

Married At First Sight Chapter 4212

Chapter 4212

Tatum smiled warmly. "That's all thanks to your guidance, Miss."

He truly believed he had improved.

And Grandma knew him well—she had chosen a wife for him who helped him refine his cooking skills.

Tinsley popped another pastry into her mouth. "A little dessert makes everything better."

Tatum quietly stepped away, giving the sisters their space.

"No point in letting Timothy get to you," Elora said, her voice calm. "If you react, he'll only push harder. Just ignore him. No matter what he does, don't give him a response. When he realizes he's wasting his time, he'll eventually give up."

Tinsley sighed. "I'm more worried he'll start going after Sevyn and Violeta instead. They don't have the same self-control we do."

So, for now, she would deal with it herself.

"Just seeing him ruins my mood," she muttered. "Honestly, I wouldn't mind stuffing him in a sack and beating some sense into him. Does he really think I'm some helpless little girl he can push around?"

Elora smirked. "Not a bad idea."

Tinsley's eyes gleamed. "So you agree? You think he's a pain, too?"

Elora's expression turned serious. "Of course. He's insufferable."

"In that case, I won't hold back." Tinsley grinned. "Our family doesn't need any ties with the Labbe family anyway."

She was testing Elora's stance.

After all, Timothy was the son of the acting head of the Labbe family.

Mr. Labbe had chosen him as his successor and held him in high regard.

"For now, we're staying away from the Labbe family," Elora confirmed. "But if the real heir ever returns and takes over, we'll see. Though honestly, I'm not even sure that child is still alive."

A child that young, without his parents or any family to protect him, with enemies hunting him down at every turn—his survival was uncertain at best.

Perhaps a visit to FC Manor was in order.

She could check if the eldest young lady of the Johnson family had any information.

One thing was clear: the child hadn't lived with the Johnsons for long.

Elora had no idea where Jane had hidden him.

The Labbe family had never stopped searching, and even the Lafayette family from Meadspring had sent people to investigate—but no one had found a trace.

After all, Jane had picked him up in Meadspring.

Tinsley shifted the conversation. "Sister, were you drunk last night?"

"Just a little," Elora admitted. "I had a couple extra drinks and got sleepy. I wasn't completely out of it—just a slight headache. I feel better after some honey water."

Tinsley hesitated before adding, "You sure you don't want to rest today? I can handle things at the company."

She had only heard about Elora drinking a bit too much this morning.

Originally, Elora's bodyguard had called Sevyn to help her back to her room, but Tatum had woken her up instead.

Lately, Elora had stopped teasing Tinsley about Tatum.

Was she starting to care about him more?

Maybe even getting possessive?

Tinsley didn't say anything out loud. Some things were better left unsaid.

Tatum was a good match for Elora.

The York family had plenty of sons—one of them settling into her household wouldn't be an issue.

In the end, Tatum was the best choice for Elora.

"I'm fine," Elora reassured her. "Just needed some rest. And now that I've had breakfast and some coffee, I'm good to go."

She picked up the cup of coffee Tatum had prepared, stood up, and left the dining hall.