

Married At First Sight Chapter 3911-3915

Chapter 3911

Tatum stirred awake after barely an hour of sleep. He had a task ahead: preparing the ingredients for the hot pot his fiancée had requested. The soup base, as always, was the cornerstone of the meal.

If it had been Elora's family indulging in hot pot, his workload would've been lighter. All he'd need to do was prepare the soup base while others handled the rest. Of course, he could always do it himself if he chose to, but it wasn't necessary.

As Tatum busied himself in the kitchen, a lively, feminine voice rang out from the living room. The voice, cheerful and teasing, directed a question at Elora.

"Elora, where's your handsome chef? Is it okay if I take a peek? I even left my husband at home so he wouldn't get jealous."

Tatum paused mid-chop.

Great, he thought. Being good-looking is just another hassle. People treat me like a zoo exhibit.

He rolled his eyes. It wasn't as if he was the most attractive among his brothers. That title belonged to his eldest brother, who was not only better-looking but also more charismatic. If people obsessed over him now, how would they react if they ever saw *him*? Would they lose their minds entirely?

In response to the teasing, Elora laughed. "Don't be too eager, Rosie. You'll scare him. He's busy in the kitchen, you know. Are you here for him or for me? Because I'm starting to feel neglected!"

The mystery voice belonged to Rosie, one of Elora's close friends.

Though Tatum had never met Rosie in person, her reputation preceded her. Elora occasionally talked about Rosie's obsession with good looks, joking that it was a good thing Rosie got married early. Otherwise, she'd be falling in love with every attractive man she crossed paths with. Rosie's antics included secretly following handsome strangers just to snap a few photos before walking away, satisfied.

Rosie's playful laughter filled the room as she tried to soothe Elora's mock indignation. However, to Tatum's relief, she didn't barge into the kitchen to gawk at him.

It was moments like these that made Tatum realize that women, when gathered together, talked about men the same way men discussed women. Opposites attract, after all.

The lighthearted laughter from the living room reminded Tatum of home—Wildridge Manor. Around this time, the manor would be bustling with energy, brimming with joy as his family gathered for the holidays. These were the moments his grandmother loved most, surrounded by the lively chatter and laughter of children and grandchildren.

The annual holidays were special. Everyone set aside their busy schedules to relax and focus on spending time with the elders. Tatum knew the elderly cherished companionship. His father's generation was fortunate, with couples to share their lives. But his grandmother had no one—his grandfather was long gone. Without their visits, she'd have only loneliness to keep her company.

Once Tatum finished preparing the ingredients and the soup base, his work in the kitchen was done.

A little while later, he finally met Rosie. She was nothing like Elora—bright, bubbly, and almost too vivacious. Tatum couldn't fathom how someone so different had become Elora's friend.

Probably because Rosie latched onto her and refused to let go, he thought. Elora probably didn't have the heart to push her away.

To his surprise, Rosie was much more polite in person. After a few cordial questions, her tone suddenly shifted when she learned Tatum was from Wiltspoon.

"The York family," she began curiously, her eyes sparkling. "You know, the wealthiest family in Wiltspoon—are you connected to them in any way?"

Tatum's dark eyes flickered for a moment. He hadn't expected her to bring this up. Even Elora, who had discreetly investigated him twice, hadn't made the connection.

After a brief pause, Tatum gave a soft, measured response. "Yes, they're my family."

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Chapter 3912

"Your family? Are you saying the York Corporation in Wiltspoon belongs to your family?"

Rosie's voice trembled with surprise as she stared at Tatum, her expression a mix of shock and disbelief.

All eyes in the Ormond family turned toward the two of them, their curiosity unmistakable.

"Yes," Tatum replied calmly, his tone steady. "It's my family's business. Our ancestors laid the foundation, and now my eldest brother runs it."

Rosie's curiosity only deepened. "What's your rank among the brothers?"

She had spent half a month in Wiltspoon on a business trip with her husband, giving her a glimpse into the world of the York family, the wealthiest household in the city. Stories of their good family traditions and remarkable discipline had left a strong impression on her.

The York sons, in particular, were legendary for their talent and charisma. And now, seeing Tatum—so handsome it seemed almost unfair—she couldn't reconcile the idea of him being a chef for the Ormond family.

The York Corporation's wealth and influence were well-known, even from afar. In comparison, the Ormond family, though prominent, seemed modest. Adding to the intrigue, the York family was known for its long line of sons. Generations had passed without a daughter, and Old Madam York had famously yearned for one. When her wish for a daughter went unfulfilled, she began hoping for a granddaughter—and even that remained elusive. Now, she pinned her hopes on a great-granddaughter.

