

Married At First Sight Chapter 4199

Chapter 4199

Elora's bodyguard only called out to her but didn't dare to touch her, so she remained asleep.

Tatum gently patted her face and called her again. Within moments, she woke up.

As her eyes fluttered open, she found herself staring at Tatum's handsome face. For a brief moment, she felt disoriented—was she dreaming?

Dreaming of Tatum?

Did this mean she was attracted to him? Otherwise, why would she dream about him?

This was the first time she had ever dreamed about a man.

Elora instinctively reached out to touch Tatum's face, but as soon as she lifted her hand, she realized—this wasn't a dream.

Tatum was real.

They were close enough that she could catch the faint scent of his cologne.

He had just taken a shower.

Elora quietly lowered her hand, hoping he hadn't noticed her earlier movement. The last thing she wanted was for him to misinterpret her intentions.

"Miss."

Tatum's voice was warm and smooth, making her want to close her eyes and drift back to sleep.

She felt at ease with him nearby. Safe.

But that was just a fleeting thought.

“Tatum, why are you in my car?” she asked, sitting up straight.

Tatum stepped out of the car and waited for her to follow. “Your car stopped, but you didn’t get out, so I came downstairs to check. You had fallen asleep. Your bodyguard notified the third lady, and she’s on her way to help you back inside.”

Elora brushed off the concern. “I had a social event tonight and drank a little. I got sleepy. Tell Sevyn not to bother coming out—it’s cold. I can make it to my room on my own.”

Just as she finished speaking, a thick coat was draped over her shoulders. Tatum had taken it off and placed it around her.

It was warm.

Elora froze for a moment.

“You just woke up. You might catch a cold,” Tatum said matter-of-factly.

He wasn’t just good at cooking—he was thoughtful, too.

Elora glanced at him, her gaze lingering.

Was he afraid she’d return his coat?

Instead of refusing, she simply murmured a quiet thank you, pulled the coat snugly around her, and walked toward the main house.

“Big sister?”

Sevyn had arrived.

Seeing Elora out of the car with Tatum following close behind—his coat draped over her—Sevyn immediately recognized it.

Tatum had been her sister’s private chef for a few months now, and he had plenty of clothes in rotation.

Still, something about this moment felt different.

If she had left the house just a little later, her sister probably would have called and told her not to come at all.

Right now, Sevyn felt like an unintentional third wheel.

“Elora, I was just telling Tatum you didn’t need to come,” Elora explained, adjusting the coat on her shoulders. “I dozed off in the car. They couldn’t wake me up, so they called you.”

Tatum added, “She’s awake now. It’s late, Third Miss. Go back inside and get some rest.”

Sevyn smiled knowingly. “Alright, I’ll leave then. Big sister, you should rest early too. Drinking can make you feel worse later—ask Tatum to make you some sobering soup.”

She turned to Tatum. “Take care of my sister. Make sure she gets to her room before you leave.”

Tatum nodded. “Don’t worry, Third Miss. I’ll take good care of her.”

Sevyn didn’t linger.

Elora understood the subtle meaning behind her sister’s words but chose to ignore it.