

Married At First Sight Chapter 4054

Chapter 4054

Mr. Labbe sighed, "Your mother's going through menopause, and her temper's been all over the place lately. She keeps sticking her nose into my affairs. Fine, I'll get rid of the current one. Tell your mom she can handle it however she wants, just don't let her go as far as killing anyone."

Timothy raised an eyebrow and smirked. "Dad, come on. Do you really think Mom's that kind of person?"

But deep down, Timothy knew the truth. Whenever someone was eliminated, it always happened with his father's tacit approval. His mother simply carried out his father's will.

His sister often advised their mother against getting involved in their father's dirty work, insisting it wasn't her responsibility to clean up the messes from his so-called "love debts." She believed their father should deal with them himself.

Timothy found himself torn. At times, he sided with his father. Other times, he thought his sister had a point. Perhaps it was because he was a son—he couldn't fully empathize with his mother the way his sister could. That was probably why their mother doted on his sister more.

Even Mr. Labbe understood this dynamic. He softened his tone and said, "You're right. I misspoke. Your mother's not that kind of person."

Switching topics, Mr. Labbe continued, "Timothy, I'll be leaving soon, but I'll leave half the team here with you. If anything comes up that you can't handle, get in touch with me. I'm expecting good news."

Timothy nodded without hesitation. "Understood, Dad."

Mr. Labbe had already decided to fly to Wiltspoon that afternoon. After a quick two or three days there, he would return to Havenmill to deal with business matters.

Still, as he thought about all the hard work he put into the Labbe family empire—and how much of the benefit didn't even belong to him personally—he couldn't help but feel a wave of frustration.

Meanwhile, Elora was busy at work when Tatum entered her office.

Not wanting to disturb her, he quietly sat at the coffee table and began making tea for himself.

"It seems you've mastered the art of tea-making," Elora said, her voice breaking the silence.

Tatum looked up and smiled. "I know a little," he said modestly.

Elora walked over and sat down on the sofa. "You always say you 'know a little,' but let's be honest—you know everything."

Tatum chuckled and poured her a cup of tea.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I can head to the cafeteria and cook something for you right now."

Tatum had already prepared all the ingredients and brought them along. He only needed to borrow the company cafeteria to whip up a fresh meal for her. Cooking it on-site ensured the flavors stayed fresh and vibrant.

Elora glanced at her watch. "Give me another half an hour. I need a quick break—just ten minutes."

Tatum's voice softened. "Would you like a massage? I can help you relax."

Elora's eyes lit up with amusement. "A massage, too? Tatum, is there *anything* you *can't* do?"

He shrugged with a smile. "I know a little," he repeated, the familiar phrase laced with humility.

Elora sipped the tea he'd poured her and leaned back against the sofa. "Alright, let's see what you've got. Show me your massage skills."

Tatum stood, stepping behind her with a warm smile. "It's my honor to serve you, Miss."

His hands moved with practiced precision, working the tension out of her shoulders and neck. Elora closed her eyes, letting out a soft sigh.

“This feels amazing,” she murmured. “Tatum, you’re not just good—you’re at the level of a professional masseur.”

He smiled but said nothing, continuing his work with quiet focus.

As the massage continued, Tatum said casually, “I ran into the acting head of the Labbe family earlier. Mr. Labbe, from Havenmill. What’s he doing here?”

Elora kept her eyes closed, her tone cool. “I have no idea, and frankly, I don’t care. I didn’t let him in.”

She stretched her arms slightly, letting out a contented sigh before continuing. “He dropped off a New Year’s gift for the company and left it with the security guard. I told the captain to return it. If he doesn’t take it back, the guards can split it among themselves. Either way, I won’t accept anything from him.”

Her voice grew colder as she added, “That man’s an old pervert. Whatever he’s up to, it’s nothing good.”