Rosie once joked with her husband that if any woman in the future could give birth to a daughter in the York family, she would undoubtedly be cherished above all.

"I'm the sixth," Tatum answered, referring to his birth order among the brothers.

Rosie stood and extended her hand with a polite smile. "Sixth Young Master York, it's an honor to meet you. I've visited Wiltspoon and spent a delightful half-month there. I've heard quite a few legends about your family."

Tatum's gaze flickered briefly toward Elora before he reached out and shook Rosie's hand in a perfunctory manner.

"Mr. Zachary York—he's your eldest brother, right?" Rosie asked, her tone laced with curiosity.

“Yes,” Tatum replied, nodding. “Zachary is my eldest brother. Our family has a strong bond among the brothers, and even with our cousins, we’re all very close.”

Rosie’s expression softened as she continued. “I’ve heard about your grandmother—the pillar of your family. People say she’s open-minded and wise, and that she personally raised all nine of you brothers. I can’t imagine how many people envy her.”

Indeed, tales of the York matriarch were often shared among families with less accomplished children or grandchildren. The idea that one woman had successfully raised not one but nine exceptional grandsons was nothing short of awe-inspiring.

“She didn’t just raise successors—she raised nine of them,” Rosie mused. “Each one capable of running the York Corporation and carrying on the family’s legacy. It’s almost as if talent is a birthright in the York family. With a foundation like that, it’s no wonder your family dominates Wiltspoon’s business world. Many have tried to surpass the Yorks but failed.”

Tatum’s lips curled into a warm smile. “Thank you for the kind words about my grandmother, Miss Fowler. She truly is extraordinary. To us, she’s the best grandmother in the world.”

But then he quickly shifted the conversation. “Miss Fowler, I’ll leave you and Elora to enjoy your hot pot. I still have work to finish.”

With that, Tatum excused himself, stepping away from the growing attention.

He could already feel the Ormond family members itching to interrogate Rosie about how she had pieced together his identity.

The York surname wasn’t particularly common, but it still surprised him that Rosie had made the connection. Even Elora, despite knowing him for some time, had never associated him with the powerful York family. Perhaps it was because she couldn’t imagine the young master of Wiltspoon’s wealthiest family lowering himself to become her private chef.

But Tatum had his reasons.

Cooking wasn’t the goal.

Winning his fiancée’s heart? That came first—right after perfecting the hot pot.

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Chapter 3913

After Tatum left, Elora turned to her friend with wide eyes. “Rosie, are you serious? You know the York family from Wiltspoon? And Tatum... he’s the sixth young master of *that* York family?”

Rosie nodded knowingly. “Elora, you’ve never been to Wiltspoon, so it’s not surprising you didn’t know. Your family’s business doesn’t have any ties there, and Wiltspoon is pretty far from here. But I’ve been there. I spent half a month in the city with my husband when we were on a business trip. His family has dealings in Wiltspoon, so I learned a lot during our time there.

The York family is *the* powerhouse in Wiltspoon. They’re at the very top—both in wealth and influence. The York Corporation is to Wiltspoon’s business world what your Ormond family is to ours, only even more dominant.”

Rosie’s explanation had the room hanging on her every word. She painted a vivid picture of the York family, giving everyone a clear sense of their prestige.

“They’re not just wealthy, though,” Rosie continued. “The Yorks have this incredible family tradition. The men are famously loyal. Once they’re married, they’re committed for life—no cheating, no drama, just pure dedication to their marriage and family. Honestly, that’s what makes them so desirable. Sure, the money is attractive, but it’s their character that has women dreaming about marrying into their family.

“Who wouldn’t want a husband who’s loyal and handsome? And trust me, Elora, these men are all exceptional—smart, accomplished, and ridiculously good-looking. What I didn’t expect was to find the sixth young master of the York family here, working as your chef.”

Rosie paused, her curiosity clearly piqued. “There are nine young masters in the York family’s current generation. The one people talk about the most is Zachary, the eldest. He’s the head of the family and Tatum’s full brother—they share the same mother.

“But Tatum’s a bit of a mystery. Even back in Wiltspoon, you don’t hear much about him because he keeps such a low profile. What I *do* know is that he’s been passionate about cooking since he was a kid. He absolutely loves it. So, I think I understand now why he’s here working for you—it’s not just a job; it’s his way of pursuing his passion for cooking.”

