

Married At First Sight Chapter 3961-3965

Chapter 3961

The old lady and her granddaughters-in-law stayed at Regent Residences, while Zachary, Callum, and Kevin remained at home, waiting for their wives to return.

As the night grew darker, Zachary couldn't help but call Serenity. "Seren, why haven't you and Grandma come back yet?" he asked, concern evident in his voice.

"Honey, we're not coming back tonight," Serenity replied gently. "Grandma said we'll head back after breakfast tomorrow. For now, we're staying at your place in the Regent Residences."

Zachary sighed. "...I had a bad feeling when Grandma insisted on taking you all out."

Sure enough, Grandma had "kidnapped" their wives.

Serenity chuckled. "You should relax and go to bed early. We're just singing right now. Hayden's got quite the talent for it."

Zachary softened but still cautioned her, "Don't stay up too late, especially since you're pregnant. You need to rest."

"I know, I will," Serenity assured him. "That's all for now. Let's talk tomorrow."

"Alright," Zachary said. "By the way, Sonny came over this afternoon and asked about you. I told him you were out shopping, but he seemed disappointed you didn't wait for him to come back. Did you miss him?"

Serenity smiled warmly. "He called me later and asked me to buy more fireworks. He's excited to watch the fireworks tomorrow night."

Fireworks weren't allowed in the city, but the York family's villa had a sprawling lawn where it was safe to set them off. Every year, they celebrated with a spectacular fireworks display at the villa.

Serenity reminisced about her first New Year with the York family after marrying Zachary. Back then, Zachary had deceived her into thinking they were going to the old family house instead of Wildridge Manor. Everyone in the York family had played along with the charade. When Serenity discovered the truth later, she was furious—not just because Zachary lied but because he had kept it from her for nearly a year. It was only when she confronted him that he finally confessed, which only made her anger more intense.

Interrupting her thoughts, Zachary added, “Don’t worry about the fireworks. I brought back plenty this time—an entire truckload. I promise you’ll get to enjoy them.”

Serenity laughed. “That’s more than enough! I already watch more fireworks than anyone else every year.”

The York family spared no expense. Their fireworks were always the biggest and most beautiful, enough to light up the night for three days straight. Serenity loved the dazzling displays, even though fireworks burned out so quickly. This year, Zachary had outdone himself, buying far more than usual, according to Sam.

Rowan had even teased that in previous years, he’d begged Zachary for more fireworks, but Zachary always declined. Now, with Serenity around, Zachary was practically ready to rent an entire fireworks factory.

Rowan had learned early on that Serenity was the key to softening Zachary’s tough demeanor. Anytime Zachary gave him a hard time, Rowan would run to Serenity to “complain,” forcing Zachary to relent.

Serenity yawned. “I’m feeling sleepy now. I’m going to take a shower and head to bed. Goodnight, husband. I love you.”

She whispered the last part softly, not wanting her sisters-in-law to overhear and tease her.

After hanging up, Hayden finished her song, and Serenity clapped enthusiastically.

“That was amazing!” Serenity said with genuine admiration.

Camryn admitted she hadn’t sung in a long time and didn’t feel confident, while Serenity, being pregnant, said she didn’t have the energy to join in. To everyone’s surprise, the old lady stepped up and sang two songs.

The three sisters-in-law were amazed. The old lady’s songs were old classics they’d never heard before, but her performance was captivating.

“Grandma, you’re incredible,” one of them said, awe-struck.

The old lady smiled modestly. “When I was younger, I used to sneak into dance halls as part of my missions. You had to have a few tricks up your sleeve to avoid being caught.”

Then, noticing the late hour, she added, “It’s getting late. Let’s all get some rest. Seren, especially—you’ve been up with me all evening, and you need to take care of yourself. Go get some sleep.”

The women nodded in agreement and headed off to rest, bringing the lively evening to a close.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3962

Chapter 3962

The old lady, despite her lively and childlike love for a bustling household, deeply cherished her granddaughter-in-law, Serenity. Her attention naturally gravitated toward the baby in Serenity’s belly—it would be her first great-grandchild. With the baby’s arrival, four generations would share one roof, a dream come true for her.

As the hostess of the sprawling villa, Serenity took it upon herself to ensure her sisters-in-law were comfortably settled into their rooms before retreating to the master bedroom. But without Zachary, the space felt incomplete, a hollow reminder of his absence.

