

# Married At First Sight Chapter 3916-3920

## Chapter 3916

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By the time Alonzo is ready to take over the Ormond family business, Elora will be nearly fifty. If she marries and has children within the next two years, she could pass the family business to Alonzo and her own venture to her children within a few years.

Only then could she truly consider retiring.

Elora turned to Tatum. “Tatum, you must’ve known I sent people to Wiltspoon to investigate you, right? I couldn’t find out that you’re the sixth young master of the York family. Was that intentional? Did you not want me to know?”

Tatum replied honestly, “No, I didn’t know at first. My eldest brother told me. He said you investigated me—twice, actually. But you didn’t connect me to the York Corporation because my brother covered for me.

“He knew I came here to improve my cooking skills. If you had known I was the young master of Wiltspoon’s wealthiest family, you probably wouldn’t have hired me as your private chef. Without that opportunity, I wouldn’t have gotten your feedback, and my cooking wouldn’t have improved as much. Tell me, Miss—do you think my cooking has gotten better since I first started?”

Elora nodded slightly. His cooking had indeed improved. She hadn’t gotten tired of his dishes, even after all this time.

Tatum pressed, “If you’d known I was the sixth young master of the York family, would you have still hired me as your chef?”

Elora hesitated. “...Probably not.”

Tatum chuckled. “See? That’s why my brother covered for me. I didn’t intentionally hide it, but you also never asked me anything specific about my background. Back in Wiltspoon, I kept a low profile. When I came here, I couldn’t exactly go around announcing that I’m the young master of the richest family in Wiltspoon.”

Elora was silent for a moment before speaking softly. “You’re the most passionate person about cooking I’ve ever met. You’ve already achieved so much, and your family

background is extraordinary. You don't need to work for fame or fortune, yet you push yourself so hard."

She admired Tatum's dedication. For someone with his status to humble himself, travel so far, and work as a chef in her household spoke volumes about his love for cooking.

Tatum stopped walking and looked at her intently. His gaze was so deep and serious that it caught her off guard.

"What if I told you," he said suddenly, "that the real reason I came to Province X was to find a wife? Would you believe me?"

Elora blinked, startled.

"You're looking for a wife? Here?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

Everyone loves a bit of gossip, and Elora was no exception. The idea that Tatum, the sixth young master of the York family, had traveled such a distance to find a wife intrigued her. Who could this mysterious woman be? What kind of charm did she have to captivate a man like him?

Tatum smiled. "My grandmother is a mischievous old woman. My eldest brother manages the company so well that she has little to worry about. Even though she's still strong and sharp, she doesn't have much to occupy her mind, so she channels her energy into matchmaking for us grandchildren."

Elora laughed. "She's doing it out of love. Honestly, I think all elders are like that. Once their children reach marriageable age and show no progress, they can't help but worry.

"Even though I'm running the family business, my mother constantly frets over my marriage. She wants me to keep managing the business but also insists I marry a good man. And, of course, she doesn't want me to marry far away—she's afraid I wouldn't be able to juggle my family responsibilities if I lived too far.

"She always says that girls have a shorter window to 'bloom' compared to boys. According to her, if I don't find a partner while I'm young, it'll only get harder. Before 25, I had the freedom to choose who I liked, but after 25, she says the tables turn, and it's about who chooses me. I'll be 27 next year... Who's going to choose me now? There aren't many young men I'm even interested in."

## **Married At First Sight Chapter 3917**

## Chapter 3917

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Elora was well aware of the many young talents in Annenburg. Yet, none of them had ever made her feel safe or genuinely moved. Most of these men approached her with ulterior motives, drawn not by who she was but by the vast wealth and power of the Ormond family. They knew Alonzo was still young and that she was the one running the family empire. Winning her over meant securing control of the Ormond fortune, slowly chipping away at her family's legacy.

This constant awareness had made her cautious, even fearful, of love.

"I can't afford to fall in love," Elora admitted, her voice steady but heavy with emotion. "I'm terrified of being used or manipulated. Even when I admire someone, I suppress the thought. My family is too much of a target—fat meat, as they say, in the eyes of those who only care about power and wealth. People will do anything for money and influence, and I can't risk bringing disaster to the Ormond family."

She remained wary even of the young masters of powerful families. As for men who had risen from humble beginnings, the so-called "Phoenix men," she wouldn't even consider them.

Tatum walked beside her, nodding in understanding. "I get it. My grandma is the same way. She's always looking out for us. Every one of my brothers' wives was chosen by her, so our parents don't even worry about these things."

