

Married At First Sight Chapter 3941-3945

Chapter 3941

Mrs. Du teased with a smile as Abby opened the door. Without waiting for an invitation, she stepped into her daughter's room.

Abby's bedroom had a cozy, minimalist vibe. She kept things simple—a bed, a computer desk, and a small sofa set. The warm tones of her decor reflected her preference for comfort without clutter.

Her room was also the smallest in the house. Abby had insisted on it, claiming that larger spaces felt empty and made it hard for her to sleep.

Mrs. Du often speculated that Abby's preference for smaller rooms came from her martial arts training. Back then, she shared modest quarters with her fellow disciples. What felt normal to Abby might seem cramped to others.

That said, compared to most people's homes, Abby's "small" room was still generously sized. It only seemed small when compared to the rest of the Du family's sprawling mansion.

Mrs. Du settled onto the sofa, glancing around as Abby yawned.

"Mom, let me get dressed," Abby said, running a hand through her disheveled hair.

"Go ahead," her mother replied, making herself comfortable.

Abby changed quickly, freshened up, and returned to find her mother waiting. She poured a cup of warm water and handed it to her.

"Here, Mom," Abby said as she sat down next to her. "Aren't you busy with New Year's prep?"

Mrs. Du smiled and waved a hand dismissively. "What's there to be busy with? The staff takes care of everything. I only make a few family dishes for New Year's Eve. The rest is handled by the chefs."

The Du family employed several chefs, each specializing in different cuisines. With the household on vacation for the holidays, the remaining chefs were busier than usual since a few had gone home for the New Year. Still, Mrs. Du rarely felt the need to intervene.

Taking a sip of water, Mrs. Du placed the cup down and turned to Abby. “I wanted to talk to you about something,” she said, her tone more serious.

Abby raised her eyebrows curiously. “What’s on your mind?”

Mrs. Du hesitated for a moment. “Do you... still have feelings for Evan?”

Abby’s smile faded slightly. “Mom, why are you asking me that?”

The question caught her off guard, though she couldn’t deny it was valid. Did she still have feelings for him? If she was honest, yes—though not as strongly as before.

Mrs. Du sighed. “I just want to know if seeing him again might stir something in you. Evan’s... complicated. I don’t want you to get hurt again.”

Abby smiled faintly and reached out to pat her mother’s hand. “Mom, your daughter isn’t as fragile as you think. Sure, it stung a little, but heartbreak doesn’t kill anyone. I’ve learned to love and let go.”

Mrs. Du studied her daughter for a moment before nodding. “I’m glad to hear that. But after the New Year, I want you to keep an open mind. Look around, see if there’s someone more suitable for you—someone local, here in Huyoniville. You don’t need to look far.”

“Why the sudden push for someone local?” Abby asked, her curiosity piqued.

Mrs. Du smiled knowingly. “If you marry someone nearby and ever face any trouble, you can come straight home, and your father and I can support you. If you marry far away, it’s not so simple. It would take us hours to get to you.”

Abby’s eyes narrowed playfully. “Wait a second... You’re not planning to set me up on blind dates during the holidays, are you?”

Her mother laughed but didn’t deny it outright.

“Mom, don’t even think about it!” Abby groaned. “I only have ten days off for New Year’s. I’m not spending them going on blind dates!”

Her company's annual holiday break lasted from the 26th day of the lunar calendar until the 8th. It was a short window, and Abby had no intention of wasting it.

"Relax," Mrs. Du reassured her. "You're still young. Your father and I aren't rushing you into marriage. If you like someone, take your time to get to know them. There's no need to hurry. But don't give your heart away so quickly like last time."

Abby understood the veiled reference to Evan. Her mother was still wary, still protective.

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Chapter 3942

Abby smiled reassuringly at her mother. "Don't worry, Mom. If I ever fall in love again, I'll take my time—years, even—before I even think about marriage. I'm really not in any rush."

Mrs. Du smiled, her confidence in her daughter evident. "I know you'll make the right choice."

Her daughter, after all, was no ordinary young woman. Abby had been raised and trained by a hermit, a master known as Silver Fox. Mrs. Du often felt a pang of guilt for not being more present in Abby's upbringing, but her daughter's strength, independence, and skills were all thanks to her master.

Then Mrs. Du's tone shifted. "But there's something I need to tell you—Evan's here. He's standing outside our house. He said he wants to see you."

