

# Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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## Chapter 4587

"Kids are like that. We were wild and caused trouble too when we were young—it's just their nature," Zachary said. "As long as they don't get into serious trouble, it's fine. Causing a little chaos at home is normal."

He never tried to suppress his children. He believed in letting them be themselves and giving them space to grow naturally.

Josh laughed. "My parents still spoil Milo like crazy. Zachary, you have no idea how strong the bond between grandparents and grandkids is. When I used to mess up as a kid, first my dad would spank me, then my mom would take a turn, and then they'd team up. I got disciplined all the way until my teens. Once I got older and more sensible, they switched to lecturing instead of hitting."

Who would've thought his parents—polished and elegant in public—used to be so strict when it came to disciplining him?

Zachary chuckled. "Your worst beating was probably during New Year's. Your parents were still asleep when you snuck into their room with a string of firecrackers. You lit them and threw them onto their bed. They were scared half to death. The quilt was full of burn holes."

"You almost burned the house down. Tell me, did you *not* deserve that beating?"

Josh's face turned red as he laughed. "I barely even remember why I got beat up that day, but you remember every detail. Your memory's better than mine."

"Kids are like that," Zachary said. "They remember getting punished but forget why."

"You shouldn't blame Milo too much. Like father, like son. You were a handful, and now he's following in your footsteps. Just now, River said my son, Baby, is the most mischievous when he's around his cousins. Apparently, he's got even more tricks than I did. The student has outdone the master."

Josh laughed. "We were all like that once. It helps us understand our kids better. Don't blame them—blame us for passing on those wild genes."

Zachary shut down his computer, stood up, and said, "Alright, let's go eat. Serenity's coming home the day after tomorrow, but she'll need time to rest when she gets back."

"I get it, I get it," Josh replied with a teasing grin.

Zachary gave him a playful kick, which Josh quickly dodged.

The two men walked out of the office, joking and laughing.

But once they stepped outside, their expressions shifted.

Josh was still his usual approachable self, smiling as always.

But Zachary's demeanor changed completely. His handsome features grew cold and serious, and he radiated a commanding presence. As the father of two, he couldn't afford to let his guard down in public. He maintained his aloof, no-nonsense image—and always brought a security team with him.

The older he got, the more commanding he became.

He wasn't that old yet—but he was mature, masculine, and still drew admiration from plenty of young women.

Even girls in their late teens and early twenties were bold enough to try pursuing him. Of course, reality would eventually slap them awake.

Zachary York was famously devoted to his wife. No one except Serenity would ever experience his tenderness.

When love rivals showed up to compete, Serenity didn't even bother responding. She didn't consider them a threat. To her, it was a waste of time.

No one could take Zachary from her.

Just minutes after they left York Corporation, their convoy was forced to a sudden stop.

A bold young woman had run into the street, arms spread wide, blocking the lead bodyguard car.

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With the front car forced to stop, the vehicles behind it came to a halt immediately.

The driver rolled down the window and yelled, "Are you trying to get yourself killed?!"

Thankfully, they had just left the company grounds, so they hadn't picked up speed yet. He'd been able to brake in time. If they'd been on a main road, the outcome could've been tragic.

The girl couldn't have been older than her early twenties. Her face was full of youthful collagen, her figure was model-like, and her features were delicate—an undeniably beautiful young woman.

After recognizing her, the driver pulled back inside the car and said to the bodyguard in the passenger seat, "Isn't that one of Mr. York's admirers?"

"Yeah, probably hoping to catch his attention while Mrs. York is away."

"She knows he's married with kids and still throws herself at him. Shameless."

The bodyguard said coldly, "She's not even worth comparing to Miss Stone. Miss Stone had morals. Once she found out Mr. York was married, she let go and never bothered him again."

"These girls, on the other hand, are dead set on being mistresses. What happened to having standards?"

Then the bodyguard stepped out of the car.

Two more bodyguards exited from the back seat.

They didn't waste time talking to the girl or give her a chance to approach the second car—Zachary and Josh's car.

But the girl didn't give up.

"Zachary! Mr. York! I love you—I love you! Please look at me! I would die for you!"

"Just one look, Mr. York. I miss you so much!"

