

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4531

Even if people like them achieved success, it was still hard to truly fit into the world of the wealthy elite.

If River really liked Romina and ran into trouble with the Lafond family, maybe he'd start to appreciate her.

Becoming a daughter-in-law in a powerful family wasn't easy—being a son-in-law wasn't any easier. The wealthy guarded their circles like fortresses, and outsiders were treated like threats.

It was even harder to blend into the inner circles of a family's business empire.

Yantail, the company River ran, was in the same industry as the Lafond Group. Peers in the same field often viewed each other as rivals. That alone made any serious future between River and Romina incredibly difficult.

Still, if River truly liked Romina, he had to hit a wall first. Only then might he remember Ms. Hayward's loyalty and kindness. She was willing to wait a year or two—when that wall hit, she'd try again.

Maybe by then, River would accept reality and choose someone like her, someone from a similar background, someone who understood him.

River had no idea Ms. Hayward had thought so far ahead. After she left, he found a quiet corner and sat down. Finally, some peace and quiet.

Although it was summer, Eaglioncile's heat wasn't as brutal as Wiltspoon's. Here, only a few days a year were truly scorching. In Wiltspoon, the summer dragged on from May until November.

Tonight, a cool breeze swept through the yard. River leaned back, enjoying the wind. What mattered most was that he could finally take off his emotional mask for a moment.

He didn't know how long he sat there until he noticed someone approaching. Quickly, he slipped his mask back on and looked up.

It was Romina.

His guard dropped slightly.

She was carrying a tray with a few glasses of wine, walking toward him step by step.

As she got closer, River teased, “What, is the Lacroix family short on waiters? They’ve got Romina personally delivering wine now?”

He shook the nearly empty glass in his hand. “Perfect timing—mine’s almost finished.”

Romina set the tray down on the small table and sat beside him.

“You came alone?” River asked.

Romina replied, “Aren’t you alone, too?”

River smirked. “Where’s your male companion?”

Then he added, “Romina, even though we don’t get along, I have to tell you—Maddox isn’t right for you. Even if he says that woman is just his cousin, their relationship seems a little *too* close. You never know what’s really going on.”

“If you get involved, people will think you’re the third wheel. You’re too proud to be put in that position. It’s not fair to you.”

Romina brought six glasses of wine. She placed three of them in front of River.

“These are for you—my treat. And stop bad-mouthing Maddox just because he’s not here. He’s well-educated. He knows you don’t marry your cousin. Don’t be disgusting, River. Just because *you* have a dirty mind doesn’t mean the rest of us do.”

River didn’t admit to bad-mouthing Maddox.

“I was just trying to give you a friendly heads-up,” he said. “But if that’s how you want to take it, forget it.”

Romina narrowed her eyes. “What did you say to my grandpa? He’s been staring at me like I committed a crime.”

River downed the rest of his wine, picked up one of the glasses Romina gave him, raised it toward her, and clinked.

They both drank.