

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4538

Romina giggled. “Handsome, come on—give me a kiss.”

The driver stared ahead, face blank.

He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Miss Lafond was *flirting* with the Seventh Young Master.

River didn’t push her away. He let her cling to him, letting her tease and caress him. But when she started tugging at his clothes, he grabbed her hands firmly.

“Romina, don’t play with fire,” he whispered.

He allowed her to kiss his face and neck—leaving tiny trails of kisses—planning to use it as evidence for a complaint tomorrow. Maybe then Grandpa Lafond would make her take responsibility.

But he wasn’t going to let her go too far.

Because once the clothes started coming off... he wasn’t sure he could stop.

He was a man, after all.

Romina tried to keep going, but River firmly held her wrists and pulled her into his arms. She struggled for a moment, then slumped quietly against his chest and drifted off to sleep.

Soon, they arrived at the Lafond residence.

The driver slowed down and reported, “Seventh Master, looks like the Lafonds are asleep. The house is dark.”

River had heard that Romina’s parents were into health routines—they were usually in bed before ten.

When he’d left the Lacroix banquet, it hadn’t officially ended, but most guests were already heading out. It was getting late.

“I’ll call Donovan,” River said, not wanting to blare the horn and disturb the household.

He fished out his phone with one hand and called Donovan.

Donovan picked up quickly. "Mr. York? You're calling me this late—what's going on?"

Unlike his sister, Donovan had River's number saved in his contacts with a note. Seeing River's name at this hour immediately made him anxious.

Had his sister gotten into a fight with River again?

The two of them couldn't go five minutes without clashing.

River asked, "Mr. Lafond, are you home? Or out?"

Donovan replied automatically, "I'm home. Just went to bed."

He had just gotten back from an event, showered, and turned off the lights when his phone rang.

"Romina's drunk," River said. "I brought her home. I'm outside—could you come out and get her?"

"Romina? Drunk? No way. She's got a high tolerance—she hardly ever gets drunk," Donovan said, shocked.

"Why are you the one bringing her back? What about Maddox?" Donovan finally asked.

Wasn't Maddox supposed to be her plus-one at the banquet?

Then it hit him—his sister, when drunk, had a habit of teasing good-looking guys.

Did she end up teasing River?

Donovan's face turned pale. He leapt out of bed, phone in hand.

"Mr. York, wait there—I'll be right out!"

He ended the call and raced to the front door—only to realize he was still in just his boxers. He turned back, threw on whatever clothes were within reach, and hurried downstairs.

He just hoped Romina hadn't done anything too outrageous.

After all, of all the men at the Lacroix banquet, River had definitely been the best-looking.

And even drunk, Romina still had standards—she only flirted with truly handsome guys.