

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4155

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## Chapter 4155

Elora smiled. “Every time you talk about your family, I feel restless, like I need to see it for myself.”

She was too embarrassed to admit the thought that had crossed her mind more than once: *I’m even starting to imagine being part of your family.*

Tatum had always been good to her.

Tinsley often teased her, saying that whenever Tatum looked at her, there was a light in his eyes—that he was here for her.

In a way, he was.

But realistically, it was because of his cooking. Elora had high standards and wanted a private chef. That was why Tatum had come.

At the end of the day, he was here for his craft.

Still, there were moments when she caught him looking at her with an intensity that made her wonder... *Is he feeling something for me?*

But she always brushed those thoughts aside.

The reality was simple: Their relationship was like that of a chef and his patron.

Tatum was good to her because she was his boss. She had a refined palate and could critique his dishes, helping him refine his skills.

He was a man who lived for cooking.

Beyond that, he didn’t seem to have any other major passions.

After months of working together, all she truly knew about him was his dedication to the culinary arts.

There was one more thing—Tatum came from a wealthy family, had been well-educated since childhood, and carried himself with grace and discipline.

He treated everyone with kindness, rarely lost his temper, and was the embodiment of sophistication.

If not for the sheer distance between their families, Tatum would have been the perfect husband in Elora's eyes.

*What a shame.*

She sighed internally. The York family was in Wiltspoon, over 2,000 kilometers away from her home. Even by plane, it was a long trip. After landing, there was still a one-to-two-hour car ride to the York estate.

It was too far.

Her responsibilities were too heavy.

Her parents were aging, and her younger brother was still young. She couldn't marry that far away. She couldn't abandon everything she had worked so hard for—especially the family business.

For years, she had fought to strengthen the Ormond family's empire, to stabilize it, to expand it.

If she left, even if her younger sisters took over, there would be turmoil.

And *that* was something she couldn't allow.

Unless...

Unless Tatum was willing to come to her instead.

But that was unrealistic.

The Yorks were an elite family, and Tatum—the sixth young master—was the younger brother of the family's head.

Why would he ever leave all of that behind?

Elora felt a pang in her heart but pushed it down.

“Miss, my family will always welcome you,” Tatum said, placing another dish on her plate. “Now, eat up before the food gets cold. It won’t taste as good if it’s not fresh.”

The office was heated, but without it, the meal would have gone cold long ago.

The New Year had passed, but Annenburg was still in the grip of winter.

Tatum had overheard colleagues saying there would be another snowfall soon—a late spring chill.

Even in Wiltspoon, cold air would sweep in after the New Year, making things frigid for a while.

“Okay.”

Elora shook off her wandering thoughts and focused on her meal.

After dinner, Tatum cleared the dishes and took them to the bathroom to wash.

He told her to rest, to wait half an hour before eating fruit, and to let her mind relax before the evening’s business meetings.

Elora walked to the window, gazing out at the world below.

From the top floor of her office building, she had a perfect view of the bustling Annenburg skyline.

It had been a long time since she’d taken a moment to appreciate it.

Her days were a blur of early mornings and late nights, constant meetings, endless paperwork, and business negotiations.

There was never enough time.