

Married At First Sight Chapter 4075

Chapter 4075

A few minutes later, Abby removed the thermometer from Evan's armpit, glanced at it, and said, "38 degrees. The fever hasn't completely broken, but it's a big improvement from 39.8 when you were admitted. When did you last take your medicine? Is it time for another dose?"

Evan shook his head, signaling that he couldn't remember.

Abby thought for a moment and said, "I think it's about time. Take the medicine first, get some rest, and I'll have dinner sent over. In your condition, you can only handle something light—maybe some plain porridge."

Knowing how sore his throat was, Abby called home and asked the nanny to prepare dinner and include a bowl of white porridge specifically for Evan.

Evan nodded eagerly, grateful.

After wrapping up the call, Abby turned to him and teased, "The eloquent Fourth Young Master York has been reduced to a mute who can only nod. Honestly, it's weird seeing you like this."

She was so used to their playful banter.

Evan gave her an apologetic look.

"Don't look at me like that. You don't owe me anything," Abby said, waving him off. "I'm not here to babysit you every day. Your grandma asked me to check on you because of the high fever. Now that it's coming down and the meds seem to be helping, I'd say you're on the mend. You can take care of yourself..."

Before she could finish, Evan suddenly erupted into a violent coughing fit. His face turned red, and he was gasping for air like he was about to pass out.

At first, Abby thought he was being dramatic, but as the coughing worsened, she rushed to his side in concern. She gently patted his back, picked up the cup of warm water from the bedside table, and handed it to him. "Here, drink some water."

Evan took the cup, sipped twice, and after a few more coughs, he finally seemed to calm down.

"Abby..." he croaked, his voice strained. He gestured to his throat, clearly in pain.

"If it hurts that much, don't try to talk," Abby said firmly. "The doctor advised you to rest your voice for a few days."

Evan picked up his phone, typed something, and showed it to her: *I'm still feeling awful. Can you stay and take care of me tomorrow too?*

After reading it, Abby sighed. "I have a meeting tomorrow and an important client to meet. I really can't spare the time. But if you can't manage on your own, I can arrange for a caretaker and a bodyguard to look after you."

Evan didn't respond immediately. After a moment, he typed back: *OK, thank you.*

"Get some more rest," Abby told him.

Evan, still fatigued from his illness, soon fell back asleep.

When he woke up again, the city lights were twinkling outside.

Abby, having eaten and relaxed, was watching TV in the small lounge outside. As if sensing that he was awake, she appeared in the room almost immediately.

"You're finally up," she said. "I've checked on you a few times already. Come on, sit up and eat some porridge. Your fever came back a bit earlier."

Evan sat up slowly.

This time, he felt much better. His forehead no longer felt feverish, his throat was less painful, and his body felt lighter.

He glanced at the IV stand. The medicine was nearly finished.

Abby entered with a steaming bowl of porridge. Catching him eyeing the IV, she said, "That's the last bottle. In about ten minutes, you can call the nurse to remove the needle."