

Married At First Sight Chapter 4019

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Abby was quiet for a moment before speaking. “Evan, you don’t like spicy food, and drinking a bowl of ginger soup feels like swallowing poison to you. Don’t force yourself. Just leave and stop showing up in front of me or my family.”

Her voice was calm but laced with finality. “The person you love... it’s never been me.”

Evan had always been infatuated with Fox.

Even though Fox was just one of Abby’s disguises, she couldn’t shake the feeling that Evan’s heart didn’t belong to her—the real her.

For the first time in her life, Abby found herself jealous of... herself.

Without another word, she rolled up the car window and drove away.

Evan wasted no time. He climbed back into his car and tailed her, keeping his distance but refusing to let her out of his sight.

Abby had initially planned to call her friends and go shopping, hoping their company might help distract her. But when she noticed Evan’s car stubbornly following her, she changed her mind and headed straight home instead.

The Du family mansion loomed ahead, and Abby’s car disappeared into the driveway. Naturally, Evan’s car was stopped at the gate.

Fortunately, Mrs. Du and the rest of the family weren’t home. Otherwise, things might have gotten even messier.

Evan remained outside, sitting in his car for what felt like an eternity. Eventually, one of the mansion’s security guards approached and tapped on his window. Thinking Abby had sent someone to invite him inside, Evan eagerly rolled it down.

But the guard’s words hit him like a cold slap to the face.

“Young Master York, the second young lady asked me to tell you to leave. She doesn’t want anything to do with you anymore. She said the person you truly love isn’t her, so stop following her. She’ll find a new boyfriend soon. For your own sake, don’t push yourself further.”

Evan’s sharp features darkened, but he remained silent. Without responding, he rolled the window back up.

Time crawled by. Half an hour passed, yet Abby didn’t come out. She didn’t send anyone to invite him in, either. He sat there, cold, hungry, and parched.

Out of desperation, Evan picked up his phone and called Zachary.

It took several tries, but finally, Zachary picked up.

“What is it, Evan?” Zachary’s voice carried a mix of irritation and weariness.

To Zachary, Evan had to be the most hopeless of all his younger brothers when it came to matters of the heart. Every time, Evan would come crying to him for advice.

But Zachary wasn’t the one chasing after Abby, so why should it be his problem?

“Brother,” Evan began, his voice low and strained. “I just... I just need someone to talk to.”

Zachary sighed, barely concealing his frustration. “If you want to talk, call Grandma. She’ll talk your ear off until morning. I don’t have the time or patience.”

Still, his concern won out in the end. “How’s it going in Huyonville?” he asked, though his tone was anything but enthusiastic.

Evan let out a bitter laugh. “Brother, you saw this coming a mile away, didn’t you? You told me Grandma wouldn’t set me up to fail, but here I am—completely trapped. She played me, and I fell for it.”

“That’s on you for being so dense,” Zachary retorted sharply. “Did you expect me to spell it out for you? If I had, Grandma would’ve come after me instead. Let me tell you something—when your sister-in-law and I were at odds, Grandma always sided with her. She never hesitated to call me out or give me a piece of her mind. And don’t even get me started on the times she’d smack some sense into me.”

Of course, being the eldest brother came with its perks. He didn't get into trouble as often as his younger brothers.

When Zachary was younger, he carried himself with a steady, composed demeanor fitting for the eldest son. His younger brothers, on the other hand, were a rowdy bunch of troublemakers. They were constantly scolded or disciplined by their grandparents.

But even after getting into all kinds of mischief, the younger brothers still preferred spending time with their grandparents.