As Tatum moved forward, Elora fell in step with him. The two of them walking side by side—a handsome man and a stunning woman—looked like something out of a romantic tale. They seemed like they belonged together, though neither would dare voice such a thought.

"I heard from Rosie that your grandmother is a remarkable woman," Elora said, her tone lightening as she glanced at him. "She's the cornerstone of your family, right? It must be a relief for your parents to have her handling things like your marriages."

Elora's thoughts drifted to her own grandparents. "My grandparents were the same way. They adored me because I was their first grandchild. Even though I was a girl, they treated me like the pride of the family. If they were still alive, they would've already planned out my marriage. Honestly, it's a blessing to have someone like your grandmother taking care of you. You should cherish that."

Tatum smiled warmly. “Oh, we all do. My brothers and I trust Grandma completely. She has a great eye for these things. Once she picks someone for us, we focus all our energy on winning her approval. So far, her choices have always been spot-on.”

Elora raised an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued. “Wait... does that mean the wife your grandmother picked for you is here? In Province X?”

Tatum nodded with a small grin. “Yep. She’s here in Province X. But for now, I’m still your chef. When you finally fire me, I’ll officially start courting her. Of course, if you keep me around and let me keep earning this generous salary, I’ll be in an even better position to win her over. At least she’ll see I’m not just some idle, spoiled rich kid. I can balance working hard and chasing my future wife. If she falls for me, that’s game over—I’ll have her heart.”

Elora couldn’t hide her curiosity any longer. “Province X is a long way from Wiltspoon. It’s not like you can just drive over. How in the world did your grandmother find her? Which city is she in? Who are her parents?”

Tatum chuckled. “Honestly? I have no idea how my grandma does it. She’s always flying around, even at her age. None of us can keep up with her. My eldest brother is the only one who can rein her in. When he’s paying attention, she’ll stay put in Wiltspoon for a while. But the second he gets busy, she’s off jetting to God knows where.

“Right now, most of us older grandkids are taken care of. I’m the sixth, so my turn has come and gone. The youngest boys, from the seventh to the ninth, are still too young for her to worry about. But she’s already busy enough planning wedding after wedding. My eldest brother’s wife is even pregnant now, and Grandma absolutely dotes on her. I think they’ll be staying put in Wiltspoon for the next year at least.”

Elora looked at him intently. “So, who’s this fiancée of yours? You’ve got to give me something. What’s she like?”

Tatum gave her a sly smile. “You’ll find out soon enough. When I finally win her heart, I’ll introduce her to you. For now, just know this: I’m more than happy with the person my grandma picked. She’s perfect for me. My grandma’s instincts are as sharp as ever—she’d never pick anyone who wasn’t an excellent match.”

## **Married At First Sight Chapter 3918**

### **Chapter 3918**

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Tatum shared stories about his brothers' love lives, giving Elora a deeper glimpse into the York family.

Elora listened intently, her smile growing as the anecdotes unfolded. "No wonder Rosie was so surprised when she found out your true identity. Her attitude towards you changed completely. Your family has such strong traditions, and it sounds like every member of the York family is impressive."

As Tatum spoke, Elora's mind wandered to Tinsley. She remembered her younger sister's admiration for Tatum and decided to test the waters. "Tatum," she began, her tone carefully casual, "your grandmother chose a fiancée for you. Does that mean you'll definitely marry her? What if someone better comes along? Someone who not only surpasses your fiancée but also truly admires you—would you be tempted to change your mind?"

Tatum instantly saw through her question. He knew she was speaking on Tinsley's behalf.

He also understood Tinsley's admiration for him, though he was confident it was just admiration and nothing more. Tinsley's perspective was different from Elora's, but he suspected she must've confided her feelings to her older sister. Elora, burdened with responsibilities, clearly wasn't considering marriage anytime soon.

Tatum responded firmly, his tone leaving no room for doubt. "No, Miss. Even though I haven't succeeded in pursuing my fiancée yet, I've already accepted her as my future wife. She's the one for me, and that won't change. In the York family, we take marriage seriously. Divorce is out of the question unless there's betrayal—but that won't happen. My grandmother has a sharp eye, and the women she chooses for us are exceptional, with strong values and integrity.

"When I marry, I will be loyal to my wife and my family. I will love only her for the rest of my life. No matter how great someone else may be, that's their story—not mine."

His conviction reminded him of Evan's missteps. Tatum had no intention of following that path. Instead, he'd rather focus on his cooking and his future wife.

