

Married At First Sight Chapter 4146

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Timothy had purchased a villa in Annenburg. He wasn't planning to leave until he had caught up with Tinsley.

Besides, he had business to handle in Annenburg, and he needed a place to stay. Living in a hotel every day wasn't an option.

The villa he bought was just a ten-minute drive from Ormond's mansion—practically next door.

On his way home, Timothy's phone rang. It was his mother, checking in on him.

After discussing business, her tone softened, carrying a rare sincerity.

"Timothy, don't turn out like your father. If you truly care about the second young lady of the Ormond family, then be genuine with her. A man like your father... he's too fickle. Marrying him has been the greatest misfortune of my life.

"I had no choice but to stay. I've been married to your father for decades. He's dragged me into too many things, and now, I'm tied to him for the sake of our family and its interests. But if I could turn back time, I'd rather stay single forever than marry a man like him.

"You know what I've been through, the humiliation I've endured. You all pity me, but don't just feel sorry—learn from it. If you love that girl, prove it to her. No matter how much she doubts you, time will show her your sincerity. Don't be like your father—don't have your eye on something else when you already have the best right in front of you.

"As for your father, I don't even care anymore. I have no idea where he's been spending his money, and honestly, I don't want to know. I've grown numb."

Mrs. Labbe wasn't blind to her husband's infidelities. She had simply reached a point where the pain had dulled into indifference.

Divorce wasn't an option—there were too many financial and business interests at stake. So she endured it.

None of it mattered to her anymore. As long as her husband's business empire would one day belong to her children, she didn't care how many women he had on the side. But she refused to let her son follow the same path.

Timothy had his father's philandering nature in his blood, but at least he wasn't as reckless. He had seen his mother's suffering firsthand, and deep down, he pitied her.

He had tried reasoning with his father before, but the old man never listened. He just kept chasing after younger women.

"Mom, is Dad still in Wiltspoon? That woman must have some tricks up her sleeve to keep him there this long."

He sighed.

"Mom, I really mean it this time, but Tinsley doesn't believe me. Don't worry—I will only marry one wife."

Mrs. Labbe didn't respond right away. Her son had changed. After spending time with his father, he wasn't the same. People always said a son could never truly understand his mother's pain.

She believed that now.

With a quiet sigh, she simply told him to take care of himself before hanging up.

Timothy had no idea what was going through her mind. He assumed she had called to get him to intervene in his father's affairs again—to stop him from running around with gold diggers.

Either way, he knew he had to spend more time with her. She was, after all, his father's wife—Mrs. Labbe.

Women outside the family were nothing more than entertainment, mere distractions. They could warm a bed, but they could never be taken seriously.

Without hesitation, Timothy called his father.

“When are you coming home?” he asked, his tone casual yet firm.

He didn't wait for an answer before adding, “You should spend more time with Mom. Don't just chase after something new and forget about the one who's been by your side all these years.”