Rosie tilted her head and smiled teasingly. “Elora, you’re so picky about food, always pointing out flaws in his cooking. But honestly, that’s probably what drew him here. He’s the type to welcome feedback, to take criticism and use it to refine his craft. He didn’t come here for the paycheck; he came here to grow.”

After a pause, Rosie added with a grin, “By the way, before you hired him as your private chef, didn’t you do a background check on him?”

Elora’s cheeks flushed slightly. She looked down for a moment before replying, “I did. Twice, actually. All I found out was that he’s a young entrepreneur with a successful career and a natural love for cooking. That’s why I’ve always treated him with respect—he’s clearly a talented and driven person.

“To be honest, I admired him even before I knew about his family background. The fact that someone so accomplished would humble himself and work as a chef just to improve his skills? That kind of dedication is rare and worthy of respect.

“But here’s the thing—I didn’t find *anything* that linked him to the York family. The hotels and restaurants under his name didn’t seem connected to the York Corporation at all. It just didn’t add up.”

Rosie chuckled knowingly. “That’s not surprising. The York brothers don’t just sit around managing the family business. Each of them starts their own ventures, and not all of them are tied to the York Corporation.

“And think about it,” Rosie added with a sly smile. “When you were looking into Tatum, it’s very likely the York family noticed. If they knew he was here to study cooking, they probably covered for him. The Yorks have the resources to make sure you didn’t discover who he really was. After all, he’s not just any businessman—he’s the sixth young master of one of the wealthiest families in the world.”

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Chapter 3914

“The York family and the Bucham family share a very close bond,” Rosie added, her tone carrying a touch of admiration. “The Buchams are renowned for their incredibly powerful information network. If you tried to investigate Tatum, it wouldn’t take long for them to figure it out.”

Elora fell silent, her expression thoughtful.

The rest of the Ormond family exchanged glances, their surprise palpable. Who would’ve thought their chef—a seemingly ordinary cook—was actually the Sixth Young Master of the York family?

“The Sixth Young Master of the York family came to our home just to work as a chef?” one of the elders finally murmured, still processing the revelation.

“And the York elders allowed it?” another chimed in, incredulous.

Rosie smiled knowingly. “The York family elders are famously open-minded. That’s the kind of environment where extraordinary people thrive. They don’t impose unnecessary restrictions, and it shows. Look at Tatum—his skills, his demeanor, his humility. It’s no wonder he turned out to be so exceptional. He’s a product of both his family’s strong values and their freedom to grow.”

Meanwhile, Tatum’s little fans—Angelo and Alonzo—had no interest in the adults’ musings. Angelo tugged on Elora’s sleeve, his voice impatient. “Sister, where’s Brother Tatum? Can we start eating now?”

Alonzo nodded in agreement. “Yeah, we’re hungry. It’s cold outside, and hot pot is perfect for this weather.”

Elora chuckled at their innocence and ruffled their hair. “You two only care about food, huh? Don’t worry, everything’s ready. The meat and vegetables are cooked. Go ahead and dig in.”

She picked up her chopsticks and served the boys some meat, shrimp, and vegetables, setting the tone for everyone else to start eating.

As the Ormond family gathered around the steaming hot pot, Rosie reached for the public chopsticks, selecting a bit of food to taste. She chewed thoughtfully and then glanced at Elora. “Is there extra soup? This broth is incredible—I’d love a bowl.”

Elora gestured to a nearby servant. “Bring Rosie a bowl of soup from the kitchen,” she instructed.

The mood around the table shifted quickly. While the Ormonds were initially shocked by Tatum’s true identity, the allure of the delicious meal soon took precedence. Whatever questions lingered about the York family’s young master faded into the background, at least for the moment.

Tatum had come to them willingly, not under any pretense or pressure. If he chose to set aside his status and work as a chef, the Ormonds decided to respect that. In their home, he wasn’t the Sixth Young Master York—he was simply Tatum, their talented and dedicated chef.

Once everyone had eaten their fill and lingered around the table, Elora decided it was time for a private conversation. She sent a servant to fetch Tatum, requesting his company for a walk.

A few minutes later, the two strolled through the snowy courtyard. The servants had cleared the main path, but the snow still clung to the sides, forming thick, pristine banks. As they walked, the silence between them was peaceful, broken only by the soft crunch of snow beneath their boots.

It was Tatum who spoke first, his voice gentle. “Miss, I didn’t mean to keep anything from you. I just didn’t think it was necessary to bring it up. Whenever you asked about my family, I answered honestly.”

