

Married At First Sight Chapter 4273

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Elora walked over and sat beside her mother.

Mrs. Ormond shifted uncomfortably. "Let's go outside. This is your bedroom. I shouldn't have come in without asking."

She felt like she had invaded her daughter's private space.

"Mom, don't be like that. We're mother and daughter—real mother and daughter," Elora said with a soft smile, sensing her mother's discomfort. "We're not strangers. You don't need permission to be here."

Maybe it was because Elora had been so caught up with work that she hadn't spent much time with her parents in a long while.

She left early, came home late. Some months, they barely even saw each other—despite living under the same roof.

By the time she left for work in the morning, her parents were still asleep. When she came home at night, they had already gone to bed.

Unless she had a rare weekend off, their paths hardly crossed. But back then, she was too busy even for weekends at home.

Now, with her cousins stepping up to help, she could finally afford to take weekends off and relax.

Still, her position of power had created a distance. It had made her parents cautious around her.

Realizing this, Elora reached for her mother's arm and rested her head on her shoulder.

Her voice softened. "It's been a long time since I leaned on my mom."

The simple gesture stirred something deep in Mrs. Ormond.

She instinctively wrapped an arm around her daughter's shoulders, a smile tugging at her lips. "And it's been a long time since I've held you like this."

She let out a quiet sigh. "I used to think of you as my little girl. But in the blink of an eye, you've grown up. You've become my pillar of strength—the head of this family."

Her voice turned somber. "Elora, have you ever blamed us? Your father and I... we weren't able to help you. When your grandparents passed, everything fell on you. If we had been stronger, maybe you wouldn't have had to carry so much at such a young age."

She paused, her voice heavy with regret. "I saw how tired you were, how hard it was for you. But I couldn't do anything to help. The only thing I could do was take care of the house, make sure you had one less thing to worry about."

Elora let herself relax, melting into the warmth of her mother's embrace. It reminded her of when she was a child, when things were simpler.

"I never blamed you," she said gently. "When I was little, Grandpa and Grandma told me that I was the heir of our family. That one day, the responsibility would fall on my shoulders. I knew this was my path. It wasn't easy, but I got through it. And look—we're in a much better place now."

She lifted her head slightly. "Mom, running the company is tough and demanding, but once you gain experience, it gets easier to manage. And I have help now—Tinsley, Sevyn, even Violeta. Things aren't as overwhelming as they used to be."

A hint of pride entered her voice. "I've also changed a lot of the senior management. Almost all of them now were promoted by me. The old managers have retired. They're no longer here to challenge my decisions or pressure me with their so-called experience."

Back when she first took over, the biggest obstacle hadn't been the greedy relatives eyeing the Ormond fortune—it had been the company's old executives.

Most of them had been handpicked by her grandfather. They had spent decades working alongside him, dedicating their best years to the family business.

Elora had always respected them.

But that respect hadn't stopped them from making things difficult for her.

They had watched her grow up. They admitted she was capable, but to them, she was just a teenager. They had been in the industry for twenty, thirty years.

And they didn't hesitate to remind her of it.