

Married At First Sight Chapter 3786

Chapter 3786

Back then, their grandmother asked Zachary, the eldest brother, to marry Serenity, a woman he barely knew, to repay a debt of kindness. Despite being a strong-willed man, Zachary agreed because he valued his bond with their grandmother above all else. As long as she was happy, he was willing to sacrifice his own happiness.

Fortunately, everything worked out for the best. Now, the love between Zachary and Serenity is well-known throughout Wiltspoon.

Elora looked at Tatum, and for a moment, they held each other's gaze. She then asked, "Have you trained?"

"Yes, I've been training for more than ten years. My grandmother is a wise woman with exceptional skills in managing the family. She raised us to be both learned and physically capable," Tatum replied.

Elora recalled that she had once investigated Tatum's background but only looked into his personal life, not delving too deeply into his family history. She knew they were a large family living in an ancestral home, but those details came from Tatum's modest descriptions. He hadn't offered much, and she hadn't pried further.

She figured there was no need to dig too deeply, like tracing a family tree, since she wasn't planning on marrying him. As long as his background was clean and he had good character, that was enough for her.

"You've got a remarkable grandmother," Elora said. "And it seems like your family is quite well-off. It's no easy feat to train your kids to be both educated and skilled in martial arts without having some means."

Tatum's family had many brothers, and raising them to be well-rounded required significant resources. Martial arts training, in particular, required both time and money.

Tatum smiled and said, "We're doing alright. Our ancestors left us a good foundation. Some of my brothers have gone on to start their own businesses, while others manage what was passed down to us."

Elora nodded and didn't press the matter further.

She stayed quiet, and so did Tatum. He thought to himself, if Elora ever accuses him of hiding his true identity, he can't be blamed—she never asked directly. He wasn't about to volunteer everything without her asking.

Besides, she had already sent people to Wiltspoon twice to check on him but didn't uncover much. He couldn't be blamed for her incomplete investigation.

In fact, it was Zachary who helped him keep his identity hidden, ensuring she didn't find out that he was actually the sixth young master of the York family.

Elora wasn't familiar with Wiltspoon because it was far from her world, so she never made the connection between the York name and the powerful York Group, the largest company in Wiltspoon.

If she had been more aware of Wiltspoon, she might have questioned whether Tatum was linked to the York Corporation once she knew he was from there and had a successful background.

"Sister," Alonzo said eagerly, "brother Tatum and I brought some tasty snacks for you and our second sister. Eat them while they're still hot—they just came out of the oven! I watched brother Tatum make them, and Angelo and I tasted a few pieces. They're really delicious."

At their age, the two little brothers still had a sweet tooth.

Judging by Alonzo's love for sweets, he'd probably enjoy them just as much even when he's older.

Elora smiled, "Really? Then I must try them."

Angelo added, "Elder sister, you really should try them. They're so good! My brother and I wanted to eat more, but brother Tatum wouldn't let us. He said he was saving them for you."

"Brother Tatum is so biased," Alonzo said with a grin. "He makes all the delicious food just for our eldest sister."

Angelo stuck out his tongue playfully.

“Angelo,” Elora said with a smile, “if there’s something you’d like to eat, just let me know. I’ll ask brother Tatum to make it for you.”

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Elora opened the snack box and placed it on the table so Tinsley could try some. She remembered that Tinsley loved Tatum’s cooking the most.

She didn’t correct Alonzo when he said that Tatum was her private chef, because it was true.

Thanks to her refined taste, the family had experienced the best dishes from around the world.

Elora frequently changed chefs, and every one of them was a top professional. Even after leaving the Ormond family, those chefs were known to cook simple dishes better than most.

“I want to eat everything,” Alonzo said eagerly. “I love all the dishes Brother Tatum makes, and I really like the buns and snacks too. Sister, can we have dumplings? Let Brother Tatum make some for us!”

Not wanting to miss out, Alonzo quickly made his own request after hearing Angelo.

Tatum smiled and said, “Of course. I’ll make dumplings for breakfast this Saturday. There’ll be all sorts of fillings to satisfy your tastes.”

Angelo looked puzzled and asked, “Brother Tatum, why do we have to wait until Saturday?”

Tinsley explained, “Saturday is when your eldest sister has a day off. She can enjoy a leisurely breakfast without the usual rush.”

Elora, despite her picky tastes, was always busy with work, so her weekday breakfasts were quick and rushed. Only on weekends did she have the luxury to savor her meals at a relaxed pace.

As her private chef, Tatum always prioritized Elora’s needs.

Elora gave Tatum a thoughtful look. He was always so considerate and attentive to her.

Tinsley smiled at Angelo, saying, "We're lucky to have our eldest sister looking out for us. Of course, we have to wait until she's resting so we can enjoy the meal together."

Dumplings were a common treat for them, but Tatum had yet to make dumplings for the family. Tinsley was curious to see how his dumplings compared to others and if his cooking would stand out.

