

# Married At First Sight

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## Chapter 4012

Adalee strolled in and made herself comfortable, sitting across from Abby. Her gaze lingered on Abby's strikingly beautiful face before she broke into a teasing smile.

"That York guy's back," Adalee said, amusement flickering in her voice. "He's waiting outside the company entrance again. Flowers in hand, brand-new car parked behind him. Looks like he's hoping to take you to dinner or maybe charm you into a date or two."

She leaned forward, her tone turning curious. "So, what's the deal? Are you planning to let him woo you, or is he just wasting his time?"

Evan, ever determined, was still staying at a hotel since arriving in Huyonville. He'd been house-hunting but hadn't found anything he liked yet.

Grandma had suggested he take a page out of Remy's book and buy a place near the Du family. That way, it'd be easier to pursue Abby.

But luck wasn't on Evan's side—no one in the Du family's upscale neighborhood was willing to sell. The residents weren't hurting for money, and the prestige of being neighbors with the Du family only added to their reluctance.

Evan's wealth couldn't sway them this time. For now, he was stuck looking for something nearby.

At least buying a car had been simpler. Yesterday afternoon, he'd picked up a new ride. By the time he finished the paperwork and drove back to his hotel, it was already past 8 p.m. The car still didn't have permanent plates—just a temporary tag for now.

Abby responded coolly, "I'm not planning to give in to him just yet. As for the future, who knows?" She paused briefly, then added with conviction, "But I do value the York family. Elder sister, I want to marry into that family."

Adalee's smile softened with understanding. "The Yorks are a good choice—definitely a step above your future brother-in-law's family. When we get married, it's not just about love; it's about the family's values. A family with strong traditions, even if they're not wealthy, is always worth considering."

She continued, "But no matter how rich a family is, if their values are rotten, it's not worth it. Money can't fix everything."

“My brother-in-law’s family isn’t bad, though,” Adalee added thoughtfully. “Otherwise, Uncle and Aunt wouldn’t have agreed. And let’s not forget, our Du family has a solid reputation too.”

Adalee glanced at Abby knowingly. “If our family’s values weren’t up to par, Grandma York wouldn’t have chosen you for Evan in the first place.”

The York family had a track record of valuing character. Serenity, for instance, was backed by the influential Stone and Farrell families. Even Liberty, supported by the Farrells, was helping shift her family’s reputation for the better.

Camryn’s family, once messy, had turned a corner thanks to her efforts. Now, the Newman household was quiet and harmonious under her leadership.

Seeing this pattern, Abby knew the York matriarch prioritized the strength and character of her grandchildren’s spouses.

To be accepted into the York family, Abby needed to demonstrate both courage and capability.

Adalee studied her sister. “Do you still have feelings for Evan? Don’t forget, this is the same guy who once claimed he had someone else in his heart. He only came back to you because his family scolded him after he failed to win over that other girl, right?”

Her tone turned sharp, though the glimmer of a smile remained. “Don’t let him fool you again. Sure, the York family has good values, but that doesn’t mean every York is a gem. Even in a family of dragons, there’s bound to be a weaker one. Who’s to say Evan isn’t that one?”

Adalee leaned back, a mischievous grin spreading across her face. “Even if you still have feelings for him and decide to marry him eventually, don’t make it easy for him. Let him sweat it out. Make him earn his way back into your life.”

Her grin widened as a playful idea struck her. “You know what? Tell Dad to make him stand shirtless in the cold next time he comes around. And if he insists on taking you to dinner, order an entire table of spicy dishes. He hates spicy food, right? That’ll teach him!”

Spicy food was a staple in Huyoniville, and Abby adored it. She’d even eat a chili pepper with a simple bowl of white porridge for breakfast.

Abby chuckled, shaking her head. “If he stands out in this cold for too long, he’ll turn into an ice sculpture.”

The winters in Huyoniville were no joke. Even though the New Year celebrations had passed, the chill lingered, biting at anyone brave—or foolish—enough to stand outside for too long.