Abby's expression didn't betray her inner thoughts, though she feigned surprise. "What? What's he doing here?" she asked, her voice tinged with mock confusion.

Mrs. Du huffed. "Who knows? He didn't give us an explanation, just insisted he wanted to see you. After what he did to you—playing with your feelings like that—your father and I have every reason to be furious. We've been holding back for your sake, but now he shows up at our door? It's not that simple."

Abby didn't say anything, but she wasn't exactly eager to see Evan either.

Mrs. Du continued, her voice firm. “Your father told him to take off his coat and stand outside for two hours. If he’s sincere enough to do that, I told your dad I’d come up here and let you know.”

Abby’s eyebrows shot up in disbelief. “Mom, it’s freezing out there! Even with a heavy coat, he’d still be cold. But without one? How is he supposed to survive in this weather? It’s below ten degrees—and windy!”

Mrs. Du remained calm. “Your father wasn’t being unreasonable. He just wanted to test his sincerity. If Evan’s willing to endure it, we’ll let him in. He won’t actually freeze to death. At worst, he’ll catch a cold.”

Abby shook her head and stood abruptly. “I’m going out there. If something happens to him, and it creates bad blood between our families, it won’t end well. We can’t afford to turn the York family into our enemy—not over this. Even Master would feel terrible about causing problems with Grandma York.”

Her voice softened as she added, “And... I don’t want anything bad to happen to Evan, either.”

Mrs. Du didn’t argue. “Fine, but put on a coat before you go.”

Abby grabbed her warmest coat, slipped on her boots, and headed out. Mrs. Du watched her leave, knowing Evan was probably shivering uncontrollably by now.

And she wasn’t wrong.

Evan was trembling violently as the cold wind whipped around him, biting through his layers and leaving him with numb fingers and purple lips. The wind felt like tiny knives cutting across his face, and his body shook uncontrollably as he tried to keep himself upright.

His teeth chattered, and every breath felt like ice in his lungs. He wondered if he’d even make it the full two hours. *Would I really turn into an ice sculpture if I stayed here?* he thought grimly.

Then, through the haze of cold, he saw her.

Abby was walking toward him. Even from a distance, she looked calm and composed, her figure illuminated by the warm glow of the house behind her.

Evan’s heart leaped despite the cold. She came out. She actually came out.

“Second Miss,” the security guard greeted Abby with a respectful nod as she passed.

Abby nodded back before stopping in front of Evan. Without a word, she picked up the coat he had discarded and tossed it to him.

“Put this on before you freeze to death,” she said flatly. “We’re not in the business of covering funeral costs.”

Evan didn’t immediately put the coat on, his frozen lips struggling to form words. “Your... your father said... two hours,” he stammered, his voice shaky and barely audible over the wind.

Abby frowned. “Do you want to see me or not?” she asked. “I’m standing right here. You don’t need to prove anything to my dad. Put the coat on and come inside.”

When Evan hesitated, Abby’s tone softened just a little. “Seriously, Evan. If you keep this up, you’ll end up in the hospital, and my parents will end up in trouble with the York family. Nobody wants that.”

Evan finally relented, slipping the coat back on with shaking hands.

“Follow me,” Abby said, her voice calm but firm. “Let’s get you inside.”

As they walked toward the house, Abby thought about asking the kitchen to prepare a hot bowl of ginger soup. He’d need it—something to warm him up before they talked.

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Chapter 3943

Abby spoke briefly, and Evan quickly grabbed his coat. He had been standing outside for half an hour, and the cold had seeped into his bones.

Even with the coat on, he still shivered.

“Come with me,” Abby said, turning toward the house.

“Okay,” Evan replied as he bent down to grab the gifts. He hurried to catch up with her.

“Abby, thank you,” he said sincerely.

Abby glanced at him twice before looking away. “I just couldn’t let you freeze to death on my doorstep. If you did, your family would blame mine. Considering how close I am with your two sisters-in-law, it’d be a mess.”

Since leaving Wiltspoon, Abby had never returned under her own name. But her bond with Serenity and the others remained strong. They still kept in touch regularly.

Evan smiled, trying to lighten the mood. “My eldest sister-in-law is due in a few months. Brother Josh’s wife is due a month before her. Oh, and Sister Liberty and Brother Duncan finally tied the knot—they’ve got their marriage certificate.”

Abby listened attentively. When he finished, she asked, “Has Fourth Master Lewis fully recovered?”

