

Married At First Sight Chapter 4076

Chapter 4076

“Have you eaten?” Evan asked Abby, his voice still hoarse but just loud enough for her to hear.

“I have,” Abby replied. “But now I’m hungry again. You’ve been asleep long enough. Do you even know what time it is? It’s past nine in the evening. Don’t try to talk—if you need to say something, type it out on your phone and show me.”

Evan’s condition had noticeably improved, and Abby felt a wave of relief. She had been genuinely worried he’d stay sick for days just because of the spicy food.

“Okay,” Evan rasped, his voice strained but obedient.

Abby handed him the bowl of porridge. “Here, eat this. It’s plain, but at least it has a bit of salt for flavor.”

Evan, clearly famished, finished the porridge in no time.

“Do you want more?” Abby asked. “There’s another bowl in the thermal lunch box.”

Evan shook his head.

It was late, and he didn’t want to overeat. Besides, he was mindful of his physique—he couldn’t afford to ruin it. He hadn’t won Abby’s heart yet, and he needed to maintain his charm and appearance.

After finishing his infusion and taking his medicine, Abby left the hospital around ten o’clock that night.

Evan, having slept so much earlier, found himself wide awake. Abby had insisted he stay in the room, so he stood by the window instead, watching as she walked out of the inpatient building. He followed her movements until she reached the parking lot, got into her car, and drove away. Only then did he finally look away.

His phone rang, breaking the quiet.

Evan sat on the edge of the bed and picked it up from the bedside table. The caller ID showed it was his mother.

He muttered to himself, *Finally, she remembers to call and check on me.*

But why did she have to call so late? Was she not worried about disturbing his rest?

Evan answered the call.

“Evan,” Rosella began, “how are you feeling? Your grandmother told me you have a bad cold. Honestly, it’s embarrassing that you ended up hospitalized just from eating chili peppers. Abby loves spicy food. What are you going to do about that in the future? You’ll have to cook for yourself—make two versions of everything: non-spicy for you, and extra spicy for her.”

Evan let out a long sigh. “Mom...”

His voice carried a note of grievance, but Rosella wasn’t about to let him off the hook.

“You really got yourself into this one,” she teased. “Ending up in the hospital over some chili? It’s ridiculous.”

Evan couldn’t help but feel indignant. Rosella didn’t even know how unbearably spicy the food had been. He’d never liked spicy food, even as a kid. Back home, the chef always catered to everyone’s tastes, preparing both spicy and non-spicy dishes. But this time, no one had considered his preferences.

“This voice,” Rosella said, her tone playful. “You sound like a duck. Are you even my son? Or are you some kind of duck spirit?”

Evan was speechless.

Dear mother, he thought sarcastically. *Absolutely my dear mother.*

She showed no mercy, poking fun at him without the slightest bit of sympathy.

“You had it coming,” Rosella continued bluntly. “Your three older brothers always listen to your grandmother. Even your eldest brother, as tough as he is, bows his head and does what

she says. And your younger brothers—fifth and sixth—they don't dare rebel, either. But you? You're the stubborn one. You brought this on yourself, ending up like this."

Evan was at a loss for words.

In truth, he'd been tricked by his grandmother. She had wanted to see him squirm and had expertly set him up.

If only she'd warned him—if she'd even hinted that Abby was such a mercurial woman—maybe he wouldn't have fallen into this situation.

But now, chasing Abby felt like a journey through fire and brimstone.

And this?

This was only the beginning.