

Married At First Sight Chapter 4068

Chapter 4068

Abby figured her older sister was venting her frustration, which was why she insisted on making Evan comply. Until he played along and satisfied her demands, she wouldn't let him off the hook.

After completing the hospital admission process, Evan lay on the bed, hooked up to an IV drip. Abby brought him a cup of warm water and handed him the prescribed medication.

"Take the antipyretic first," she urged. "Your face is so red."

At the hospital, they'd checked his temperature—39.8 degrees Celsius, nearly 40.

Evan coughed occasionally, his handsome face flushed from the fever. He looked drained and weak, his energy completely sapped.

Sitting up slowly, he took the cup of water from Abby. She carefully placed the pills in his hand, ensuring he swallowed them one by one.

"Drink more warm water," she added firmly.

After finishing the medication, Abby poured him another glass. "Here, have some more."

"My mouth feels dry and tasteless," Evan muttered, leaning back against the pillow. "I don't want to drink anymore."

Abby sighed as he fell back onto the bed, his body limp with exhaustion. The IV seemed to ease his cough a bit, and before long, he drifted off to sleep.

The room grew quiet, save for the steady beeping of the IV machine.

Suddenly, Abby's phone rang, breaking the silence.

"Ring, ring, ring..."

She glanced at the screen. It was Grandma York.

When Abby, under the guise of Bianca, had accompanied her mentor to Wildridge Manor, she and Grandma York had exchanged contact details and connected on WhatsApp.

Abby quickly picked up the call.

“Abby, it’s Grandma York,” the familiar voice greeted.

“Grandma York,” Abby replied softly.

Grandma York asked, “How’s Evan? After eating all those chili peppers, I’m sure the aftereffects hit hard. Is he holding up?”

Abby turned to look at Evan. He was sound asleep, his breathing soft and even, his coughing temporarily subdued.

“He’s in the hospital,” she answered in a quiet voice. “He’s running a high fever, coughing, and his throat is so inflamed he can’t even speak. The doctor said it’ll take at least two days for the swelling to go down before he regains his voice.”

Grandma York sounded worried, though she tried to mask it. “He won’t die, will he?”

Abby blinked, momentarily stunned. “...Grandma York.”

Grandma York continued, “I mean, I doubt his life’s in danger. Evan’s healthy. At worst, he’ll have a sore throat, a stomachache, and a cough for a few days. Once the medication kicks in, he’ll be fine. It’s not like eating two handfuls of chili peppers could kill him.”

Despite the sarcastic tone, Abby knew the old woman cared.

“Two handfuls?” Abby countered. “Grandma York, he ate way more than that! You kept piling his plate and urging him to eat faster. His lips were swollen, his throat was burning, and now he’s lying here with a fever of 39.8. His face is flushed, and he can barely stay awake.”

Abby added with a touch of exasperation, “I’ll take a picture of him in this miserable state and send it to you. Maybe then you’ll stop joking about it. He’s your grandson, too, Grandma York. You’ve got plenty of grandkids, but Evan deserves some love, not endless teasing and more chili!”

To Abby's surprise, Grandma York chuckled. "Oh, Abby, Evan knows how much you care about him. Hearing you defend him like this probably makes him happier than he's been in a long time. I wouldn't be surprised if he thinks all this suffering was worth it, just to see how much you're willing to fight for him."

Abby was speechless.

Grandma York added, her tone softening, "This was all part of your older sister's plan. Evan didn't go along with her conditions before, so she got mad and blocked any chance of you two starting over. He's paying the price now. It's a lesson for him—next time, he'll listen to us old folks instead of being so stubborn."

Abby sighed, exasperated again but unable to argue.