

Married At First Sight Chapter 4249

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Spencer couldn't believe how territorial Evan was. The guy wouldn't even let him stand near Abby.

Then again, if Victoria had a suitor constantly hanging around her, he'd probably act the same way.

Maybe Evan wasn't so unreasonable after all.

"Mr. York, you must've been waiting a while," Spencer said with a smirk.

If he couldn't stand next to Abby, he might as well mess with Evan.

"As long as I get to see Abby, I don't mind waiting," Evan replied coolly.

"Brother Spencer, why are you discussing business so late at night?" Evan asked, clearly irritated.

If not for Spencer, he wouldn't have had to wait so long.

Not that he minded, as long as Abby gave him a chance.

"Busy schedule," Spencer said casually. "Abby and I have known each other since childhood. We're old friends—I can visit anytime, right, Abby?"

He turned to her with a knowing smile.

Abby nodded.

"Abby, take my car," Spencer said.

Before she could respond, Evan swiftly grabbed her hand. "Brother Spencer, Abby's riding with me."

Spencer raised an eyebrow and looked at Abby, waiting for her decision.

Abby pulled her hand free. “No, I have my own car.”

She preferred driving herself—her own pace, her own freedom.

She walked to her car, still holding the bouquet.

Evan quickly followed, opening the door for her like a gentleman.

Abby glanced at him. Twice.

Her lips moved slightly as she said, “Next time, don’t wait outside for too long. It’s cold in Huyoniville, not like your Wiltspoon. Don’t catch a cold and end up in the hospital again. I won’t have time to take care of you. I’m going on a business trip soon.”

Before Evan could respond, she got into the car and drove off.

Evan wanted to ask where she was going, but the opportunity slipped away. Spencer got in his own car.

Not willing to be left behind, Evan jogged to his vehicle, shoving the rejected gifts inside. Maybe he could convince her to take them after supper.

Ten minutes later, they gathered in a private room on the second floor of a hotel owned by the Du Group.

Evan handed the menu to Spencer. “Brother Spencer, you’re the guest—go ahead and order.”

Spencer slid the menu over to Abby with a smile. “Ladies first. Abby, you know the best dishes here.”

Without hesitation, Abby ordered several signature dishes. She didn’t need to check the menu—this was her family’s hotel. She knew the best choices.

As the food was being prepared, Evan poured tea for everyone. He looked at Abby and said, “Abby, you’ve been staying up late. Your skin doesn’t have the same glow lately.”