

Married At First Sight Chapter 4243

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If Grandma were willing to come to Huyoniville and speak on Evan's behalf, the Du family would show her respect and lighten his punishment.

But she wouldn't come. The person who punished Evan the most was often his own grandmother.

Even during their phone call, Evan had cursed her in his heart hundreds of times.

Far away at FC Manor, the old lady sneezed repeatedly.

Startled, she immediately distanced herself from Avah, afraid of catching a cold and passing it to her. Then, she hurried off to find the fourth young lady of the Johnson family and asked Dr. Carden to check if she was coming down with something. She even took medicine just to be safe before daring to hold the little girl again.

After checking her pulse, Lilian reassured her, "Grandma York, you're in great health. Even most middle-aged people—let alone young ones—don't have a physique as strong as yours."

Still, the old lady muttered, "I don't know which of my ungrateful grandsons is cursing me in his heart. It must be Evan!"

After all, Evan had the worst luck when it came to chasing his wife.

He was probably sulking about her favoritism right now.

Lilian was speechless.

That was completely off-topic.

Meanwhile, Evan stepped out of his car, his gaze fixed on Abby's office floor.

He had spent so much time waiting outside her company that he could now pinpoint her office's exact location just by glancing up. He had counted those floors so many times, he knew it by heart.

The lights were on.

But Abby was nowhere in sight.

The distance was too far.

He wasn't a clairvoyant.

"I'm not cold, and I'm not going home," Evan muttered. "Even if I can't take you to the movies, I'll wait right here until you're off work."

He wasn't leaving.

Especially not with Spencer inside the Du Group building.

Evan was sure Abby had been assigned to negotiate with him. The Du family was deliberately making things difficult for him.

And Spencer? He hadn't come during the day but had waited until the evening, forcing Abby to work late.

Well, to be fair, Abby often worked overtime. If not overtime, then business dinners. As the Du Group's vice president, she was constantly busy.

If Evan didn't have so many brothers sharing his workload, he wouldn't have the time to chase after her, beg for forgiveness, and try to win her back.

"I don't know how late I'll be working," Abby said. "You should go home. Don't wait."

She wanted to add that she had dinner plans with Spencer after work.

But she held back. If she told Evan that, he'd be even more stubborn about staying.

"Abby, I haven't seen you all day. If I don't wait until you're off work, I won't be able to sleep tonight, and I won't have an appetite tomorrow," Evan said dramatically. "Actually, I barely ate anything earlier. Now, I'm starving, but I have no appetite."

His voice carried a pitiful edge.

In truth, he hadn't seen Abby all day. But claiming he had lost his appetite? That was an exaggeration. He just wanted to guilt-trip her a little.

Abby took a deep breath and tried to reason with him. "Seeing me isn't going to change anything. Don't stay out in the cold. Go home. I have a business trip tomorrow and need to wrap things up tonight."

"You're going on a business trip? Where? I'll go with you."

Evan jumped at the chance.

Abby quickly changed the subject. "I have clients waiting. I can't talk anymore. Just go home, or my sister will see you and give you a hard time."

Evan hesitated before asking, "Then... can I wait for you in your office? At least there's heating in there."