Pregnancy had been exhausting, and Serenity had grown used to Zachary’s comforting presence. Tired from the day and burdened by the weight of her pregnancy, she fell asleep quickly, her dreams filling the silence of the night.

The next day was New Year’s Eve, a whirlwind of activity from sunrise to sunset.

By evening, the New Year’s Eve dinner brought the family together, and soon after, close friends and families connected to the Yorks poured into Wildridge Manor to celebrate. The fireworks lit up the night sky, their brilliant displays reflecting the joy and togetherness of the moment. Laughter and cheer filled the villa, carrying the night into the early hours.

But festive days pass quickly. In the blink of an eye, it was the second day of the New Year—traditionally a day to visit parents’ homes.

The Murphy wives, whose families lived in Wiltspoon, headed back to their parents' houses. Similarly, Zachary and Serenity joined Duncan and Liberty for their annual family visit. Serenity and Liberty made their way to the Stone family, as Audrey, their maternal aunt, was their closest relative on their mother's side.

However, Serenity's uncles from the Hunt family had called earlier, urging her and Liberty to return to their hometown to visit their extended relatives. Despite the bitter history between them, they pleaded for reconciliation, claiming to regret their past actions and admitting their wrongdoings.

It was clear to Serenity that this newfound remorse stemmed more from desperation than genuine regret. Zachary had ensured that her cousins—who had wronged her—faced the consequences of their actions. They'd lost their jobs, their small businesses had failed, and they were now struggling to make ends meet. Even then, Zachary had shown restraint, sparing them from complete ruin.

Serenity, however, wasn't ready to forgive. When her uncles couldn't sway her, they turned to village leaders, asking them to mediate. The leaders refused, bluntly condemning the Hunt family for their cruelty in the past.

"After everything you've done, how can you expect Liberty and Serenity to simply forgive and forget? You've left scars that can't be erased," one village elder told them.

Liberty and Serenity had already shown grace by supporting their grandparents financially and sending gifts during the holidays. This, they felt, was more than enough. After all, it was their grandparents who had led the family in tormenting the sisters when they were vulnerable.

Serenity confided in Liberty, her voice steady but tinged with pain. "I can't reconcile with them. Every time I think about how they divided the compensation money after our parents died, took our home, and left us out in the cold during a storm, I feel the same anger I did back then. I was only ten years old, Liberty. A child. And they turned their backs on us like that."

Her words carried the weight of years of betrayal and sorrow. No matter how much time passed, some wounds could never fully heal—they could only fade with time.

As the festivities wound down, Wildridge Manor returned to its usual peaceful state. The old lady, standing by the villa's gate, watched her youngest son and his family drive away. A wistful sigh escaped her lips as she turned to Evan beside her.

“The second day of the New Year is always the hardest for me,” she said softly. “Everyone leaves to visit their families, and suddenly, the house feels so quiet.”

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Chapter 3963

Evan gently supported his grandmother as they strolled back toward the villa, his voice warm and reassuring. “Grandma, you’ve got to look at it differently. Out of the whole year, there’s only one day—the second day of the New Year—when you feel a little down. Every other day, you’re surrounded by happiness. You might not have daughters or granddaughters of your own, but your sons and grandsons have all married amazing women from other families. Aren’t you thrilled to have all these wonderful daughters-in-law around you, being so loving and filial?”

The old lady chuckled at his perspective. “When you put it that way, I am happy! But I imagine there are plenty of people out there feeling a little jealous.”

Evan grinned. “Exactly! You’ve got so many people envious of you, Grandma. And let’s not forget, you have nine grandsons who’ve never caused you a moment of shame. Now, who wouldn’t want that?”

Laughing, she teased, “Evan, your words are dripping with honey today. What’s gotten into you?”

“I’m always this sweet, don’t you think?” Evan said playfully.

She arched a brow knowingly. “Not usually this sweet. Now spill it—what do you really want from me?”

He chuckled, sidestepping her question. “Grandma, do you want to head back to the house, or should we take a walk and enjoy the gardens?”

The old lady smiled. “Let’s walk around and take in the decorations. It’s already the second day of the New Year, and I haven’t had a chance to enjoy the garden’s festive atmosphere.”

