

Married At First Sight Chapter 3926-3930

Chapter 3926

Zachary pulled Serenity close, capturing her lips in a tender kiss. But one wasn't enough. His hand gently pressed the back of her head as he deepened the kiss, pouring all his love and longing into the moment.

It had been a long time since they'd shared such intimacy. The doctor had warned them to abstain from sex during the months before and after conception, and Zachary had been meticulous about following the advice, unwilling to take any risks with the baby. But now, with the restriction lifted, the temptation was undeniable.

Still, his self-restraint held firm.

Reluctantly breaking the kiss, Zachary leaned into her ear and whispered huskily, *"When the baby's here, I'm getting it all back—with interest."*

Serenity's cheeks flushed a deep red, her heart racing. She swatted his chest lightly, her shyness only making her more endearing to him.

Her bashful expression stirred something fierce within Zachary, but he took a steadying breath and forced himself to step back. "I'll go run you a bath," he murmured, his voice softer now. "Take a soak and rest early, alright?"

Without waiting for her response, he disappeared into the bathroom.

Serenity watched him go, a small smile tugging at her lips.

A few minutes later, Zachary reemerged, carrying her favorite pajamas. "Do you want to wash your hair?" he asked, his concern evident. "I can help you if it's too much."

Serenity shook her head. "I just washed it last night. My mom used to say not to wash your hair every day or you'd get headaches when you're older. I don't know if that's true, but I stick to every other day—especially in winter. Long hair and daily washing? No thanks."

Zachary chuckled. "Fair enough. Tomorrow at noon, then. I'll help you wash it."

“It’s okay,” she said with a grin. “I’ll be fine skipping another day.”

He raised a brow, his gaze playful yet intense. “How about I help you now? Or maybe...” His voice dropped suggestively. “We could take a bath together.”

Serenity laughed, catching his drift immediately. “I wouldn’t mind a couple’s bath, but I’m afraid *you’d* be the one left exhausted,” she teased, her words carrying a double meaning.

Zachary blinked, momentarily speechless.

Smiling, Serenity reached for the pajamas in his hands. “I can handle it myself. You don’t need to freeze taking a cold bath in this weather just because of me.”

Although Wiltspoon’s winters weren’t harsh, the nights were still chilly. A cold bath wasn’t ideal for anyone.

Zachary watched her retreat into the bathroom, his eyes lingering with love and admiration. He sighed and sat down on the sofa, his phone buzzing incessantly beside him.

It was Tatum—again.

The screen was filled with over a dozen apology messages. Zachary rolled his eyes but couldn’t help smiling at his younger brother’s persistence. Finally, he sent a voice message:

“No need to keep apologizing. I’m not mad anymore. But let me warn you—don’t let this happen again. If it does, I won’t let it slide so easily next time.”

Tatum’s response came almost instantly, a hurried promise that he’d never mess up again.

Zachary smirked. He could almost picture his brother sweating bullets on the other end. It wasn’t hard to guess that Tatum had realized the seriousness of his blunder after some self-reflection. And knowing his brother, Tatum probably assumed Serenity had been the one to calm Zachary down.

Smart move, Zachary thought. When he comes back, he’d better cook a feast for Seren to make up for it.

The bathroom door creaked open, and Serenity emerged, her loose pajamas hanging comfortably over her growing belly.

Zachary was already at the door, waiting for her.

She glanced at him with a mixture of amusement and curiosity. “Why are you standing here?” she asked softly.

He stepped forward, gently adjusting her pajamas and brushing a strand of damp hair from her face. “You were in there for a while,” he said. “I got worried. If you hadn’t come out soon, I was ready to barge in and check on you.”

Serenity smiled at his concern. “The bath was so relaxing I didn’t want to leave. But I’m fine. You should go take your bath now—I’m heading to bed. It’s a little chilly out here.”

Before she could shiver, Zachary grabbed her coat from the nearby chair and draped it over her shoulders.

“Here,” he said, his voice warm. “Don’t catch a cold.”

Serenity tugged the coat tighter around her, her heart full as she looked up at him. “Thank you, Zachary.”

He leaned down, brushing a kiss to her temple. “Always, Seren.”

And with that, Serenity headed to bed, leaving Zachary to take care of himself—and maybe send Tatum a final warning for good measure.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3927

Chapter 3927

When Zachary stepped out of the shower, Serenity was already fast asleep.

He had planned to have a heart-to-heart with her, but seeing her peacefully curled up, he decided against waking her. Instead, he slid into bed beside her, gently pressing a kiss to her cheek.

“You fell asleep before I could come out, Seren,” he murmured with a tender smile.

