

Married At First Sight Chapter 3906-3910

Chapter 3906

Tatum's passion for cooking was evident in everything he did, from the precision of his dishes to the calm confidence he exuded. Of course, it didn't hurt that he was undeniably handsome.

Sevyn Ormond, ever the lighthearted one, grinned as she watched him. "Honestly, even if the food wasn't delicious, I'd probably still feel like I'm dining on delicacies just looking at him," she quipped. Sevyn was notorious for being swayed by a good-looking face, and she owned it unapologetically.

Elora chuckled, shaking her head at her sister's comment. "Let's get one thing straight—whatever you're tasting is because of Tatum's skills, not me. He's the one who makes it happen."

Tatum, standing nearby, smiled modestly. "I'm the chef for Miss Elora. I follow her lead," he said in his usual calm, steady tone.

The underlying message was clear: if Elora didn't agree to something, no one else could dream of having it. This earned a round of laughter from the other Ormond sisters, who couldn't help but admire his loyalty.

Everything Tatum did revolved around Elora. His dedication was unwavering, almost as if she were the center of his world.

Elora gave him a knowing smile. "You should get some rest, Tatum. My sisters and I are just going to relax here for a while. When the boys are done playing in the snow, we'll head back inside."

With a polite nod, Tatum left the gazebo. On his way back, he stopped briefly to engage in the snowball fight with the younger brothers, eliciting delighted shrieks of laughter from them before retreating to his quarters.

As they watched him go, Sevyn leaned closer to Elora, her tone half-serious, half-teasing. "Sister, Tatum is too perfect. He's so good that I can't help but wonder—does he have some ulterior motive?"

Elora didn't flinch. "You think I haven't checked? Twice? His background is spotless. He's from Wiltspoon, a thousand miles away. No connections to this place or to us before now. The only reason he's here is his passion for cooking."

Tinsley chimed in, unable to resist adding her own playful commentary. “Still, if Tatum has any ulterior motives, I’d say they’ve developed after meeting you. He’s so attentive to you—it’s hard not to think he’s smitten.”

Elora shot her an exasperated look. “Tinsley, are you just trying to get back at me for teasing you earlier?”

Tinsley giggled mischievously. It was true; Elora had often teased her about how much she admired Tatum’s good looks and talent. “Maybe,” she admitted, grinning. “But I’m not wrong, am I?”

Elora sighed, shaking her head. Tatum was undeniably exceptional. He had won over not just her, but also her family, from the elders to the youngest siblings. Yet, she couldn’t detect even a hint of romantic interest from him. He seemed to embody pure professionalism and kindness—qualities that her sisters were all too eager to misinterpret.

“He’s just good at what he does,” Elora said firmly, though a small smile tugged at her lips. “Let’s leave it at that.”

Still giggling, Tinsley teased again, “Honestly, sister, the guy your classmate introduced you to doesn’t even come close to Tatum. You shouldn’t waste your time on him.”

“I haven’t even considered it,” Elora retorted, tapping Tinsley lightly on the forehead. “You really need to stop stirring things up.”

The atmosphere was light and relaxed, a contrast to Elora’s usual serious demeanor. Her sisters, emboldened by the casual mood, took the opportunity to poke fun at her—a rare chance they didn’t want to miss.

Suddenly, the sound of a phone ringing interrupted the laughter. Elora glanced at her phone and raised an eyebrow.

“Speak of the devil,” she said, answering the call. It was Rosie, her old classmate.

The sisters exchanged amused looks, but Elora’s focus shifted to the conversation as Rosie’s voice came through the line.

Chapter 3907

“Elora, are you on vacation right now?” Rosie asked over the phone.

“Yes, I am,” Elora replied. “What’s going on? Don’t tell me you’re trying to drag me to another class reunion. I’m not interested, so there’s no need to waste your breath convincing me.”

Elora’s tone made it clear she had no intention of attending.

Back in school, Elora had always kept a low profile. Few people knew she came from a wealthy family. But things changed when her grandfather passed away. Her parents struggled to manage the family’s responsibilities, leaving Elora to shoulder the burden before she even graduated. That was when her classmates discovered she was the eldest daughter of the Ormond family.

