

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4014

Evan had been waiting outside the gates of the Du Group since the afternoon. Hours had passed, and he hadn't even caught a glimpse of Abby. When she finally picked up his call, relief washed over him.

"I still have some work to finish," Abby said coolly. "I won't leave until it's done. What do you want?"

The confirmation that she was still in the office reassured Evan. At least she hadn't left while he'd been waiting. A smile crept onto his face.

"Abby, it's already dark, and it's time for dinner. Aren't you hungry? How about this—come out for a meal with me. After we eat, I'll bring you back so you can finish your work. Sound good? Or," he added quickly, "how much work do you have left? I bought us movie tickets. Once you're done, we can catch a show together."

Abby's response was as cold as ever. "Evan, I'm sorry, but I don't have time. When I'm done here, I'll head home for dinner. It's rare that I don't have to go to a business dinner tonight, and I'd like to rest."

In reality, Abby already had plans to meet up with her girlfriends at the pedestrian street later that evening. They were going shopping at 8 PM, and she had no intention of spending time with Evan.

He'd only been chasing her for a single day, and he was already suggesting dinner and a movie? What nerve.

Abby scoffed internally. Did he think she was that easy to win over? Once, she had given her heart to him. And what had he said? That he could never fall in love with her. He had told her to give up, apologizing as if that would erase the pain.

No, Evan York wouldn't get off that easily.

Abby had even been reluctant to pick up Spencer at the airport on Saturday, but now she was reconsidering. Maybe she *would* go and pick him up after all.

Not because she had romantic feelings for Spencer—they had always shared a sibling-like bond. And Spencer's heart belonged to someone else. But spending time with him might make Evan uncomfortable, maybe even jealous.

The idea brought a small smile to her lips. After all, Spencer was practically family. If she spent more time with him, it would seem perfectly natural. Whether Evan liked it or not, he'd just have to deal with it.

Evan, determined not to give up, adjusted his approach. "Alright, forget the movie. Let's just grab dinner. My treat."

Abby's tone remained icy. "Evan, do you think I can't afford to feed myself? I don't need you to treat me. Besides, I like sour and spicy food. Can you even handle that? You don't eat spicy food, and you don't like anything sour. Our tastes are completely different. Eating together wouldn't even be enjoyable."

It was a pointed truth. Back when they'd occasionally eaten together, Abby had always been the one to accommodate Evan's preference for bland, light dishes. But could Evan ever do the same for her?

She doubted it.

Abby had grown up with her master, enduring hardships and learning to appreciate simple things. She wasn't picky about food, but her preference for bold, spicy flavors had always been part of her.

Evan hesitated, then stammered, "Abby, that's not what I meant. I know you don't need me to treat you—you're more than capable of taking care of yourself. I just... I just want to have a meal with you. That's all. And if you like spicy food, then let's have spicy food. You can order whatever you want. I'll eat it, I swear."

Determined to win her over, Evan resolved to adapt. If it meant enduring dishes laden with chili, so be it. For Abby, he'd adjust to her fiery tastes, even if it set his mouth on fire.

No wonder Abby had earned the nickname "Fox." She wasn't just sharp and clever—her personality was as fiery as her love for spicy food.

But deep down, Evan couldn't ignore the irony. For months, he had been fixated on the mysterious "Fox," the one woman he believed he could never have. And yet, here he was, standing outside Abby's office, finally realizing how little he truly knew about her.

Back then, he hadn't cared enough to understand Abby. He had admired her strength and determination but convinced himself that his heart belonged elsewhere.

Now, as he stood there in the dark, Evan couldn't help but wonder if he'd been wrong all along.