

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4209

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## Chapter 4209

In the past, the private chefs Elora hired were always respectful and eager to flatter her. But Tatum was different—he cared for Elora with genuine sincerity.

Uncle Joly had seen enough in life to recognize that Elora treated Tatum differently. And it was clear that Tatum felt the same way about her.

They were both young. It was only natural for sparks to fly.

Ordinarily, Uncle Joly would have warned Tatum not to set his sights on the eldest daughter of the Ormond family. But after learning that Tatum was actually wealthy, he chose to stay silent.

Good thing he didn't say anything.

Tatum went back to his room. Instead of heading straight to the kitchen, he made his way upstairs.

He paused outside Elora's door, hesitated for a moment, then knocked gently.

No response.

Maybe he had knocked too softly.

Tatum knocked again, firmer this time, and called out, "Miss, are you awake? It's time for breakfast."

Elora was a workaholic. She left for the office at the same time every morning without fail. But today, she hadn't gotten up yet. Tatum felt responsible for reminding her.

More than that, he was worried she might be hungry.

After a moment, the door cracked open just enough for Elora to peek out, keeping the rest of her body hidden behind it.

Tatum immediately guessed that her pajamas might be slightly sheer, which was why she wasn't stepping fully into view.

"Miss, are you okay?" he asked, concern evident in his voice. "I want you to rest, but I was afraid you might have something important today and didn't want you to miss it."

Elora had dark circles under her eyes, and her voice was hoarse from sleep. "I'm fine. Just a headache, but nothing I can't handle. I have an important meeting and need to see two major clients today. It's all been arranged. Tatum, thanks for waking me up. Can you bring me a cup of honey water and a coffee? I'll be downstairs in half an hour."

She needed time to freshen up. Her mind still felt sluggish from sleep.

"Of course," Tatum replied without hesitation. "I already prepared the honey water. I'll head down now to get your breakfast and make your coffee."

He knew there was no use trying to convince her to take the day off. Elora never let minor discomfort slow her down.

Being the head of the family meant she couldn't afford to.

Since she barely took care of herself, all he could do was ensure she ate properly.

She probably hadn't slept well last night. He'd make her some soup later—to calm her nerves and nourish her brain—so she could rest better at lunch.

With that, Tatum went downstairs.

Elora closed the door, went back to bed, and lay down again.

The exhaustion weighed on her.

Sometimes, she wished she could ignore everything and just sleep—for three days straight if she could.

But then she thought of her aging parents, her younger brother who still needed guidance, and the fact that her entire family depended on her. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to sit up.

She was Elora Ormond. A simple hangover wasn't going to bring her down.

Elora went into the bathroom and splashed cold water on her face twice. The shock of it helped clear her mind.

After washing up, she changed into her usual attire.

Her wardrobe was filled with business suits. Only a handful of casual outfits were tucked away for weekends. Not a single dress.

Even when she attended banquets, she always wore suits. She couldn't even remember the last time she had worn a dress.