

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4025

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Fox turned back to look at Evan, her gaze lingering for a moment.

After a long pause, she said, “Thank you for returning my things.”

That simple statement felt like a definitive break between them.

Evan’s dark eyes softened as he replied, “Don’t go out late at night anymore. You should rest.”

He didn’t add that she’d end up exhausted during the day, surviving on multiple cups of coffee just to stay awake.

Fox chuckled lightly. “I enjoy late-night outings—it’s a habit I’m not ready to break. Goodbye, Evan.”

With a small wave, she turned and, under his watchful gaze, opened the door. Within seconds, she vanished into the night.

Knowing her token was safe in Wildridge Manor, Fox felt no urgency to retrieve it.

For now, Evan was still in Huyoniville. If she returned to Wiltspoon too soon, Evan would visit Du’s Group, fail to find her, and inevitably connect the dots between Abby and Fox. He was already suspicious.

Besides, Wildridge Manor was one of the safest places. Evan wouldn’t dare lose her belongings there, but retrieving them would be tricky.

Wildridge Manor wasn’t Evan’s private property. It was under Grandma York’s domain, with her children, in-laws, and others living there too. Even with her skillset—her ability to scale walls and evade detection—Fox wasn’t willing to provoke Grandma York.

Getting caught by the sharp-eyed matriarch? That was a humiliation Abby couldn’t bear.

Meanwhile, Evan returned to his room, phone in hand. He sat down on the bed, eventually reclining halfway as he aimlessly scrolled through his messages.

He wanted to contact his eldest brother, but the hour was far too late. His brother and sister-in-law were surely asleep by now.

Evan typed out several long messages, only to delete them each time. He didn't dare wake his brother—doing so would only invite a scolding.

Finally, he sent a quick text to Tatum.

“You still up?”

It took a moment, but Tatum eventually responded with a voice message.

“Fourth brother, why are you still awake? I just woke up from a nap. The eldest miss has an early morning tomorrow, so I have to get up early to prepare her breakfast. I go to bed early these days.”

Tatum's tone was light but carried a hint of weariness. His days were structured around caring for his fiancée, from her meals to her preferences. If he didn't get enough rest at night, he wouldn't have the energy to cook properly during the day—and subpar cooking wasn't an option.

His fiancée had a refined palate. She could tell instantly if something was off. She might let it slide once or twice, but if it became a habit? Tatum knew his place in her life would be at risk.

And leaving her? That wasn't even a consideration. Tatum hadn't even confessed his feelings to Elora yet. Losing her wasn't an option.

“I just finished my shower and haven't gone back to bed yet,” Tatum added with a chuckle. “Fourth brother, just focus on winning over our future sister-in-law. Leave the other matters to the rest of us. You can afford to stay up late—you can catch up on sleep during the day. Unlike me, who has to handle everything myself.”

Evan replied with a heavy sigh. “You think I'm happy? I was completely tricked by Grandma.”

“Out of all the brothers, Grandma chose to fool me,” Evan continued, his voice tinged with self-pity. “She didn't trick you, or the others. Just me.”

Tatum laughed softly. “Fourth brother, you're being dramatic.”

“I'm serious, Tatum. I'm upset, and I need someone to talk to. Big brother's busy and asleep by now. If I wake him, he'll just scold me. That leaves you.”

“Fourth brother, I'm busy too, you know,” Tatum replied with a mock sigh. “But if you're upset, I'll listen. Sometimes just talking helps. If I can help, I will. If I can't, at least you'll feel better getting it off your chest.”

Tatum didn't admit it, but he was curious to hear what Evan had to say. Perhaps a little too curious.

