

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4446

Even though Elisa saw her nephew every day, she still felt like he was growing slowly. But to others, it was obvious how quickly he was changing. It was hard to tell day to day, but people who hadn't seen him in a while noticed immediately if he'd gotten bigger.

"It feels like just yesterday Serenity and I met," Elisa said thoughtfully. "And now years have passed. She's a wife and a mom now. And I'm with you—soon I'll be a wife and a mom, too."

Three years ago, she was still hopelessly in love with Zachary. But now, she had real love. She was about to get married and spend the rest of her life with someone who truly loved her.

She didn't have to envy anyone anymore—her own happiness was right here.

Compared to her friend Rylee Erickson, Elisa felt incredibly lucky.

Rylee had hidden her identity and fallen deeply in love with her ex-boyfriend. But he dumped her to climb the social ladder. The joke was on him—Rylee was actually from a far wealthier family than the one he tried to marry into.

If he'd just been genuine, they could have been married by now and saved themselves thirty years of struggle.

When he later found out who Rylee really was, he was full of regret. He blamed her for not revealing her identity sooner, claiming he would've stayed if he'd known.

But Rylee saw through him. She moved on. The guy was now struggling as the son-in-law of a rich family. It wasn't easy—especially since he was a "Phoenix man" (a man from humble beginnings marrying into wealth).

Rylee wasn't married yet, but she had a new boyfriend—a good match for the Erickson family. Still, compared to Elisa, his family background wasn't nearly as impressive as Remy's.

"Time goes fast," Elisa said. "We should cherish each day and avoid regrets."

She smiled. "As long as I'm with you, I won't have any regrets. Remy, I love you."

Remy said softly, "I love you more."

He had fallen for her first, and his feelings ran deep.

After a few more sweet words, Elisa said, “Since your brother and his family are here, why don’t they stay at your place? The house is big enough—it won’t feel crowded.”

“They’re only staying a few days,” Remy said. “My brother said they’ve already settled into Wildridge Manor, and it’s a hassle to move with two kids.”

Elisa understood. Jane and Serenity were close friends, and Jane wanted to spend more time with her.

Besides, Grandma York would never let Jane and her family leave the manor—she adored Remy.

“Alright then, let’s treat them to dinner another day.”

“Definitely,” Remy said.

When his parents arrived, he planned for them to stay at his villa so they could help arrange the wedding. His brother and sister-in-law would be there, too.

It was one of the biggest moments of his life.

Back when he and Elisa got engaged, his whole family had come along to reassure her mother. Now it was time to plan the wedding—and start a new chapter.

Chapter 4447

Huyoniville.

The York Corporation’s Huyoniville branch hadn’t officially opened yet, but the company had already rented the office space, set up the necessary equipment, and hired a significant number of workers.

Grandma York was someone who strongly believed in fate and fortune-tellers.

Naturally, the grandchildren she raised inherited that belief.

Every time a new branch was about to open, the family would consult a fortune-teller to choose an auspicious day for the official launch, hoping it would bring wealth and prosperity to the business.

Evan had already asked a fortune-teller to pick a lucky date, but that day hadn’t arrived yet.

So for now, the employees just came in to clean and decorate the office.

As long as they showed up to work, they’d get paid—this way, they wouldn’t grow impatient waiting for the branch to open and decide to take other jobs.

Evan was the branch manager. Whenever Abby was at work, he'd stop by the company to check on things.

At the moment, he was upstairs in his office.

Since this was a branch location, the office building wasn't that tall—just five floors. Evan and the senior staff had their offices on the fifth floor. Each one could personalize their space since they'd be working there long-term, and everyone took the decorating seriously.

Evan's office was pretty much done.

His desk was a half-moon shape, paired with a black swivel chair.

On the desk, there was just a computer and two landline phones. Behind him stood a large cabinet for books and files.

He'd also placed two potted plants in the room—one was a fortune tree, the other a money tree.

Originally, he wanted to ask his sister-in-law to make a woven eagle for his office—symbolizing ambition and success. But since she was in the late stages of pregnancy, his brother had firmly forbidden her from doing any kind of handicraft.

Now that she had given birth and was in confinement, it was even less likely she could make one for him.

Evan decided to wait until she recovered before asking again.

Serenity used to run an online store selling handmade crafts. But after she became the York family's eldest daughter-in-law, she had more responsibilities and didn't need the side business anymore.

She had passed the store on to her students, letting them run it independently.

She didn't really check in on how the business was doing anymore.

Evan could easily buy from them or request a custom order.

