

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4150

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The two little ones were most afraid of their sister, Elora.

Tinsley hummed, “By the time I get home, they’ll probably have finished their homework and started playing chess.”

Both brothers loved chess. If they couldn’t go outside, they could spend an entire day battling it out over the board.

“They’re smart and always complete their assignments well. Even though I’ve noticed them slacking a little, their studies haven’t suffered, and they’re still keeping up with their extracurricular activities. It’s fine to let them relax every now and then.”

Elora parted her lips as if to speak but held back.

Tinsley had a point.

She couldn’t be too hard on them. They were still just kids—six and seven years old. Their childhood should be carefree and happy.

She had already put enough pressure on them.

“Tatum spends time with them when he’s free. He’s surprisingly good with kids. Maybe he helped take care of younger relatives at home and has some experience.”

The York family had nine boys in their younger generation—no girls.

Tatum was the sixth in line, with three younger brothers below him. The ninth and youngest hadn’t even reached adulthood yet. Tinsley figured he must have been looked after by his older brothers.

Tatum: That’s right. Rowan grew up with eight mountains on his shoulders. No one knows how tough that was.

All of Tatum's brothers were exceptional. If even one of them had been slightly mediocre, maybe Tatum wouldn't have felt so much pressure.

He had spent his whole life trying to catch up. He wasn't even sure when he'd reach his seventh brother's level, let alone the six before him.

Eight mountains—he'd carry them for a lifetime.

Elora smiled but said nothing.

Over time, she realized that Tatum was like a thick recipe book—every page she turned revealed a new and delicious dish.

She also wanted to visit the elders of the York family, especially the matriarch.

After all, raising such exceptional children and grandchildren required true strength.

Tinsley headed out. She had dinner plans.

Unlike Elora, who could stay in the office working late without feeling hungry, Tatum always made sure she had a meal. He'd bring food upstairs himself.

On days when Tinsley was too busy to eat out, she'd drop by Elora's office for dinner instead.

She also noticed that Elora's complexion had improved ever since Tatum became her private chef.

Tatum even claimed he could make beauty-enhancing soups. With him handling all of Elora's meals, she was looking better and better.

And Tatum was bold—he wasn't afraid to interrupt her work to make sure she ate on time, rested after meals, and only then got back to business.

He took care of her in every way possible.

If someone claimed Tatum had no feelings for Elora, no one would believe it.

And if someone said Elora had no feelings for Tatum? Not even the gods would believe that.

Recently, Tinsley noticed that Elora had stopped teasing her about Tatum.

That could only mean one thing—Elora herself had started to feel something for him. A quiet, almost imperceptible possessiveness.

Of course, Tinsley had never been interested in Tatum.

As she reached the elevator, she ran into him just as he stepped out.

“Second Miss.”

Tatum’s warm smile had a way of soothing people.

No matter how bad your mood was, seeing him could instantly lift your spirits.

Tinsley smiled and nodded in response to his greeting.