Being one of the eldest daughters in a family with few brothers, Elora and her sister, Tinsley, became prime targets. Before their younger brother was born, many relatives tried to lay claim to the Ormond family’s assets. Even worse, several men pursued Elora and Tinsley—not out of love, but to gain control of the family’s fortune.

This constant scheming left Elora deeply distrustful of men. She worried anyone who approached her was only after her wealth.

As for older, accomplished men, they weren’t her type. And while some second-generation heirs shared her background, their abilities often fell short of her expectations. A strong person herself, Elora admired strength in others—and those men simply didn’t measure up.

Rosie chuckled. “Relax. I wouldn’t dare pressure you into something you hate. Besides, the reunion’s already over.”

“So why are you calling?” Elora asked, puzzled.

“Well,” Rosie hesitated, “your, uh, infatuated admirer asked me to find out something. He swears he saw a handsome guy shadowing you recently. He’s dying to know if this guy is pursuing you—and if you like him.”

Elora’s expression darkened. “Handsome guy? There’s no one like that. The only men around me are my bodyguards.”

While her bodyguards weren’t unattractive, they weren’t exactly model material either.

Rosie clarified, “It’s not your usual group. He described this guy as ridiculously good-looking, with the kind of charisma and elegance that screams ‘old money.’”

Elora sighed, irritation creeping into her voice. “Rosie, are you my friend or his? You barely know him; we’ve been friends for years. Yet here you are, prying into my business for his sake. Who’s around me is none of his concern. I’ve never led him on or given him hope. His feelings are his own problem, not mine.

“Let me be clear—no matter how long he waits, he’s wasting his time. I won’t fall for him just because he’s persistent. Since you’re acting as his messenger, do me a favor: tell him to move on. I don’t love him, and I never will.”

Hearing the frustration in Elora’s voice, Rosie quickly apologized. “Elora, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you. I wasn’t thinking from your perspective. I just thought... well, he’s been smitten with you for so long, and everyone says he’s so devoted. I figured it was rare to see someone so steadfast, and since we’re all classmates, I thought helping him wouldn’t hurt.

“But you’re right. It’s your life, and I should’ve respected that. I won’t meddle anymore. I just want you to be happy.”

Rosie, who was happily married, genuinely wished the same for her friend.

“To make it up to you, how about dinner? My treat,” Rosie offered eagerly. “Or, if you’d rather, I can shamelessly invite myself over to your place for a meal. I’ve been dying to try something from that new chef of yours.”

Rosie chuckled to herself. She’d heard plenty of praise for the Ormond family’s private chef—mostly from Tinsley. Apparently, the chef wasn’t just talented in the kitchen but also quite the looker. Rosie couldn’t resist her curiosity.

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Chapter 3908

Could the mysterious, handsome man seen near Elora possibly be her private chef?

Rosie considered the idea but decided against asking Elora directly. She didn’t want to risk upsetting her friend again. Their friendship was precious to Rosie, especially since it hadn’t been easy to form such a bond with someone as reserved as Elora.

Rosie silently vowed to focus on supporting her friend’s happiness in the future and to stop meddling in her personal life on behalf of others.

Elora, only 27, wasn't in any rush to marry, and Rosie reminded herself that it wasn't her place to worry. After all, many accomplished women remained single well into their thirties and forties, prioritizing their goals and independence.

Later, during their call, Elora extended an invitation. "I'm having hot pot at home tonight. If you're free, come join the fun. But let me warn you—no matchmaking schemes. If you try, you're officially uninvited."

Rosie laughed. "Don't worry. I'm done with that. Besides, you're only 27 after the New Year. You've got plenty of time. You're still young."

Rosie had married early, but she understood Elora's life was different. Unlike Rosie, Elora carried the weight of her family's legacy. Rosie remembered an old classmate who once offered to marry into the Ormond family as a stay-at-home son-in-law. While his intentions seemed sincere, his skills and ambition fell short of what Elora needed.

Becoming part of the Ormond family required more than just good intentions. Without the ability to share Elora's burdens, he would only add to them. Rosie now understood why Elora had never entertained his advances—he simply wasn't the right match for her.

Reflecting on her recent behavior, Rosie felt embarrassed. She had let someone's passionate confession sway her into meddling, nearly jeopardizing her friendship with Elora.

After the call ended, Elora leaned back and rubbed her temples. "If we hadn't been friends for so long, I'd have cut her off entirely."

