

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4018

Evan had been standing outside the company gate for hours. If he caught a cold again, Abby certainly wasn't going to make him ginger soup this time. After all, this wasn't her family's doing—it was entirely his choice to freeze out in the cold.

A few minutes later, as Abby drove toward the gate, she caught sight of the familiar figure. She considered ignoring the "ice sculpture" standing in her way, but Evan suddenly darted out and blocked her path.

Abby wasn't driving fast, so she hit the brakes in time.

Rolling her window down slightly, she scolded, "Evan, if you're determined to die, don't do it under my car. I don't want your foolishness dirtying my tires."

"I'm sorry, Abby," Evan said, his tone apologetic. "Stopping your car like this was reckless, but if I hadn't, you wouldn't have stopped for me at all."

"What do you want?" Abby snapped, her voice frosty. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she continued, "It's late, it's freezing, and no one asked you to stand here. If you get sick, that's on you—not me. I told you already, I'm not interested in having dinner with you."

Evan offered her a smile, ignoring her sharp words. "Abby, I've been waiting here for hours. Can't you give me just one meal together?"

He extended the bouquet in his hands, though it had frozen solid, its once vibrant flowers now wilted and encased in frost. "The temperature dropped after sundown," he said sheepishly. "The flowers didn't survive the cold."

The winters in Wiltspoon were usually mild. It only got chilly for a few days around the New Year, then the temperatures began climbing again. On sunny afternoons, it could even reach over 20 degrees.

But Huyoniville, further north, was a different story. The temperature there had plummeted again, and cold fronts would soon push south, bringing colder weather to Wiltspoon in the coming weeks. Still, no matter how cold it got in Wiltspoon, it couldn't compare to the biting chill of northern cities like Huyoniville.

Abby glanced at the frozen bouquet but quickly turned her gaze away. "No. There's nothing for us to talk about, Evan. Sharing a meal with you would just ruin my appetite."

Her voice was firm, each word cutting. “Evan, stop wasting your time on me. I’m not the girl you’re looking for. Go find someone you genuinely care about. Just because your brother and sister-in-law said a few words doesn’t mean I’m ‘the one.’”

She took a breath, her tone softening slightly. “You’ll end up single for the rest of your life if you keep this up. And honestly, wasn’t it you who said that no matter how good I am, I’m not the girl you love?”

Without waiting for his response, Abby began rolling up the window and prepared to drive off.

But just as the car moved forward, she hit the brakes again. Lowering the window slightly once more, she asked, “Did you see my sister earlier?”

Evan nodded. “I saw her. Abby—”

She cut him off, her tone sharp. “Did she say or do anything to you?”

Abby couldn’t believe that Adalee had simply walked away without stirring up trouble.

Evan sighed, deciding it was best to be honest. “Your sister made some sarcastic remarks—deservedly so. What happened last year was my fault, and I can’t blame her for being upset. She asked me what my intentions were toward you and whether I was sincere.”

He hesitated for a moment, then added, “To prove my sincerity, she told me to come back here tomorrow morning at 9 o’clock to live-stream myself eating finger chili peppers and millet peppers.”

Abby stared at him, momentarily speechless.

Both types of peppers were notoriously spicy. Just imagining it made Evan’s throat burn, but he smiled faintly. “If that’s what it takes to earn your family’s trust, I’ll do it. It’s just chili peppers—nothing too extreme.”

Deep down, though, Evan would have preferred being punched or scolded by the Du family over this fiery challenge. But if this was what they wanted, he’d endure it.

After all, Abby loved spicy food, while Evan preferred milder flavors. Their contrasting tastes were just one more thing for her family to use as an excuse to keep him at arm’s length.

But Evan didn’t care about the obstacles. He’d do whatever it took to win Abby back—even if it meant enduring Adalee’s spicy trial.