

Married At First Sight Chapter 4039

Chapter 4039

“Sister, are you here for something?” Abby asked anxiously, glancing toward the stairs. She was eager to stop Evan from eating more chili peppers but still turned her attention to Adalee.

Adalee raised an eyebrow. “Of course, I’m here for work. But it’s going to take some time. So, what’s it going to be—handle work with me first, or go downstairs and save Evan from the chili peppers?”

Abby hesitated briefly before making her choice. “I’ll stop Evan first.”

Adalee had already guessed Abby’s decision. She sighed inwardly. Abby was utterly wrapped around Evan’s finger, though it wasn’t as one-sided as it seemed. Evan was just as deeply tied to Abby, willingly caught in her grasp.

But Evan wasn’t in love with Abby’s true self; he was drawn to the version of her she chose to show him. And yet, that version was still Abby, wasn’t it?

Thankfully, Evan’s heart belonged to Abby’s persona. If he had chosen another woman, Adalee wouldn’t have accepted Abby going back to him. The daughters of the Du family weren’t meant to retreat for anyone.

“Sister, give me ten minutes,” Abby said before hurrying off.

“Alright,” Adalee replied. “I’ll wait in your office. Or, if you prefer, you can come to mine later.”

“I’ll come to yours,” Abby called out as she headed for the stairs.

Adalee watched her sister disappear. She turned to Abby’s secretary, a thoughtful look in her eyes. “Your vice president is still hung up on Evan York.”

The secretary nodded. “Mr. York is the first man she’s ever fallen for. He used to treat her like a queen. Honestly, I don’t think any woman could resist his kind of attention.”

“True,” Adalee said with a faint smile. “Handsome, wealthy, capable, and thoughtful—he checks all the boxes. No wonder Abby fell for him. It’s good to see that Evan knows what he’s doing now.”

She paused, her tone softening. “After everything they’ve been through—the separation, the heartache—they’re finally back together. I think they’ll cherish each other even more now.”

The secretary added confidently, “Our vice president is sharp. She won’t let herself get hurt.”

Adalee’s expression shifted, her eyes turning steely. “If Evan dares hurt Abby again, I’ll make sure he regrets it.”

Her tone left no room for argument. She wasn’t just Abby’s sister—she was her fiercest protector. No one messed with the Du family without facing consequences.

Meanwhile, Abby was oblivious to their conversation. She was already in the elevator, rushing downstairs. As soon as the doors opened, she sprinted through the lobby.

Her staff barely caught a glimpse of her, a blur of motion as she darted past them.

“... Did anyone else just see that?” one of them asked.

Another replied, “Vice President Du is fast—definitely lives up to her martial arts background.”

When Abby neared the main doors, she abruptly slowed her pace, strolling out casually.

The staff exchanged knowing glances. “She doesn’t have to pretend. We all know she’s quick as lightning.”

They all knew the truth: the vice president still cared deeply for Mr. York.

Outside, Evan was in a bad way. His lips were swollen, his face flushed, and his eyes were brimming with tears from the spiciness. Yet, he stubbornly reached for another handful of chili peppers.

Before he could pop them into his mouth, a slender hand intercepted him.

“That’s enough.”

Abby’s voice was cold as she pried his fingers open, letting the peppers fall to the ground.

“Evan,” she said firmly, “you’ve eaten more than enough. If you keep going, you’ll make yourself seriously sick.”

Evan looked at her, tears streaming down his face.

Seeing his swollen lips and pitiful expression, Abby’s heart softened. She couldn’t help but feel a twinge of guilt.

“Abby…” Evan sniffled.

She sighed, pulling out a tissue and handing it to him. “Here. Wipe your tears and snot. People are going to think you’re crying for real.”

Then she turned to the bystanders. “Get him a glass of warm water.”

Someone quickly handed over a large glass, and Abby watched as Evan sipped it, still sniffing.