

Married At First Sight Chapter 4082

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A few minutes later, Abby stood at the front door, watching as Evan's car pulled up outside her house.

"Why were you discharged from the hospital?" she asked the moment he stepped out of the car.

Evan coughed a few times as he closed the car door, causing Abby's frown to deepen.

His health was his responsibility—if he didn't take care of himself, who would?

"I stayed in the hospital for two days and had intravenous treatment. I'm feeling much better now," Evan explained, his voice slightly hoarse. "The doctor said I could be discharged and prescribed me three days of medication. If I'm not better after that, I'll go back for another round.

"He also said this happened because I ate too many chili peppers, but my overall health is good. I just need to stick to a bland diet for a while and avoid spicy food. My throat's still a little sore, and I have a slight cough, but recovery takes time. Staying in the hospital any longer was unbearable, so I came home."

Abby noted that his voice sounded stronger and his energy seemed better, but something about him looked different. Was it her imagination, or had he lost weight?

It wasn't impossible—two days of white porridge and bland meals could do that.

Evan opened his car door again and retrieved a bouquet of flowers and several gift bags.

"Why did you bring all this?" Abby asked. "You know I have everything I need at home."

Evan smiled. "I couldn't show up empty-handed. If I did, my grandmother would scold me. She raised me, and if I embarrass her by being rude, I'm sure she'd still punish me, even now."

He handed Abby the bouquet, his gaze soft and affectionate. “Abby, thank you for taking care of me these past few days. I had to show my gratitude somehow, but I know you wouldn’t accept anything too extravagant. These flowers are a small token—please take them. Otherwise, I’ll feel like I owe you a debt I can never repay, and I might just have to offer myself to make it right.”

Abby accepted the bouquet with a wry smile. “I only looked after you because someone asked me to, and you ended up in the hospital because of me. The least I could do was help—I didn’t want to feel guilty about it. I’ll take the flowers, but you don’t owe me anything. And you definitely don’t need to repay me with your body. If everyone who owed me a favor did that, I’d end up as an empress with a harem full of husbands.”

Evan chuckled but didn’t respond. If she were an empress, he thought, he’d want to be her only husband.

“I’m heading to the airport to pick up Spencer,” Abby said, changing the subject. “He’s back. Evan, why don’t you stay here and rest? You still need time to recover.”

Ignoring her suggestion, Evan followed her into the house and set the gifts down. “Why can’t I come with you to the airport?” he asked. “I’ve heard a lot about Mr. Chouinard and would like to meet him in person.”

Abby saw right through him—Evan wanted to size up his competition.

“If you want to come, you can,” she said, deciding not to argue.

Even if she refused, Evan would follow her in his own car anyway. Letting him tag along was easier—and at least she’d get a free driver out of it.