

Married At First Sight Chapter 3936-3940

Married At First Sight Chapter 3936

Chapter 3936

“My friend invited me out for a midnight snack,” Abby said casually, masking the truth from her mother.

She hadn’t gone out for food. In reality, she’d been tracking down the thief—but she couldn’t admit that. She especially didn’t want her mother to know that Evan had been the one trying to climb over their wall. It would only tarnish her mother’s high opinion of him.

Mrs. Du had met Evan during his deliberate attempts to get close to Abby. Knowing he was the fourth young master of the prestigious York family in Wiltspoon had impressed her, and she’d spoken highly of both him and his family.

Her mother’s glowing endorsement had made Abby reconsider her feelings toward Evan. Everyone in the family seemed to think he was a perfect match, and she’d started to wonder if they were right.

But just as she began to open her heart to him, Evan had bluntly told her that despite trying for months, he simply couldn’t fall in love with her.

Mrs. Du tilted her head, unconvinced by Abby’s excuse. “You don’t usually go out for midnight snacks. What were you craving so badly that you had to leave the house in this freezing weather? Why not eat at home?”

“Mom, it’s not that cold. We have heating, and I had something warm to eat while I was out. Normally, I don’t eat late because I’m afraid it’ll affect my sleep and make me sluggish at work the next day. But I’m on vacation now, so it’s nice to relax, catch up with friends, and indulge a little,” Abby replied, her tone light and reassuring.

Mrs. Du let the subject drop but asked, “Are your friends all married?”

Abby shook her head. “No, not all of them.”

“We’re rich, beautiful, and smart—why should we settle down and give up our freedom so soon?” Mrs. Du said, a playful smile tugging at her lips. “Once you’re married, your carefree days are over.”

Abby braced herself. She knew where this conversation was heading.

Ever since Abby returned from Wiltspoon heartbroken over Evan’s rejection, her mother had been on a mission. Angry that Evan had hurt her daughter, Mrs. Du had vowed to find someone even better for Abby. She’d been dropping not-so-subtle hints about marriage ever since.

“After the New Year, you’re one year older,” Mrs. Du added with a knowing glance as they walked toward her room.

“Mom,” Abby sighed, “I’m only in my twenties. I’m still young. I have plenty of time to think about marriage.” She anticipated what her mother would say next and quickly added, “I know you really liked Evan, but he doesn’t like me. What’s the point of holding on to that?”

“As long as he had even a little feeling for me, I wouldn’t have given up. But Mom, your daughter is amazing. Do you really want me throwing myself at someone who doesn’t want me? It’s not like I can’t find a good man. If I wanted to get married tomorrow, there’d be a line of great guys ready to say yes.”

Mrs. Du smiled warmly. “You’re absolutely right. Our Abby is incredible. Evan must be blind not to see it. Mark my words—one day, he’ll regret letting you go. And when that day comes, you mustn’t take him back.”

Abby laughed softly. “Mom, we live thousands of miles apart. It’s unlikely we’ll even cross paths again. Besides, he already has someone he cares about.

“Anyway, it’s late. Go to bed. For the New Year gifts to our relatives and friends, just arrange for someone else to deliver them. You don’t need to exhaust yourself running around.”

Mrs. Du nodded. “I know. You should get some rest too.”

Standing outside Mrs. Du’s room, the mother and daughter exchanged a final smile before parting ways for the night.

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Chapter 3937

“Goodnight, Mom,” Abby said softly, offering her mother a warm smile.

As Mrs. Du turned the doorknob to leave, Abby suddenly called out, “Mom, if Evan comes to see me again, would you let him in?”

Mrs. Du’s response was sharp and immediate: “I’ll let the wolfhound take care of him.”

Abby chuckled, her voice light. “Mom, you talk tough, but deep down, you’d probably smile and think he’s realized he actually loves me.”

Mrs. Du sighed. “I’d have to hold back for a while,” she admitted before quickly closing the door, too embarrassed to face her daughter’s knowing look.

Alas.

Evan had always been the son-in-law Mrs. Du had envisioned for Abby. But now, if he truly realized he loved her and came crawling back, could she forgive him for the heartache he caused just months ago?

Evan had hurt Abby deeply.

Still, Mrs. Du told herself, *Let the young people handle their own mess.* After all, what were the chances of Evan actually coming back?

But life often has a way of catching you off guard.

The next morning, while Abby was still nestled in her bed, catching up on sleep, Mrs. Du’s phone buzzed with a call from the security guard on duty.

“Who did you say he is?” Mrs. Du asked, her posture suddenly rigid as she sat on the living room sofa.