Back in Wiltspoon, Abby had overheard Duncan expressing his wish to marry Liberty once he was fully healed. He had promised her a grand wedding.

“Not yet,” Evan admitted. “They decided to get the marriage certificate first and are holding off on the wedding for now.”

Abby nodded. “That makes sense. I’ve even heard about the Farrell family situation in Jensburg all the way from here. Is Sister Liberty going to take over the family?”

The two continued chatting, their conversation flowing easily as they discussed friends and family.

“She’s the best fit,” Evan replied. “My sister-in-law Serenity and Elisa can’t do it, and honestly, neither of them wants to. Liberty, being the eldest granddaughter, is naturally the one to step up.”

Abby considered this for a moment before responding. “It’s not that Serenity isn’t capable—it’s just not a good fit for her. If she took over the Farrell family, your eldest brother would have to become a son-in-law. Any daughter they have would need to carry the Farrell name, which I doubt the York family would accept. Serenity is better off staying out of it.

“As for Elisa, her mother knows her best. Mrs. Stone is right—Elisa’s personality isn’t suited for managing a family like the Farrells. It’s not like dealing with other big families. Liberty, on the other hand, is perfect for the role.” Abby smiled, a touch of admiration in her expression. “In the end, Sister Liberty shouldered the burden.”

Evan laughed softly but was cut off by a sudden fit of sneezing.

Abby frowned. “I’ll have someone make you a bowl of spicy ginger soup to warm you up. But you should see a doctor and get some cold medicine when you get back. You southerners aren’t built for this kind of weather.”

Every winter, there’s always a wave of southerners coming north to see the snow, only to catch colds. Some can’t even handle it—they stay holed up in their hotel rooms, wrapped in blankets, and then head straight back home.

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Chapter 3944

Just like kids dragged along on summer vacations, who’d rather stay in the hotel glued to their phones than venture outside into the sweltering heat, Evan felt trapped by the circumstances he’d put himself in.

He wanted to rub his nose, but with both hands full, he couldn’t manage it.

The urge to sneeze built up again—and before he could do anything about it, he sneezed loudly.

Abby glanced at him and shook her head. “My dad told you to take off your coat and stand out there, and you actually did it? Like a fool! You’re not chasing after a wife you lost or anything—there’s no reason to take him so seriously.”

Luckily, she’d come out quickly. Otherwise, he’d have turned into an ice sculpture.

Evan chuckled weakly, his voice tinged with self-deprecation. “I deserved it. What happened before—that was on me. I hurt you. Uncle and Aunt had every right to be mad. Honestly, I got off easy. They didn’t yell at me or anything. Freezing out there for a while was more than fair.”

He sneezed again, this time more violently. Though Evan was usually in good health, it was clear this time he wasn’t getting away unscathed.

Abby glanced at him briefly, but her expression remained neutral.

When they stepped inside, Abby turned to the butler. “Is the ginger soup ready?”

“Almost done, Miss Abby,” the butler replied.

She nodded, motioning for Evan to sit. Then, she poured him a cup of warm water and asked, “Have you eaten yet? I’ll grab some cold medicine for you.”

Evan sniffled, grabbing a tissue to wipe his nose. His refined, handsome image took a hit, and he couldn’t help but feel embarrassed. Handsome or not, he thought, nobody’s immune to a runny nose.

“I had breakfast earlier,” he replied, his voice slightly hoarse.

Abby returned with a small box of cold medicine. “This stuff works well. Do you want to take it before or after the ginger soup?”

He hesitated for a moment before deciding. “I’ll drink the ginger soup first.”

Someone had gone through the trouble of preparing it for him—he couldn’t refuse Abby’s gesture, not after everything he’d done to upset her family. He figured the cold medicine could wait a little longer.

The warmth of the room, the glass of water, and just sitting down for a while helped him feel a bit better.

Moments later, the butler brought out a steaming bowl of ginger soup.

The strong, spicy aroma hit Abby’s nose before he even got close.

Mrs. Du entered from the kitchen, her expression unreadable.

Abby saw her mother and immediately knew. If her mom had made the soup, it was going to be potent—probably more like a bowl of liquid fire.

Evan wasn’t good with spicy food. Even a hint of garlic in a dish was enough to make him uncomfortable. This ginger soup was about to be his personal challenge.

When Evan noticed Mrs. Du, he quickly stood up. “Auntie,” he greeted her respectfully, his tone formal.

