

Married At First Sight Chapter 3946-3950

Chapter 3946

How many couples start out deeply in love, only to drift apart and never see each other again?

People often say love lasts forever, but how many truly stand the test of time?

Evan hesitated, the words caught in his throat.

How could he tell her that he suspected she was Fox?

It was just a hunch—he didn't have any proof.

Under Abby's steady gaze, Evan took a deep breath, steeling himself. Finally, he said, "I came here to apologize to you."

Abby raised an eyebrow, her expression unreadable. "Apologize? Evan, you already explained everything last time and apologized then. There's no need to rehash it. I don't blame you. Matters of the heart should always be mutual—you can't force these things. Forced feelings are like forcing a melon to ripen. It won't taste sweet."

She paused, her voice calm but firm. "It's been months, and I've moved on. Honestly, I'm grateful you were upfront with me. Back then, I was just infatuated with you. But after your explanation, I realized I needed to let go. And I did."

Evan looked uncomfortable, shifting slightly in his seat. "Abby, it's not about that. I've been... well, I've been following you lately."

"Following me?" Abby feigned surprise, tilting her head. "Why would you do that? What on earth did I do to make you follow me?"

She tapped her chin, pretending to think, then added, "Actually, now that I think about it—my wolfhound wouldn't stop barking last night. The security guard said there might've been a thief, but they couldn't catch anyone. That wasn't *you*, was it?"

Evan's face turned bright red, and he looked away.

Abby's eyes widened in mock astonishment. "Oh my God, it was you! Evan, do you realize how dangerous that is? If my wolfhound had actually bitten you, what then? I mean, we can't exactly replace you with another grandson for your grandmother, can we?"

And let's not forget—if Grandma York found out about this, she'd break your legs for sure."

She chuckled at the mental image of the old lady swinging her cane at him.

Abby leaned forward slightly, her tone turning serious. "But seriously, Evan, why were you following me? What could possibly be so important that you'd risk being mistaken for a thief?"

Evan looked at her intently, his eyes searching hers.

Abby leaned back, folding her arms. "Why are you staring at me like that? I haven't sought you out, and we haven't even seen each other in months."

"Abby..." Evan hesitated before finally blurting out, "Are you... is it you? Are you Fox? And Bianca?"

Abby's lips curled into a small smile. "Evan, you used to call me 'Abby' when we were kids. But now I'm in my twenties—if you round up, I'm practically thirty. Calling me 'Bianca' feels a bit strange, don't you think? It makes me feel like you're trying to rekindle something.

But I have to ask—who's Fox? And why on earth do you think I'm either of the people you just mentioned?"

Abby's mind raced, though she kept her expression calm. *Why does he think I'm Fox? Did he find something out? Or did someone tell him?*

It didn't make sense—very few people knew about her secret personas. Even her family was in the dark about her various identities.

Which is why Grandma York is such a mystery, Abby thought to herself. I've never even met her, yet somehow, she figured me out. And if she knows but hasn't told Evan... what does that mean?

Evan, unaware of her internal musings, reached for the bowl of ginger soup.

Determined to gather his courage, he forced himself to drink most of it, despite the spicy burn that made his eyes water.

Abby watched him with mild amusement.

When he finally set the bowl down, she quipped, “Didn’t you just say you hate spicy food? A minute ago, you looked like you’d rather face the guillotine than drink that soup. Now you’re over here downing it like a champ.

What’s going on, Evan? Are you about to launch into some kind of long, dramatic speech? Should I grab some snacks and settle in?”

Her teasing smile only deepened as she leaned forward, adding, “If this is going to be a whole thing, I might need some melon seeds to munch on while I listen.”

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Chapter 3947

Evan leaned back in his chair and said, “Can you get me something to eat? I’m feeling a little hungry.”

Abby, without hesitation, called the butler. “Bring a pot of tea and some of the usual snacks I like,” she instructed.

When the tea arrived, Abby poured Evan a cup and placed it in front of him. “Go ahead,” she said with a faint smirk. “Start spinning your stories.”

Evan’s expression turned serious. “Abby, I’m not making anything up. Tell me the truth—are you Fox?”

She met his gaze, her tone light but edged with annoyance. “Evan, I’ve already told you. I have no idea who Fox is. The only foxes I know live in zoos. If you keep asking me this, I’ll start thinking you’re calling me a vixen.”

Evan chuckled faintly but pressed on. “Fox isn’t just an animal. It’s a nickname. It refers to someone clever, cunning, and deceitful—someone who’s a master of disguise. She uses multiple aliases and keeps changing her identity, making everyone believe there are many different people, but it’s always her.”

Abby raised an eyebrow, a spark of curiosity flickering in her eyes. “Is that so? And you think I’m this mysterious, deceitful fox? Do you have any proof to back up this theory of yours?”

