

Married At First Sight Chapter 3931-3935

Chapter 3931

“Fox, I admit it—I took your things. But think about it—why would I? If you hadn’t provoked me first, I wouldn’t have had to retaliate.”

Evan’s voice carried a mix of defense and innocence, his tone calculated yet calm.

Fox crossed her arms, her expression unbothered. “So, you think your actions are justified just because you felt slighted? Don’t twist the facts. You took my things. I simply took back what was mine.”

Evan sighed dramatically, feigning helplessness. “Honestly, I did plan to return them. But you’re so unpredictable—here one day, gone the next. I couldn’t find you. If you’d just told me your name, where you live, or even given me a phone number, I would’ve returned them ages ago.”

Fox’s laughter cut through the air, sharp and mocking. “Are you blaming me now?”

Her eyes narrowed as she leaned closer, her tone scathing. “How many times have we run into each other since you took my things? You’ve had plenty of chances to return them. I even went to your house to ask for them, and you still didn’t give them back. Evan, I haven’t seen you in a while, but wow—your shamelessness has reached new heights. Does your grandmother know? Does your mother know?”

Evan chuckled, utterly unfazed by her scolding. “My mother? It doesn’t matter if she knows or not. My brothers and I were raised by our grandparents anyway. My parents didn’t care much about us. But my grandma? Oh, she knows. She always says, *‘When you’re chasing a wife, you have to be persistent—and shameless.’*”

Fox was momentarily stunned, rendered speechless.

In her mind, the image of the York family matriarch surfaced—kind-faced, sharp-witted, and almost impossibly cunning. Fox had seen it firsthand. Behind that sweet smile was a woman capable of raising grandchildren who were not only brilliant but also incredibly difficult to deal with. And Evan? He was no exception.

Despite their tension, Fox couldn’t deny one thing—Evan was impressive in every way.

But that didn't mean she was going to let him win.

"I'll never accept your feelings," Fox said firmly. Her words were icy, but her tone carried an edge of something deeper—regret, maybe. "There are so many incredible men in my life—men who are from the same world as me. Evan, you're the fourth son of a billionaire family. How could you possibly be with someone like me? A homeless woman, constantly on the move, living life on the edge?"

Her gaze locked onto his, unyielding. "Even if I wanted to be with you, do you really think your family would allow it? I've heard your grandmother has already chosen a wife for you. Why not accept her choice?"

Evan's jaw tightened as he stared at her, trying to read her expression. Her face was blank, giving nothing away, leaving him to second-guess himself.

But deep down, he trusted Serenity's advice. She had to be right. Zachary, with his sharp mind, must've pieced it together. And if he had, Serenity would've shared her insights with Evan.

Taking a breath, he said, "I've already rejected my grandmother's plans. I thought I told you that. Fox, I really like you. Please—give me a chance. Let me prove myself to you. How can you say we're not compatible when we haven't even tried? Don't sell yourself short. You're not a 'homeless woman.' You're so much more than that."

There was a softness in his gaze now, a vulnerability he rarely showed.

"The elegance in you—it's impossible to hide."

And if she really was Abby, then it all made sense. Abby Du, the second daughter of the Du family, was nobility personified. Her grace and composure were innate, qualities that no amount of disguise could conceal.

Fox's expression hardened at his words. She needed to probe further, to figure out his real intentions.

"The wife your grandmother picked for you—isn't she the second daughter of the Du family?" Fox asked, her voice steady but her heart racing.

She knew the answer, but she wanted to hear it from him.

Was he here for her? Or had he come to pursue Abby again?

After all, Abby was her. But she'd played so many roles, worn so many faces, that even she sometimes struggled to keep track of who she truly was.

Thankfully, the moments of doubt were fleeting. She never allowed them to show, never let her mask slip. The game was still hers to play.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3932

Chapter 3932

At least for now, no one had connected Fox to Abby. Bianca? That connection was easier to make.

Fox tilted her head, her voice laced with subtle mockery. "What's wrong with Abby? Why don't you pursue her? I seem to recall you gave it a shot for a while."

Evan held her gaze steadily. "Abby is amazing. I pursued her because Grandma wanted me to, and I trusted her judgment. But no matter how much I tried, I couldn't stop thinking about you. My heart never felt anything for Abby."

He paused, his expression serious. "Marriage is for life, especially for the men in my family. York men don't divorce. If I were to marry someone I don't truly love, I'd either live a lie or end up the first York man to ever file for divorce. Grandma wouldn't just break my legs—she'd disown me, and I'd end up taking her surname instead."

The weight of his words lingered, and Fox studied him quietly.