The guard replied, “Madam, he says he’s Evan York—the fourth young master of the York family from Wiltspoon. He’s here to see the second young lady.”

Mrs. Du's lips pressed into a thin line. She didn't need an introduction to know who Evan was, but today's security guard, just a month into the job, clearly didn't recognize him.

"Tell him Abby doesn't want to see him," she said curtly, hanging up the phone with a sharp click. A cold smile crept onto her face.

Evan, Evan. So, you've come crawling back.

Didn't he once proclaim that he didn't care for Abby? And now, after all these months, he suddenly decided she was worth chasing again?

"What's got you smiling like that? Who's here? Someone Abby doesn't want to see?"

Mr. Du, seated opposite his wife and reading a newspaper with his glasses perched on his nose, noticed her reaction. His curiosity piqued.

Mrs. Du looked at him, her tone laced with sarcasm. "Remember Evan York? The fourth son of the York family from Wiltspoon?"

Mr. Du frowned. "Him? What about him?"

"He's here," Mrs. Du said with a huff. "The same boy who claimed he didn't like our Abby but spent months chasing her anyway. And when she finally fell for him, he had the audacity to say he was just playing with her feelings. If she hadn't stopped me, I would've flown over to Wiltspoon and given his parents a piece of my mind. What kind of son did they raise?"

Mr. Du's expression darkened at the mention of Evan. Anger bubbled beneath the surface.

"If Abby hadn't intervened, I'd have dealt with him myself," he muttered. "Even her brothers and cousins wanted to teach him a lesson, but Abby insisted she'd handle it."

"Well," Mrs. Du continued, "he's back now, asking to see Abby. My guess? He's realized he has feelings for her and wants to make amends."

Mr. Du folded his newspaper, setting it aside. "It's been months since he pulled that stunt, and he's only just figured out he likes her now?"

"Don't get carried away," Mrs. Du warned. "He hurt Abby, and we can't let him off the hook that easily. Even if he's realized his feelings and wants to win her back, we should

make him work for it. He needs to understand that our Abby isn't someone he can toss aside and pick up whenever he pleases."

She paused, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Actually," she added, "let's stir things up a bit. Arrange a blind date for Abby. If we can't find someone on short notice, let her cousins step in and act the part. Let's give Evan a taste of his own medicine. That'll show him Abby isn't sitting around waiting for him to come crawling back."

Her husband smirked, clearly entertained by the idea. Mrs. Du, however, was already lost in her plans, determined to make Evan understand the value of what he had so carelessly thrown away.

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Mrs. Du's eyes lit up at her husband's suggestion. "That's a brilliant idea! But we don't need Abby's cousins to step in. Our Abby is exceptional, and there's no shortage of men interested in her. We just need to spread the word that we're planning to marry her off next year. Her admirers will practically line up and launch their campaigns to win her over."

In the eyes of her parents, Abby was nothing short of perfect.

And she truly was remarkable. Otherwise, the matriarch of the York family wouldn't have handpicked her.

"I'll go outside and take a look," Mrs. Du said, unable to sit still.

She stood and straightened her posture, already imagining the scathing words she'd unleash on the fourth young master of the York family.

"I'll go with you," Mr. Du offered, setting his newspaper aside.

His concern wasn't unwarranted. His wife had once been very impressed with Evan, and truthfully, so had he.

After all, the York family name carried immense weight in Wiltspoon, and their reputation was nothing short of stellar. Everyone in Huyonville knew the York men were not only loyal but utterly devoted in marriage.

When a York married, it was for life.

For any woman, the York family was a dream in-law household, and families with daughters often fantasized about their daughters marrying into the Yorks—or at least marrying someone with their same level of loyalty and dedication.

Mrs. Du huffed softly in agreement, and the couple hurried toward the front gate.

Evan's car was parked just outside the Du family mansion.

He had switched vehicles to avoid being recognized by the guards, even though he had already covered the license plate and logo on his usual car the night before.

After successfully sneaking in and out last night without being detected, he had removed the covers—but for good measure, he opted for a different car this time.

The last thing he wanted was for Abby's parents to find out about his less-than-noble actions. If Abby did agree to marry him someday, they'd be his in-laws. He couldn't let them know he'd once tried sneaking into their home like a common thief.

His car was loaded with gifts—an attempt to show his sincerity.

When you've offended someone's entire family, he thought wryly, you don't show up empty-handed.

Truthfully, Evan knew the Du family could have made his life miserable after what happened, but they hadn't. He suspected it was because Abby had asked them to let it go. She had always been calm and composed, someone who knew how to carry herself with dignity.

That was one of the things he admired most about her.