“I don’t have any evidence,” Evan admitted.

Abby set her teacup down gently. “If you don’t have proof, then you’re just making baseless accusations and spreading rumors to tarnish my reputation.”

Evan didn’t respond immediately. He studied her carefully, his silence heavy with unspoken thoughts. Finally, he said, “My sister-in-law once told me something that planted this doubt in my mind. She said I’d never considered the possibility that *you* were Fox. My brother is a sharp guy—if he shared something like that with his wife, it must mean he suspected something.

“And then there’s my grandmother,” Evan continued, his voice softening. “She kept warning me not to regret my decisions. If you’re not Fox, if you’re just the woman I’ve fallen for, then I should be upfront and honest with you. But if that’s true, what could I possibly regret? I’m a loyal person, Abby. When I love, I love for life.”

Abby took a sip of tea, her expression calm and unreadable. After a moment, she set the cup down and looked him straight in the eye. “Serenity and I are close friends,” she began. “She knew I had feelings for you from the very start. Maybe she wanted to play matchmaker, to bring us together and help me marry into your family as her sister-in-law.

“Did it ever occur to you that she might’ve misled you on purpose? Maybe she wanted you to think I’m this Fox woman, just to nudge you in my direction. And your grandmother? Of course, she’d want to ensure you don’t regret rejecting someone she worked so hard to select as your wife. That’s all perfectly normal.”

Abby’s voice grew sharper. “But even if you came to me now and said you liked me, Evan, I wouldn’t be with you. I’ve been hurt before, and I’m not about to fall into the same trap twice.”

Her gaze pierced through him. “You’re hung up on this Fox. You can’t pursue her for whatever reason, so after Serenity’s little hints, you came to me, thinking I’d still be waiting around for you. You assumed it would be easy to get me back. Isn’t that right?”

Evan couldn’t find the words to respond. Serenity’s hints had been subtle, never outright declarations. And yet, here he was, grasping at straws without a shred of evidence to support his suspicions.

Breaking the silence, Evan asked, “Abby, would it be alright if I took a look at your closet?”

She raised an amused eyebrow. “Of course. If that’s what you want, I’ll take you upstairs right now.”

Abby knew how to play her part well. If Fox had left any traces—like those signature red clothes—she’d hidden them flawlessly.

Evan hesitated. He couldn’t just rifle through her belongings without a clear lead. What would he even hope to find?

Abby’s readiness to let him look was enough to make him doubt himself. He finally shook his head.

“You’re not going to check?” Abby asked, a hint of mockery in her tone. “Then stop accusing me of being Fox. Honestly, I envy her. She has your undivided attention, your loyalty. You’d do anything for her. It’s enough to make anyone jealous.”

Her words lingered in the air, leaving Evan torn between doubt and determination.

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Chapter 3948

Evan had no proof, and Abby wouldn’t admit to being Fox no matter how directly he confronted her.

Still, the thought of Evan doing everything in his power for another woman filled Abby with envy—even though the woman he loved was, in fact, her.

“Evan,” she asked, her voice quiet but tinged with pain, “are you really going to keep chasing her? Is there something about me that isn’t good enough?”

Abby couldn’t help but wonder why Evan hadn’t fallen for her when she was simply herself, without the guise of Fox. Why was it that only the illusion of another identity captured his heart?

Evan sighed deeply, his voice softening with sincerity. “Abby, you’re amazing. Truly, you are. You’re kind, smart, and beautiful. But...” He hesitated, searching for the right words. “I don’t deserve you.”

His expression grew somber as he continued, “You’re not any less than Fox in any way. Honestly, I don’t even know why I fell for her. Maybe it’s because I kept dreaming about her—over and over again. In those dreams, she was the woman who captivated me. And then, one day, I met her in real life.

“If you want to know why I fell in love with Fox instead of you, all I can say is... I think I fell in love with her in my dreams. And when those dreams became reality, my feelings felt inevitable.”

Abby froze, momentarily taken aback by his confession.

Evan pressed on. “To be honest, I didn’t meet Fox in real life until after I started spending time with you. I knew my grandmother had chosen you for me. She believed we were a perfect match in every way. And at first, I tried to resist the pull of my dreams. I trusted my grandmother’s judgment.

“I really tried, Abby. I did everything I could to pursue you, to care for you, to build something real between us. I thought if I put in the effort, love would come naturally. But after two or three months, I realized I couldn’t stop thinking about Fox.

“I could see us being friends—good friends—but I couldn’t force the kind of love I felt in my dreams. And that’s when I knew I had to be honest with you. It wasn’t fair to either of us to keep pretending. Abby, no matter what, I was wrong to handle things the way I did. I owe you a sincere apology.”

Evan paused, his gaze heavy with regret. “You deserve someone who loves you and only you. And I know that man is out there—someone better than me, someone who will cherish you the way you deserve.”

