

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4079

---

## Chapter 4079

The night passed in silence.

Evan woke up the next morning, roused by an uncomfortable heat. The ward's heater was on, and he'd bundled up tightly before falling asleep. Sometime during the night, he began sweating, but his exhaustion kept him from waking. By morning, the heat became unbearable, and he stirred.

"Abby..."

He instinctively called her name. His voice, still hoarse, sounded much better than the day before.

The lack of a response reminded him that Abby had gone home the previous night. He was alone in the hospital.

In the middle of the night, his mother had called, her cheerful voice a small comfort. Yet, the reality of being sick and alone in a foreign place left Evan feeling homesick.

He thought about Wildridge Manor. Back home, it was always lively when his brothers returned. The old, mischievous grandma doted on them, and despite his parents' sarcastic remarks, they cared deeply for their children. The warmth and familiarity of home stood in stark contrast to the solitude of his current surroundings.

Evan reached for a box of tissues on the bedside table and used several to wipe the sweat from his forehead and neck. He sat up, pulling the quilt off, his body still warm from the night's sweating.

The fever had broken.

Thanks to the numerous bottles of liquid medicine he'd received the day before and a restful night, his sore throat had eased significantly. He felt hopeful—one more day of treatment and proper rest, and he'd likely be discharged tomorrow.

Tomorrow was Saturday.

He remembered Abby's mom mentioning that Spencer would return to the country that day, and Abby was supposed to pick him up at the airport. Evan made a firm decision: he'd accompany Abby. There was no way he'd let Spencer and Abby spend time alone.

He got out of bed, poured himself a glass of warm water, and sat back down to drink it. His stomach growled loudly, protesting its emptiness.

Just then, his phone rang.

Evan checked the screen and saw Abby's name. He quickly answered.

"Abby."

"You sound clearer today than yesterday," Abby remarked. "Does your throat still hurt? Has the fever gone down completely? I wasn't sure if you'd be awake yet—I thought my call might pull you out of sleep."

Evan replied, "I just woke up. I was thirsty and poured myself some water. My throat still hurts, but it's much better than yesterday. The medicine is working. I started sweating in the middle of the night, and when I woke up, the fever was gone. I feel a lot better."

He hadn't taken his temperature yet but touched his forehead, confirming the fever had subsided.

"That's great news," Abby said. "I'll arrange for someone to bring you breakfast."

She'd just woken up and was heading out for her morning run when she thought to call and check on him.

Evan hesitated before softly asking, "Abby, could you bring me breakfast yourself?"

There was a brief pause.

"I'm really busy," Abby responded. "I lost an entire day yesterday because of you, and now I'm swamped. I need to work overtime to catch up. Even the day you live-streamed eating chili peppers, my eldest sister tried to discuss something important with me, but we never got the chance."

Abby had spent all of yesterday taking care of Evan—rushing him to the hospital, staying by his side during his fever, and making sure he was okay. She had neglected her work, and now the unfinished tasks were piling up.

Evan's voice dropped to a whisper. "You could bring me breakfast and then head to work. It wouldn't take long. I just... I just want to see you."