

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4016

Adalee fixed Evan with a piercing glare. “Oh, so you followed your grandmother’s orders to chase Abby, did you? You courted her for two or three months, and back then, she was young and naive enough to fall for you. Then what did you do? You ran away. You suddenly decided you didn’t love her after all and left without even offering her a proper explanation. Do you think Abby’s feelings are that cheap? If she hadn’t confronted you herself, would you have just ghosted her completely?”

Adalee didn’t hold back, her voice dripping with disdain. “Months have passed, Evan. Abby finally moved on, forgot all about you, and found some peace. Now, out of nowhere, you show up again to disrupt her life. What’s the matter? Couldn’t win over the woman you *really* loved, so now you’re crawling back to Abby, treating her like some kind of backup plan? Really? Pathetic.”

She scoffed and folded her arms. “You say you’re sincere? Fine, prove it. Go buy a big bag of chili peppers, sit down right here, and live stream yourself eating them. Then maybe—*maybe*—I’ll consider believing you’re even a little serious.”

Evan blinked, momentarily stunned. “What?”

Adalee’s smirk turned sharp. “What’s wrong? Scared? Can’t do it? If you can’t, then take your bouquet and get out of here. Nobody cares about your flowers. Abby’s not desperate to get married, and if she ever decides she wants to, there are plenty of good men lining up for the chance.”

She leaned closer, her words cutting deeper. “Besides your good looks, what exactly do you bring to the table, Evan? Sure, the York family is rich, but your home is miles away from Huyoniville. Do you think any family would willingly send their cherished daughter so far away? There are countless outstanding young men here in Huyoniville—any one of them would make a better match for Abby than you.

“And now you have the audacity to call yourself sincere? Tell me this: if the woman you claim to have loved suddenly showed up tomorrow and begged you to marry her, would you drop Abby without a second thought?”

Evan’s face flushed. “Ms. Du, no! That would never happen! If I’m with Abby, it’s forever. I swear, I would never betray my family or my marriage.”

His voice grew more resolute. “The men in my family don’t believe in divorce. The only exception is if their wives betray them. Otherwise, marriage is for life. Even if Abby weren’t

the Fox I've been searching for, once I marry her, I'll dedicate my life to making her happy. She'll be the only woman in my life—always.”

Adalee sneered, clearly unimpressed. “Words are cheap, Mr. York. You'll have to do better than that. You say you're serious? Prove it. I want to see you eat chili peppers live. And don't even think about using some weak, watered-down variety. I'm talking real chili peppers—hot ones. Millet peppers, not those little round ones.”

Evan hesitated for a moment before nodding. “It's already dark, Ms. Du. I'm worried people won't see clearly if I do it now. How about tomorrow? I'll bring the peppers in the morning and eat them here in broad daylight.”

Adalee raised an eyebrow, clearly not trusting him. “Oh, no. You're not buying the peppers. Who knows what you might try to pull? I'll have someone get them for you. That way, there's no funny business.”

Evan smiled weakly. “Alright, that's fine by me.”

He swallowed hard. For Abby—for his Fox—he'd endure anything. Even if it meant setting his mouth on fire with spicy peppers. It couldn't kill him, right?

At least this stunt might help calm the Du family down and stop them from introducing Abby to other eligible men. If his grandmother wanted to watch him grovel for Abby, then fine—he'd do it.

“Good,” Adalee said with a satisfied smirk. “Tomorrow morning at nine. Don't be late.” Without waiting for a response, she rolled up her window and told the driver to go.

As the car pulled away, Adalee grabbed her phone and called Abby.

“Abby, do you have Old Madam York's number?” she asked without preamble.

Abby sounded confused. “I do, but why? Are you planning to call Grandma York and complain? She's very old, Sis. We shouldn't drag her into our mess. Let's handle this ourselves.”