

Married At First Sight Chapter 4202

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Tatum said, “Miss, you should drink it now. If you wait too long, it’ll get cold.”

Elora took the bowl of soup and sipped it gracefully.

After finishing half the bowl, she set it down. “I’m a little drunk, but not completely. I can still walk on my own, and my mind is clear. I remember everything I did and said. Half a bowl is enough for me.”

It was late, and she didn’t want to drink too much liquid before bed.

“Tatum, whose daughter is your fiancée? Where is she? If you don’t mind, can you tell me?”

Elora was persistent. She had asked him before, but he never gave her a straight answer.

He always brushed it off, saying he wanted to focus on work first and that marriage wasn’t urgent. He reminded her that he was still in his twenties—his older brother didn’t marry until thirty. If he didn’t find a wife this year, he could wait a little longer.

Elora suddenly felt a pang of jealousy toward his fiancée. She didn’t have to do anything, yet she already had him.

She wondered what his fiancée had done to win his grandmother’s favor, enough for her to personally arrange the match and give him a one-year deadline to win her over.

He had already been working as her private chef for three months. That meant he had nine months left to fulfill his grandmother’s wishes.

A thought flickered in Elora’s mind—keeping him as her chef indefinitely. If he was always by her side, cooking for her every day, he wouldn’t have time to pursue his fiancée.

But just as quickly as the idea came, she dismissed it.

She didn’t want to be an obstacle in his life.

She admired him, maybe even felt something deeper for him. But that was because he was extraordinary—a man unlike anyone she had ever met. Still, she refused to be the other woman.

She didn't need to be.

If he truly wanted to pursue his fiancée, she wouldn't stand in his way.

Unless...

Unless he made his own choice—if he decided to reject his grandmother's arrangement, abandon the pursuit, and declare that she was the one he loved. Then, she would fight for her happiness.

Because if he walked away from his grandmother's plan, he would be single.

After all, he hadn't even met his fiancée yet. He hadn't started pursuing her. She might not even know she was supposed to be his future wife.

Tatum looked at Elora, and she met his gaze. Their eyes locked, and a quiet intensity filled the space between them.

Seeing the determination in her eyes, Tatum spoke gently. "Miss, I haven't started pursuing her yet. She doesn't even know she's my intended. It's best to keep it that way for now—for the sake of her reputation. A woman's reputation is important. When the time comes, you'll know who she is. My grandmother chose her for me, and with her standards, I have no doubt she made the right choice."

Elora pressed, "There's no one else here, and I can keep a secret. I won't say a word. Just tell me. I promise I won't let it get out, so it won't affect your fiancée's reputation."

Tatum still didn't answer. Instead, he said, "I'm sorry, Miss. I can't say it right now."

The time wasn't right.

She had started to feel something for him, but it wasn't deep enough yet.

Tatum feared that if he revealed the truth too soon, she would snap out of it, realizing that he had come here for one reason only—to pursue his wife.

Because from the very beginning, it had always been about her.