He wondered if Abby would be willing to see him today.

As he sat in the car, memories of the past came rushing back—the way he had pursued her half a year ago, hoping to build a connection and stir up genuine feelings. But

despite his efforts, he hadn't fallen in love with her. Instead, he had played with her emotions, only to walk away once her heart had begun to open to him.

The shame of his actions burned on his face.

He didn't deserve her forgiveness, and if she refused to see him, he wouldn't blame her. If he were in her shoes, he'd probably let the family dog chase him off the property.

After a few moments of waiting, Evan spotted two figures walking toward him—Mr. and Mrs. Du.

He recognized them immediately. They had been nothing but kind to him in the past, especially Mrs. Du, who had treated him as if he were already her son-in-law.

That kindness only deepened his guilt.

Before they reached him, Evan stepped out of the car.

He stood at the gate, his posture respectful, and watched as the couple approached.

"Uncle, Aunt," Evan greeted politely, bowing his head slightly in acknowledgment.

Mr. Du's expression hardened as he frowned and let out a cold snort.

Mrs. Du, her tone dripping with sarcasm, turned to her husband. "Husband, could you please confirm what kind of wind is blowing today? It seems to have carried the illustrious fourth young master of the York family to our doorstep!"

Her words were sharp and laced with irony.

Evan, however, kept his composure, maintaining a pleasant smile. "Auntie, it's the north wind," he replied evenly.

The cold wind bit through the air, its sharp chill perfectly matching the icy tension in the moment.

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Chapter 3939

“Hmph.” Mrs. Du scoffed, crossing her arms tightly.

“What are you doing here, Evan?” she asked, her tone sharp and unwelcoming. “You’re not welcome in this house. Go back to wherever you came from.”

Evan managed an awkward smile. “Auntie, I just want to see Abby.”

“Abby doesn’t want to see you,” Mrs. Du snapped. “Leave now, or we’ll set the wolf dogs on you.” Her voice was cold and filled with contempt. “Who do you think Abby is? Someone you can toy with when you feel like it? If you’re interested, you flirt with her. If not, you drop her like she means nothing. What do you think you are, the great Fourth Young Master York? Still chasing after the woman you claim to care about, but somehow failing miserably?”

Her words dripped with sarcasm, cutting deeply as she made her disdain clear.

Evan endured the insults without anger. He knew he had hurt Abby in the past. Whether she had taken him seriously or not, the truth remained—he had pursued her only to later declare he wasn’t interested. That alone had caused her pain, and it was a wrong he couldn’t undo.

The Du family had every right to dislike him now. If they still treated him kindly, as they once did, his guilt would have been unbearable.

“Uncle, Auntie,” Evan said calmly, “I really need to see Abby. She’s home, right? Please, just let me speak to her.”

Before Mrs. Du could respond, Evan turned back to his car. He opened the door and pulled out the gifts he had carefully prepared, his arms soon full of bags big and small. He approached them again.

“Uncle, Auntie, these are just small tokens of my apology.”

Mr. Du sneered, his expression colder than the winter wind. “I don’t care for your gifts, Fourth Young Master York. Take them and leave. Get as far away as possible. You hurt my daughter, and we haven’t even begun to settle the score with you. Don’t think for a second that we’re afraid of you just because of your family name.”

His voice grew louder, his anger more evident. “I don’t care if you’re the emperor or the president. You hurt my daughter, and I’ll make sure she gets justice.”

Evan remained composed, though his face betrayed his guilt. “Uncle, I’m sorry. I was wrong—terribly wrong.”

He had apologized to Abby countless times and even tried to make amends with gifts, but he knew deep down that his actions had left scars. Although Abby hadn’t openly resented him, her refusal to visit Serenity in Wiltspoon made it clear she still hadn’t fully healed. He had damaged her confidence, her self-esteem—and that was entirely on him.

“What are you apologizing to me for?” Mr. Du retorted, his face still hard. “I’m not the one you wronged.”

“Uncle, please, I just want to talk to Abby—”

“You’re wasting your breath,” Mr. Du interrupted. “Abby won’t see you, no matter how long you stand here. And if you keep hanging around, we won’t hesitate to let the dogs loose. Don’t blame us for what happens next.”

Evan opened his mouth to reply, but Mr. Du had already turned to his wife. “Let’s go back inside, dear. It’s freezing out here.”

The couple began walking away, but after a few steps, Mr. Du suddenly stopped. He turned back to Evan, a sharp glint in his eyes.

“If you’re really serious about apologizing,” he said, his voice laced with challenge, “take off your coat and stand out here for two hours. Let’s see how sincere you are. If you manage that, I might let you see Abby.”