Mrs. Du gave him a frosty look. “You two talk. I’m going to chat with my sister-in-law.”

And with that, she walked off, leaving Evan standing awkwardly.

He sneezed yet again, this time so forcefully that his nose started running. Grabbing another tissue, he wiped his nose hurriedly, his face turning red with embarrassment.

Abby didn't laugh at him, though. Instead, she pushed the steaming bowl of ginger soup toward him.

"Drink this—it'll help with the cold," she said, her tone practical and firm. "It's got extra ginger, so it's a bit spicy, but that'll help warm you up faster. Drink it while it's hot—it works better that way."

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Chapter 3945

Evan let out a small hum, wiping his nose with a tissue before tossing it into the trash can. Seeing the overflowing pile of crumpled tissues made him feel even more self-conscious.

He picked up the steaming bowl of ginger soup and carefully took a sip.

The spiciness hit him immediately—it was intense.

His first instinct was to spit it out, but with Abby sitting right next to him, he forced himself to swallow. The fiery burn lingered, making his eyes water.

After just that one sip, Evan set the bowl back down and said quickly, "Abby, the ginger soup's too hot. I'll drink it later."

The truth was, he had no intention of taking another sip.

"I'll just take the medicine first," he added, hoping to steer the conversation away. The medicine might be bitter, but at least it wouldn't scorch his mouth.

Abby saw right through him. "You're afraid of spicy food, aren't you?" she asked, her tone teasing.

Caught, Evan let out a small sigh, sneezing a few more times as he reached for water to swallow the medicine. He decided there was no point in denying it.

“Fine, you’re right. I *am* afraid of spicy food. I don’t like it at all. That soup was so spicy, I barely managed to keep it down. Honestly, I thought I was going to throw up, but I swallowed it out of respect.”

He shook his head, as if the memory of the soup itself was painful. “The spiciness almost killed me.”

Abby smirked. “If I gave you a big bowl of chili water, that’d probably finish you off.”

The comment made her chuckle softly as an idea popped into her head. *If Evan ever finds out I’m Fox, maybe I’ll make him drink chili water as payback for everything he’s done. Not just one bowl—a cup every single day. But then she stopped herself. No, too much might hurt his stomach. If he ends up in the hospital, I’ll have to take care of him.*

The thought brought a small smile to her lips. Despite her mixed feelings toward Evan, she couldn’t deny that part of her still hadn’t completely let go.

Evan, oblivious to her inner thoughts, gave her a sheepish look. “Honestly, asking me to drink chili water would be the end of me. I can’t even handle ginger soup, let alone something worse.”

Abby laughed lightly. “Well, you’re not getting out of drinking this ginger soup. If you can’t handle the whole bowl, at least finish half. It’ll help drive out the cold. You’re not used to this kind of weather, and even we catch colds if we stand outside too long without a coat.

You’re probably already coming down with something, but the ginger soup and medicine will help you recover faster. Otherwise, you’ll end up sick for days.”

Evan groaned slightly, his handsome face falling. “This soup is *way* too spicy. Can I just drink a small cup instead?”

Abby shrugged, her tone turning matter-of-fact. “It’s your body, not mine. If you don’t care about getting better, then don’t drink it. But let’s be clear—I didn’t ask you to stand outside in the freezing wind. That was my dad. And just because he told you to do it doesn’t mean you had to listen.

Since you *did* decide to listen, you should’ve at least thought about the consequences of getting sick.”

Evan shook his head, a look of guilt crossing his face. “Abby, I’m not blaming Uncle. He and Aunt have every right to be mad at me. In the past, I was the one who messed up. I shouldn’t have led you on and then walked away.”

Abby cut him off, her tone firm but calm. “That’s all in the past. There’s no point bringing it up again. What’s done is done.

Now tell me—why did you want to see me so badly that you didn’t care about the cold? What’s so important?”

She didn’t want to dwell on old wounds. Those feelings were behind her now.

Abby had learned the hard way that in matters of the heart, the person who falls first always ends up hurt the most.

Looking at Evan now, she realized she didn’t have those deep feelings for him anymore. If they walked away from each other today, she’d be okay.

That heartbreak she experienced before, while not devastating, taught her an important lesson: in love, self-preservation comes first. Moving forward, she’d only give her heart to someone who proved their love with actions, not just words.

She would love carefully, hold back, and never lose herself in the process. After all, who could guarantee that love would last?