

Married At First Sight Chapter 4010

Chapter 4010

The employees of Du's Group couldn't help but feel conflicted about Evan York. At first, when he pursued their Vice President Abby Du, it seemed genuine. But just as Abby began to open her heart to him, Evan abruptly confessed that he didn't love her. Instead, he turned his attention to someone else, only to fail in that pursuit and come crawling back to Abby.

To many, his behavior was nothing short of insulting.

What did Evan think of Vice President Du? Did he see her as some sort of backup plan?

Abby wasn't just anyone. She was the cherished niece of the chairman, the beloved sister of the company president, and one of the most prominent figures in the Du family—one of the wealthiest families in Huyoniville. As the second daughter of the influential Du clan, Abby had no shortage of suitors. She didn't need to tolerate such half-hearted devotion.

But Evan wasn't concerned about what others thought of him. He stood by the company entrance, eyes glued to every car that drove out, determined not to miss Abby if she passed by.

For half an hour, he carefully inspected every vehicle—checking license plates, peering inside—but Abby's car never appeared.

Was she still in the building? Or had she skipped work that afternoon?

Evan decided to reach out. He sent Abby a text, but there was no reply. When he called, she picked up briefly, curtly saying, "I'm busy," before hanging up.

Her WhatsApp Moments, once a window into her life, were now impenetrable. She had allowed him to add her back as a contact but kept him blocked from seeing her updates. While his sister-in-law and others could view her posts, Evan was left in the dark, unable to glean even the smallest hint of her whereabouts.

Desperate for answers, he turned to the security staff at the front desk.

"Excuse me, Security brother, did Vice President Du come into the office this afternoon?" Evan asked, leaning into the security booth.

The guard raised an eyebrow and smirked. “What did you call me? Security brother? Listen, I’m just a doorman. I don’t keep tabs on the vice president. I don’t know where she is, and even if I did, I wouldn’t tell you.”

The guard’s tone turned colder. “Don’t you have her number? Call her yourself. Why are you asking me?”

Evan pressed his lips together, taken aback by the guard’s bluntness. But he couldn’t argue. He knew all too well that Abby had given strict instructions: Evan York was not to be allowed into the building without her explicit consent.

Even if it were freezing outside, even if he stood there shivering in the wind, he was to be denied entry.

Everyone at the company knew about Evan’s history with Abby. They didn’t sympathize with him. Abby’s orders were carried out without question.

Feeling thoroughly dismissed, Evan muttered, “Thanks,” before stepping back.

He dialed Abby’s number again, and once more, the call went unanswered. Not ready to give up, he sent her another message.

Evan: *Are you still working? Were you at the office this afternoon? I’m waiting for you at the entrance. Let me take you to dinner and a movie.*

To emphasize his sincerity, he snapped a photo of the movie tickets he had bought and sent it along. Then, out of habit, he clicked on her WhatsApp Moments once more, only to be met with the same empty profile. The only thing visible was the landscape photo she’d set as her cover image.

Evan sighed, his heart heavy.

When he first pursued Abby, she hadn’t been so cold. She was warm, kind, and open to him. But that was before he had broken her heart.

He could still hear her words echoing in his mind: *“You were the first man I ever loved. The first man I ever thought about marrying. And then you told me you couldn’t love me, that your heart belonged to someone else.”*

He had shattered her trust and crushed her spirit. For Abby, that rejection wasn’t just a rejection of love—it was a rejection of her entire being.

Evan knew he was to blame for the distance between them now. And while he regretted every moment that led to this, he also knew that rebuilding what he’d broken wouldn’t be easy.