Evan continued, "Before marriage, Grandma lets us choose for ourselves. But once we're married, we're expected to commit fully—to love and honor our wives for life. Any man who cheats is cast out of the York family, with no claim to the family's wealth or legacy.

"Divorce? It's only permitted if the wife is unfaithful. But let's be real—what woman would ever cheat on a York man? We're raised to cherish our wives, spoil them, and treat them like queens. What kind of woman would give that up? Only a fool would leave a man who treats her like that."

Fox's expression remained unreadable, but Evan pressed on, his voice softening. "That's why I made things clear to Abby. She's incredible—strong, smart, and capable. I admire her as a person. But as a partner? My heart just isn't in it."

Abby, he admitted to himself, was everything a man could want—poised, successful, and driven. She even held a significant role in her family’s business, balancing strength and grace effortlessly.

If Evan hadn’t met Fox, he probably would’ve fallen for Abby.

But he had met Fox. And Abby, no matter how remarkable, wasn’t Fox.

Unless... Abby *was* Fox.

Fox’s voice broke the silence, sharp and direct. “So why have you been keeping an eye on the Du family’s second daughter lately?”

Her question hit its mark. Evan’s words had been smooth and calculated, but Fox wasn’t about to let him dodge reality. She laid it bare, effectively telling him she’d been aware of his every move since he arrived in Huyoniville.

It was a reminder—Evan might be clever, but he was no match for her.

Fox’s knowledge ran deep, thanks to her connections. Her senior brothers and sisters, each brilliant in their own right, had taught her well. Compared to them, she might have seemed like the underdog, but that wasn’t the full story.

Her upbringing in a wealthy, influential family came with its own weight and responsibilities. She’d returned to the Du family after graduation, taking on the burden of managing their business empire. But in her free time, she carved out another life—one that allowed her to wander the world under different identities, leaving a mark wherever she went.

Evan, on the other hand, leaned heavily on the Bucham family’s resources in Wiltspoon.

Fox smirked inwardly. She knew everything about Evan—his alliances, his tactics, and his weaknesses. He, however, knew next to nothing about her.

She relished the upper hand.

After all, he had toyed with her feelings once, only to reject her with cold indifference. His dismissal had bruised her pride as Abby, leaving a scar she wasn’t about to forget.

Why had she, Abby Du, not been “enough” for him?

And now he had the audacity to pursue her again?

Fox almost laughed out loud. *Get in line, Evan.*

She had no shortage of admirers. In fact, there were far more accomplished and desirable men vying for her attention.

Evan York? He was just another name on a very long list.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3933

Chapter 3933

“Evan, are you trying to pursue the second daughter of the Du family again?” Fox asked, her tone sharp and probing.

Evan shook his head firmly. “No. I told Abby from the start that I couldn’t love her. That was my fault, and I take full responsibility for it. But it’s been months—she should have moved on by now. I wouldn’t waste my time stirring up old feelings. Fox, the truth is, the person I care about—the person I want to marry—is you. You’re it for me.”

His declaration was direct, almost bold.

Still, Evan couldn’t completely dismiss his suspicions that Abby and Fox might be the same person. That possibility kept him glued to Abby’s every move.

Abby might not have noticed his quiet surveillance, but Fox certainly had.

That was Fox for you—always one step ahead.

Evan didn’t mind, though. In fact, he admired her strength. He wasn’t the type of man to be threatened by a powerful woman. Real men, he believed, could handle a wife who outshined them.

Take Kevin, for example. Kevin openly revolved around Hayden, a woman who’d played the role of a tough, no-nonsense leader for over twenty years. She was fierce and commanding, yet even Hayden fell for Kevin’s relentless charm.

In the end, love wasn’t about who held more power. It was about trust, respect, and building a life together. That’s what Grandma York had always taught them.

The matriarch's wisdom was legendary—her matchmaking unmatched. Anyone she picked had a stellar character, someone who would not only complement her grandsons but also share in the family's legacy.

Evan believed in that. But he also believed in himself—and in his feelings for Fox.

Fox's laughter snapped him out of his thoughts. It was sharp, almost mocking. "I don't believe a word you're saying. You claim you're not after Abby anymore, yet you've been watching her like a hawk. You even skipped celebrating New Year's with your family just to keep tabs on her.

"And now you want me to believe you're not interested? Please. If you keep lying like this, no one's going to take you seriously. Do you really think I'd fall for a man who spends his time spinning stories and sneaking around? Evan, save yourself the embarrassment and drop this act."

She stood, brushing off imaginary dust from her sleeve, and turned to leave. But after a few steps, she paused and looked back, her gaze piercing.

