

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4151

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Chapter 4151

Tinsley said, "My sister has a social event tonight, so she'll be working late at the office. Please bring her dinner."

Tatum nodded. "Okay."

Tinsley stepped into the elevator.

As she turned around, she saw that Tatum had already walked away.

She smiled to herself and murmured, "When will I meet a man who only has eyes for me?"

Elora had found Tatum. Even if they weren't officially together yet, they only had eyes for each other.

Before long, they would definitely become a couple. As long as neither family objected, they could have a happy and loving relationship.

Thinking about her own family's situation, Tinsley couldn't help but worry. Would Elora and Tatum really be able to make it work?

Elora couldn't marry far away. Even after marriage, she would still have to manage the Ormond family's business. Her responsibilities would be heavy, and she'd need both her husband and in-laws to understand and support her.

The York family had a great reputation, but reputation alone wasn't enough—no one knew what they were really like behind closed doors.

Tinsley considered persuading the elders to take a trip to Wiltspoon. It would be even better if she could convince Elora to go as well. Once she was there, she could get a deeper understanding of the York family.

But then she thought about how Elora handled things—she never let the elders dictate her choices.

With that in mind, Tinsley let go of her worries.

Their relationship was their own to figure out.

She didn't need to interfere.

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Tatum knocked on the door of the president's office.

"Come in," Elora's voice came from inside.

Tatum pushed the door open.

"Miss, it's time for dinner. Let's eat first."

He walked over and placed the meal on Elora's desk before tidying up her workspace, making sure nothing would distract her while she ate.

Tatum had a firm rule—when eating, one should focus on the food and not think about work. That was the only way to truly appreciate the flavors and ingredients.

Only Tatum would dare to say something like that to her.

He had the confidence of the sixth young master of the York family, combined with exceptional cooking skills and a successful business of his own.

Besides, Elora valued capable people. She respected him, and in turn, she was tolerant of his boldness.

Even so, Tatum remained respectful. He never crossed the line.

That was one of the things Elora liked about him.

"Miss, wash your hands and eat first. I'll go rinse some fruit," Tatum said.

He had also brought fresh fruit, ready for her to enjoy after dinner.

He always made sure she ate fruit about half an hour after meals.

"Alright, I'm actually hungry."

Seeing the meal he brought, Elora realized just how much energy she had burned working all afternoon.

She went to the small tea room to wash her hands, then casually asked, “Have you eaten yet?”

“I’ll eat later,” Tatum replied as he rinsed the fruit. “Freshly cooked food tastes best when it’s hot.”

Elora hesitated for a moment before saying, “Starting tomorrow, make an extra portion—we’ll eat together.”

He always waited for her to finish eating before having his own meal.

Ever since Tatum started taking care of her meals, her stomachaches had almost disappeared. He made sure she ate on time, and with three proper meals a day, her health had improved.

But she couldn’t let him develop stomach problems just because he was taking care of hers.

More than that, she noticed he would always stay with her until she finished eating, waiting at least half an hour before leaving.

Sometimes, they’d chat about family matters. She liked listening to him talk about his family and brothers.

Even though some of them were just cousins, they were incredibly close—closer than most blood-related brothers.

And she liked that about him.