

Married At First Sight Chapter 4265

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“If you’re in love with her, why are you still keeping it a secret? If she asks, just tell her the truth.” The old lady York’s smile faded as she reminded Tatum, “Don’t make the same mistake as your older brother. He kept it hidden until his wife found out by accident—and nearly left him over it.”

Tatum hesitated, then admitted, “Grandma, I’m afraid that if I tell her, she’ll fire me. If that happens, and I have to leave the Ormond family, I won’t have a chance to see her anymore. She’s always so busy—she wouldn’t go out of her way for me.”

His voice softened. “I want to wait until she has feelings for me, until we fall in love. Then I’ll tell her the truth—that she’s the one you chose for me. That I traveled all this way, not just to be her private chef, but to pursue her. Cooking for her isn’t just about making sure she eats well—it’s about building something real between us.”

A marriage without love wouldn’t last.

If there were no feelings, neither of them would go through with it.

The old lady York smiled knowingly. “Your concerns make sense. From what I know about Elora, if she had known your real intentions from the start, she would never have hired you.”

Then, she handed the phone to Elora.

Elora had been walking with the old lady York the entire time, overhearing their conversation.

She was caught off guard, but not angry.

Tatum had earned his place as her private chef through skill alone.

He competed with many candidates, passed every test, and only got the job after she personally interviewed him.

And since then, he had been nothing but professional. Even after she learned he was the sixth young master of the York family, he never acted entitled or arrogant. He respected her, never crossing any lines.

She had felt his affection for her—but even so, he had never overstepped.

Now, hearing him say he had been afraid to confess... she understood.

If he had confessed before she had feelings for him, she wouldn't have tolerated it. She would've kicked him out of the Ormond estate without a second thought, making sure they never crossed paths again.

So many thoughts raced through her mind that she barely registered the old lady York holding out the phone.

She blinked, stunned, as the older woman gestured for her to take it.

Her cheeks flushed, as delicate as peach blossoms in early spring.

“Grandma York.”

Her form of address changed—from “Old Lady York” to “Grandma York.” It felt warmer. More intimate.

On the other end of the line, Tatum had sharp ears.

The moment he heard her voice, his heart skipped a beat.

For a split second, he panicked—like a thief caught red-handed. His first instinct was to hang up.

But he forced himself to stay still.

Elora had gone to see his grandmother. She must have gotten an answer. And since she had been with Grandma York, she must have heard everything.

There was no point in hiding it anymore.

“Elora, it’s Tatum on the line,” Grandma York said. “You two should talk. And when you get back, talk in person. You’re the type of person who needs clarity—you don’t let questions linger. If you keep speculating, as you said yourself, it’ll affect your mood and even your work.”

Elora slowly took the phone.

“I’ll give you two some privacy,” Grandma York said, tactfully stepping away to let them talk.

Once she was gone, Elora took a deep breath, raised the phone to her ear, and tried to keep her voice steady.

“Tatum.”

“Miss.”

“I heard everything.”

“You heard everything.”

They spoke at the same time.

Then, silence.