

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4021

Mrs. Du gently knocked on Abby's door, but there was no response.

"Abby probably went to bed early. Stop knocking—look at the time," Mr. Du said, lowering his voice as a reminder. "It's late, and she's likely already asleep. Don't wake her."

Hearing this, Mrs. Du paused and sighed. "I just haven't seen her these past couple of days. I wanted to talk to her, but if she's asleep, I'll have to wait until her next day off."

The Du family mansion was large and spacious, but the younger generation was always busy with work. They were often out early in the morning and returned late at night. Even during the New Year holiday, true relaxation was a luxury. Social obligations and client meetings dominated their schedules.

Though the Du Group was one of Huyonville's largest corporations, they faced fierce competition. Their clients were powerful, and their rivals were always lurking, ready to poach opportunities.

Maintaining strong relationships with clients was a necessity—part of the unspoken rules of business. Those who understood the industry understood this reality all too well.

"If you miss her so much, just stop by the company and see her," Mr. Du suggested as they walked to their bedroom.

"She's swamped at work," Mrs. Du replied. "If I go see her there, it'll interrupt her. She'll end up staying late to catch up on work. I don't want to make things harder for her."

Mrs. Du's expression softened. "I just wanted to talk to her about Spencer's return. She agreed to pick him up at the airport tomorrow. We've watched Spencer grow up—he's capable, kind, and has a good head on his shoulders. Honestly, he's not much different from that kid from the York family."

Mr. Du chuckled lightly as he opened their bedroom door and flipped on the lights. "The Yorks are well-off, and Evan's no slouch. He's talented, but he's in love with Fox, Abby's alter ego. There's something about that whole situation that feels... off."

"What's so strange about it? They're all part of the same story," Mrs. Du replied, stepping into the room.

Mr. Du sat down and leaned back in his chair. “Well, we can give things a little nudge—help things along subtly. But don’t overdo it. Abby still cares about him, even if she won’t admit it outright.”

Mrs. Du gave him a knowing look. “I understand. Spencer is wonderful, and our families have a deep bond. But Spencer only sees Abby as a sister. Can’t you tell? If they were ever going to fall in love, it would’ve happened by now. Evan wouldn’t even be in the picture.”

She was right. The Du and Chouinard families had been close for years. Abby and Spencer had grown up together, yet their relationship had always been purely platonic.

Evan, on the other hand, had only met Abby last year.

After a brief pause, Mrs. Du sighed. “Yes, you’re right. They’ve known each other for so long. If there was any romantic spark between them, it would’ve surfaced by now.”

“Let’s see how Evan handles things,” Mr. Du said reassuringly. “Our daughter isn’t going to make it easy for him this time, so we’ll just sit back and watch.”

Mrs. Du nodded in agreement. “Of course. Let’s see how it all plays out.”

Meanwhile, Abby was unaware that her parents had come home hoping to see her. Instead, she had gone to Evan’s hotel.

The Du family’s influence in Huyonville made it easy for her to know everything Evan was up to, including where he was staying.

When Abby arrived, Evan had just stepped out of the shower. He froze when he saw her—Fox, the woman he couldn’t stop thinking about.

But tonight, she wasn’t wearing the red dress he had grown so used to seeing.

Abby sat casually at the table, flipping through a romance novel. It was one Evan had bought, hoping to learn how fictional heroes won back their wives. Ironically, it was a “chasing-wife-to-the-ends-of-the-earth” story.

Evan’s heart lifted at the sight of her. A smile tugged at his lips as he opened his mouth to call her “Fox,” but Zachary’s words echoed in his mind.

He caught himself just in time. “Abby,” he said instead.

Without even glancing up from the book, Abby smiled faintly. “It’s just a shower, Evan. You’re not drunk, so why are you acting confused? Can’t you tell who I am? Or is it because I changed my outfit that you can’t recognize me?”

Her tone was playful, but there was an unmistakable edge beneath the teasing.

Evan stood there, momentarily stunned, unsure whether her words were meant to challenge him or mock him. Either way, he knew one thing for certain—winning her back wouldn't be easy.