

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4015

Abby's tone was sharp as she said, "We'll talk later. And for the record, my eldest sister is out right now, and I'm still busy. Don't call me again unless the sky is falling. If you interrupt my work and force me to stay here late, I'll only hate you more."

Evan stammered, "O-Okay, I won't bother you. Just... don't overwork yourself. Take care."

Without another word, Abby ended the call.

Evan let out a small sigh as he stared at his phone. Before he could put it back in his pocket, a sleek luxury car pulled out of the company parking lot.

Most of the employees had already left for the day; the rush hour traffic had long subsided. This car was clearly out of place—it had to belong to someone important.

Evan watched as the car slowed near the gate. From what Abby had said over the phone, her elder sister, Adalee, had just left the building.

He didn't know much about the Du family, aside from the fact that they were powerful. While he'd met a few of their family members during his previous pursuit of Abby, those interactions had been fleeting. The one he knew the least was Adalee, the formidable president of the Du Group.

Adalee was a force in the corporate world, even though the company still had a chairman. She was the one making most of the decisions, shouldering the burden of leadership. Evan had only seen her once—from a distance—and she'd left quite an impression.

The car stopped just as it reached him. The back window rolled down smoothly, revealing Adalee's sharp, elegant features.

"Hello, Miss Du," Evan greeted her politely, though he couldn't ignore the cold intensity of her gaze.

"What are you doing here?" Adalee's voice was crisp and direct, leaving no room for pleasantries.

"I'm waiting for Abby to get off work so I can treat her to dinner," Evan replied, trying to keep his tone respectful.

Adalee's expression didn't soften. "Waiting to treat Abby to dinner? Mr. York, what exactly are you playing at? Are you here to ask for her help, or are you trying to pursue her again like before?"

Before Evan could respond, Adalee cut him off.

"Didn't you once say you could *never* fall in love with our Abby? If you don't like her, why force yourself? Why waste her time? Go back and tell your grandmother the truth instead of stringing Abby along."

Her tone sharpened further as she leaned slightly out of the window. "And let me make one thing crystal clear: don't you dare toy with Abby's feelings again. The last time, Abby stopped us from stepping in. But don't mistake her restraint for ours. If you pull that stunt again, I don't care who you are—I'll make sure you regret it."

Evan could feel the weight of her words. Adalee's protectiveness bordered on ferocity, and he had no doubt she'd follow through on her threats if he crossed a line.

The York family was known for their strict and honorable reputation, built over generations. Evan knew well enough that his actions could tarnish that legacy, which would be unforgivable in his grandmother's eyes.

Straightening his posture, Evan met Adalee's unyielding gaze. "Ms. Du, I understand your concerns. I promise you, this time is different. I'm here of my own accord—this isn't something my grandmother pushed me into. I'm sincere about Abby."

His words carried conviction, but Adalee remained skeptical.

"Sincere? That's easy to say," she replied with a cold snort.

"I know it's hard to believe, but I'll prove it through my actions," Evan said, his voice steady. "If I ever dare to play with Abby's feelings again, you won't need to punish me—my family will take care of that themselves. I'm not that kind of man."

Adalee arched a brow, unimpressed.

Evan continued earnestly, "At first, I followed my grandmother's wishes. She wanted me to cultivate a relationship with Abby, and I tried. But this time, it's not about her. It's about me. I'm here because I want to be. Abby deserves someone who truly values her, and I intend to be that person."

Adalee's expression didn't waver, but her silence spoke volumes. She wasn't convinced, but she was listening.

Evan knew he still had a long way to go to earn her trust—or Abby's.