But that man, he thought silently, would never be him. Unless Abby was Fox—the woman he couldn’t stop loving.

Abby had firmly denied being Fox. She’d even suggested that Evan’s sister-in-law, Serenity, had misled him, hinting that Abby was Fox just to push them together.

But Evan couldn’t believe that. He knew Serenity too well. She wasn’t the type to manipulate him like that.

At the beginning, Evan had made things clear: he was a one-woman man, loyal to the core. Serenity understood that. If she knew he was hopelessly in love with Fox, why would she try to match him with Abby? More likely, Serenity had decided Abby deserved better than someone whose heart belonged elsewhere.

Evan's mind whirled with doubts and possibilities. If Serenity hadn't lied to him, then Abby had to be the one deceiving him. But without proof, there was little he could do.

Still, he wasn't ready to give up. He decided to turn to the one person who might hold the truth—his grandmother.

If she didn't tell him whether Abby was Fox or Bianca, he'd make her life miserable. He'd follow her everywhere, pestering her relentlessly until she gave in. Evan smirked bitterly at the thought. His grandmother loved drama. She probably enjoyed watching him suffer through this, hoping to see him grovel his way back into Abby's heart.

The more he thought about it, the clearer it became. His grandmother likely knew everything. She just wanted to teach him a lesson by letting him make mistakes, hurt Abby, and then scramble to make things right once he realized the truth.

The idea made Evan's chest tighten. If Abby really was Fox, the road ahead wouldn't be easy. Winning her back would be harder than anything he'd ever done—harder even than the time his eldest brother had to win back his wife after his lies were exposed.

Evan laughed bitterly to himself. If Abby truly was Fox, then his future was clear: he was destined to chase her to the ends of the earth, even if it meant going through hell to earn her forgiveness.

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Chapter 3949

After deciding to plead with his grandmother, Evan didn't linger long at the Du family estate.

But before leaving, under Abby's gentle persuasion, he reluctantly pinched his nose and drank the bowl of ginger soup she had prepared for him.

Abby personally walked him to the door of the villa, seeing him off.

“Evan, make sure to see a doctor when you get home,” she reminded, her tone firm but caring. “Take some medicine and rest for a few days. Don’t ignore it—you don’t want this turning into something worse.”

Abby followed him out mostly to ensure he wouldn’t neglect his health. She knew that people who were generally healthy often underestimated how quickly a minor illness could escalate.

Evan gave her a faint smile. “I’ll take care of it. If I feel worse, I’ll go to the doctor. You don’t need to worry about me, Abby. Even if I do get sick because of what happened today, it’s my own fault. I won’t hold anyone else accountable.”

He thought Abby was worried he’d hold a grudge against her uncle for making him stand outside in the cold. Beyond that, he didn’t dare hope her concern meant anything more.

Abby smiled softly. “Please give my regards to Grandma York and Sister Serenity. When Serenity has her baby, I’ll come visit her.”

She’d already picked out thoughtful gifts for both Serenity’s and Jasmine’s babies. Once the babies were born and their one-month celebrations rolled around, she planned to attend the banquets and personally deliver the presents.

Whether or not she’d ever officially become part of the York family as Evan’s wife was a different story. Regardless, Abby wanted to maintain her friendships with Serenity and the others. Friendships, after all, needed effort to stay alive—without it, even the strongest bonds could fade.

Evan nodded. “I’ll pass along your greetings.”

He gave her one last lingering look before walking to his car. Moments later, he drove off.

Abby stood at the doorway, watching until his car disappeared from view. Only then did she turn and head back inside.

When she reentered the house, she found her parents waiting in the living room.

“Why didn’t you two stay over at Uncle’s place?” Abby asked, looking at them curiously.

Her father, Mr. Du, chuckled. “Your uncle and I live in the same estate, under the same gate. Why bother? It’s not like we’re far apart. That brat Evan left already?”

“Why, Dad? Were you hoping he’d stay the night?” Abby teased as she sat down on the sofa.

Mr. Du crossed his arms, his tone turning slightly indignant. “Abby, I’m standing up for you, and yet you’re not happy about it? Don’t tell me you still care about that boy and feel sorry for him! Do you know how long he stood outside in the cold? Your mom was worried he’d freeze solid and turn into an icicle, so she rushed you upstairs to get him to come in.”

“Dad!” Abby interjected, clearly exasperated.

But her father wasn’t done. “I told him to take off his coat, not his shirt, and stand outside in the wind! That kid treated you so poorly, I’ve wanted to teach him a lesson for a long time. Since you wouldn’t let me lay a finger on him, I had to settle for making him stand out there. He didn’t have to listen to me, though! He could’ve just left—who told him to obey me?”

