

Married At First Sight Chapter 4149

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“Sis, you know plenty of top restaurants and hotels are just waiting for you to replace Tatum so they can snatch him up as their star chef.”

With Tatum’s culinary skills, he could land a position in any restaurant he wanted.

Elora smiled and said, “It all depends on who offers the highest bid for Tatum. These places have already established themselves in the restaurant industry and have achieved impressive success. Of course, they want him, but it’s not that simple—unless they’re willing to let Tatum acquire their restaurant. Besides, I’m not tired of eating his food yet. Let them keep waiting.”

She added with a smirk, “You could even place a bet in the market—wager on whether Tatum will stay on as my private chef for a full year. I’d say you have a good chance of winning, but you might also lose miserably.”

With betting, there are always winners and losers.

Tinsley chuckled. “People have already started betting. The first round was whether Tatum would last three months. Those who bet against him are probably going to lose. Now, we’re onto the second round—whether he’ll break the record as your longest-serving private chef. This time, the bettors are playing it safer. More of them are putting their money on Tatum breaking the record.”

She continued, “The third round—betting on whether he’ll last a full year—hasn’t started yet. The gamblers want to see if he breaks the record first before they commit to the next round.”

Elora was speechless.

“Wait... people are actually betting on this?”

Tinsley smirked. “Sis, you think I’m joking? I’m serious. Since you’ve been changing private chefs so quickly, people started placing bets on it. This has been going on for two or three years now. I heard some people made a fortune, while others lost big.”

Elora shook her head. “So, those betting on Tatum breaking the record... they actually want him to keep going? That’s a lot of pressure. If he makes someone lose money, is he going to get pelted with eggs in the street?”

Tinsley burst into laughter, clutching her stomach.

“Sis, you’re overthinking this. These bets are all private; it’s not like the whole city knows about them. Even if someone loses, it won’t affect Tatum. Do you really think regular people are betting on something like this? It’s not their scene.”

“For them, winning or losing doesn’t really matter—it’s just entertainment.”

The Ormond family was one of Annenburg’s wealthiest. Ordinary people didn’t even know who the city’s richest person was, let alone the fact that the eldest daughter of that family had a habit of switching private chefs frequently.

Most of the people placing bets were from wealthy or upper-middle-class families—those who had connections with business elites and access to inside gossip.

Tinsley glanced at the time. “Sis, time to wrap up.”

Elora nodded. “You go ahead if you’re done with work. I’ll be here a while longer—I have a meeting with the general manager at Annenburg Hotel at 8 PM to discuss ongoing partnerships.”

“Alright, I’m heading out then,” Tinsley said. “No social events for me tonight. I can finally go home early and get some rest. I haven’t been shopping in ages—think I’ll call a few friends, hit the stores, and pick up a few things.”

Not that she needed anything—it was just the joy of shopping freely.

“Oh, and I’ll check in on the little ones’ homework. I’ve been so busy these past couple of days, I haven’t had time to keep an eye on them. I’ve been slacking a bit.”

Elora took her younger brothers’ studies seriously—she managed their education with strict discipline.