But to him, no one's work compared to his sister-in-law's. He'd rather wait two or three months than buy someone else's.

Ring, ring, ring...

Evan's phone rang.

He pulled it out of his pocket, hoping it was Abby—but it turned out to be one of the managers.

He picked up.

“Boss York, Miss Hache is outside the company. She said she wants to see you,” the manager reported. “I happened to run into her on my way out. The security guard stopped her, and she asked me to call you and check if you know her. Maybe she’s a client here for a business meeting?”

Even though the company hadn’t officially opened, Evan and his team were already working on deals.

With the York Corporation’s backing—and the fact that Evan was pursuing Abby, the Du family’s second daughter—many were optimistic about the new branch.

So it wasn’t unusual for people to want to get involved early.

Evan thought for a second. He was doing business, sure—but he didn’t recall setting up any meetings with a woman named Hache.

Paisley Hache...

Chapter 4448

Suddenly, Evan remembered what Abby had told him about her mortal enemy—Paisley Hache, the daughter of the Hache family.

Paisley had even tried sending him gifts once, but he didn’t know her and had no interest in accepting anything from a woman who wasn’t Abby. He threw all the gifts away.

Could this be that same Paisley?

After thinking it over, Evan said quietly, “Please ask Miss Hache to come in.”

He wanted to see for himself if this woman was really Abby’s so-called rival.

What did she look like? How dare she try to compare herself to Abby or try to steal him away?

No one could compare to Abby.

Even if the Hache family was wealthy and powerful, Evan didn’t care. He only loved Abby—his Fox. No matter how impressive another woman seemed, she wouldn’t even catch his eye.

He allowed Paisley in mainly to see what she looked like—so he could recognize her in the future and protect Abby from her.

As Abby once said, if he didn’t even know what Paisley looked like, she might try to manipulate him, and he’d fall into her trap without realizing it.

He had already asked his older brother for two bodyguards, who were supposed to arrive today—but they hadn't shown up yet.

Still, since this was his own office, Evan wasn't worried.

And he wasn't that easy to manipulate anyway.

Once Evan gave the okay, the manager informed the security guard on duty: "Boss York said Miss Hache can come in. Open the gate and let her drive through."

The guard, who'd already been annoyed by Paisley's persistence, was relieved.

Since their security room wasn't yet equipped with a phone to contact Evan directly, it was hard to leave the post and go find him inside.

Thankfully, the manager had shown up and made the call.

The company hadn't officially launched yet, so it was rare for someone to show up asking to see Boss York—especially a young, attractive woman.

The guard opened the gate, and Paisley drove in.

The manager hadn't seen the pile of luxury gifts in the back seat of her car. If he had, he could've guessed her real intentions in seconds—and probably wouldn't have made that call.

Ten minutes later.

Paisley, holding the gifts, was escorted by an employee to the fifth floor and shown to Evan's office.

The employee knocked. After getting permission, he opened the door and led her in.

"Boss York, Miss Hache is here," the employee said.

Evan nodded, and the employee stepped aside, leaving the office discreetly.

Evan looked up at Paisley as she entered, noticing the several luxurious shopping bags in her hands.

He frowned slightly.

Still, out of courtesy, he stood and gestured politely. "Miss Hache, please have a seat."

Paisley walked straight over and placed the gifts on his desk—a designer suit, a tie, and a pricey watch.

She didn't sit down right away. Instead, she glanced around the room, taking in the office décor.

Evan was also sizing her up.

She wore heavy makeup, trendy designer clothes, and flashy jewelry. She carried a limited edition Hermès bag.

But to him, no one looked more elegant and graceful than Abby.

Abby didn't need expensive accessories—she carried herself with natural class. She didn't even need makeup to be beautiful. She was just... born that way.

Chapter 4449

"Mr. York, your office isn't fully set up yet, is it?"

Paisley looked around the room, then pulled a chair closer and sat down.

Evan replied, "It's almost done. I'll pick up the rest of what I need later. Would you like some water or tea, Miss Hache?"

"Warm water, please. I don't drink tea often, and I only have coffee sometimes," Paisley answered.

Evan went to get her a cup of warm water.

"It's not quite ready yet, so I don't have coffee to offer. Here, Miss Hache, please have some water."

He set the cup down in front of her, returned to his seat, looked at her, and asked, "Miss Hache, have we met before? I assume you didn't just stop by for no reason today, right?"

Paisley smiled sweetly, brushing her long hair off her shoulder. "We've run into each other a few times. Maybe you don't remember me, Mr. York, but I remember you clearly. You're such an outstanding and handsome man—someone unforgettable."