Elora rarely ate dumplings, but if Tatum's could win her over, he'd surely have what it takes to excel in a cooking competition.

If that happened, they'd encourage him to enter the competition. Winning would not only boost his reputation in the culinary world but also attract more customers to his restaurant.

Elora ate just two pieces of the snack and drank half a glass of water before she felt full.

Tinsley, with her love for good food, ate a bit more. Alonzo and Angelo finished off the rest of the snacks.

Tatum silently watched Elora enjoy the treats he made for her.

She was his fiancée, though she didn't know it yet and had never acknowledged their engagement.

His grandmother had chosen her for him, and he had come all this way to cook for her. Tatum was certain that, one day, they would be together.

Seeing his fiancée enjoy the snacks gave Tatum a sense of fulfillment, along with a warm feeling of happiness.

If only Elora would praise him a bit, maybe give him a hug or a kiss, he thought. That would make him so happy he'd be lost in his own world.

Elora wiped her mouth with a tissue and happened to look up, meeting Tatum's gaze. She realized he had been watching her the whole time.

When she caught his eye, he smiled at her.

Tatum's smile was captivating. He was undeniably handsome, and when he smiled, he was even more charming. She had to admit, he was truly a delight to look at.

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"Miss, do you think the snacks I made this time have improved?" Tatum asked Elora gently.

Elora nodded slightly. "They're better than the first batch, but there's still room for improvement."

"Thank you, Miss," Tatum replied with a respectful smile.

Elora didn't point out any specific flaws because she didn't want to inflate his ego. In truth, she thought the snacks were just right and was quite pleased with them.

She then turned to her younger brothers. "Alonzo, Angelo, go back home with Brother Tatum. You don't need to wait for me for dinner. Let Brother Tatum cook whatever you like."

The two boys didn't want to leave, but under Elora's stern gaze, they didn't dare protest. Reluctantly, they followed Tatum out of the office.

As soon as they left, the boys wrapped their faces tightly with scarves. The secretary, observing the scene, guessed that these might be the young masters of the family. Although he couldn't see their faces, their large, dark eyes reminded him of the president and vice president, hinting at a family resemblance.

Once they were back in Tatum's car, the brothers quickly pulled off their scarves.

"Brother Tatum, I'm not happy," Alonzo said, pouting as he settled into his seat.

Tatum, treating him like the cherished little brother he was, asked gently, "Why are you unhappy, Young Master? I brought you to see your eldest sister—what's bothering you? Was it something she said?"

He stroked Alonzo's cheek with a gentle smile. "Your eldest sister is just worried about your safety. When I was your age, I wasn't allowed to run around and play freely either."

"I wanted to stay and play in my sister's office," Alonzo said with a pout. "We finally got out of the house, and now we have to go back already without even having any fun."

Angelo nodded in agreement, feeling the same disappointment.

"Brother Tatum, can we go shopping instead? Just this once?" Alonzo asked eagerly.

Tatum thought for a moment and then said, "Let me ask your sister first. If she agrees, I'll take you both shopping."

He pulled over to the side of the road, knowing that out in public, no one would recognize him or the two little ones as the young masters of the Ormond family.

"But Brother Tatum, she'll never agree," Alonzo whined. "Can't you just take us secretly?"

Angelo chimed in, "We promise we won't tell the adults. Please, Brother Tatum, take us out to have some fun."

Tatum smiled kindly. "I'm afraid I can't do that, boys. I can't take that kind of risk. But I promise, I'll do my best to convince your sister to let us go shopping."

With that, he called Elora. She picked up almost immediately.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"Miss," Tatum began, "the young masters would like to go shopping. Is that okay with you? I'll park the car and take them to the pedestrian street on foot. There'll be plenty of people around, and no one will recognize them."

The Ormond family kept the boys well-protected. Even most close relatives rarely saw the two young ones, let alone strangers.

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Even strangers who saw the two young ones wouldn't guess they were the young masters of the Ormond family.

In a city as large as A City, with many people carrying the surname Ormond, it was unlikely for anyone to immediately connect them to the prominent family. Most people didn't have bad intentions, and even those who did—like kidnappers—would need to carefully plan and observe before making a move to avoid mistakes.

The streets were bustling with people, and police patrols were frequent, making the area feel relatively safe.

Elora's first instinct was to say no. The words formed on her lips but she held them back. After a brief pause, she said, "If you can guarantee their safety, you can take them shopping."

Tatum assured her, "I promise to bring them back home safely."

"Don't stay out too late; it gets especially cold at night," Elora agreed.

"Okay, thank you for trusting me, Miss," Tatum responded.

After giving him a few more instructions, Elora hung up the phone. She turned to Tinsley and said, "Alonzo and Angelo asked Tatum to take them shopping. They know it won't be easy to come back once they go out."

Tinsley asked, "Did you agree?"

Elora replied, "Tatum is new here. Aside from catching the attention of women, he won't draw much attention. Alonzo and Angelo are well protected by us. I believe if the three of them go shopping together, they won't attract any suspicion. It's relatively safe."

