder if Spencer was trying to push their relationship into something more—even if it was just to provoke Evan.