She took a sip of water, then pushed the gifts she brought over to Evan.

"I'm sorry to show up unannounced. I brought a few small gifts. I hope you won't mind and will accept them."

Evan glanced at the items and gently pushed them back. "Thank you for your kindness, Miss Hache, but I can't accept them."

"I don't accept gifts from any young woman who isn't family—unless it's from my sweetheart, Abby."

Paisley's smile faltered slightly when Evan mentioned Abby, but she kept it up. "Everyone in Huyoniville knows you're pursuing Abby."

"But Mr. York, didn't you pursue her before, then say you didn't love her? Why are you chasing after her again this year?"

What does Abby have that she doesn't?

Paisley never believed Abby was better than her in any way. She couldn't stand her.

She wanted everything Abby had. Even if she couldn't take it, she still wanted to try. In fact, she enjoyed being around Abby—just to compete.

The moment she noticed Evan, her heart skipped a beat.

Sure, she had a boyfriend, but he didn't match her Hache family in status. The relationship wasn't a good fit.

Evan, on the other hand, had a much stronger background.

But unfortunately, he was in love with Abby—her rival. She didn't understand why he came back for Abby after rejecting her.

Still, she wanted to steal Evan away.

Whether she succeeded or not, she'd give it her best shot. If she failed, she'd settle for her current boyfriend.

But that would mean losing to Abby in marriage too—and Paisley couldn't accept that.

How could a woman like Abby end up with someone as excellent, handsome, and well-off as Evan?

She'd heard great things about the York family in Wiltspoon. When she asked her mother, her mom raved about them and said marrying into the Yorks would be a dream come true.

When her mom found out Evan was pursuing Abby, she sighed repeatedly, asking why Paisley didn't meet a York heir instead.

Paisley was jealous, but she kept her manners. With a smile, she said, "Mr. York, I heard Abby still hasn't accepted you, even after all this time."

Chapter 4450

"It's been so long and she still won't say yes. Will you keep trying? There are plenty of good women in Huyoniville—Abby's not your only option. You could give someone else a chance. It might even work out better."

"She probably still resents you for rejecting her last year. I know her really well. We've known each other since we were kids. She has a lot of pride and holds grudges."

"She had never been in a relationship before you. You were her first love. Then you turned her down and said you didn't love her—that crushed her pride. Of course she hasn't let it go."

"Now that you're trying again, she's just playing hard to get. No matter how good you are to her, she won't take you back. Why tie yourself to someone like that?"

It was obvious what Paisley was trying to say—she liked Evan and hoped he'd consider her instead.

If she could steal Evan away, Abby would be humiliated—and Paisley would be thrilled. Abby would regret it. Absolutely.

Evan smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. Those who knew him well could hear the restrained anger in his gentle tone.

"Miss Hache, you've said a lot. Are you trying to tell me you're interested in me?"

Paisley didn't hide it. "I was very drawn to you from the first time I saw you, Mr. York. You're the man I've been waiting for—the one I want to spend my life with."

"Miss Hache, don't you have a boyfriend? Aren't you two already talking about marriage?"

"You came here to see me today. If your boyfriend found out, aren't you worried you might end up with nothing?"

"And since you know I'm from the York family in Wiltspoon, then you must also know that men from our family are loyal. We love once—and only once."

"My heart belongs to Abby. Whether she accepts it now or not, I love her. I'll only ever love and marry her."

"No matter how great another woman might be, I'll never love anyone else. My heart only has room for Abby. There's a crowd—and I don't do crowds."

"If she never accepts me, I'll wait until she does. If she ends up marrying someone else and finds happiness, I'll still wish her well."

"But I won't marry anyone else. I'd rather stay single for life than let someone else take Abby's place in my heart."

Paisley: "...Mr. York, how can you say that when you haven't even given anyone else a chance? How do you know you won't fall for someone else? Abby's not even that great. She's petty, manipulative, and bossy. No one really likes her. You must know she doesn't have close friends—it's because her personality's so bad."

Evan frowned, his expression turning serious. “Miss Hache, please show some respect for Abby.”

“I know exactly what kind of person she is. I love her—plain and simple. I love her no matter what. I accept all of her—flaws and all.”

“And honestly, I’m no saint either. I think Abby and I are a perfect match. I’m petty too. I hold grudges, I don’t have many real friends, and yeah—I can be bossy.”

“You think she has a bad temper? Mine’s just like hers.”

“If you can’t accept that, there’s the door. Please get up, turn around, and walk straight out.”