

Married At First Sight Chapter 4060

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Now, the tables have turned.

Elora had shifted her focus to bringing Tinsley and Tatum together.

Whenever Tatum left, Tinsley seemed to appear right after, and it wasn't lost on Elora that her sister's timing often had something to do with him. If not for Tatum's unwavering loyalty, Elora might have suspected that he'd bribed Tinsley.

Tinsley smiled slyly. "When I came in, I saw Tatum heading out. He was very polite to me, with a gentle smile and respect in his eyes. It's so different from the way he looks at you, Sister. I've noticed for a while now—when Tatum sees you, there's something in his eyes: light, affection, and devotion. He's not just loyal to you. He adores you."

Elora was left speechless.

Tinsley continued with a playful grin, "Sister, I said it the first time I saw Tatum—he's no ordinary man. And I've always thought the two of you are a perfect match. You know me, Sister. I've never joked about your relationships, but after meeting Tatum, I can't help myself.

Now that I know his true identity—the sixth young master of the York family in Wiltspoon—I'm even more convinced. The York family is a billionaire dynasty, and though they're far from us, their reputation for integrity and tradition makes them a perfect match for our family.

Sister, you'd be hard-pressed to find someone better than Tatum. He checks all the boxes for me."

Elora replied with calm resolve, "Tinsley, maybe you should consider starting a matchmaking business. Pairing up singles in Annenburg could be your new calling. But as for my love life, don't worry about it. I have it under control.

No matter what the outside world thinks of us or how ambitious or cunning they may be, let them come. I'll handle it. I don't need to rely on anyone."

Even though Tatum might seem like the perfect partner, Elora didn't want to secure the Ormond family's future through love or marriage. She wanted to stand on her own and crush every threat against her family with her own strength.

That way, her enemies wouldn't just respect her—they'd fear her.

Depending on a marriage to maintain power? That was a gamble she wasn't willing to take.

What if the marriage failed?

They always said it's better to rely on yourself than anyone else.

The best option? Be strong.

"Tatum? He's fine. Let him be," Elora finally said, loosening her resistance to Tinsley's attempts at matchmaking.

After spending so much time with Tatum and truly getting to know him, Elora couldn't deny feeling a little moved.

But shifting her tone, she warned, "You should keep an eye on the Labbe family. Their eldest son, Timothy, is about your age, isn't he? They'll likely start targeting you."

Tinsley's expression darkened. "They look down on me."

Elora smiled knowingly. "They've underestimated you. Use that to your advantage. Catch them off guard. It's a good thing for us."

Tinsley's eyes gleamed with determination. "If they dare to underestimate me, I'll make sure they understand the consequences of doing so."

The sisters exchanged a confident smile, their thoughts aligning as they analyzed the moves Mr. Labbe might make.

Meanwhile, Mr. Labbe had already boarded a plane to Wiltspoon.

In Wiltspoon, Carrie received word that the sponsor would be arriving in a few hours. She was instructed to prepare for his arrival.

While shopping, Carrie silently cursed Mr. Labbe, muttering to herself about the "old pervert."

Even as she grumbled inwardly, she wore a cheerful façade.

There was one upside to his visit. By playing her cards right, she could butter him up, coax a little extra cash out of him, and maybe even get him to buy her the expensive jewelry and handbags she had been eyeing but couldn't afford.