

Married At First Sight Chapter 4205

Chapter 4205

When Tatum reached the front door, he stopped, turned back, and said to Elora, “Miss, the only woman I care about is my future wife. Every other young woman is just a stranger to me. I’ll be polite if necessary, but if not, I won’t pay them any attention. Even if she’s my boss, I won’t cross the line. And if I ever do, there must be a reason. Get some rest, Miss. You’ve had a little too much to drink—if you don’t sleep well, you’ll wake up with a headache. I’ll make you some honey water in the morning.”

With that, Tatum walked away.

Elora stood there, staring at the door long after he disappeared.

What did he mean by that?

He only cares about his future wife?

He won’t cross the line for any woman other than his fiancée—not even his boss.

What exactly does “crossing the line” mean to him? Caring?

So, if his boss is a young woman but not his fiancée, he’ll only do his job—nothing more. No concern, no extra effort beyond his duties.

Is that what he meant?

And if so... was he talking about her?

He had always treated her exceptionally well. Beyond cooking three meals a day, he had done countless things that went beyond the role of a chef.

He cared about her. When she was upset, he talked with her, took walks with her.

He was also good to her family—far more than just a chef should be.

Was he saying that he liked her? That he saw her as his future wife?

But hadn't he said he would only marry the woman his grandmother chose for him?

Elora was left puzzled by his words.

The coldness in her heart, which she had suppressed for so long, began to thaw.

More than anything, she wanted to know—who was Tatum's fiancée?

The woman chosen by Old Mrs. York had to be from Annenburg or a nearby city. Otherwise, why would he have come all this way? It wasn't just to be her private chef, was it?

If his fiancée was from Annenburg... who could it be?

Elora wasn't being arrogant, but she knew the truth—among all the prominent families in Annenburg, there wasn't a single young woman who outshined her.

The only ones even close were her cousins. The daughters of other wealthy families didn't come close to her in terms of capability.

She ran the entire Ormond family business. She was the real head of the family.

How many daughters of high-status families could say the same?

A sudden thought struck her.

Could *she* be Tatum's fiancée?

It would make sense. She was notoriously picky, and he was the best chef. In that regard, they were perfectly suited. If his cooking wasn't good enough, she would point it out, and he would improve. He never stopped getting better—his dishes were always evolving, and she never tired of them.

Wasn't that a kind of compatibility?

The Ormond family and the York family of Wiltspoon were well-matched in status, too.

He had also said that if his fiancée needed him to move in, he would.

The York family had nine young masters, with Tatum's eldest brother as the head. Their elders were open-minded—if he chose to move in with his wife, his family would respect that decision.

Why had he said, *if his fiancée needed him to move in?*

If *she* was his fiancée, that would explain everything.

She couldn't marry far away—not when she had to oversee the Ormond family business. At least, not until her younger brothers were ready to take over. Until then, she had no choice but to stay.