

Married At First Sight Chapter 3971-3975

Chapter 3971

“Why are you looking at me like that, Mr. York?” Abby asked, noticing Evan’s lingering gaze.

Evan opened his mouth to respond, but before he could say a word, Abby’s phone buzzed on the desk. She glanced at the caller ID—her mother.

Abby sighed and picked up. “Mom, is something wrong?”

It wasn’t like her parents to call during work hours unless it was urgent.

“Are you free this weekend?” Mrs. Du asked directly.

“What’s going on?” Abby replied cautiously.

“Just tell me first if you’re free. I need you to do something.”

“If it’s not mandatory, Mom, I’d rather not. I already have a client meeting scheduled this weekend,” Abby said, keeping her tone professional.

Mrs. Du scoffed. “Meeting clients on the weekend? Is the Du Group in such dire need of business that you can’t even take a day off?”

Abby winced at the subtle rebuke. She knew her work habits frustrated her mother. Most days, Abby was out the door before sunrise and back well after her parents had gone to bed. Even though they lived under the same roof, they rarely saw one another.

“Mom, just tell me what you need. If it’s important, I’ll try to rearrange my schedule,” Abby said, a tinge of guilt creeping into her voice.

Her mother didn’t ask for favors often, and refusing outright made Abby feel like she was letting her down.

Mrs. Du’s voice softened. “It’ll only take one morning. My godson is flying back from abroad this weekend, and I want you to pick him up from the airport. He’s practically family—your brother, after all.”

Abby's brow furrowed. "Are you talking about Spencer?"

Evan, who had been quietly observing, perked up at the mention of the name. His ears almost visibly twitched, like a rabbit sensing danger.

"You only have one godbrother. Of course, I mean Spencer," Mrs. Du confirmed.

"And what about Victoria? Is she coming back too?" Abby asked. Victoria was her god-sister, someone she'd grown up with but rarely saw since both Victoria and Spencer had been sent abroad for school.

"No, just Spencer this time. His company is assigning him to oversee all their domestic operations, so he'll be staying for a while." Mrs. Du paused, then added with a playful tone, "You two haven't seen each other in ages. It's the perfect opportunity to catch up. He's matured so much—steady, successful, handsome, and still single. A perfect match for you, don't you think?"

Abby's eyebrows shot up. "Mom..." she began, already suspecting where this was heading.

Her mother pressed on, ignoring the warning in Abby's tone. "Your aunt and I have been thinking about this for a while. Spencer would make an excellent husband for you. He's just as impressive as that York boy, maybe even more. But unlike Evan, Spencer's always cared for you deeply. It wouldn't take much for the two of you to move from friends to lovers. And who knows, maybe even marriage!"

Abby's suspicion was confirmed. Her mother was playing matchmaker.

Evan, meanwhile, sat frozen, every word slicing through his composure like a knife. Abby's mother clearly wasn't subtle about her disdain for him—or her preference for Spencer.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3972

Chapter 3972

Spencer had been living abroad for so long that he rarely visited home. The idea of settling down and raising a family seemed far-fetched. After all, if Abby and Spencer were to get married and have children, someone would need to prioritize family over work—and neither of them seemed willing to make that sacrifice.

Abby was deeply committed to her career, and Spencer, being ambitious and driven, wasn't the type to compromise his professional goals either. This was why their parents had shelved the idea of matchmaking years ago.

But now, with Spencer's job transfer requiring him to stay in Huyoniville long-term, everything had changed.

When Mrs. Du's best friend heard about Spencer's move, she wasted no time reigniting the discussion about a potential match. Mrs. Du, eager to see her daughter paired with someone she trusted, planned to have Abby pick him up at the airport to reconnect.

Back in the present, Evan suddenly broke into the conversation, shamelessly declaring, "Auntie, Abby likes me. Don't try to match her with someone else."

Abby glanced at him, her expression unreadable. She didn't dignify his bold statement with a response.

On the other end of the line, Mrs. Du's sharp ears picked up Evan's voice. "Abby, is that stinky boy from the York family with you again?" she asked. "He came by on the fourth day of the New Year. You weren't home, so we didn't let him in. I thought he had given up, but here he is, bothering you at work. What's his deal?"

