

Married At First Sight Chapter 4200

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Tatum followed Elora into the house.

The lights were still on, but the first floor was empty—everyone had gone to bed.

The housekeeper had left the lights on for her, knowing she hadn't returned yet.

Inside, the warmth of the house surrounded her. Without hesitation, Elora slipped off Tatum's coat and handed it back to him.

He took it, then trailed behind her to the sofa. Once she sat down, he asked gently, "Would you like a bowl of sobering soup?"

Elora rubbed her temples. "Yeah, I should. If I don't, I'll have a splitting headache tomorrow."

Without another word, Tatum headed to the kitchen.

Elora leaned back into the sofa, closing her eyes again.

She wasn't sure how much time passed before she heard the sound of his footsteps approaching.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she immediately straightened her posture.

No matter the time or place, she always maintained her composure.

"Miss, the soup is ready," Tatum said, placing the bowl on the coffee table.

Elora hummed in acknowledgment.

"If you're tired, go get some rest. I'll drink it in a bit."

"It's fine. I'm not sleepy. I took a nap earlier, so I'm wide awake now."

He had no intention of leaving.

“I also promised Miss Sevyn that I’d stay until you were settled.”

Elora didn’t argue.

Tatum remained standing.

“Tatum, sit down. You don’t have to stand.”

He complied, settling into a seat nearby.

Looking at him, Elora spoke thoughtfully. “Tatum, you’re my private chef, not my servant. There’s no need to be so formal with me. I respect capable people, and you’re one of them. Honestly, I already consider you a friend.”

Maybe it was the alcohol talking.

Or maybe she was finally acknowledging the growing warmth she felt toward him.

Tatum responded in his usual gentle tone. “Miss, I appreciate your kindness, but I’m still your chef. I can’t take advantage of your trust and become too casual with you.”

He paused before adding, “I wouldn’t call myself capable. I’ve had advantages that others don’t. My success is largely due to my family’s support. If I had been born into different circumstances, I might not have achieved the same results. In that sense, I was just lucky to be born into the right family.”

Elora met his gaze, her expression softening.

“Tatum, don’t downplay yourself. I see your ability. Even without your family’s support, you’d still be successful.”

After a beat, she added, “You’re always so composed and thoughtful. You don’t act entitled despite your background—you’re approachable. That’s something I admire about you.”

She nearly said she liked him.

But at the last second, she held back.

It was just the alcohol talking.

She didn’t want to say something she’d regret in the morning.

