

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4024

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“Fox, you must be Abby, right?” Evan’s piercing gaze locked onto her. “You think I love you as Fox, not the real you. So, you’re trying to leave Fox behind and make me love Abby completely. But whether you’re Abby, Fox, or Bianca—they’re all just parts of you, aren’t they?”

Fox’s expression turned icy. “I’ve told you before, I’m not Miss Du.” Her voice was sharp, cutting through his assumptions. “Evan, you’re a bastard. You don’t even have the facts straight, yet you provoked me and then moved on to Miss Du. You’re trying to play both sides. Well, guess what? I won’t accept you, and neither will she.”

Evan’s dark eyes burned with determination as he stared her down. “If you’re so sure you’re not Abby, then prove it. Take off the makeup. Tear off the human skin mask. Show me your real face.”

Abby’s lips curled into a cold smile. “Do you know what happens to people who see my true face?” Her voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. “They die. Every single one of them. If you’re so eager to die, I can make it happen. But I don’t want to cross the York family or make them my enemy. So don’t force my hand, Evan.”

Underneath her mask, Fox knew the truth—if it was torn off tonight, her true identity would be exposed.

Evan let out a low laugh. “You’re scared. That’s why you won’t do it. You’re guilty, because deep down, you know I’m right. You *are* Abby. You’re also Bianca. My grandmother and my brother and sister-in-law wouldn’t lie to me about this.”

Fox sneered, her tone dripping with disdain. “If you really trusted your grandmother, why didn’t you stick to pursuing Miss Du? Why quit halfway and come chasing after me instead?”

Evan froze, her words hitting him like a punch to the gut.

The truth was, he hadn’t known Abby and Fox were the same person. Grandma hadn’t told him that Abby was trained by the legendary Silver Fox of the Five Emperors Hall.

All his grandmother had given him was a photograph with Abby's basic details—her identity, age, and address. Nothing else. He had been left to figure out the rest on his own: to approach her, get close to her, and uncover the truth piece by piece.

Evan exhaled deeply. "I made a mistake not trusting Grandma, and now I'm paying the price—chasing my wife all the way to the crematorium. But don't call me fickle. My feelings haven't changed. I just didn't know you were playing three roles. The truth is, the person I've always loved has been you. It's never been anyone else."

Fox sighed, exasperated. "I'm done repeating myself, Evan. I'm not Miss Du, and I'm not Bianca. I'm Fox. That's it." Her voice softened, but her resolve remained firm. "I didn't come here to argue with you. I came for my token. You said it's at your house, so I'll go there and get it myself."

She paused, giving him a pointed look. "You need to figure out who you really want. I do have some feelings for you, but I'm not looking to settle down anytime soon. If you're serious about me, then give up Miss Du and keep chasing me for a few years. Maybe, just maybe, I'll give you a chance."

Her eyes narrowed. "But if a few years feels like too long, then walk away now and choose Miss Du. You can't have it both ways, Evan. She and I are two entirely different people. Don't mix us up."

To Abby, her true self and her Fox persona were completely separate. They were like two sides of a coin, each with its own identity and way of handling the world.

The problem was, when Evan pursued her, it wasn't Abby he fell for. It was Fox—her sharpness, her cunning, her flair. He was drawn to the person she became when she wore the mask.

"I'm leaving," she said, brushing past him without looking back.

Evan's voice stopped her in her tracks. "Fox, your token is in my room at Wildridge Manor. You won't be able to get in on your own. Go find my second brother. He'll give it to you."

His words hung in the air like a final break from her "Fox" disguise.