She screamed and fought against the bodyguards holding her back, desperate to make her love known.

Zachary didn't even glance her way. He told the driver calmly, "Drive."

The driver sped forward, maneuvering around the lead bodyguard car and continuing on.

The girl panicked. She thrashed against the guards, but she was too weak to break free. All she could do was watch Zachary's car vanish from sight.

Once it was gone, the bodyguard let her go and warned her coldly, "Pull a stunt like that again, and we're calling the police."

"Our young master has been married for years. He's a husband and a father. His relationship with his wife is rock-solid. No matter how pretty or young you are, he won't even look at you."

"Go home. Obsessing over him is a waste of your time. You can like whoever you want, but chasing after Mr. York is just foolish."

"He despises girls with twisted values."

With that, the bodyguards got back in their car and drove off.

The girl stood there in the street, watching until the last of the convoy disappeared.

Then she muttered to herself, “Why can’t I pursue true love? Serenity’s already in her thirties and acts like a shrew. Does Mr. York still love her that much?”

“The more loyal a man is, the more attractive he is. I just like him. I want to replace Serenity. She’s had him for so many years—shouldn’t she step aside?”

“Are my values really that bad? Are they?”

She crouched down on the pavement, covered her face, and began to cry.

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Josh glanced at the group around him, then suddenly reached out to touch Zachary’s face. Zachary slapped his hand away. “What are you doing?”

Josh grinned. “Just wanted to feel if your skin is really smoother than mine. We’re the same age, both uncles now. I’m not any worse than you, so why do all the girls fall for you and not me?”

Zachary shot back, annoyed, “Take all this so-called good luck if you want it. I don’t. They don’t like *me*—they like my identity, my status, my money. Always dreaming of being the next Cinderella, thinking they can take Seren’s place. Women like that, who chase married men, don’t even come close to Seren—she’s in a league of her own. And they still think they can replace her? Keep dreaming.”

Josh laughed. “Relax, I’m just kidding. I don’t want that kind of ‘good luck.’ I’ve got Jasmine—that’s more than enough for me. I’m not interested in any other woman, especially not those teenagers or girls in their early twenties. They’re too young, lacking the charm of a grown woman. None of them can compare to Jasmine.”

Those young women didn’t dare go after Josh anyway. They were scared of the power behind the Bucham family.

Zachary might be cold and distant to women outside his circle, but at least his background was clean. He was just a straightforward businessman. The Buchams, on the other hand, had deep connections and influence that intimidated people across Wiltspoon.

Everyone in town privately said the Buchams were the real local power—the shadow rulers of Wiltspoon.

Most assumed the Yorks maintained ties with the Buchams only because Old Lady York earned the Buchams’ respect.

Sure, Zachary and Josh had a strong friendship, but people assumed the next generation might drift apart—especially since Josh was just Julian Bucham’s cousin, not his brother.

What most didn’t know was that Julian’s son had grown up close with the York boys—they were true childhood friends. The next generation of both families was tightly bonded, ensuring the alliance would remain strong.

Zachary said, “I’m not into older men chasing younger women either. I gave my heart to Seren long ago, and that’s not changing. She’s the only one for me, forever.”

Josh smiled. “York men are famously loyal. I don’t get what these girls are thinking. They really believe they can replace Serenity just because they’re young and pretty? That’s laughable.”

“If you were a cheater, then sure, they’d have a shot. But they seriously underestimate how committed you are to your wife and your marriage.”

The York men were known for being faithful. Even Zachary’s friends had picked up that mindset from him—loyalty, love, and commitment were their values. Once they chose someone, they stayed with that person for life.

It made men like them all the more attractive.

If someone wanted to go after the eighth or ninth York brothers, no one would stop them—they were still single. But to pursue a married man like Zachary? That would get them labeled as homewreckers with no shame.

You can’t chase after someone’s husband and call it “true love.”

Zachary warned, “Don’t mention what just happened to your wife.”

If Josh told Jasmine, Serenity would hear about it instantly—those two shared everything.

Josh smirked. “You scared your wife will find out? She already knows you’ve got girls throwing themselves at you. Remember the one who begged Serenity to share you? Said she’d take Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and Seren could keep the rest?”