

Married At First Sight Chapter 4248

Chapter 4248

Abby worried that Spencer was overacting.

It was fine to talk, laugh, and share a meal, but she wasn't comfortable with physical contact. It wasn't because of Evan—it was because of Victoria.

To Abby, Spencer belonged to Victoria. She called Victoria "sister," which made Spencer feel like family—her brother-in-law.

"I'll wait for you to get off work," Evan said gently. "Abby, are you done? Are you hungry? Let me treat you to a midnight snack." He wasn't about to let Spencer take that role.

If anyone was treating Abby, it would be Evan.

Before Abby could answer, Spencer jumped in. "Since Mr. York is offering, let's give him the chance. We're all hungry anyway."

He made it clear—Evan wasn't just treating Abby. He was treating Spencer and his secretary too. Spencer was determined to be a third wheel.

Evan chuckled. "Alright, midnight snack for everyone."

Then, turning to Abby, he asked softly, "Are you coming?"

Abby, indifferent, responded, "Brother Spencer said he was hungry, so let's go."

Evan grinned. "Alright, I won't argue. Abby, follow me."

He led her into the VIP room, releasing her hand as they got closer. Picking up a bouquet from the coffee table, he handed it to her.

Abby glanced at the flowers, then at the gifts piled on the table. She frowned. "Evan, you don't need to bring so much every time you visit. I don't need them. Take them back."

Evan smiled. “These are just small gifts, things I know you like. They’re my way of showing I care. Please accept them.”

Abby took only the bouquet. “I’ll take the flowers, but nothing else.”

Accepting the bouquet gave Evan a sliver of hope.

After all, last time, he had eaten so many chili peppers just to impress her and ended up in the hospital. The flowers were her little reward for his suffering.

As for the expensive gifts—those she wouldn’t accept.

She didn’t need them. Her closet was already packed with clothes, some still untouched. Her collection of designer bags and skincare products filled an entire room. And jewelry? Her family adored her, constantly showering her with pieces more valuable than anything Evan could offer. Her grandmother’s ruby set alone was priceless.

“Abby…”

“If you insist on giving me more, don’t bother treating me. I’ll have dinner with Brother Spencer instead.” Abby’s tone turned cold.

Evan backed down instantly. “Alright, alright, I’ll take them back. But at least let me treat you to supper. Give me a chance.”

He still had a long way to go in winning her over. But at least she accepted the flowers—that was something.

Abby turned and walked out, bouquet in hand.

Evan hurriedly grabbed the gift boxes, not wanting to waste a second. He needed to keep up with her before Spencer had another chance to pull her away.

As they walked outside, Evan made sure to position himself between Abby and Spencer. Whenever Spencer tried to move closer, Evan adjusted accordingly.

No way was he letting Spencer sit next to her.

Abby saw Spencer as a brother—didn’t he get that? Yet, he shamelessly lingered around her.