Elora glanced at him, her expression calm but curious. “I’m not accusing you of hiding anything. Honestly, even if you had told me upfront that you were the Sixth Young Master of the York family, it wouldn’t have changed my decision. As long as you were serious about the job and your cooking skills met my standards, I would’ve still hired you. Your family name doesn’t intimidate me.”

She paused, a small smile forming. “But I have to admit, I didn’t expect someone with such a prominent background to apply for a position like this. I already respected you for your accomplishments—running hotels and restaurants is no small feat. But knowing the full story now? I admire you even more.”

Tatum smiled, a touch of humility in his expression. “I appreciate that, but my family background is just luck. Being born into the York family? That’s something I owe to my ancestors. What I really value is building something with my own hands. That’s where true satisfaction comes from.

“Taking over the family business is expected, but it’s not the same as proving yourself on your own terms. For me, cooking has always been a passion. I’m here because I want to push myself, to improve, to grow. That’s what matters to me.”

Elora listened carefully, her respect for Tatum deepening with every word. “That’s admirable,” she said softly. “Not everyone has the courage to step out of their comfort zone and chase what they truly love. You’re not just strong—you’re inspiring.”

Their footsteps slowed as they admired the snow-covered landscape, the conversation leaving Elora with a newfound appreciation for the man who had quietly stepped into her world.

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Chapter 3915

Elora smiled warmly and said, "If someone takes over the family business without real talent or the ability to handle the weight of responsibility, they're bound to be judged. Sure, they might try to prove themselves, but it's not the same. Founding a legacy and sustaining wealth across generations are two very different things.

With family backing you, no matter how much you achieve, people will say it's all because of that support. If you fail, they'll call you a spoiled heir, a waste, and claim that wealth can't last three generations. That's why only those with true ability can carry the family business forward."

Tatum fell silent for a moment before nodding. "Miss, you're absolutely right. My eldest brother is incredibly capable. While the rest of us can take on responsibility, none of us are as solid and steady as he is. He's the anchor in our family. With him leading, we have the freedom to pursue what we want without worrying about the bigger picture. He makes it possible."

Elora couldn't help but reflect on her own situation.

She was the eldest sister, the one carrying the weight of the family. Because of her, her younger sisters could pursue their dreams freely, without being tied to the family business as she was.

"You're lucky," Elora said sincerely.

Deep down, she wished someone could share her burden, giving her the freedom to live her life the way she wanted.

Tatum smiled gently. "What about you?"

He tilted his head, looking at her with curiosity.

Elora met his gaze briefly before quickly looking away. But Tatum kept his eyes on her.

He liked looking at her. Even though she seemed cold on the surface, he knew that it was a persona she had built to command respect. After all, she was managing so many people at the company. Deep down, he suspected her true nature wasn't as icy.

Still, her beauty was undeniable.

Grandma never made poor choices when selecting people for the family. Elora wasn't just from a good family or highly competent—she was stunning.

Grandma always said that a good daughter-in-law would bring not only a strong next generation in terms of values but also in looks. The York men were famously handsome, and that was no coincidence. The women Grandma had chosen for their fathers and uncles were all remarkable, too. Beautiful parents made for beautiful children—it was almost a family tradition.

Elora sighed softly. “As for me, am I happy? I suppose I am. But the burden I carry is so heavy that, at times, I feel like it's too much. I wasn't born strong. Life forced me to be this way. Taking over the company wasn't my choice—it was a necessity.”

She paused, her expression softening slightly.

“But if you're asking if I'm unhappy, I wouldn't say that either. My family is incredibly supportive. You've seen how harmonious we are. My uncle and aunt treat me like their own daughter. My sisters respect me as the eldest, and even Angelo and Alonzo, who are spoiled by everyone else, know better than to challenge my authority.

“When I'm at home, I can completely relax and enjoy the warmth of my family. So yes, in a way, I am happy.”

Tatum's tone softened. “You're the eldest sister, and right now, with Alonzo still so young, you have no choice but to carry the weight. But one day, when he's older, you'll be able to step back and rest. When that time comes, I'll be by your side, traveling the world with you. And I'll make sure you're never hungry on those adventures.”

He added the last part with a playful smile, hoping to ease any suspicion.

Elora couldn't help but laugh faintly. “Alonzo just turned seven this year. He's got at least eleven more years before he's even an adult. After that, he'll have to go to college, then spend a few years gaining experience and refining his skills. It'll be at least twenty years before he's ready to take over the family business.”

She let out a quiet sigh. The idea of retiring felt like a distant, almost impossible dream. She knew her path wouldn't change anytime soon.