Evan nodded, teasing, “Well, you did spend most of the time dragging my three sisters-in-law around town. No wonder you didn’t have time! My brothers probably cursed you in their dreams for stealing their wives.”

Grandma laughed heartily. “If they dared to complain, I’d take their wives on a worldwide tour so they’d never figure out where we were staying!”

Evan joined in her laughter. “Oh, they’d never say it to your face. But behind your back? Absolutely.”

She waved her hand dismissively. “Let them talk behind my back. As long as it’s not to my face, I’ll act like I don’t know. People gossip—no matter how well you do, someone will always have something to say.”

The two wandered through the villa’s beautifully decorated gardens. Red lanterns and festive ornaments hung from the trees, casting a warm glow that perfectly captured the New Year spirit.

Evan broke the serene moment with a sigh. “Grandma, look at my brothers—all happily paired up. And then there’s me, still single. Another year has passed, and now I’m officially an *older* young bachelor.”

The old lady raised an eyebrow. “Being single is your choice, Evan.”

Caught off guard, he stammered, then quickly recovered with a sheepish grin. “You’re right, Grandma. That’s on me. I should appreciate your wisdom more. Speaking of which, Grandma, can you tell me something? Is Abby actually Bianca? Does she go by other names? Could she even be... Fox?”

Grandma’s face remained unreadable. “How would I know? I haven’t seen her transform into Fox, so I couldn’t say if she is.”

Evan pressed on. “But isn’t she Bianca? Her name includes the word ‘Fox,’ and I’ve heard some of her elders call her Abby. Maybe they call her Bianca too. What if she’s also the apprentice of the Silver Fox?”

The old lady shrugged nonchalantly. “If her elders call her Abby and not Bianca, then she isn’t Bianca.”

Evan frowned. “But I’m convinced she’s all three—Abby, Bianca, and Fox! Grandma, you picked Abby for me, so you must know everything about her. You always seem to know all the secrets when it comes to my brothers’ wives. I’m sure it’s no different with Abby.”

Grandma gave him an amused look, then slowly made her way to a bench under a tree and sat down. “When I chose wives for your second and third brothers, I was younger and had more energy. I could spend the time digging into every little detail about them.

But now that I'm older, I don't have that same energy. So when it comes to you and your younger brothers, I haven't been as thorough."

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Chapter 3964

"If Abby is Silver Fox's disciple, investigating her would be nearly impossible. Who is Silver Fox, after all? He used to run the most powerful information network in the Five Emperors Hall. His reach was unmatched. Digging into the life of his disciple? That's just asking for trouble—basically a death wish."

The old lady smiled knowingly. "Even though Silver Fox has retired, his successors are every bit as formidable, if not more so. While I might be brave, I'm not foolish enough to tangle with the Five Emperors Hall. Do you think I'd provoke them, knowing what they're capable of? Not a chance."

She paused, her gaze steady. "The only reason our family maintains a good relationship with the Five Emperors Hall is because of your eldest brother, your sister-in-law, and the connections with the Johnson family. Plus, Mr. Jimenez, who works as the assistant to your sister-in-law's grandmother. These ties earn us some respect. But make no mistake, Evan—that respect has its limits."

Evan wasn't convinced. "Grandma, I'm your grandson. You know more than you're letting on."

The old lady shot him a pointed look. "And because you're my grandson, I've already done more for you than I would for anyone else. But even so, there are things I simply don't know. Do you think I'm some kind of all-knowing deity? Even gods don't have all the answers, Evan."

He sighed, his voice tinged with regret. "Grandma, I know I've been stubborn. You picked Abby for me because she's the right person for me. But I was too caught up in my pride—I wanted to find my own path, even if it was the harder one. Now, I'm lost. Grandma, please, just tell me the truth. Is Abby actually Fox? They're the same person, aren't they?"

She didn't answer immediately, instead fixing him with a steady, probing gaze. Finally, she asked, "What if she is? And what if she isn't? What would you do in either case?"

Would you go back to Abby? You don't love her, Evan. Even if you pursued her, you'd treat her like a second choice."

Evan protested, "If Abby and Fox are the same person, then what's the difference? My feelings for one would be the same as for the other—they're the same person underneath!"

The old lady shook her head. "No, Evan, they're not the same. Abby is her own person. She's good enough as she is, and for three months, you tried to win her over. What happened? You told her you didn't love her and couldn't see a future with her. You made that decision, not me."