Tinsley, her younger sister, chimed in. "Rosie has a soft heart. She's easily moved by grand gestures, but she doesn't mean any harm."

"If she did," Elora replied, "she wouldn't still be my friend."

Tinsley grinned. "Exactly. My sister's too sharp to be fooled by anyone."

Elora smiled faintly before shifting the topic. "Go fetch those two little ones. Tell them it's time to head inside. We've been out here enjoying the snow long enough. It's freezing. Let's get back to the house, crawl under some blankets, and take a nap. Nothing beats that cozy holiday feeling."

Before the holiday started, everyone had joked about sleeping in for three days straight. But now that the break was here, they were all waking up earlier than ever.

“It’s funny,” Elora mused, “when you have to work, getting up early feels impossible. But give us a day off, and we’re up before sunrise, full of energy.”

Nearby, the two youngest siblings, Alonzo and his little playmate, were laughing and running around in the snow, their cheeks red from the cold.

Their third sister, Sevyn, watched them with a mix of envy and amusement. “Look at them, having the time of their lives. Makes me jealous. Maybe we should give them more homework—they’ve got too much free time.”

Violeta, the fourth sister, laughed. “If you assign them homework, they’ll cry their eyes out! Let them enjoy the winter break. Alonzo’s only in first grade. There’s no need to pressure them. They’ll study when it’s time to study, and they’ll play when it’s time to play.”

Then, with a playful smirk, Violeta added, “And if you’re so jealous, Sevyn, why don’t we join in? Who says we can’t have fun too? Let’s see if we can outplay the little ones!”

The sisters burst into laughter.

But Sevyn wasn’t kidding. She jumped up, grinning at Violeta. “Come on, let’s have a snowball fight. Let’s see who’s the better shot.”

“Bring it on!” Violeta shouted, following her out of the pavilion.

The air filled with laughter as they dove headfirst into the playful chaos, their competitive spirits lighting up the snowy afternoon.

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Chapter 3909

Before long, even Tinsley joined her siblings in the playful snowball fight.

Elora remained seated under the pavilion, sipping tea and watching the lively scene unfold. Her personality didn’t allow her to let loose as freely as her brothers and sisters, but seeing them so full of joy lifted her spirits.

The tea brewed by Tatum suited her perfectly. It was rare for her to drink tea—she was more of a coffee person, needing two cups daily to keep up with her hectic schedule. But today, the tea felt just right.

Meanwhile, Tatum had retreated to his dormitory. Lying on his bed, he didn't fall asleep immediately. Instead, he pulled out his phone and started a voice call with River, his younger brother and the 7th Young Master.

The conversation began casually, with Tatum asking about the family and whether their grandmother was upset that he hadn't come home for the New Year.

"Everything's fine at home," River replied cheerfully. "Grandma didn't scold you at all. She's been in great spirits. Brother Kevin brought Sister-in-law Hayden home for the holiday, and Grandma's thrilled. She keeps saying how our family is growing and how happy she is.

"She also mentioned that next year's New Year celebration will be even livelier. She's urging everyone to step up—those already married should start having babies, and the single ones need to find wives as soon as possible."

Tatum chuckled. "Grandma is so ruthless! She chose a fiancée for me who lives so far away, and now I can't even go home for the holidays. It's like she doesn't miss me at all."

River laughed. "Come on, Brother Tatum, it's not like anyone's stopping you from coming back. If you really wanted to, even your boss wouldn't have held you back. By the way, did you hear? Sister Liberty and Brother Duncan got their marriage certificate, and Mr. Julian is married too. It seems like all the single aristocrats around us are settling down."

"They're all married now?" Tatum asked. "What's Grandma saying about that?"

"She hasn't said much," River replied. "She's too happy about Brother Kevin bringing Sister-in-law Hayden home. As for Brother Evan, he still hasn't returned. I think he's embarrassed. He probably didn't make any progress with the woman he's chasing and doesn't want to face Grandma.

"Brother Elian, on the other hand, is being unusually secretive. Not even our eldest brother knows who Grandma picked for him. But judging by how much he's been smiling lately, I'd say he's doing better than Evan."

River continued, filling Tatum in on their brothers' romantic pursuits. Finding a wife had become a family task, thanks to their grandmother's persistence. River had already made a pact with Alex, their youngest brother: when the time came, they would trust Grandma's judgment and avoid the mistakes Evan had made.