"If you have something to say to Abby, say it directly. Be a man. Stop sneaking around like a thief in the night. If you do that, maybe I'll respect you a little more.

"Right now, you're just making yourself look bad. Even the elders in your family would be disappointed if they knew what you've been up to. Old Madam York is a legend, and her children and grandchildren have always been outstanding. Don't be the one to tarnish that reputation."

Evan's face turned red, the heat of embarrassment creeping up his neck.

How did she know *everything*?

She'd called him a thief—an obvious jab at his recent attempt to sneak into the Du family's villa. He thought no one had seen him, yet she somehow knew about his failed climb over the wall.

How was that even possible?

Evan had fled back to his hotel after getting caught, only to find Fox waiting for him in his room. Did she have eyes everywhere?

Her network of connections was terrifyingly efficient. Faster and more thorough than anything even the Bucham family could pull off.

The only person he could think of who might rival her reach was Brother Nolan, the top disciple of Grandpa Silver Fox.

“Fox,” Evan called after her, his tone softer now. “What is it about me that’s so wrong? Tell me, and I’ll change. Just give me a chance.”

Fox turned, her lips curving into a sly smile. “If you’re so into me, figure it out yourself. Why should I make it easy for you? There’s no way I’m going to help you win me over.”

“Then at least tell me your name,” Evan pleaded. His voice was quieter now, almost vulnerable. “We’ve known each other this long, and I still don’t even know who you really are.”

Fox’s expression didn’t falter. “You’re not the only one who doesn’t know my name,” she replied coolly.

She had so many aliases, so many identities. None of them led back to her true self.

And she wasn’t about to let Evan—or anyone—get that close just yet.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3934

Chapter 3934

Fox turned and headed for the door, her pace steady and composed.

“Bianca,” Evan suddenly called out, his voice firm.

Fox paused, glancing back at him with an arched brow. “Who’s Bianca?” she quipped, her tone laced with sarcasm.

Evan smiled faintly, taking a few steps closer to her. “Bianca is a young, fierce woman, just like you. She’s skilled in boxing, sharp in her movements—remarkably good at what she does. Fox, are you Bianca? One of Grandpa Silver Fox’s apprentices?”

He studied her closely as he continued, “Grandpa Silver Fox’s nickname includes ‘Fox,’ and so does yours. You two must be master and apprentice, right?”

Evan's suspicions ran deep. He wasn't sure if Fox was Abby, but Bianca? That was a name he couldn't shake from his mind. Bianca shared uncanny similarities with Fox—small, almost imperceptible habits and mannerisms.

He had tried testing Bianca before, but she saw right through him and shut him down, making it impossible to confirm his hunch. Still, the more he thought about it, the more convinced he became: Fox and Bianca were the same person.

Fox crossed her arms, her expression unreadable. "So, anyone with 'Fox' in their nickname must be connected to Grandpa Silver Fox? That's quite the leap. How many people in this world have 'Fox' in their names or titles?"

Her tone was casual, almost dismissive, but Evan wasn't deterred.

"My name isn't Bianca," she said firmly. "You can stop guessing. But I am impressed—your York family's reach is something else. Even a reclusive master like Grandpa Silver Fox hasn't escaped your network. And the fact that you call him 'Grandpa'—well, that speaks volumes about how familiar your family must be with him."

Evan's gaze never wavered. Fox's calm demeanor was impressive—too impressive. She didn't falter, didn't blink, and certainly didn't seem guilty. And that only made him more suspicious.

"It's fine if you won't admit it," he said, his voice low but determined. "One day, I'll find the evidence I need to prove that you are Bianca."

Fox smirked, her lips curving into a playful smile. "Oh, you're that confident, huh? Alright, Evan. Go ahead and prove it. I'll be waiting. Don't disappoint me."

With that, she opened the door and slipped out, her exit as smooth and calculated as everything else about her.

Evan didn't follow. He knew there was no point—he wouldn't be able to catch her even if he tried.

Outside the hotel, Fox glanced back briefly, making sure Evan hadn't come after her. Once she was certain, she walked away, her mind already spinning.

The night was cold, the kind that seeped into your bones, but Fox was used to braving storms—literal and figurative.

Evan was relentless, and he wasn't giving up on her. Fortunately, she had layers of identities to shield her—Fox, Bianca, Abby. Each one was a different version of herself, crafted to perfection.

Grandma York had known her secret and had chosen to protect it, even helping her keep it from Evan. Zachary and Serenity likely knew, too. And yet, no one had told Evan the truth. They let him wander in circles, chasing shadows, pouring time, money, and effort into unraveling a mystery they already understood.

Brother Nolan once joked that Evan was getting closer, piecing things together bit by bit—from Bianca to Abby.