Her voice softened, though her words carried weight. "Even if Fox is Abby's alter ego—the mask she wears—you fell in love with that version of her, not the real woman. Fox is a part of her, yes, but she can't live as Fox every day. Abby and Fox are different. If you went back to Abby, you'd be looking at her through the lens of Fox, treating her like a replacement. That's not fair to Abby."

The old lady straightened in her seat. "Evan, you've already made your choice. You decided to let Abby go. I warned you then, didn't I? I asked if you were sure, if you'd regret it later. You said you wouldn't. Now you're here, regretting it, but there's nothing I can do for you. You chose your path—you have to see it through. You're not a child anymore."

Evan's expression faltered, his usually confident face clouded with frustration and remorse. "Grandma, I didn't know Abby was Fox. If I had known, I never would've let her go."

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Chapter 3965

"Grandma, just one question. I need you to answer one thing—Is Abby Fox the one?"

The old lady replied calmly, "Why don't you ask her yourself? I'm not Abby."

"Grandma," Evan's voice cracked as he nearly fell to his knees in front of her. "I messed up, okay? I regret it. Can you just tell me the truth?"

She tapped his forehead lightly with her finger and said, “There’s no medicine for regret, Evan.”

Then, with a hint of self-reflection, she added, “Maybe I was too controlling. Without your consent, I chose a good match for you and pushed you to pursue her. That’s on me, not you.”

Even so, everything she did was for her grandson’s happiness.

She had always been the strong-willed matriarch of the family.

“Grandma, don’t blame yourself,” Evan said, his tone softening. “My brothers and I are grateful for everything you’ve done for us. Honestly, it’s a blessing to have you guiding us. Even Mom and Dad are happy—they don’t have to stress about our marriages.”

Indeed, his parents and uncles were more than relieved to leave such matters in the old lady’s capable hands. She had an uncanny eye for people. Any woman who passed her scrutiny was bound to be exceptional.

“So, if you’re all so willing,” she said, tilting her head, “why haven’t you done what I asked? It’s been a year, Evan. A whole year, and you still haven’t developed feelings for Abby?”

She gave him a sharp look, her voice carrying a note of playful reproach. “Evan, I would never lead you astray. Trust me on this—I’d never steer you wrong, especially in marriage.”

She paused, then smirked slightly. “Now, other things? Sure, I might’ve tricked you here and there. But not in this.”

Evan sighed as she continued, “Abby is a wonderful girl, and her family—the Du family—has impeccable values. They’re a perfect match for us. Sure, they live a little far away, but that’s nothing these days. With planes and high-speed trains, you can be there in no time.”

She chuckled before adding, “And honestly, even if they asked you to move there after marriage, I wouldn’t mind. I have plenty of grandchildren. Losing one to a good family isn’t the end of the world.”

Evan was rendered speechless.

“Anyway,” she pressed on, “there’s still time before my deadline for you. Why not buy a house in Huyonville after the New Year? Move there for a while. Live close to Abby and see what happens.

“You can leave the company to River and Alex. Focus on building your life. Or, better yet, start a business in Huyonville. Chase your wife and build your career at the same time. Double the success, double the joy.”

Evan stayed quiet, studying his grandmother’s face, hoping to find some clue—some hidden truth—in her expression.

But all he noticed were the wrinkles framing her eyes and the strands of white in her hair.

“Grandma,” he said softly, reaching out to touch her hair, “you have more white hairs now. Why didn’t you dye it black before the New Year?”

She ran her fingers through her hair and shrugged. “I’m in my eighties, Evan. White hair comes with the territory. Why bother dyeing it? Do you think black hair would magically make me look decades younger? It’s better to accept reality. I’m old. It’s fine. As long as I’m healthy, a few wrinkles and gray hairs don’t bother me.”

Her tone was steady and accepting, a reflection of her inner peace.

Unlike others who fought against time—denying their age and covering up gray hair as if it could erase the years—she embraced her reality with grace.

Evan couldn’t help but smile. “Maybe it’s us grandkids who are to blame,” he teased. “We give you so much trouble—always something to worry about. No wonder your hair keeps turning white so fast.”

The old lady laughed softly, her sharp eyes glinting with warmth.