Before Abby could answer, Mrs. Du continued, "If he's trying to win you back, you should give Spencer a chance. Let that boy know you can do far better than him any day."

Evan overheard the remark and protested indignantly, "Auntie, I'm not stinky!"

Mrs. Du snorted. "You are a stinky boy. Anyone who upsets my precious daughter is a stinky boy."

"Mom," Abby interrupted, eager to steer the conversation elsewhere, "it's only Wednesday. I can't confirm my schedule for Friday yet. Let me see if I can make time to pick up Spencer, okay?"

"Fine, but don't forget," Mrs. Du replied before Abby hurriedly ended the call.

As soon as she hung up, Evan asked, "Is your mom trying to set you up with someone?"

"What does it matter to you?" Abby shot back, her tone cold.

Evan, caught off guard, couldn't think of a retort. After all, what claim did he have over Abby now? The painful truth was that she had once been his fiancée, but through his

own carelessness, he had pushed her away. If he wanted her back, the road ahead would be long and fraught with challenges.

“How long have you known him?” Evan pressed, undeterred.

Abby raised an eyebrow, unimpressed by his persistence. “Spencer has known me since the day I was born.”

Evan’s expression tightened.

“Brother Spencer and I go way back—nearly 30 years. Our bond is special,” Abby continued, emphasizing her words to provoke him.

Evan’s mind reeled. Mrs. Du’s earlier comments about Spencer being a perfect match for Abby gnawed at him. He couldn’t shake the feeling that this “Brother Spencer” was a real threat.

Abby leaned back in her chair, feigning casual indifference. “Spencer is six years older than me. My mom always says older men are more caring.”

“I’m older than you too,” Evan interjected quickly, his tone defensive.

Abby smirked, meeting his gaze. “Oh really, Evan? Do you even understand what you’re saying? Are you trying to pursue me again? Because if I remember correctly, you once said you could never fall in love with me. So why are you here, stirring things up?”

Evan opened his mouth to respond, but no words came out. For once, the usually smooth-talking man was at a loss.

Abby’s sharp question hung in the air, leaving Evan to wrestle with the consequences of his past mistakes.

Chapter 3973

Abby felt a wave of satisfaction as she watched Evan struggle to find words. A mischievous smile danced on her lips as she leaned in closer, her flawless face mere inches from his.

Their eyes locked, the air between them charged with tension.

The proximity was overwhelming. Evan caught a faint, familiar fragrance drifting from her—delicate yet distinct.

It wasn't the scent of the Changeable Fox. That woman, cautious as always, never wore perfume, likely to avoid leaving traces. But this fragrance... this was something else.

It hit him like a jolt.

The scent was Abby's—the same one from when he'd first pursued her. Or... Bianca's.

Memories clicked into place. The fragrance, unmistakably, belonged to both women.

Abby *is* Bianca.

Evan was certain now, but he didn't press her for answers.

What was the point? Even if he asked, she'd never admit it.

And he didn't need her to. His grandmother's words echoed in his mind: trust her judgment. Grandma wouldn't steer him wrong when it came to marriage.

She knew about his love for the Changeable Fox, yet she'd still urged him to pursue Abby. That alone was the answer he needed.

Evan berated himself silently. How could he have been so blind, so naive? Unlike his elder brother, he lacked clarity. His hesitation and missteps had cost him dearly, pushing the woman he loved further away.

But no more. He resolved to trust his grandmother and follow his elder brother's advice. He would win Abby back.

The closeness between them was electric, their breaths mingling in the charged atmosphere.

Abby couldn't help but sigh internally. How was Evan this devastatingly handsome? Of course, the entire York family was blessed with good looks, and their wives were equally stunning.

The genes ran strong. Even the elder Yorks, despite their age, carried the charm of their youth. It was no surprise that the nine young masters of the York family turned heads wherever they went. Abby imagined all nine of them strolling through a crowded street, causing utter chaos as people craned their necks just to catch a glimpse.

For a fleeting moment, she had the urge to reach out and touch Evan's face. But she quickly brushed the thought aside.

She straightened herself and spoke, her tone calm but firm. "Evan, are you seriously thinking about pursuing me again? Didn't you once claim the woman you loved was that girl, Fox? Isn't she the one who's better suited for you? If you chase after me now, aren't you afraid she'll find out and you'll lose her completely? Or... is this just another one of your grandmother's ideas?"