Evan stood there, stunned. He had grown accustomed to Wiltspoon’s relatively mild winters. The icy winds and subzero temperatures of Huyonville, however, were brutal and unforgiving. Standing outside in just a shirt for two hours wouldn’t kill him, but it would certainly push his limits.

For a moment, he was speechless. The biting cold hit harder than he’d anticipated, the temperature easily plunging to double digits below freezing. Evan shivered, knowing this would be far from easy—but if it meant seeing Abby, he might not have a choice.

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Chapter 3940

In Wiltspoon, the temperature had plummeted to ten degrees, and the biting cold was enough to make anyone shiver. Even the warmth of heavy coats did little to shield against the chill.

Mr. Du led Mrs. Du back toward the house, his expression stern yet contemplative.

Mrs. Du glanced over her shoulder and whispered, “What if he actually takes off his coat and stands there for two hours? What if he freezes to death?”

Though they were angry at Evan and wanted him to feel the weight of their daughter’s pain, they weren’t looking to push things to the point of tragedy. Turning Evan into an icicle would risk a dangerous feud with the York family, something they couldn’t afford. It was one thing to cut ties, but becoming enemies with the Yorks was a whole different matter.

Mr. Du remained composed, waving off her concern. “If he really does it, Abby will come out to call him in after half an hour. Trust me. And if he doesn’t follow through, well, then nothing will come of it.”

“If he does it, he might catch a cold at most,” he added with a shrug. “And if he doesn’t, then no harm done.”

Mrs. Du frowned. “I still don’t think he came here for love this time. Who knows what he’s really after?”

Mr. Du sighed heavily, his shoulders slumping as his frustration showed. “I don’t want our daughter getting involved with that man again. She finally moved on from him, and if they meet, who’s to say her feelings won’t come rushing back? She’s been through enough.”

Their daughter rarely fell for anyone. Her standards were high—some might even say impossibly so—but that was how they’d raised her. She deserved the best.

But when Abby finally did fall for someone, it had been Evan. And he’d crushed her heart.

He’d come to her, charming and persistent, making her believe in something real—only to walk away in the end. He claimed he had only pursued her because his grandmother, Old Mrs. York, had arranged it. He admitted he had considered a future with Abby but ultimately stepped away, saying he couldn’t force feelings that weren’t there.

To Mr. Du, Evan's words felt like a slap in the face, not just to his daughter but to their whole family. His naive, inexperienced daughter had been swept away by a young, handsome, successful, and thoughtful man—only to have her trust shattered.

Even now, Mr. Du couldn't help but begrudgingly admit that if he were a young woman, even *he* might have been swayed by someone like Evan.

"Let's talk to Abby later," Mr. Du said after a pause. "If she wants to see him, let her decide. If not, we'll have someone send him packing. I just hate that the guy I thought would be my favorite son-in-law turned out like this."

Mrs. Du chuckled dryly, though her disappointment lingered.

"There are still plenty of good men out there," Mr. Du continued with a determined tone. "Maybe she'll find someone even better than Evan. Her fellow apprentices are excellent. I wouldn't mind seeing her end up with one of them."

Mrs. Du shook her head. "She told me there's no chance of that. She only sees them as brothers and nothing more. She keeps saying we shouldn't worry about her love life and that fate will come when it's meant to. But how can we not worry? She's our only daughter."

As they walked further, the couple instinctively turned back to look at the gate.

There Evan stood, still holding the bags of gifts he'd brought. They watched as he carefully set them down, then hesitated for a moment before removing his coat.

"He's really doing it," Mrs. Du murmured, a flicker of surprise and satisfaction crossing her face.

Mr. Du nodded, his expression softening ever so slightly. "I see it. Give it half an hour, and then have Abby come out."

The cold was merciless, but if Evan was willing to endure it, it showed a level of sincerity they hadn't expected.

"We're not trying to torture the boy," Mr. Du said gruffly. "We didn't yell, beat him, or even let the dogs loose. Making him stand outside without his coat for a bit? That's nothing. He can handle it."

With that, the couple returned to the warmth of the house.

A short while later, Mrs. Du made her way upstairs and stopped at her daughter's door. Raising her hand, she knocked gently. "Abby, are you up?" she called out.

Inside, Abby stirred. She had been awake for a while but was still curled up in bed, savoring the rare chance to sleep in. She had planned to stay under the covers until lunchtime, but her mother's voice made that impossible.

Reluctantly, Abby threw off the blankets, slipped on her slippers, and shuffled to the door. As she opened it, she yawned and answered, "I'm up, Mom. What is it?"