

Married At First Sight Chapter 4074

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Victoria added, “I don’t have to be with him. Abby, let’s not talk about these depressing things anymore. I’ll be busy for a while, but I’ll call you when I have some free time. It’s been so long since we’ve had a proper chat.”

The little kid who used to cling to her, crying for her to hold him, had grown up.

After the call, Abby found herself deep in thought. “Victoria’s family business is in trouble. Is the Chouinard family unwilling to help?”

From Victoria’s words, it was clear that her family’s situation was dire—so bad that bankruptcy seemed like a real possibility.

The Du Group also operated internationally, but Victoria had been tight-lipped about the details. Abby wanted to help her, but she didn’t know how.

If Spencer was avoiding a relationship with Victoria because her family’s business was struggling, Abby would lose all respect for him.

Could the kind, gentle, and noble brother she remembered really be that sort of person?

No, Abby didn’t believe Spencer was like that.

Perhaps it was the Chouinard family elders who were being overly pragmatic. Seeing that Victoria’s family was on the verge of decline, they might have decided she was no longer a suitable match for Spencer.

But no—Victoria had said that Spencer never confessed to her, not even once. That meant Victoria had been harboring feelings for Spencer all along, waiting for him to make a move, but he never did.

What a mess.

Abby couldn’t wrap her head around the situation.

All she could do was wait for Spencer to return and find a time to talk to him directly, to ask him what he truly felt.

“Abby…”

Evan’s hoarse voice came from the room. It wasn’t loud—he could barely manage to speak—but it was clearer than it had been earlier.

The medications seemed to be working.

Abby’s sharp hearing, honed from her martial arts training, picked up his voice instantly.

She got up and walked into the room. When she saw that Evan was awake, she approached him and touched his forehead.

“It’s not as hot anymore,” she noted. “The fever’s starting to break. Do you want some water?”

Evan nodded slightly. His throat was still sore, so he avoided speaking when he could.

Abby poured him a cup of warm water and moved to help him sit up, but Evan managed on his own, making things easier for both of them.

While Evan sipped the water, Abby called for the nurse to bring a fresh bottle of medicine.

“Is there more?” Abby asked.

The nurse replied, “Just one more bottle.”

Evan silently sighed. Since being admitted to the hospital, he’d already received two or three IV bottles, and there was still one left. How many bottles did he need? It was starting to feel like he had some serious illness.

“Take his temperature,” the nurse instructed before leaving.

Abby hummed in acknowledgment. After the nurse left, she grabbed a thermometer and checked Evan’s temperature.

Once Evan finished his water, he leaned back against the headboard and looked at her intently.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Abby asked, sounding slightly annoyed. “My sister’s the one treating you, but it feels like I’m the one getting punished.”

She sighed. “I gave you that spicy food to teach you a lesson, and now you’re here in the hospital—and I’m stuck taking care of you. It’s like I’m being punished along with you.”

Evan wanted to ask about the phone conversation she’d just had. He had overheard her mention Spencer several times, but his throat hurt too much to ask.

Saturday was two days away. He needed to recover quickly so he could be discharged and head to the airport with Abby to pick up Spencer.

Where was this so-called rival of his?

Evan was determined to meet Spencer. He needed to see for himself just how much of a threat this man posed.