His gaze drifted to her rounded belly, a mix of awe and love filling his chest. Carefully, he placed a hand over her bump, feeling the warmth of the life growing inside her. He

didn't linger, afraid he might disturb the baby and wake Serenity with the inevitable kicks.

"Seren, I love you," he whispered softly in her ear.

Even after all their years together, Zachary never grew tired of saying those words. They weren't just a routine—they were a reminder of how deeply he cherished her.

Serenity remained sound asleep, her breathing steady and calm.

Not wanting to disrupt her rest, Zachary pulled her closer, wrapping an arm protectively around her. In moments, he, too, drifted into a deep, peaceful sleep.

Meanwhile, in Huyoniville, at the Du family villa...

Under the cover of night, Evan stood near the towering backyard wall of the Du family mansion. He glanced up, assessing its height, and considered his options.

With wall-climbing gear in hand, he weighed the risks of sneaking in. On one hand, he knew it wasn't exactly a noble move, and if caught, he'd undoubtedly be mistaken for a thief. On the other hand, he was determined to uncover the truth.

After days of secretly observing Abby, he was no closer to proving his suspicion—that she might actually be Fox, the enigmatic woman who'd captured his heart and eluded him for so long.

If Abby really was Fox, her room would surely hold some evidence—perhaps the distinctive red clothes Fox always wore. Evan knew those clothes well. One glance, and he'd recognize them immediately.

But what puzzled him most was why Abby, if she was Fox, hadn't come forward. Why hide her identity?

Evan let out a frustrated sigh, his thoughts swirling. Abby had once shown interest in him, but for the sake of Fox, he'd rejected his grandmother's matchmaking efforts. He'd even told Abby outright that his heart wasn't with her. Not long after, she left Wiltspoon, cutting all ties.

Now, months later, his grandmother had turned her attention to Bianca, another potential match. Evan had briefly suspected Bianca might be Fox—her movements and demeanor were oddly familiar.

He'd even thought about confronting her directly, but Bianca was one of Grandpa Silver Fox's apprentices, and she had visited Wildridge Manor as a guest. Fighting with her there would've been inappropriate, even if it might have revealed the truth.

As for Abby, he'd never had the chance to test her skills. He'd noticed she knew some boxing and martial arts, but it hadn't seemed out of the ordinary. He'd chalked it up to casual training, similar to Serenity's.

But now, standing here in the stillness of the night, his instincts told him it was time to act.

Turning back to his car, parked two hundred meters away to avoid drawing attention, Evan retrieved his climbing tools. It took him ten minutes to return to the villa's backyard wall, where he carefully prepared his gear.

The tools included a sturdy hook attached to a rope. He threw the hook over the wall, ensuring it caught securely. Tugging on the rope to test its strength, he listened intently for any noise from the other side. The backyard was silent.

Confident in his preparations, Evan began to climb.

Years of martial arts training made scaling the wall a breeze. Using the rope for leverage, he hoisted himself up and over, landing quietly on the other side.

Now inside the Du family's villa, Evan stayed low, his senses heightened. The truth he sought might finally be within reach.

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Chapter 3928

Evan carefully climbed over the wall, his heart racing with anticipation. Just as he prepared to jump down, his breath caught in his throat. Standing below him, side by side, were several wolfhounds, their sharp eyes locked on him.

His stomach dropped. If he had leaped without looking, those dogs would've torn him apart in seconds.

The wolfhounds didn't bark. They stood still, watching him like predators sizing up their prey. Clearly, they were expertly trained to wait until the intruder landed before launching their attack.

For a tense moment, it was just Evan and the dogs, locked in a silent standoff.

"Why do people always go for wolfhounds?" he muttered under his breath, his voice barely audible.

It wasn't unusual for wealthy families in Wiltspoon to keep aggressive dogs like wolfhounds or even Tibetan mastiffs for security. These animals were kept leashed during the day but allowed to roam freely at night to protect the property.

Evan weighed his options, but he wasn't confident he could take on multiple wolfhounds unarmed. Deciding it wasn't worth the risk, he backed away and scrambled over the wall to retreat.

Unfortunately, his escape wasn't quiet enough.

The wolfhounds, realizing their "intruder" was fleeing, erupted into furious barking, their deep, echoing howls shattering the quiet night.

Their noise alerted the Du family. Two male workers responsible for the dogs arrived quickly, scanning the area. Though they didn't catch Evan, the sight of the wolfhounds barking at the top of the wall made it clear that someone had tried to sneak in.

"Someone had the nerve to climb our wall?" one of the workers muttered, shaking his head in disbelief.

The Du family villa wasn't just guarded by wolfhounds. It had a team of highly trained bodyguards and an extensive security system. Anyone foolish enough to break in wouldn't get far.

