

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4277

---

## Chapter 4277

Elora went quiet for a moment before speaking up. “Mom, I might not have dated anyone yet, but I’m not naive. When a guy’s nice to a woman, there’s always a reason behind it. From day one, Tatum was good to me—no, scratch that, he treated me like I was already his fiancée. His kindness wasn’t random; it had a purpose.”

They just hadn’t paid much attention to it back then.

“What about those private chefs we had before...?”

Elora trailed off. She didn’t need to finish. The chefs she’d hired in the past weren’t like Tatum. They were older, married, with kids of their own. They wouldn’t dream of crossing lines with her, the eldest daughter of the family.

“Elora, listen,” Mrs. Ormond said, her tone warm but firm. “Tatum’s a solid guy. Our whole family’s taken a liking to him—that’s just the truth. Even if you two don’t end up as a couple, we’d still want him around. You were off on that business trip the past couple days, over at FC Manor, and he didn’t cook while you were gone. Your brothers couldn’t deal, and honestly, neither could I. He’s only been here a few months, and he’s already got our taste buds wrapped around his finger.”

Mrs. Ormond let out a heavy sigh. “That’s not exactly a good thing. Maybe you should bring in some other chefs, mix it up a bit, so we’re not all hooked on Tatum’s cooking.”

Truth was, Tatum didn’t whip up anything exotic—just the usual dishes they’d always eaten. But he had a way of making them tastier, with more variety thrown in.

Alonzo and Angelo were obsessed. When Tatum made meals for the kids, he went all out—way more effort than the chefs before him. Top-notch ingredients were a given, but he’d shape them into little animals the boys loved. He’d even recreate characters from whatever cartoon was trending, nailing the look and the flavor. How could the kids not go crazy for that?

The guy paid attention to detail.

Even off the clock, he looked out for the boys—taking them out to play or sitting with them while they did homework. Tutoring wasn't really needed; both kids were sharp as tacks. But they were still little rascals, always itching to run around instead of focusing.

That's where supervision came in.

When the adults at home tried watching them, it usually ended in frustration—yelling matches that strained things. But Tatum? He had a knack for keeping them on track. Whether it was homework, reading, drawing, or piano practice, he'd get them to buckle down without breaking a sweat. And when it was time to play, he let them cut loose.

Mrs. Ormond couldn't help but marvel. Tatum was a gem—skilled, versatile, patient, and great with the kids.

She'd even toyed with the idea of pitching a raise to Elora, maybe asking him to moonlight as a tutor for the boys. In her eyes, he was already outshining the one they'd hired.

But then, out of nowhere, Elora started catching feelings for him.

After a long pause, Elora spoke again. "Mom, Tatum's said he trains the other chefs here. When he's not around, they can handle it just fine. Didn't you all eat their food the past two days? I'm just picky, that's all. Don't act like we'd starve without him. No need to hire anyone else—I love his cooking, and I could eat it forever without getting bored. Let him cook for me for life. I bet he'd be thrilled to."

Mrs. Ormond's heart skipped a beat.

Was her daughter seriously hinting at marrying Tatum?