

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4279

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The family knew how to give her space—they wouldn't bug her unless it was a big deal.

Well, except maybe her two little brothers, who'd probably sneak over to mooch some free meals whenever they got the chance.

Mrs. Ormond started to say something but swallowed her words. Deep down, she couldn't argue with her daughter's plan—it was pretty darn smart.

Elora broke the silence. "Mom, don't stress about me and Tatum. I've got this under control. Bottom line: I'm not gonna let myself get the short end of the stick." Her voice was calm but firm, reassuring her mom she was calling the shots in her own love life.

Parents could weigh in with advice, sure, but the final say? That was hers.

"Anyway, Mom, it's late," Elora added. "Head back to your room and crash. I'm beat too—got a big meeting at the company tomorrow."

Mrs. Ormond got up. "Alright, get some sleep then."

Tomorrow, she'd track down Tatum for a real talk.

She needed to hear straight from him—what was he thinking? Was he for real about all this?

Elora walked her mom to the door, said goodnight, and shut it behind her. With her mind finally settled on a plan, she felt lighter. She climbed into bed, and sleep hit her like a truck—out cold in minutes.

Mrs. Ormond, though? Not so much. Back in her own room, she didn't want to wake her husband, so she'd slipped out quietly earlier. But now, lying in bed, her brain wouldn't shut off. She flipped one way, then the other, restless as hell—until she accidentally jostled Mr. Ormond awake.

“Honey, what’s up with you?” he mumbled, rolling over to face her. His eyes cracked open, concern etched on his sleepy face. “You’re flopping around like a fish on a grill. You feeling okay, or is something eating at you?”

He propped himself up a little. “Last time you were this restless was the night Alonzo was born.”

Mrs. Ormond let out a long sigh. “I’m worried. Flip the light on—I can’t sleep. Let’s talk.”

Mr. Ormond groaned softly. “What’s stressing you out now? You’ve gotta stop overthinking everything—it’s bad for you. Took us years to get your health back on track.”

Still, he reached over and flicked on the bedside lamp.

Mrs. Ormond sat up, hugging her knees. “I don’t *want* to overthink and mess myself up, but this is about Elora’s future—her whole life. How am I supposed to not care? Sure, she’s got it handled, but still—she’s our girl, and she’s got big plans.”

Mr. Ormond blinked, registering it was about their eldest. Then he reached for the lamp again. “Alright, lights out. Sleep. Elora’s a rockstar—she’s not gonna get played by some random dude. If I’m worried about anything, it’s that she doesn’t even *like* those clowns chasing her.”

He wasn’t sweating it. Guys threw themselves at Elora left and right, but she never bit. None of them stood a chance.

Mr. Ormond knew the deal—most of those jokers weren’t after her heart. They were after the Ormond family’s cash. He’d been a wreck himself health-wise, bouncing from doctor to doctor, popping pills just to keep going. Lucky for him, their money meant access to the best meds—otherwise, he’d have been toast years ago.

Now, his only mission was staying alive until his son could take over. He didn’t sweat the small stuff—just focused on his routine: a little martial arts, some reading, calligraphy, clean eating. Whatever worked to keep him kicking. And it was paying off—he felt stronger every day.

“She’s not into those losers out there,” Mrs. Ormond said, her voice dropping. “But she’s got her eye on someone closer to home.”

Mr. Ormond froze. “...Wait, we got some player under our roof? Tatum?”

It clicked fast—Tatum was the only one who fit the bill.