

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4022

Evan approached the table, careful to keep his distance. He didn't stand too close, knowing Abby might retaliate with one of her infamous over-the-shoulder takedowns. She had made it clear she didn't like him invading her space.

"You're still denying you're Abby?" he asked, his voice calm but firm. "I heard the truth from my grandma. Abby is you, and you're also Bianca."

Abby closed the book in her hands and raised her gaze to meet his. Her striking eyes sparkled with amusement, and a faint smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "Oh? Are you sure your grandma said that? You claim I'm Miss Du, but do you have any proof? Do I look like her? Does my voice sound the same? What about my figure?"

Evan hesitated for a moment before answering honestly. "You don't look like her, and your voice isn't the same, but your figure... it's a bit similar."

Abby leaned back slightly, her expression unreadable.

"Changeable Fox," Evan continued. "That's your nickname. It fits perfectly—you're clever, elusive, a master of disguise. The only people capable of mastering such exceptional disguise skills are the disciples of a select few elders from the Five Emperors Hall. Bianca was trained by Silver Fox, one of those elders. And Fox? That's just another identity of yours. I may not have concrete evidence, but based on what my grandma, brother, and sister-in-law have said, I'm certain all three of you—Fox, Bianca, and Abby—are the same person."

His voice softened as he added, "Abby, it doesn't matter if you admit it or not. I'm not backing down, and I'm certainly not giving up on you. It's cold tonight—put on an extra coat when you go out."

With that, Evan turned, grabbed his coat, and held it out to her. "Here. Wear my coat."

Abby arched a brow. "Are you trying to kick me out?"

"I'm not kicking you out," Evan replied with a small smile. "I just don't want you catching a cold. You're free to come and go as you please. I wouldn't force you to stay, nor would I ever ask you to leave."

Evan hesitated for a beat before asking, "How about a midnight snack? My treat."

Instead of answering, Abby deflected the question, pointing to the book on the table. “Why are you reading something like this?” She ignored the coat he held out to her—it wasn’t cold enough to need it.

After all, she had just left the hotel. Her car was heated, and her home was warm. The chill didn’t bother her.

Evan set the coat on the table when she didn’t take it and followed her gaze to the romance novel she had been reading. A slight flush crept onto his face. “Well... it’s my first time feeling this way. My first time trying to ask someone for forgiveness. I don’t know what I’m doing, so I figured I’d learn from these books. They’re supposed to teach you how to chase someone, right?”

Abby couldn’t help but laugh, her melodic voice filling the room. “Evan, girls don’t care about all those dramatic gestures and cheesy lines. What matters most is sincerity and honesty. If you’re truly genuine, she’ll forgive you eventually—no fancy tricks required.”

She paused and added pointedly, “And by the way, I’m not Miss Du. If you’re pursuing Miss Du because you like her, then focus on her. But if you’re confusing her with someone else, don’t waste her time.”

Evan said nothing, simply watching her intently.

She didn’t explicitly say she was Abby, but her words and actions made it clear she knew far more than she should. There was no logical way she could know so much about his private conversations with Abby—unless, of course, she *was* Abby.

Evan reminded himself not to dwell on her denials. Whether she called herself Abby or Bianca, it didn’t matter. Zachary’s words echoed in his mind:

“The person Grandma chose for you is the one who’s right for you. Trust her judgment and focus on winning your wife over. Grandma would never pair you with someone who wasn’t meant to be by your side.”

Evan smiled faintly, his resolve strengthening. Whatever Abby—or Fox—wanted to call herself, it didn’t change a thing. She was the woman he wanted. The woman he would fight for.

After a recent call with Zachary that had ended in a sharp scolding, Evan had begun to truly understand what his brother had been trying to tell him all along.

It was clear now—he just needed to follow his heart and let his actions speak louder than any words.