

# Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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## Chapter 4451

Paisley didn't move. She smiled and said, "Mr. York, you're upset. I was just joking."

Evan replied coldly, "You insulted my girlfriend right in front of me, and I'm supposed to smile and thank you? Miss Hache, that wasn't a joke. You don't think Abby is better than you in any way. In fact, you're not better than her in any way. That's why you're jealous. That's why you resent her. And the moment you get a chance, you try to step on her. I'm not joking with you either. I don't care what your real intentions are today—I'm not interested. I'm not interested in any woman other than Abby. Please leave. If you don't, I'll have security escort you out. And that would be embarrassing for you."

Paisley's smile slowly disappeared as she looked at Evan.

Evan stared back, his expression cold, the disgust in his eyes obvious.

Paisley's pride took a hit. As a daughter of the Hache family, she wasn't used to being treated like this. Even though her family wasn't as powerful as the Du family, they were still wealthy and respected in Huyonville.

She might not have been as naturally beautiful as Abby, but after several plastic surgeries, she believed she looked just as good. She had taken the initiative, made her feelings known, and even hinted at becoming lovers—but Evan wouldn't even give her a chance. His outright rejection stung.

"Mr. York, I was wrong. I apologize," she said. "I shouldn't have spoken poorly of Abby. I actually came here today to talk about a possible business collaboration. The Hache family runs a large enterprise too. I thought there might be an opportunity for cooperation between our families. Maybe we can't be lovers, but we could still be friends."

Evan didn't budge. "I won't work with you, Miss Hache," he said. "You're Abby's biggest rival. I love Abby. Why would I work with someone who actively works against her? Yes, I'm a businessman and I care about profits, but when it comes to choosing between business and Abby, I will always choose Abby. She means more to me than any business deal. And no—we are not, and will never be, friends. Please leave."

He had only allowed Paisley into his office to get a good look at her, so he could recognize her later and steer clear of her in Huyonville's social circles. He wanted to make sure he never fell into any traps or was manipulated.

When it came to love, he had no room for mistakes. If he were unlucky enough to be tricked into something, he and Abby might never be together.

He truly loved Abby. If he couldn't marry her, he was prepared to remain single for the rest of his life.

His parents had three sons. If he chose not to marry or have children, they'd still have grandchildren from his older and younger brothers. His parents would respect his choice.

Of course, Evan was doing everything he could to win Abby's heart. Being with the person he loved and spending his life with her—that was his deepest emotional wish.

"Mr. York..." Paisley started to say.

But Evan raised his hand and made a gesture toward the door.

A clear signal for her to leave. If she didn't go now, he'd have security throw her out.

Paisley took a deep breath, furious inside, but still managed to keep her composure. She stood up and said politely, "Sorry to bother you, Mr. York. I'll leave for now. I hope I can treat you to dinner another time. If you plan to build your business in Huyoniville, it's always better to have one more friend than one more enemy."

With that, she picked up her bag, pulled her chair back, and left.

## **Chapter 4452**

"Miss Hache," Evan called out.

Paisley stopped and turned, thinking he had changed his mind.

Instead, Evan pointed at the gifts she had brought and said, "Please take those with you. If you leave them here, I'll throw them in the trash."

Paisley turned back, grabbed the elegant bags, and stormed out. When she closed the office door, she slammed it hard, making a loud bang—proof of how upset she was.

After leaving the office, Paisley recorded a short selfie video showing the gifts she brought, then panned to Evan's office floor and his office door.

She sent the video to an old classmate and asked them to share it with other mutual friends, especially those who were in contact with Abby—and to make sure it reached Abby.

The message was clear: she liked Evan and was going to pursue him too.

Evan was such a great catch that even though he'd rejected her once, she wasn't going to give up. She'd keep trying.

If she still failed in the end, at least she'd have no regrets—because she tried.

Sure enough, Abby received the video soon after.

She didn't get angry. Instead, she forwarded the video to Evan.

But Evan didn't reply.

That's because he had already left the office and was on his way to Du Group to explain everything to Abby in person.

Not knowing this, Abby grew restless. She wondered why he didn't respond.

Was he busy?

Or did he think it wasn't worth explaining?

Maybe he believed she trusted him enough to know he wouldn't fall for Paisley's tricks, and that Paisley was just trying to ruin their relationship.

