

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4152

---

## Chapter 4152

Afraid that Tatum might refuse, Elora added, “I don’t eat well when I’m alone. I have a much better appetite when someone eats with me.”

Tatum knew she was saying that on purpose, worried he wouldn’t agree. But how could he refuse? This was exactly what he wanted.

“Alright, Miss. I’d be happy to eat with you from now on.”

“Now, go eat first. I’ll have the fruit ready in a moment.”

Elora glanced at him but said nothing before heading out.

In the past, unless she had a special event, she would go straight back to the lounge after dinner to rest. She never paid much attention to having fruit after meals.

But now, without realizing it, Tatum had changed some of her small habits.

These little changes gave her a bit more rest and improved her health.

Soon, Tatum came out with the prepared fruit.

He had sliced the fruit and arranged the pieces into the shape of a phoenix with its wings spread wide, using smaller, uncut fruits as finishing touches.

“In such a short time, you actually made a phoenix?”

Elora couldn’t help but admire his skill.

Tatum smiled. “It’s pretty simple.”

“I almost don’t want to eat it—it looks too good.”

“Don’t hold back. I can make plenty of designs. If the plate is big enough, I could even create a whole landscape painting.”

“When you have time, I’ll give you a big plate and let you make one for me,” Elora said with interest.

Tatum chuckled. “If you like, I can actually paint a landscape for you. My skills aren’t bad.”

“Really? Then you should paint a few for me when you’re free. I love landscape paintings. I used to paint too. Before I took over the family business, I used to paint in my spare time. But ever since I took over, I’ve been so busy that I haven’t touched a brush in years.”

“But I’m not great at landscapes. My specialty is painting flowers.”

“And portraits. I love painting ancient beauties the most.”

Tatum picked up another pair of chopsticks and helped her with the food.

Elora was used to eating alone. Sometimes, Tinsley would join her, and when she did, Tatum would always prepare two sets of bowls and chopsticks.

Tonight, Tinsley wasn’t around, so it was just the two of them.

“You’re good at exactly what I’m not,” Tatum said with a smile. “I can’t paint ancient beauties well, but I can do a pretty good job with modern ones.”

Their family was full of handsome men and beautiful women.

Having grown up around them, Tatum had plenty of inspiration. With his skills, painting lifelike portraits of them was effortless.

He recalled his early days of learning to paint, when he used to practice by sketching his mother. Back then, she was still young, beautiful, and carried the elegance of a true lady of the house.

As the youngest son—several years younger than his eldest brother—he had always been deeply cherished by his parents.

Whenever he wanted to paint, his mother would willingly sit as his model for hours.

His eldest brother, on the other hand, was more skilled in painting animals—he especially loved drawing dragons and eagles.

But his brother rarely painted.

And now, he painted even less. Tatum figured the only way he'd see his eldest brother pick up a brush again was if he retired.

Speaking of which... Wasn't his sister-in-law about to give birth?

"What are you thinking about?" Elora suddenly asked, pulling him from his thoughts.

She had noticed he was lost in thought.

As expected of the head of the Ormond family—her sharp eyes caught everything.

"I was thinking about my brother and sister-in-law," Tatum admitted. "She should be giving birth soon. Once my nephew is born, Miss, I'd like to take a few days off to go back home. He'll be my first nephew—the first child of our York family's next generation."

Tatum was about to become an uncle. He had to be there.