

Married At First Sight Chapter 4251

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Evan said, “It’s not that I have nothing to do. My grandmother told me that the most important thing right now is my personal life. Compared to my career, this takes priority. So, she spoke with my brothers and had them take over some of my responsibilities, freeing up my time to focus on what truly matters.

Of course, I’m still making money. I plan to get married, and I want to earn enough to support my wife comfortably. Raising children isn’t cheap, either. I’m not struggling financially, but I still want to make more so my wife won’t have to work too hard and can spend freely.

I’ll give my future wife two types of “flowers”: money to spend and money to splurge.”

He continued, “York Corporation has expanded its investments in Huyoniville, so I still check in on things from time to time.”

Then, turning to Spencer, he asked, “Brother Spencer, you’re older than Abby and me—by several years, in fact. You’re already in your thirties. Aren’t your family elders worried about your personal life?”

Evan knew Spencer and Victoria were going through a rough patch. He deliberately brought up the topic to get under Spencer’s skin. After all, Spencer had provoked him first—Evan was simply returning the favor.

Abby shot Evan a glare but didn’t say anything. Truthfully, she also wanted Spencer to settle down so his parents wouldn’t keep pressuring her. She had no romantic feelings for him, and they barely spent time together.

Spencer stayed silent.

“Brother Spencer, do you want a drink?” Evan asked with a friendly smile. “I’ll drink with you.”

If Spencer got drunk, he’d need Abby to take him home. Evan’s real intention was to ensure Spencer didn’t take advantage of the situation to make a move on Abby.

Spencer's good mood instantly soured at the mention of his personal life. His frustration with Evan skyrocketed. Evan hadn't even won over Abby yet, but he was already acting smug.

"Alright, let's have two bottles," Spencer said. "I'm done with work for the night, so getting a little drunk won't hurt. I'll sleep it off and be fine by morning."

Lately, when Spencer went home, he'd lie awake, checking his phone repeatedly, waiting for a message from Victoria that never came. She had blocked him, cutting off all contact. Were they really over—just like that?

"Brother Spencer, don't listen to Evan," Abby scolded. "You have to drive, so no drinking."

"It's fine. I'll just have a couple of drinks. My secretary can drive me home later."

Abby couldn't stop them, so she let them drink. Spencer was clearly in a bad mood. He ate and drank in silence, barely saying a word.

Abby shot Evan another glare. Why did he have to bring up something so sensitive? She hadn't even agreed to date him yet, and he was already acting like they were engaged.

The inevitable happened—Spencer got drunk, while Evan was only slightly buzzed. Abby had no choice but to call Spencer's secretary to take him home.