

Married At First Sight Chapter 4148

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The monthly allowance was deposited into the account to ensure the children lived comfortably.

Most mistresses who couldn't bear children were forced to have abortions. If they refused, Mrs. Labbe would personally step in and make sure they had no choice.

Despite everything, Mrs. Labbe was surprisingly tolerant. Her husband had cheated on her more times than she could count, yet she never considered divorce. As long as she remained Mrs. Labbe and her children were recognized and groomed as heirs, she was willing to turn a blind eye.

There was no way Tinsley could ever be interested in such a dysfunctional family.

"Genetics are strong. No matter how good he seems, don't even consider him."

Elora knew Timothy was handsome, carried the status of the Labbe family's eldest son, and was relentless in his pursuit of Tinsley. That's exactly why she was worried her sister might eventually waver.

"Him?" Tinsley scoffed, leaning back in her chair. "I'd rather stay single forever than even think about Timothy."

She crossed her arms and sighed. "Why me? I'm so sick of his texts, calls, flowers, and gifts every single day. Does he think I'm easy to talk to? Easy to push around? If you ask me, I think the Labbe family's real target is you, Elora.

"You're more commanding, and sometimes as cold as ice. Maybe they think you're too tough to crack, so they decided to go after me instead?"

Elora walked over, poured a cup of warm water for Tinsley, then playfully pinched her cheek. Smiling, she said, "Of course. You're younger and prettier. Look at you—so full of life. Your skin is still glowing with youth."

To outsiders, Tinsley was the more approachable sister.

Even in the company, both executives and regular employees felt comfortable chatting and joking with her. But with Elora? They kept their distance. Conversations with her stayed strictly professional.

Anything unrelated to work was off-limits.

Some people even whispered behind closed doors, wondering why Tinsley wasn't chosen as president when she was just as capable. They assumed Elora was in charge simply because she was the eldest.

But even they had to admit—Elora had a natural authority about her. The moment she gave an order, people obeyed without question. No one dared slack off when she was in charge.

Tinsley, on the other hand, had a softer touch. She was kind, approachable, and never intimidating.

That's why, when it came to running the family business, she lacked the same commanding presence.

"Elora, you're only a year older than me," Tinsley said, taking a sip of the warm water. Then, grinning, she added, "You should have Tatum cook up something special this weekend. I've suffered enough dealing with Timothy's nonsense—I deserve a good meal."

Elora chuckled. "As if Tatum ever cooks anything you don't like. Every dish he makes is your favorite. Honestly, I've noticed something—if Tatum is the one cooking, even dishes you usually don't care for somehow end up tasting amazing to you."

Tinsley laughed. "That's true! His cooking has some kind of magic. No matter how many times I eat it, I never get tired of it."

She tilted her head thoughtfully. "It's been what? Two or three months since he became your private chef? Maybe even longer? It feels like forever, but you still haven't gotten tired of his food or thought about replacing him."

Her tone turned teasing. "I bet Tatum is going to break all records. He'll end up being the longest-serving private chef you've ever had."