

Married At First Sight Chapter 4210

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.

Chapter 4210

If she thought back far enough, it must have been in third grade. Her mother used to tell her that, as a child, she loved wearing princess dresses.

Being the firstborn—and a beautiful one at that—her family dressed her like a little princess. Her closet had been filled with frilly gowns, gifts from her parents, aunts, uncles, and other relatives.

Then, at some point in fourth grade, she stopped wearing them. No matter how many new dresses she received, she always gave them away to her cousins.

Eventually, everyone realized she wasn't interested, and the dresses stopped coming.

Her mother once asked why she no longer liked them. Elora had replied, "Skirts slow me down. I like to move fast."

Her mother had smiled and said she had always been decisive and strong-willed, which was why her grandparents had chosen her as the family's successor.

And she hadn't let them down.

From a young age, she had shouldered the family's burdens. Under her leadership, the Ormond business hadn't just survived—it had thrived.

Some of her grandparents' old acquaintances were still around, and whenever they saw her, they praised her. They envied her grandparents for having such an exceptional granddaughter, especially since their own sons had accomplished little.

But Elora never told anyone about the conversations she had overheard.

More than once, her grandfather had sighed and lamented, "If only she were a grandson."

If she had been born a man, the eldest grandson of the Ormond family, her grandfather would have been at peace.

Because she was a granddaughter, no matter how capable she was, he always feared that one day she would marry, and her focus would shift away from the family business.

The Ormond family was steeped in tradition. Even though her grandfather had no choice but to entrust her with the family's legacy, he never truly accepted it.

By the time he and her grandmother had passed, her two younger brothers hadn't been born yet. They had assumed there would be no male heirs in their generation.

Her grandmother had often said that an old rival from her youth had once taunted her: "I gave birth to all sons, while yours can't even produce a grandson."

Shaking off those memories, Elora grabbed another suit and put it on.

Standing before the mirror, she examined her reflection—poised, powerful, and commanding.

But the dark circles under her eyes were impossible to ignore.

Sighing, she sat down at her vanity and carefully applied makeup to mask her exhaustion.

She had said she would be downstairs in half an hour, and she kept her word.

By the time she reached the dining room, Tatum had prepared a fresh breakfast. Today, he had chosen lighter fare, knowing she hadn't slept well.

He set a cup of honey water in front of her first. "Drink this before anything else."

Then he brought out her meal, followed by a steaming cup of coffee.

Watching her, he hesitated before speaking. “Miss, why don’t you stay home today and get some rest?”

She had done her best to cover up her fatigue, but he could still see it.

“I have two important clients today,” she replied. “If I cancel, everything I’ve worked for will be in vain.”

“I’ll be fine. Coffee will do the trick.”

She sipped her honey water nonchalantly. Then, as if remembering something, she asked, “Are Alonzo and Angelo running late? Alonzo loves to sleep in.”

Alonzo wasn’t afraid of anyone—except his big sister. When he overslept, he always waited for her to wake him.