

Married At First Sight Chapter 3737

Married At First Sight Chapter 3737 – Mr. Labbe thought he was far better than young men. In fact, they couldn't compete with him. He had status, money, power, and influence.

Young men, unless they were born into wealthy families, couldn't match what he had. Even many rich heirs didn't have his level of power.

"I'm really busy right now and can't visit. I do miss you a bit, though," he said.

"I won't be able to visit during the New Year. I have a lot of events to attend, and I need to be with my family. My wife doesn't care much about me most of the time, but during the holidays, she expects me to be with her for family gatherings. You understand, right?"

Carrie knew he was married with kids. He never hid it from her.

Carrie wasn't sure if he still loved his wife or not. Although he claimed they didn't have feelings for each other, she didn't fully believe him. He had never let any other woman take his wife's place, nor did he allow his mistresses to have his children.

He and his wife already had grown children, and they had been raised well. If his kids weren't so accomplished, he might have done something about his wife, but for now, they were part of what made his wife irreplaceable.

Carrie felt a bit jealous.

What Mr. Labbe provided for her made her somewhat attached to him. If he hadn't shown his cruel side—pinching her neck and torturing her in bed—Carrie worried she might have actually fallen for him.

"Then, when will you come?" Carrie asked softly, sensing his change in tone.

Sometimes, a little sweet talk from a woman can be very effective.

"It's hard to say. When I have time, I'll visit. If I can't come, why don't you gather a few friends and take a trip? Or attend some upper-class events in Wiltspoon and make new connections."

"The more you attend these events, the closer you'll get to Serenity."

"Okay. Come when you're free," Carrie said in a pitiful tone.

Mr. Labbe sweet-talked her a bit, promising to send her some money to buy things. Carrie was pleased.

After the call ended, Carrie let out a quiet sigh of relief.

Soon after, she got a notification from the bank—\$500,000 had been deposited into her account.

Mr. Labbe had sent it for her to buy whatever she wanted.

Looking at the bank message and her account balance, Carrie realized that being scolded wasn't so bad after all. As long as she played her cards right, he would send her money.

But she knew this couldn't last forever.

Mr. Labbe probably had a new target. Carrie wasn't particularly clever, but she was a woman, and women are naturally sensitive to these things.

She felt that Mr. Labbe was growing colder toward her. He must've found someone new. After all, he was an old pervert who had been with many young women.

While she still had his attention, she planned to get as much money as she could.

She knew she was just a pawn.

Once her task was done, she couldn't be sure if Mr. Labbe would keep his promises—or if he might decide to kill her instead.

Carrie's plan was simple: save up as much money as possible, finish the job, then disappear. She would leave Wiltspoon, go somewhere no one knew her, and start a new life, just like her two older aunts had done.