

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4253

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## Chapter 4253

After discussing with Evan's parents, Zachary agreed to Evan's request and arranged for a butler to come over. The butler was expected to arrive in two days.

At this moment, Evan's small home was quiet and dark—no one was there.

Abby parked the car in front of the villa, leaned over, and rummaged through Evan's pockets until she found a keyring in his right pocket.

She stepped out, unlocked the front gate, then went inside and turned on the lights before returning to the car. After that, she drove into the villa's driveway, parking near the entrance so she could help Evan inside.

Evan seemed to be in a deep sleep. He hadn't opened his eyes or said a word the entire way back.

Spencer had drunk the most, yet Evan, who had barely touched his drink, was the one completely out of it.

Abby seriously suspected he was faking it, but he was doing such a good job that she couldn't find any cracks in his act.

How could a man who frequently attended business meetings and social events have such a low alcohol tolerance?

"Evan, wake up. We're home."

Instead of pulling him out of the car right away, Abby leaned in, patted his face, and gave him a little shake, trying to rouse him.

After a moment, Evan's eyes slowly fluttered open.

"Abby."

As soon as he saw her, he reached out and grabbed her hand, his eyes glistening. “Abby, I love you so much. Look, I even dream about you. Abby, I love you. No matter how many names you have, you’re still you. Whether you’re Fox, Abby, or Bianca—it doesn’t matter. You’re the only one for me.”

Now that he knew all of her identities, it didn’t make a difference. She was still his Abby.

Abby pulled her hand away from his grasp and pinched his cheek, unimpressed.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re dreaming. Wake up already. In reality, I’m Abby, the second daughter of the Du family. I’m not Fox, and I’m not Bianca.”

Evan caught her hand again.

“Abby, don’t lie to me. You’re Fox. You’re Bianca. Maybe you have even more names I don’t know about, but no matter what, I love you. I’m sorry about last year. I didn’t know... If I had known, I never would’ve let go of your hand. I wasn’t trying to hurt you. I just didn’t want to lead you on while being caught between two relationships. I thought I was doing the right thing. But I was wrong. Abby, you can hit me, yell at me—just don’t ignore me. Please, give me another chance. I swear, I’ll never let go of your hand again.”

Abby stared at him for a long moment before finally saying, “Evan, you’re drunk. Can you even get out of the car on your own? Come on, let’s get you inside. I have to go home—it’s late.”

“I didn’t drink that much. How could I be drunk?” He sniffed the air and frowned. “Wait, I do smell like alcohol... Oh, right, I had a few drinks with Spencer. He was in a bad mood, so I kept him company. Where is Spencer?”

Evan turned sluggishly, pretending to search for Spencer in the back seat.

Abby said nothing. She simply stepped out of the car and let him put on his little performance.

Evan subtly sighed in relief when he didn’t find Spencer. His plan had worked.

Spencer was finally sent home, and Abby had been concerned enough to bring Evan back personally.

At some point during the drive, Evan had actually dozed off.