He wasn't wrong.

Evan wasn't stupid. He trusted his grandmother's judgment deeply. If Grandma York believed Abby was the right woman for him, then he would accept that, no matter what it took.

But even if Evan managed to figure everything out, Fox wasn't planning to make things easy for him.

She hadn't forgotten the sting of his rejection when they first met. He'd told her plainly that he could never fall for her. Those words had cut deep, wounding both her pride and her heart.

Months had passed since then, but her scars hadn't fully healed.

Besides, what Evan seemed to love now was *Fox*—not *Abby*.

But what he didn't realize was that Fox, Abby, and Bianca were all the same person.

Abby was her original identity, the one tied to her family and their business. She had returned to that life, shouldering responsibilities and leaving behind the freedom to roam as she pleased.

Fox was her alter ego, the version of herself she allowed to emerge when she wanted to be someone else. But with her obligations growing, she rarely had the chance to step into that role anymore.

And so, the question lingered: if she stopped appearing as Fox, would Evan still love Abby?

It was a maddening contradiction.

Evan loved her, yet at the same time, he didn't. He loved Fox, but not Abby—never realizing they were one and the same.

Married At First Sight Chapter 3935

Chapter 3935

It was nearly two in the morning by the time Fox slipped back into the Du family villa.

In the car, she'd already transformed herself. Fox never traveled without options—several outfits, human-skin masks, and a full arsenal of cosmetics were always at hand.

Sometimes, she would disguise herself with just a mask, completely altering her face. Other times, she relied on her extraordinary makeup skills to change her appearance, though makeup alone occasionally left subtle clues. A mask, however, was foolproof.

As she ascended the stairs, Abby—the name she reverted to at home—moved cautiously, her footsteps light as feathers. She was careful not to wake her family, especially her mother.

Despite the festive New Year holiday, her mother had been exhausted preparing for the celebrations.

For Abby, the excitement she once felt for the New Year had faded long ago.

As a child, she'd counted down the days, eager for the break from school, the thrill of red envelopes stuffed with money, and the joy of wearing brand-new clothes. But those memories belonged to a different time.

Growing up in a family like the Dus, she and her siblings had been under relentless pressure to succeed academically and uphold the family's reputation.

Her journey became even more demanding when her master chose her. Training under him meant grueling discipline, more intense than anything her brothers or sisters faced. And it meant leaving home for over a decade.

Oddly enough, though, once she adjusted to life with her master, she stopped yearning for home.

During her rare visits back, she always found herself itching to return to her master's teachings. Her parents, resigned to her absence, would settle for video calls when they missed her. Visiting her master in person wasn't an option—the man was too private, his whereabouts deliberately elusive.

Even his disciples were sworn to secrecy about his locations.

Many of her fellow apprentices were orphans who revered the master like a savior. They treated his every word as gospel, unwavering in their loyalty and devotion.

But Abby's relationship with him was different.

As the second daughter of the wealthy and influential Du family in Huyonville, she didn't share the same blind allegiance. Her master often joked that his decision to take her on as a disciple had more to do with her amusing him than anything else.

Still, she'd proven herself, and he'd grown fond of her. Of all his students, she knew she was his favorite.

As she tiptoed up the stairs, a voice cut through the silence.

"Abby, where were you in the middle of the night?"

Startled, Abby turned to find her mother standing in the hallway.

Mrs. Du was a notoriously light sleeper, her rest easily disturbed by the smallest noise. Tonight had been particularly restless for her, given the earlier chaos at the villa.

Just hours before, a thief had tried to break into the property. Although the family's wolfhounds had chased him off, the incident had left Mrs. Du on edge.

When she'd gone outside to investigate, the security guards explained that the thief had fled in a car before they could catch him. The guards had given chase in a vehicle but found no trace of him on the highway.

Adding to her frustration, they discovered the surveillance cameras in the area where the thief had climbed the wall were conveniently out of order.

The negligence of the security team hadn't gone unnoticed. Mrs. Du was furious but held back from addressing it immediately, considering it was the holiday season and the staff was short-handed.

Still, she'd already made up her mind to replace the night's security detail after the New Year. The idea that the cameras had been broken and no one noticed was inexcusable.

Fortunately, the family's wolfhounds had been alert, scaring off the intruder. But Mrs. Du couldn't shake the thought of what might have happened if the dogs hadn't been there.

She hadn't been able to sleep since. So when she heard soft footsteps in the hallway, she got up to investigate—and found her daughter trying to sneak upstairs.

“Abby?” she pressed, her voice tinged with worry and curiosity.

Caught, Abby turned to face her mother, her expression calm, though her mind raced for an explanation.