

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4203

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Elora remained silent for a moment before saying, "It's fine. I just forced myself."

Tatum clearly didn't want to talk about it, and pressing him wouldn't help. If he wanted to say something, he would, without needing her to ask.

But the less he revealed, the more curious she became. She couldn't help but wonder who his fiancée was.

They hadn't even met, yet he was already protecting her.

That made Elora both envious and jealous.

For the first time in her life, she experienced jealousy.

It wasn't overwhelming, but she felt it nonetheless.

"Miss, that's not forcing yourself. It's just curiosity. Everyone gets curious. There's nothing strange about that," Tatum said gently. "Honestly, anyone who hears that my grandmother chose our fiancées in advance would be curious to know who they are. You don't have to feel embarrassed. Before Grandma showed us the photos, we had no idea she had started looking years ago. She doesn't care about distance—only character."

The third sister-in-law had married far from home. The fourth sister-in-law hadn't married in yet, but she would also be moving far away.

Tatum wasn't sure about his fifth brother, Elian, but Elian was always traveling for business. He figured Elian must be pursuing his future wife, which meant she wasn't from Wiltspoon either.

Only their eldest and second sisters-in-law were from Wiltspoon.

Thinking about his own situation, Tatum realized that out of all his brothers, he and Elora were the furthest apart.

Unless the seventh or eighth brother married a foreigner, he would be the one moving the farthest for marriage.

Maybe he was the one destined to leave.

To marry Elora.

He understood her place and responsibilities within the Ormond family. If he wanted to be with her, he would have to make sacrifices.

“Marry a virtuous woman,” he murmured.

Then he repeated, “Yes, marry a virtuous woman.”

When Elora looked at Tatum again, the hint of affection in her eyes was gone. She buried it deep in her heart.

“Tatum,” she asked hesitantly, “you haven’t even met the fiancée your grandmother picked for you. Are you really going to marry her? What if you two don’t get along?”

After all, it was Old Madam York who had made the choice, not Tatum himself.

And the woman had no idea about any of this either. It was all arranged solely by his grandmother.

“I trust Grandma’s judgment. She chose a good wife for me. I won’t say she’s the best woman in the world, but I know she’s the right one for me.”

“So yes, I will definitely marry the woman Grandma chose. If she doesn’t like me, I’ll take my time, treat her well, and win her over. In a year, I believe she’ll change her mind about me.”

Tatum’s deep gaze locked onto Elora. His voice was warm and steady, yet it sent a chill through her.

“I said I would pursue her. Show her my sincerity. Believe that she will fall in love with me. With a foundation of emotions, marriage will happen naturally.”

After a brief pause, he added, "If she doesn't want to get married or can't, then she should marry me. She can come live in my home. I have many brothers, and my elders wouldn't object."

As long as he was happy, his parents would accept it.

His family was open-minded.

He had integrated well into the Ormond family. Whether it was the elders or his colleagues, everyone got along with him.

No one disliked him.

If he really became a son-in-law in the Ormond family, he was certain he could build a good life there.