She leaned back slightly, her expression steady. "Listen, Evan. You don't have to do this. Marriage isn't what it used to be—it's not decided by elders anymore. Your parents don't interfere in your choices, so why should your grandmother dictate who you marry? You should follow your heart, not hers."

Evan's reply was measured. "It's true that she's not the one getting married. But she has the wisdom to see what I couldn't. In the end, you're the one I need to be with—not her."

Abby shook her head, her voice soft but resolute. "Don't force yourself, Evan. Marriage is for life. If you can't love me, we'd both end up miserable, wouldn't we?"

Straightening up, Abby turned away and sank back into her chair. "Go home, Evan. Sincere or not, you've already hurt me once. I won't fall for the same trap twice. And don't confuse me with Miss Fox or Bianca. I am Abby—the second daughter of the Du family."

Her words were final.

She pushed the bouquet of flowers and the jewelry box toward him. "Take these back. Whatever apology you think this is, it's unnecessary. Our story ended long ago."

Evan sat there, stunned. A bouquet and a set of jewelry weren't nearly enough to undo the damage he'd caused. Abby wasn't going to make it easy for him—and he knew she was right.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3974

Chapter 3974

Even if Evan was serious about pursuing Abby again, she wasn't going to rush into anything. She needed time to think, even though a part of her still had feelings for him.

Evan, meanwhile, had overheard her phone conversation with Mrs. Du. He knew Mrs. Du was trying to match Abby with a man named Spencer, making it clear that he now had competition.

When Abby firmly asked him to leave, Evan didn't argue or linger stubbornly. Instead, he rose to his feet with quiet composure.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you, Miss Du," he said, his tone steady but sincere. "I know you're Abby, the second daughter of the Du family, and I know exactly what I'm doing. You asked me earlier if I wanted to pursue you again. Let me be clear—I do. Starting today, I'll do just that. No matter how you feel about me now, I'll accept it."

Abby's heart wavered slightly at his words.

The first time, she had offered him her heart, only for Evan to reject it. That was his mistake. Now, it was his turn to prove himself, to lay his heart bare.

This wasn't going to be easy, and Evan knew it. Winning her back would take time, but he was determined to persist.

"For the record, my grandmother didn't force me," he added, meeting her gaze. "When it comes to marriage, she only ever pressured my eldest brother to marry my sister-in-law. Zachary's situation was... unique. For the rest of us, she gave us the freedom to build relationships and only get married when we were ready. That's not what this is about."

Evan gestured toward the bouquet and the small red jewelry box on the table. "These are for you. If you don't like them, throw them away. I won't take them back."

He paused before adding, "You're probably too busy to have lunch with me, but tonight, I'll pick you up for dinner. My treat."

With that, he apologized again for interrupting and left.

Abby watched as he walked out of her office, the tension in her chest easing slightly.

But then it hit her—she couldn't keep the jewelry. Picking up the bouquet and the red box, she hurried after him.

"Evan!" she called out. "Take your things with you!"

But by the time she reached the hallway, he was already gone.

Abby stood there for a moment, muttering under her breath, “Runs faster than a rabbit...”

Under the curious gaze of her secretary, she returned to her office, trying to act as if nothing had happened. Once inside, she tossed the bouquet and the jewelry box into the trash can.

Then, an idea struck her. She pulled out her phone and posted a picture of the discarded items on her WhatsApp Moments, setting the privacy so only Serenity and a few close friends could see it. She wanted Serenity to pass the message along to Evan—loud and clear.

She didn't have Evan on WhatsApp anymore.

They'd been contacts once, but after Evan told her he could never love her, she'd deleted him. When she came back from Wiltspoon, she'd kept her distance. Even as Bianca and Fox—her aliases—she hadn't added him back.

After posting the update, Abby glanced at the jewelry box in the trash. Something about leaving it there felt... wrong. She picked it up.

As for the bouquet, she hesitated before leaving it where it was—for now.

Returning to her desk, Abby tried to refocus on her work. But minutes later, she found herself walking back to the trash can and retrieving the bouquet.

Why not? she thought. She'd already posted it on WhatsApp Moments, and Serenity would surely let Evan know she'd thrown it away. No one would suspect if she took it back.