Mr. Du genuinely felt that two hours of standing in the cold was a mild punishment. If not for the York family’s influence, he’d have done far worse to Evan—maybe even broken his legs—just to ensure he’d never pursue his daughter again.

Abby shook her head with a small sigh. “Dad, we can’t force someone to feel something they don’t. If Evan doesn’t love me, you can’t make him. At least he was honest when he realized his feelings weren’t there. He didn’t string me along or waste my time. That’s more than some people do.

“Some people don’t have the courage to admit the truth. They’ll hold on to a relationship while secretly waiting for something better, and when they find it, they think saying ‘sorry’ will magically make it okay. That kind of behavior is far worse. At least Evan didn’t do that.”

Her father frowned but didn’t argue. He could tell from her words—and the way she defended Evan—that his daughter still had feelings for him.

It wasn’t surprising. Love was easy to fall into, but forgetting someone you loved was a different story altogether.

His daughter, innocent and inexperienced when it came to matters of the heart, had fallen for someone as complicated as Evan. In her father’s eyes, Abby was like a blank canvas, easily swayed by a master painter who knew exactly how to draw her in.

Evan, of course, would have disagreed with that assessment.

The truth was simple: Abby was the only woman Evan had ever pursued.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3950

Chapter 3950

Evan suspected that Abby and Fox were the same person. If that were true, then she was the only woman he had ever truly pursued.

“He was out there freezing for over half an hour. Do you think he’ll be alright?” Mr. Du asked, his voice carrying a mix of worry and sarcasm.

Mrs. Du responded with a hint of amusement. “Abby had the butler prepare him a bowl of ginger soup before he left. Knowing Evan doesn’t like spicy food, she made sure the butler added *extra* ginger—probably too much. The butler said Abby insisted he drink it before he went on his way.”

Abby’s father snorted. “He got off easy.”

Abby rolled her eyes but didn’t respond.

“Abby,” Mr. Du pressed, leaning forward, “why did Evan come to see you? Was he trying to reconcile? If he’s here to win you back, don’t make it easy for him. Let him work for it—let him pursue you for at least two years before you even consider it. Things that are too easy to get are never appreciated. Make him *earn* it.”

Abby sighed and shook her head. “Mom, Dad, you’re both overthinking it. Evan didn’t come here to ask for reconciliation. He came to ask me about another woman—his so-called *sweetheart*. He thinks I know where she is.”

The mood in the room instantly darkened. Both of her parents’ faces turned cold.

“He actually came here to ask about another woman?” Mr. Du’s voice carried a sharp edge. “That boy has some nerve! I should’ve made him stand outside shirtless for *half* the day instead of just half an hour.”

Mrs. Du muttered indignantly, “I shouldn’t have wasted so much ginger in that soup. One little piece would’ve been enough. Why make it easier for him to recover?”

Abby chuckled at their reactions. “Actually, the woman he was asking about was *me*.”

Mr. Du stared at her, momentarily at a loss for words.

Mrs. Du blinked in surprise before tilting her head curiously. “Wait, what? Abby, what do you mean? Evan’s sweetheart is *you*? How could he not know that?”

Abby explained, “Back in the day, when I was traveling and working undercover, I had a few aliases. One of them was ‘Hundred Changes Fox.’ Evan fell in love with Fox, but he didn’t realize Fox and I are the same person. So technically, he’s been in love with *me* this whole time—just the version of me wearing a ‘mask.’”

Mr. and Mrs. Du exchanged a look, their expressions a mix of surprise and amusement.

They always knew their daughter wasn’t as reserved and proper as she appeared to be, but they hadn’t realized the extent of her secret adventures—or her collection of aliases.

“And Evan hasn’t figured it out yet?” Mr. Du asked.

Abby sighed. “If he had, do you think we’d be in this situation? He has his suspicions, but he doesn’t have proof. Grandma York and Serenity probably know the truth, but they’re keeping it to themselves. They’re just sitting back and enjoying the drama.”

Her father frowned. “Didn’t they say you were a master of disguise? How did Old Lady York figure it out, then? When did she pick you as a potential match for Evan? My precious daughter, secretly chosen to be someone’s granddaughter-in-law, and no one thought to tell me!”

The realization made Mr. Du shake his head. “That old lady York is sharp. She’s not just wise—she’s downright intimidating.”

Mrs. Du agreed. “None of the women she’s chosen for her grandsons have been ordinary. They’re all remarkable in their own ways. It’s clear she’s planning to strengthen the York family even further by bringing in daughters-in-law who can hold their own.

“With nine grandsons and such careful matchmaking, the York family’s future in-laws will only make their connections stronger and their power greater. The York Corporation will keep growing, and its influence will reach even higher levels.”

Mr. Du nodded thoughtfully. “It’s no wonder the York family is so prosperous. With a matriarch as cunning and strategic as Old Lady York at the helm, they’re bound to stay on top.”

