

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4286

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Tatum had no clue the driver was sweating bullets over him stealing his job. As he drove, he shot Elora a quick question. “Sleep okay last night?”

At breakfast, with her little brothers around, both he and Elora had kept their cool, acting like nothing was up.

“Pretty good,” she said, then let out a dainty yawn. She laughed at herself. “Slept fine, but I stayed up too late. Still dragging. Can you whip me up a coffee later? I’m useless without it.”

She pulled long hours daily and barely slept. Coffee was her lifeline, though lately, even that was losing its punch. She used to down a cup in the morning and feel wired all day. Now? Two cups barely kept her going, and sometimes she’d crash hard even after an evening dose.

“You got it,” Tatum said with a nod.

“You should’ve taken an extra day off,” he added, concern lacing his voice. “You got back way too late yesterday. Don’t run yourself into the ground—health’s what matters.”

Elora gazed out the window, taking in the street scenes. Usually, she’d be buried in work during the ride, no time to notice the world outside. But today felt different. With the guy she liked next to her, just the two of them, she could actually enjoy the view.

“I gave myself two days off already,” she said. “Running massive companies means there’s always a pile of stuff to handle. I pushed some things off during my break, but if I take another day, it’ll just hit me harder later.”

The Ormond family was a powerhouse, with their hands in a ton of industries.

“Last night,” she went on, “my mom saw us hugging. She had a lot to say about it.”

Tatum went quiet for a beat before replying. “Your mom cornered me this morning too. Asked a bunch of questions. I answered everything—hope she’s cool with it.”

Mrs. Ormond had been up early, chatting him up downstairs. He figured she'd caught the late-night scene.

Once he knew Elora felt the same way he did, Tatum stopped stressing. If he could win her over, the rest of the Ormonds wouldn't be an issue. Elora was bold enough to steer her own life.

She smiled. "Don't sweat it. My parents will love you. If there's any hitch, it's just Mom worrying I'll move far away. But I laid it out for her last night, and I think she's on board."

She'd made it clear: her marriage, her call.

Her mom didn't push back.

Tatum's charm didn't hurt either. If he weren't up to snuff, no amount of arguing would've swayed her mom—she'd have fought tooth and nail to stop it.

Elora wouldn't let her parents dictate her choices, but she wasn't one to burn bridges with family either. If they flat-out rejected Tatum, she might've walked away from the relationship. Love wasn't her top priority—family was.

Tatum flashed a grin, letting a rare cocky edge slip out. "I'm a catch, Elora. I match you in every way. Your mom's gotta see me as prime son-in-law material."

She rolled her eyes. "Slow down, hotshot. We're not even official yet."

"You and me? We're in deep already," he shot back. "Marriage is just a matter of time. We're way past 'not official.'"