Besides, they weren't even officially together. She hadn't accepted him yet.

Still, Abby couldn't help feeling bothered.

Her expression was cold, her thoughts distracted. She kept checking her phone but never sent another message.

She wanted to—several times—but stopped herself.

Why should she ask him?

It was his life. His choice.

If he really accepted those gifts or had any interest in Paisley, she'd walk away completely. She'd let go of her feelings without hesitation.

There were plenty of good men in the world.

She didn't need to be with Evan.

And if he thought using Paisley would push her into saying yes sooner, he was wrong. She wouldn't tolerate being manipulated. That was a dealbreaker.

*Ring, ring, ring...*

The internal phone rang.

Abby answered. It was her oldest sister, Adalee, calling her to the president's office for a meeting.

Abby paused her work, grabbed her phone, and walked out. After a few steps, she turned back, placed her phone on the table, and covered it with a folder—just to stop herself from checking it again.

She wanted to prove to herself that she didn't care.

If Evan wanted to explain, fine. If not, that was fine too.

She didn't care.

*Really!*

Abby headed to the president's office.

The two sisters discussed work for over half an hour.

Once they wrapped up the business discussion, Adalee looked at her and asked, "Abby, did something happen with Evan again? You seem distracted."

## **Chapter**

**4453**

Abby denied it. "No. We're not a couple, so how could we fight? He's still chasing me. I haven't agreed to be his girlfriend."

"You're just being stubborn," Adalee said. "You've been into him for a long time. He's all you think about."

News of Paisley trying to win over Evan had reached even their second aunt, and Adalee—being the CEO and more connected—heard about it even sooner.

Everyone knew that Paisley had always been Abby's rival.

Not that Abby ever wanted the competition, but Paisley insisted on it. Over time, they became bitter enemies.

Paisley's happiest years were probably when Abby left to train under her master.

They weren't in the same school or social circles back then. Paisley had hoped it would stay that way.

But when Abby came back, they were classmates again—and Abby was even better than before.

Back in school, Paisley had rallied girls to bully Abby, but Abby quickly put a stop to it. After getting shut down twice, her followers scattered like mice from a cat.

That only made Paisley more resentful. Abby was smart and strong.

Abby said coolly, “He’s not mine. Anyone’s free to pursue him. If someone else can win him over, then his love for me wasn’t real to begin with. And if he’s not loyal now, it’s better to find out before marriage than after. That kind of betrayal hurts more.”

Adalee studied her. “You say there’s no problem, but you’re clearly upset. You can be honest with me—what happened?”

Abby stayed quiet. “I can handle it, sis. If we’re done here, I’ll get back to work.”

Adalee sighed. “Alright. Just remember—believe in Evan. He doesn’t strike me as the type to mess around. And really, is there any girl out there better than you?”

Abby replied, “I think I’m great—but I’d never say I’m the best. There’s always someone better. And in love, being the ‘best’ doesn’t always matter. Sometimes, someone way below your level still steals your guy. Men’s hearts can be hard to read. Their tastes shift. Some want someone who leans on them and makes them feel strong.”

Adalee laughed. “Okay, okay. I’ll stop now. Go get your work done.”

Abby left.

When she got back to her office, her secretary greeted her. “Vice President, President York is in the VIP room waiting for you. He’s asked me a bunch of times when you’ll be back and called you nonstop. I think he’s really anxious.”

Abby’s mood lifted instantly.

But she kept her face calm and just nodded.

## **Chapter**

**4454**

She motioned for the secretary to return to work.

Once alone, Abby walked to the VIP room.

Evan had been pacing nervously. He hadn’t touched the tea or snacks. He didn’t know why Abby wasn’t answering—was she mad? Had she misunderstood?

He regretted not replying to her immediately. He just rushed over to explain in person.

She should’ve known Paisley was her enemy. And he’d promised he only loved Abby.

Still, while waiting, he reflected. Clearly, he didn’t fully understand how girls think. He needed to learn and grow.

Next time something like this happened—even if he planned to show up in person—he’d still send a message first.

This couldn't happen again.

He turned toward the door—just as Abby walked in.

“Abby!”

He rushed over. “I want to hug you. Can I?”

He didn't wait for an answer. He pulled her into his arms.

