

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4141

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## Chapter 4141

Annenburg, Province X.

Tinsley had just returned from an outing when her car was forced to stop at the company entrance.

A massive display of flowers blocked the way. Security guards had tried to disperse the crowd, but the people refused to leave. The guards seemed hesitant to use force, likely wary of causing a scene.

Several cars were parked nearby, including a small truck loaded with even more flowers.

Tinsley didn't bother honking.

With so many people and flowers in the way, honking wouldn't help—unless she was willing to drive straight through.

Instead, she got out and walked forward.

“Tinsley.”

A voice called out, unfamiliar yet recognizable.

She looked over and frowned slightly.

It was Timothy Labbe, the eldest son of Mr. Labbe, the acting head of the Labbe family from Havenmill.

Mr. Labbe had visited several times, claiming he wanted to discuss business. But since the meeting date hadn't arrived, he wasn't given any special treatment, and Elora refused to see him.

Even bringing his eldest son didn't change that. They were denied entry every time.

Eventually, Mr. Labbe left, but Timothy stayed behind in Annenburg.

Since then, he had called and messaged Tinsley every day, claiming he had fallen for her at first sight and wanted to pursue her.

Beyond the constant calls and texts, Timothy showed up outside Ormond's company daily, waiting for her to get off work. He sent flowers, invited her to dinner and movies, and showered her with expensive gifts—anything a woman might like.

He was relentless.

But he wasn't just chasing after Tinsley. He was also busy networking around Annenburg, looking for investment opportunities. To his credit, he had a keen eye for business. The projects he was interested in had real potential.

Some of those projects overlapped with Qaxun Group, which Tinsley managed.

Because of this, they had crossed paths multiple times. Each time, she remained polite but distant. That didn't stop Timothy. He was as persistent as ever.

By now, the entire high society of Annenburg was talking about it.

The story had spread: The eldest son of the richest man in a neighboring city had fallen for the Ormond family's second daughter and was pursuing her with overwhelming passion.

People gossiped that they were a perfect match—handsome, successful, and well-suited.

Curious onlookers even asked the Ormond family's second wife if the elders supported the match.

She didn't give a public answer.

But in private, she had already spoken to her daughter—and Tinsley made her feelings clear. She had no interest in Timothy.

A marriage between their families was out of the question.

The Labbe father and son were too ambitious.

The Ormond family had two young heirs, but they were still children—too young to take over or protect their sisters.

Powerful families circling the Ormonds with marriage proposals always had an ulterior motive. Who could say whether they truly cared, or if they were after the Ormond fortune?

“Mr. Labbe, what do you think you’re doing?”

Tinsley had long given up trying to correct Timothy’s way of addressing her.

People could call her whatever they wanted—she couldn’t control that.

She had corrected him multiple times, but he never listened. He insisted on calling her “Tinsley” in a tone far too familiar. She couldn’t exactly sew his lips shut.

Her expression hardened, her displeasure obvious.

Unfortunately, Timothy was shameless. He ignored her irritation, gesturing toward the sea of flowers.

“Tinsley, if you won’t accept the bouquets I send, then I’ll turn the front of your company into a field of flowers,” he said, smiling. “You don’t have to accept a single one. But after seeing this, will you at least believe how sincere I am?”