The worker wasted no time alerting the security team. Moments later, guards rushed outside and spotted a figure darting toward a car parked in the distance.

They gave chase, but Evan was already too far ahead. He managed to escape, but the guards were now certain someone had attempted a break-in.

Half an hour later, Evan returned to his hotel, his pulse finally slowing.

The day after tomorrow was New Year's Eve, and the hotel was buzzing with guests from all over. Most were tourists, here to celebrate the holiday. Evan blended in

effortlessly, his attire casual and unassuming—nothing about him suggested he'd just narrowly escaped being caught sneaking into the Du family villa.

Calm and composed, he made his way back to his room. Sliding his key card into the door, he pushed it open and stepped inside.

The room was dark. As he reached for the card slot to turn on the lights, he froze.

Someone was sitting at the desk.

Startled, Evan instinctively took a step back, his first thought being that he'd entered the wrong room. But no, that wasn't possible—his key card had unlocked the door. This was his room.

Sliding the card into the slot, the lights flickered on, illuminating the figure at the desk.

It was her.

Fox.

She sat there, her posture relaxed but commanding. Her signature red coat draped over her, its vibrant hue stark against the cold, muted tones of the hotel room.

Winter in Huyonville was bitterly cold, and she was dressed for the weather. Yet Evan couldn't help but remember the summer, when she wore flowing red dresses that gave her an ethereal, almost otherworldly beauty. He had been captivated by her from the moment he saw her, unable to pull himself back from the edge.

That red—it was seared into his memory.

He'd abandoned the safe, well-paved path his grandmother had laid out for him, choosing instead to chase after this mysterious woman. A year had passed, and he still didn't even know her real name.

His grandmother had made it clear: if he couldn't secure a wife by the end of the year, he shouldn't bother coming home for the New Year.

Evan had brushed her off, insisting he didn't care. But deep down, he had wanted to figure out the truth—whether Abby was Fox—and that desire had driven him here, to Huyonville, sacrificing the chance to reunite with his family for the holidays.

And now, here she was.

Sitting in *his* hotel room.

Evan's pulse quickened. He didn't know whether to feel relieved, angry, or awestruck. One thing was certain—this was going to be a conversation he wouldn't soon forget.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3929

Chapter 3929

Evan closed the door behind him, pausing instead of stepping forward immediately. His gaze settled on Fox, quiet yet intense.

He had missed her so much it was driving him insane. This girl was truly ruthless—how could she not come to see him for so long? Didn't she want her things back? If not, he'd just keep them as mementos of her.

When he took her belongings, he'd never planned to return them anyway. Sure, it was petty, but she was the one who had provoked him first. Taking her things was just his way of fighting back.

"It's freezing, and it's late. You came all the way here to see me. So, tell me—do you miss me, or do you have something else on your mind?"

Evan finally moved, taking deliberate steps toward Fox. A faint smile played on his lips, but his eyes—those deep, smoldering eyes—were locked on her, unwilling to look away for even a moment.

Fox folded her arms, her voice sharp but steady. "It's freezing, Evan. Why are you here in Huyonville instead of spending the New Year with your family?"

Evan placed his car keys on the table, his expression softening. "Because I missed you."

Fox raised an eyebrow and countered, "And why do you think I'm in Huyonville? My home isn't even here."

Evan smirked, undeterred. "I met you here. And not just once—several times. Whether or not you're from this city, you seem to like it enough to spend a lot of time here. So, I came to try my luck. How did *you* know I'm here?"

Fox stood, her confidence unwavering. “Getting information about you? That’s not exactly difficult.”

Evan tilted his head, teasing. “What were you doing just now?”

She replied casually, “Just minding my own business. And you?”

Evan’s grin widened. “I went out to wander the streets, hoping to bump into a beautiful night wanderer. If I’d known you were coming, I would’ve stayed put and waited for you here.” He added with a playful glint in his eye, “How about a midnight snack? My treat.”

Fox shook her head. “It’s too cold, and it’s too late. Besides, I’m not hungry.” Without another word, she turned and made her way to the sofa, sinking into the cushions.

Evan followed, attempting to sit beside her, but she kicked at him instinctively. He dodged, smirking at her thorns but respecting the boundary.

“Can’t I even sit on my own sofa? This is *my* room,” Evan muttered, clearly feigning hurt. He settled into a single chair across from her, his expression wounded yet playful. “You’re so mean to me. What did I even do?”

Fox ignored his theatrics, her tone firm. “Evan, cut the act. Tell me the real reason you came to Huyoniville.”

She wasn’t buying his charming facade. He was here for Abby—that much was obvious. Even if *she* was Abby, the way she shifted her identity so effortlessly left her feeling like he was chasing a shadow of someone else.