“I'm sorry. I messed up again. I should've explained before coming here. I'm not interested in Paisley. I don't like her at all. You warned me about her, and I let her in just to see what she looked like so I could be on guard.

She confessed her feelings and insulted you—but I shut her down. I told her I only want you.

I didn't know she'd record that video and send it to you. If I had, I'd have had security throw her out immediately.

Forget being a gentleman—someone like her doesn't deserve that.”

Abby listened quietly. His panic and sincerity were clear.

She tried to push him away. “My sister needed me. I was in her office. I didn't mean to make you wait. I know you don't like Paisley. I know she made that video on purpose.

You called, but my phone died. I left it in the office to charge.”

She lied. The truth was she'd left it behind on purpose.

Evan looked at her. “You're really not mad? You didn't misunderstand?”

Abby smiled. “I'm not mad. I know what kind of tricks Paisley plays. You didn't reply, and I figured you were busy. I didn't push. But next time, just send a message first—it'll help.”

She didn't admit how much she cared. Or how jealous she'd been.

But deep down, her feelings for Evan ran deeper than she realized.

## **Chapter 4455**

Evan kept replying, “Okay, I promise I'll respond to you right away next time. Abby, will you be my girlfriend? I love you. No matter who you are—Abby, Fox, or Bianca—I love you. Abby, say yes, okay?”

Abby looked at him and smiled. “Aren't we already a couple? You've been hugging me nonstop. If we weren't together, I would've slapped you by now.”

Hearing that, Evan beamed. “Abby, you agreed! I’m so happy!”

Overjoyed, he wrapped his arms around Abby’s waist and spun her around several times.

Abby told him she was getting dizzy, so he quickly stopped.

“I’m just so happy, I couldn’t help it,” Evan said apologetically, not realizing the spinning would make her dizzy.

“I’m fine,” Abby said as she gently pushed him away. “Let’s go to my office.”

Evan followed her with a big smile on his face.

“Are you busy?” he asked.

“Yes, I’m busy every day,” Abby replied.

“Then go ahead and do your work. I’ll just sit here and read the newspaper while I wait for you to get off work. We can grab dinner later.”

“Don’t worry about that. Tell me—what did Paisley say to you? And did you get rid of the gifts she gave you?”

“I told her to take everything back,” Evan said. “Unless it’s from you or a female relative, I’m not accepting anything from other women. She talked trash about you, and I gave her a piece of my mind. She’s so shameless. She knew how I felt about you and still tried to pursue me. If she loves being a mistress so much, I guess that’s just how the Hache family raises their kids.”

His words dripped with contempt.

“Abby, I even asked my brother to assign me a bodyguard. From now on, I’ll bring one with me whenever I go out. I won’t let any woman get within three meters of me.”

Abby was pleased but replied, “That’s not necessary. I’m not worried. I trust your feelings for me—I know you won’t fall for anyone else. But if they come near me, then I’ll get annoyed.”

Abby smiled. “Okay, okay, it’s your call. Do whatever makes you comfortable.”

She walked over and poured him a glass of warm water.

Evan took it and downed it in one gulp. “I was so thirsty.”

“If you were so thirsty, why didn’t you drink anything? I saw your secretary made tea for you and even brought snacks.”

"I was too anxious," Evan said. "I was so worried you'd misunderstand. My mind wasn't even in my body—I had no appetite."

Abby pinched his handsome face. "Serves you right. It wouldn't have taken much to just text me back before running over here."

Holding her hand, Evan smiled sheepishly. "I've never been in love before. You're the first girl I've liked. I still have a lot to learn. I'll do better from now on. Abby, do you still love me?"

"Silly," Abby said, "if I didn't love you, would I even let you touch me? Don't forget—if we really fought, you wouldn't stand a chance."

They had sparred a few times before.

And Evan truly couldn't beat Abby.

Her master was a hermit, and Evan wasn't even close to being her match.

Evan chuckled like a goofball again.

They spent some time together before Abby returned to her work. While Evan wasn't looking, she slyly retrieved her phone from beneath a folder.

She had deliberately left it behind so he wouldn't notice.

Abby went back to work, and Evan sneakily took a photo of her while she was focused. He posted it to his Moments with the caption:  
**"This is the mother of my future child."**