Evan's situation served as a cautionary tale. He had pursued someone he liked, yet still didn't know her full name. To the family, he was a failure.

"Brother Tatum," River said, his tone turning playful, "how are things going with Sister-in-law Elora?"

Tatum laughed softly. "We haven't made much progress. Your Sister-in-law Elora isn't someone who falls easily. But I'm not in a rush. I'm by her side, and I'll take my time. Sooner or later, she'll fall for me."

Tatum was confident. Even if he didn't meet his grandmother's one-year deadline to marry Elora, he was certain she wouldn't hold it against him or cut him off from the family.

He had also observed Elora and her sisters during their playful conversations. They often joked about which men they found handsome, but beneath the humor, they were grounded and discerning. None of them would be swayed easily by superficial charm.

For Tatum, that was part of the challenge—and the allure.

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Chapter 3910

The Ormond sisters had clear criteria for their future partners. First, the man's family background had to match their own illustrious lineage. Second, he needed to live in the same city or a neighboring one—no long-distance relationships for them.

Tatum had worked for Elora long enough to understand her personal requirements for a husband. Grandma had chosen Elora as his intended partner, and at first, Tatum thought it would be a smooth journey. But now, he realized just how complicated it was.

For starters, Elora wasn't someone who fell in love easily. On top of that, her unwillingness to marry far from home was a significant obstacle.

Was he supposed to move in with her family?

He thought about his third sister-in-law, Hayden, who was also reserved and cool. But Hayden had a capable twin brother, Hugh, who could manage her family's business. Elora, on the other hand, had a little brother, Alonzo, who was still in elementary school. It would take at least 20 years before Alonzo could take over the family's responsibilities.

Tatum decided that once his relationship with Elora was more secure, he'd return home to discuss the situation with his family elders. If the Ormonds insisted on him joining their household, would his family agree? Even if he didn't formally move in with them, he'd likely have to spend most of his time in Province X.

Adding to his worries was a middle-aged man named Labbe, who seemed to be targeting Elora and her sister Tinsley.

River, his younger brother, laughed over their voice call. "Brother Tatum, you've been gone so long, but you're still stuck at square one."

Tatum sighed, annoyed by River's teasing. "Do you think it's easy to win someone's heart? Grandma's choices for us aren't exactly simple. Wait until she picks someone for you—you'll see how hard it is."

River chuckled. "That's a problem for future me. The three of us are still young. I've got at least four more years of freedom, Alex can enjoy another five or six, and Rowan? He's still a kid. We're in the clear for now."

River's confidence brimmed as he continued. "I'm telling you, when my time comes, I won't drag things out like you guys. I'll go all in! I'll claim love at first sight, launch a full-on passionate pursuit, and win her over with my charm. Strong women can't resist persistent men, and I'm outstanding enough to pull it off. I'll bet I can propose, get married, and throw a wedding all within six months!"

Tatum chuckled dryly. "Keep dreaming. Unless you go straight to getting a marriage certificate like our eldest brother and sister-in-law, you're going to have to work for it. Grandma has a sharp eye. The women she picks are incredible, but they're not easily impressed."

He paused, the reality of his situation sinking in. "Honestly, I can't even show Elora how I feel yet. To her, I'm just her private chef—someone she could replace tomorrow. If I confessed my feelings now, she'd fire me in an instant and kick me out of the Ormond household."

River smirked. "If Grandma's choice for me is down for a quick marriage, I'll take a page out of Eldest Brother's book. Marry first, fall in love later."

The men of the York family had a strong sense of loyalty to both family and marriage. Once they tied the knot, they were committed for life—as long as their wives stayed faithful. Flash marriages weren't a bad thing in their eyes; feelings could be cultivated over time.

“Look at Eldest Brother and Sister-in-law,” River added. “They’re a perfect example. Their relationship started with a flash marriage, and now they’re genuinely happy. But of course, it doesn’t work out for everyone. Some people rush into marriage only to realize they’re incompatible and end up divorced. There are plenty of those stories too.”

Tatum sighed. “I’m done. I’m taking a nap.”

Before River could say another word, Tatum hung up, cutting the conversation short. He didn’t have the energy to deal with his younger brother’s endless chatter anymore.