

# Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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Chapter 4509

River didn't realize Romina had blocked him—again. He waited for a reply but got nothing. So, he tried calling her.

Only to find out the call wouldn't go through.

“She blocked me again? Seriously, that's like the hundredth time today,” he grumbled.

Giving up on trying to reach her, River took a few selfies before taking off the new clothes. He decided to have them dry-cleaned tomorrow before wearing them again.

Too bad Romina only gave him one set.

She bought so many clothes—why couldn't she have given him two sets? Then he could wear something she picked out every day.

Wait, what?

River froze.

What was he even thinking?

He and Romina were supposed to be mortal enemies.

Why would he want her to give him clothes? Why would he want to wear something she gave him every day?

Suddenly, Serenity's words flashed through his mind—her teasing suggestion that maybe he liked Romina, or even... loved her.

He had shut it down immediately.

They'd been butting heads for years. All he ever thought about was how to outsmart her, how to beat her at her own game, how to steal her clients and block her moves.

And she was just as ruthless with him.

Sure, he didn't exactly hate her. But love her?

No way.

If he did, he'd be spoiling her rotten by now. Every York man, once in love, was all-in.

And he definitely wasn't like that with Romina.

"I'm overthinking this. No way I'm in love with Romina," he muttered. "It's my sister-in-law who's thinking too much."

Still, his mind drifted back to the past—beyond the open battles and hidden schemes. There were other moments. Little things. Times when it wasn't about business. He had acted differently around her. Maybe even gone out of his way just to irritate her.

He liked seeing her angry. It gave him energy.

If she ever found out that he enjoyed making her mad, she'd probably storm over and throttle him in the middle of the night.

Meanwhile, after blocking River, Romina restarted her car and headed home.

Soon, she pulled into the Lafond family mansion.

It was late. The house was quiet. All the servants were off duty.

They worked from six in the morning until ten at night. If the masters weren't home, they could leave once they finished their tasks.

The lights in the first-floor hall were still on.

Romina parked in the garage and noticed her older brother's car was already there. No wonder the lights were on—he'd gotten home before her.

Just as she approached the door with her bags of clothes, her brother stepped out.

"Brother? It's so late—are you heading out again?"

She glanced at his car in the garage. If he were going out, the car wouldn't be parked inside.

"I wasn't going anywhere," Donovan said. "I heard a car pull in and came to check."

He eyed the bags in her hands. "You got back late tonight. No social events? Went shopping instead? What'd you buy?"

Romina walked into the house with him and handed him the bags. "I went shopping with a new friend. She was buying clothes for her husband. I got bored, so I picked out a few sets for you."

Donovan chuckled. "You know I don't need more clothes. I've still got a bunch in the closet with the tags on."