"Tatum..." Elora paused, then admitted honestly, "He just gives me a sense of peace of mind. It feels like handing Alonzo and Angelo over to him was the right choice, like he will definitely keep them safe."

Tinsley smiled.

“What are you laughing at? Stop giving me that look—I didn’t mean anything by it,” Elora said.

Tinsley chuckled and replied, “Sister, I never said you had any other intentions. But the way you rushed to explain yourself, it makes you look guilty. Tatum only has eyes for you.”

Tinsley stood up and gathered her papers. “I could see it in his eyes, so I never had any other feelings for him—just pure admiration.”

She continued, “He doesn’t see me that way, and I wouldn’t let myself like someone who doesn’t feel the same, no matter how great he might be.”

Elora added softly, “He’s just my private chef.”

Tinsley simply smiled and said nothing more, then left Elora’s office.

Tatum had no idea that his phone call had sparked another conversation between the two sisters.

He took the boys to the busiest pedestrian street in Annenburg. They were thrilled to be among so many people. It was clear they were usually kept at home, making this outing feel like a bird being freed from its cage.

They often visited children’s parks, but this was different—Tatum’s presence gave them a sense of freedom, without the weight of being the Ormond family’s young masters.

The boys didn’t really want to buy much; they just enjoyed the excitement of being out. After exploring the pedestrian street, they ended up with a few new toys and a set of clothes for their sisters. Tatum even paid for the purchases.

Alonzo, concerned, kept asking, “Brother Tatum, do you have enough money? If not, call my mom and ask her to transfer more to you.”

Tatum smiled and reassured him, “Don’t worry, I have enough. We could even buy a few more sets of clothes for your sister.”

The clothes for Elora were chosen by Tatum, and Alonzo approved, agreeing they would make a nice gift for her.

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Alonzo said, "My sister has plenty of clothes, but she doesn't wear much jewelry. How about I buy her some jewelry? Brother Tatum, do you have enough money?"

Tatum, already laden with bags, smiled fondly and replied, "As long as it's for your sister, no matter how much she buys, I have enough money to pay for it."

Overjoyed, Alonzo asked Tatum to take Angelo to a jewelry store, where they picked out some beautiful pieces for his sister.

By the time Tatum brought the two boys back home, it was already dark. They had spent so much time shopping that when they finally returned to the Ormond family mansion, it was dinner time, and other chefs had prepared the meal in Tatum's absence.

Elora wasn't home for dinner, which gave the other chefs in the mansion a chance to showcase their cooking skills. While they might not be as skilled as Tatum, their food still satisfied everyone at the table.

The two boys had grown closer to Tatum during their shopping trip. They invited him to join them for dinner and loved listening to his stories.

Mrs. Ormond, noticing her sons' enthusiasm, smiled and said, "Tatum, why don't you have dinner with us? Elora isn't here, so she won't know or say anything."

Tatum responded with a gentle smile, "Thank you, Madam, and thank you, young masters, but I'm just a chef. I should join the other staff in the workers' canteen for dinner."

Unless personally invited by Elora, Tatum wasn't willing to break the rules of the Ormond household. He knew his place as one of the chefs, and he wasn't about to take liberties just because the young masters were fond of him.

Mrs. Ormond, understanding his respect for the rules, didn't press him further.

The boys, reminded of their strict elder sister, reluctantly accepted Tatum's decision and stopped insisting.

After dinner, Tatum returned to his dormitory. He sank into the sofa, leaning back, feeling the fatigue of the long day.

He had spent the whole afternoon carrying all the bags by himself, acting as both a guardian and a pack mule for the boys. Shopping wasn't really his thing unless it involved exploring food markets. He loved trying out different snacks, and if he discovered something tasty, he would figure out how to make it even better.

But to earn his future brother-in-law's favor, Tatum had no choice but to endure the shopping trip with the young gentlemen.

He was grateful that his two young companions hadn't asked him to carry them on his back or hold them while walking!

After a short rest, Tatum picked up his phone, opened WhatsApp, and made a video call to his grandmother.

It took a moment for the old lady to answer.

"Grandma, are you still awake?"

Seeing his grandmother looking lively and not yet dressed for bed, Tatum realized his question was unnecessary.

The old lady turned the phone around to show him where she was.

Tatum laughed, "Grandma, it's so cold and dark, and you're still out dancing!"

The screen showed a group of women from the workers' community—young, middle-aged, and elderly—dancing together in the large open area in front of the flower fields.

Noticing the old lady on a call, the lead dancer turned down the volume on the speakers so they wouldn't disturb her.

"It's not cold here in Wiltspoon; you're the one in the chilly weather," his grandmother said. "I saw you were already back in your dormitory."

"Grandma's just out here for a bit of fun," she continued. "We usually wrap up by 8:30 in the evening, so we don't disturb the younger folks trying to rest."