Elora sighed, a tinge of regret in her voice. "I see."

She knew she would have to speak to Tinsley soon. Tatum was already committed in his heart, and Tinsley needed to let go. Elora had spent enough time with him to know

that he was a man who followed through on his words. Tatum's destiny simply wasn't intertwined with Tinsley's.

As they continued their walk through the garden, chatting casually, they eventually realized they'd made a full circle. Elora turned to him with a soft smile.

"Tatum, I feel much better now. I don't feel so full anymore. You don't need to keep me company—go get some rest."

Tatum nodded politely. "Miss, if you get hungry later and want a midnight snack, just call me."

"Alright."

Elora watched as he walked away, his presence disappearing into the distance before she returned to the house.

Inside, the family was still gathered, hanging on Rosie's every word about the York family. Rosie had only spent two weeks in Wiltspoon, but even her limited knowledge was enough to captivate the Ormonds.

The revelation of Tatum's identity left them stunned. None of them had imagined that their private chef was the young master of a family worth billions. Unlike other chefs they'd hired in the past, Tatum wasn't there for fame or profit. He was there purely out of his passion for cooking, willing to set aside his lofty status to pursue what he loved.

When Elora entered, Alonzo immediately ran to her, his eyes wide with concern.

"Sister, what's going on with Brother Tatum?"

At their young age, Alonzo and Angelo hadn't fully grasped the weight of what they'd overheard. Their biggest worry was whether Tatum would still be cooking for them.

"Sister," Alonzo pleaded, tugging at her sleeve, "is Brother Tatum going to stay? Will he keep cooking for us? I don't want him to leave! I love his food. Please, don't fire him!"

Angelo joined in, his expression equally desperate. The two boys clung to Elora, their voices filled with urgency.

"Please, Sister! Don't let him go. We won't find another chef like him—his food is the best!"

Elora couldn't help but smile at their innocence. She placed a reassuring hand on each of their shoulders.

## Married At First Sight Chapter 3919

### Chapter 3919

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Not only were Alonzo and Angelo worried about Tatum leaving, but even Mrs. Ormond and the others shared their concerns.

The idea of Tatum no longer being their chef felt unsettling. His cooking had become a staple in their lives, spoiling them with dishes so delicious that they couldn't imagine adjusting to another chef's meals.

But Tinsley's thoughts went deeper. Her eldest sister had always admired strength, and Tatum was a force to be reckoned with—not just in the kitchen, but also in business. He was no ordinary chef; he was the young master of a multi-billionaire family. To Tinsley, he seemed like a perfect match for her sister.

Would her eldest sister be tempted? Could she already feel the difference Tatum brought into her life?

"Eldest sister, did you drive Brother Tatum away? Why didn't he come back with you?" Alonzo asked, his voice tinged with worry as he bombarded her with questions.

His concerns were obvious—he was afraid Elora had pushed Tatum out. Tatum wasn't just a great cook; he was also fun to be around.

The younger brothers adored Tatum. To them, he wasn't just a chef—he was someone who played with them, made them laugh, and even knew martial arts. They dreamed of learning from him.

"It's cold outside. I told Tatum to go home and rest," Elora said, exasperated, as she lightly poked their foreheads.

"How long has Tatum been working for us? It's only been two months, and yet here you are, acting like he's irreplaceable. Are you that scared he's going to leave?"

"Sister, I like Tatum! He's amazing. Please don't chase him away, okay?" Alonzo pleaded earnestly.

“When did I ever say I’d chase him away?” Elora teased, pinching his cheek with a smile. She led her brothers back to the sofa, where they all sat down together.

“I really just told him to rest. He’s a chef—once we’re full and satisfied, his job is done for the day. It’s perfectly normal for him to go home after work.”

Her explanation finally seemed to ease their worries.

But Alonzo wasn’t done. “Sister, Sister Rosie told me that Brother Tatum is the young master of the York family. Their family is just like ours. Now that you know who he really is, will you still keep him as our private chef?”

Elora thought for a moment before replying calmly, “As long as I don’t get tired of his cooking and he doesn’t resign, he’ll remain my private chef. You’ll still get to enjoy his food.”

“Really?” Alonzo’s face lit up with excitement. He turned to Angelo, clapping his hands as they both cheered. “That’s great! Brother Tatum isn’t leaving!”

Elora addressed the room. “Tatum is the sixth young master of the York family from Wiltspoon. He came here to work as a chef by choice, and he knows exactly what he’s doing. This is his decision.