The jewelry was too valuable to leave lying around. Abby carried the box into the lounge, where she locked it safely in the vault. The bouquet, on the other hand, found a casual home on the coffee table in the reception area.

Once everything was sorted, she finally returned to her desk and dived back into her work.

Her phone buzzed with another message from her mother: **“Don't give in to Evan too quickly. Let him experience the pain of chasing after you for once.”**

Abby smiled at the message, quickly typing a reply: *“Should I at least leave him a way out?”*

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Chapter 3975

Mrs. Du replied without hesitation: *“Of course, you should leave him a way out. As long as you end up with that boy, your future will be filled with happiness. I’ve seen so many men over the years, and I still believe he’s the one most suited for you.”*

Even though Mrs. Du had been upset with Evan before, she couldn’t help but hope her daughter would win him over. In her eyes, Evan was already her ideal son-in-law.

Abby smiled at her mother’s message but didn’t respond.

Deep down, she understood her mother’s perspective.

Truthfully, Abby wasn’t as angry as she might have been when Evan rejected her.

After all, his feelings had always been directed at *her*—he just didn’t know it.

Evan had been left in the dark, deceived by her multiple identities, manipulated without realizing it.

But even so, when he believed he didn’t love Abby, he made a clean break. He confessed honestly and walked away without lingering, ensuring she wouldn’t get even more hurt. Abby admired that about him.

Now that she knew Grandma York had chosen her to be Evan’s wife, Abby couldn’t help but feel curious. Why her? What made Grandma York decide she was the one?

Still, she was grateful. If Grandma York hadn’t intervened, Abby wasn’t sure if their paths would have ever crossed in a meaningful way. Without her blessing, they might not have stood a chance.

Meanwhile, Serenity saw Abby’s WhatsApp post.

She wasn’t the only one—Elisa and Jasmine had seen it too.

That day, Serenity visited Jasmine's bookstore.

Jasmine, still an avid reader, had just stocked up on a batch of new novels. She'd devoured everything in the store, as usual, and was always on the hunt for fresh stories to dive into.

A few simple snacks—melon seeds and peanuts—sat on the counter, and Jasmine casually munched on the seeds while flipping through a novel.

When Serenity made a phone call, Jasmine glanced up curiously.

"Evan, are you in Huyoniville?" Serenity asked.

Evan's voice came through the line. "Yes, I'm in Huyoniville, sister-in-law. What's up?"

"Did you send Abby a bouquet of roses and a set of jewelry?"

Evan hesitated for a moment. "Sister-in-law... how did you know?"

He was on his way back to his hotel, still several minutes out. His grandmother had given him a task—buy a house in Huyoniville, preferably as close to the Du family as possible.

Unfortunately, none of the Du family's neighbors were willing to sell their homes. The best he could do was find a villa nearby, but even that was proving tricky with the limited time he'd spent in Huyoniville.

He'd had better luck with a car, though. He'd already picked one out, paid a deposit, and was waiting to finalize the purchase. For now, he was relying on rentals.

"I saw Abby's post on WhatsApp," Serenity said. "Hang on, I'll take a screenshot and send it to you."

After ending the call, Serenity forwarded the screenshot to Evan, which included the photos Abby had posted.

While Serenity was busy, Jasmine's curiosity got the better of her. She opened Abby's WhatsApp profile and checked out the post herself.

"Serenity, is Evan trying to get back with his ex?" Jasmine's eyes lit up with interest, eager for some juicy gossip. It had been a while since she'd had anything this entertaining to discuss.

She continued, “Just a few months ago, Evan swore up and down that he’d tried everything and still couldn’t fall in love with Abby. Now he’s chasing after her again? What changed? Did his precious ‘Fox’ reject him? Or maybe seeing you and Zachary together made him feel pressured. Add Grandma York’s nagging, and now he’s running back to Abby? What does he take her for? Someone he can pick up and drop whenever he feels like it?”

Jasmine was clearly not on Evan’s side in this situation.

She’d seen Abby’s pain when she chased Evan all the way from Huyoniville to Wiltspoon. Abby had even asked Serenity for help, but Evan had been firm. He’d apologized to Abby and made it clear he couldn’t love her because his heart belonged to someone else—Fox.

“What’s so great about Fox anyway?” Jasmine muttered, shaking her head. “Does she even compare to Abby?”