

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4147

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## Chapter 4147

Tinsley didn't care what Timothy did after she left. She had no feelings for him—not just because she knew he was ambitious, but because she could see through his real intentions. He was only after the Ormond family's wealth.

Very few men ever earned her respect. Tatum was one of them.

Even so, her admiration for him was purely that—admiration. There was no love involved.

She could tell that Tatum's heart belonged to her sister. And it had nothing to do with the fact that he was once her sister's private chef.

Tatum only had eyes for Elora.

Before they learned his true identity, both sisters had been impressed by him. Elora had even teased her about it a few times. But now that they knew Tatum was the sixth young master of the most powerful family in Wiltspoon, there was no doubt—he was more than worthy of an Ormond daughter.

Even if her sister refused to admit it, Tinsley was already certain: Tatum would eventually become her brother-in-law. Of course, being with her sister wouldn't come easy for him. As the current head of the Ormond family, she had heavy responsibilities, and he would have to make sacrifices to be with her.

As for their younger brother, he was still just a kid.

No point overthinking. Whatever happens, happens.

Tinsley returned to her office, focused on handling the urgent matters first, then finally had a little breathing room. Before leaving for the day, she headed to the top floor to see her sister.

She knocked, then stepped inside. Elora was still working, completely focused, her expression serious.

She looked stunning.

Tinsley couldn't help but smile. "Sister, you're so beautiful. If I were a man, I'd be completely mesmerized by you."

Elora signed her name on a document, then looked up, amused. "Did you eat honey today? Your words are extra sweet. You make it sound like you're not beautiful yourself. Every woman in our family is."

She wasn't being vain—just confident. And she wasn't wrong.

The Ormond family had always valued both lineage and looks. When men married, they chose wives with strong family backgrounds and striking beauty.

The women had equally high standards for their husbands.

After generations of this selective process, their family had a reputation for being exceptionally good-looking. In Elora's generation, all the sisters were beautiful, and even their two younger brothers were striking. When they grew up, they'd undoubtedly be the dream men of many young women.

"Did that Labbe family fraud finally leave?"

Elora had heard about what Timothy pulled at the company gates. She knew he was after Tinsley, so she hadn't interfered—choosing instead to let her sister handle it.

She had timed it perfectly. Tinsley would return just in time to deal with him herself.

"He's gone," Tinsley replied. "Kept going on about how he loves me—love at first sight, love at second sight. Nothing he's done shows any real sincerity. He's told so many lies, he actually believes them himself. Thinks he's truly in love with me."

"He acts honest, but he's just a playboy. And with a father like his? There's no way I'd ever trust him to be loyal."

In Tinsley's eyes, Timothy wasn't just unqualified—he had failed completely.

Everyone in Havenmill knew about Mr. Labbe's reputation, and it was no different in Annenburg. The man changed mistresses as often as he changed clothes.

Many of the women he kept had deliberately gotten pregnant, hoping to secure their future by having his child—thinking they could replace Mrs. Labbe.

But Mr. Labbe was ruthless. The moment he got what he wanted, he was done.

Almost all of his mistresses had been pregnant at some point, but only a handful had been smart enough to keep their ambitions in check. Those were the ones who successfully had his children.

Even then, their kids weren't acknowledged. They didn't carry the Labbe name. They took their mother's.

At the very least, Mr. Labbe provided for them. If a mistress gave birth, he would buy her a townhouse and hire two nannies—one for the child and one for the mother.

That was the best they could hope for.