Did he think she was that hard to win over? After all this time, he still didn’t know her real name or her true face. Had he given up?

And now, what—was he circling back to Abby after realizing her worth again? Did he think he could pursue her like she was some second chance?

The memory of his earlier rejection stung. Back then, he told her plainly that he couldn’t fall for her, no matter how hard he tried. He apologized for giving her hope, for igniting her heart only to extinguish it.

“Abby is a good girl,” he’d said. “But you deserve someone better—someone more suited to you.”

Fine. Abby had her pride too. Even if she’d liked him, she couldn’t cling to a man who didn’t see her worth. So, she left Wiltspoon, leaving everything behind—including him.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3930

Chapter 3930

When Abby returned to Wiltspoon as Bianca, it wasn't for Evan. She had her own mission—she was there for her master, not him.

She hadn't expected Evan to notice her again after just a few months. This time, though, he wasn't bold or direct. Instead, he lurked in the shadows, watching her every move, observing her like a hunter tracking his prey.

Did he think Abby didn't know?

She knew. And she couldn't help but wonder—what exactly was Evan up to?

Was he trying to pursue her again, now that he suspected she was Abby?

Weren't the men of the York family supposed to be loyal to their partners, bound by a devotion that lasted a lifetime? That was their reputation, wasn't it? So why didn't Evan live up to it? Why was he chasing her again after walking away?

It was clear to Abby that he was only here because he couldn't win Fox over.

"I came here for you," Evan said, his voice unusually sincere.

He was telling the truth—or at least part of it. Even though he wasn't entirely sure who she was, he'd come to find out. Was she Abby? Bianca? Or someone else entirely?

Evan studied her face closely. She didn't resemble Abby at all—there were no obvious similarities. But then there were those little habits, those subtle gestures that reminded him of Bianca.

His suspicion had grown when Bianca left Wiltspoon. So much so that he'd even enlisted Camryn to help invite Bianca to Wildridge Manor. But his attempts to uncover the truth had failed. And now, here he was, still searching, still unsure.

Deep down, he feared what he might find. What if Bianca wasn't Fox? What if his grandmother discovered his interest in Bianca and tried to force a match between them? And worst of all, what if Fox found out? That would end any chance he had with her.

Evan finally spoke again, his tone laced with longing. “It’s the New Year. All my brothers are paired off with their wives or the women they’re chasing. The ones who haven’t succeeded yet at least have Grandma’s deadline to give them some breathing room. But me? I let Grandma down. I failed her arrangement, and now I can’t even face her.

“So I came here—to you.

“Fox, every time we meet, we clash. But even through all that, you’ve found a way into my heart. What I feel for you is real. It’s love. Fox, will you tell me your name? Where you live?”

His confession hung in the air, raw and unguarded.

But Fox only smiled. Her expression was calm, her cheeks unflushed. Her eyes betrayed nothing, no emotion, no flicker of affection.

Evan felt a pang of *déjà vu*. He remembered the way Abby used to look at him in the beginning—so indifferent, so unaffected. Over time, her gaze had softened. After months of being around him, there had been moments when her eyes betrayed hints of fondness.

And yet, he hadn’t fallen for Abby. No matter how good she was, no matter how much affection she’d shown, his mind had always wandered back to Fox—the woman in red.

He remembered the panic he felt then, realizing he couldn’t reciprocate Abby’s feelings. He had fled Huyoniville, not wanting to hurt her further. But when she had tracked him down in Wiltspoon, he’d been forced to be honest.

“It’s not you,” he’d told her. “It’s me.”

Now, Fox’s voice broke his reverie, sharp and unwavering. “There’s more than one man who likes me. Do I owe all of them my name? I’ll only share my real name with the man I care about. Why should I tell it to someone I don’t like?”

“Evan, you stole my things and now claim you like me? You just want to keep them for yourself, don’t you? Then you’ll call them a ‘token of love.’ I’ve seen how shameless you can be.”

Evan didn’t flinch. Instead, he laughed, unbothered by her accusation. “Of course, my beloved is sharp—just as clever as I am. We’re the perfect match.”

Fox rolled her eyes, her patience running thin.

This man had no shame.

Months ago, he'd stood before her and declared he couldn't love her, no matter how hard he tried. He'd apologized, even urged her to stop pursuing him.

And now here he was, spinning the same old story, pretending as though he hadn't shattered her self-esteem the first time around.

He'd been the first man to capture her attention, but his rejection had cut deep. As the second Miss Du, she carried herself with pride. Did he think she didn't have her own dignity?

She'd moved on—or so she told herself. But Evan, with his persistence and his shameless charm, made it hard to forget.