In terms of salary and benefits, I’ve treated him fairly. He gets to do something he enjoys while continuing to refine his cooking skills. So, nothing is going to change—he’ll stay as long as he wants, or until I decide I’ve had enough of his food.”

Her gaze shifted to Tinsley as she continued, “Tatum did mention something else. He came to Province X, first to Annenburg, to work as a chef, but he has another goal. His fiancée is from Province X. He’s here to find her and build their relationship.

So realistically, he’ll probably only stay with us for about half a year. His grandmother gave him a one-year deadline.”

## **Married At First Sight Chapter 3920**

### **Chapter 3920**

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Elora began recounting the story of how the York family matriarch handpicked fiancées for her grandsons and gave each of them a year to win over their chosen partners.



The revelation immediately sparked curiosity among everyone present.

“Who is Tatum’s fiancée?” they wondered aloud.

But Tatum remained tight-lipped, offering no clues. No matter how much they speculated, there was little they could do without his confirmation.

Elora’s gaze shifted toward Tinsley again, her expression thoughtful.

Tinsley caught the look and instantly knew what her sister was implying.

“I don’t have feelings for Tatum,” Tinsley said quickly, trying to dismiss the thought. “I admire him, yes—but that’s all. Why do you keep looking at me like that?”

Tatum’s fiancée couldn’t possibly be her. If it were, Tatum would treat her differently, wouldn’t he?

Still, the mystery gnawed at her. *Who is Tatum’s fiancée?*

How had the York family matriarch managed to find someone for Tatum all the way in Province X?

Tatum had joined their household as a chef, but clearly, his real mission was to find his fiancée. What city in Province X was she from? Could she be from Annenburg?

And if she was from Annenburg, *which* family did she belong to? There were plenty of wealthy daughters in their city, but how many could truly compare to her and Elora?

The thought struck Tinsley like lightning. Could it be that Tatum’s fiancée—the one handpicked by Grandma York—was Elora, her older sister?

“Tinsley, I need to talk to you about some business,” Elora suddenly said, pulling Tinsley out of her spiraling thoughts.

Tinsley followed Elora to the study on the second floor, where her sister poured her a glass of warm water before sitting down with her.

“Eldest sister.”

“Tinsley.”

They spoke at the same time, then paused, sharing a small laugh.

“You go first,” Tinsley said.

Elora reached out, holding Tinsley’s hand. Her expression softened, and she gently stroked Tinsley’s face with her other hand. “Our Tinsley is so wonderful,” she said warmly.

Tinsley sighed. “Sister, just say what you want to say.”

Elora nodded. “I asked Tatum if he was bound to the fiancée his grandmother chose for him. He said yes. He hasn’t started pursuing her yet, but in his mind, she’s already his fiancée and will undoubtedly become his wife someday.

“The York family values loyalty in marriage. Tatum said that once he’s married, it will be for life. They don’t believe in changing their hearts or divorcing unless the wife cheats. That’s the only exception.”

Her voice grew even gentler as she continued, “Tinsley, I know you admire Tatum. Even if you’ve never admitted it, admiration is often the first step toward liking someone. And honestly, what’s not to like? He’s accomplished, gentle, and undeniably handsome.

“But since he already has a fiancée, there’s no need for you to think about him like that. When the time is right, I’ll help you find someone just as good—if not better. You don’t need to compete with anyone for a man, Tinsley.”

Tinsley blinked, momentarily stunned by her sister’s words. Then she chuckled softly.

“Sister, you never listen to me,” she said, smiling. “I’ve told you over and over—I don’t have any romantic feelings for Tatum. Whether or not he has a fiancée is none of my concern. I’m not angry, I’m not sad, and I’ve never once thought about competing for him.”

She grinned, adding, “And you’re absolutely right. We don’t need to compete for men. If we wanted to, all we’d have to do is wave our hands, and we’d have truckloads of suitors lined up for us to choose from.”

Elora studied her younger sister’s face, searching for any sign of hidden feelings. But Tinsley’s casual confidence was genuine, and Elora finally relaxed.

“Well,” Elora said with a small sigh of relief, “I guess it’s a good thing Tatum hasn’t been here that long. Otherwise, things might have gotten... complicated.”

Tinsley raised an eyebrow. “Sister, I told you—I don’t have feelings for him.”

But Elora didn't seem to hear her, brushing aside her words entirely. Tinsley just shook her head, amused by her sister's stubbornness.