

Married At First Sight Chapter 4204

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The entire family relied on him for meals.

Elora could be distant at times, but that wasn't her true nature. She was actually fair-minded and knew right from wrong.

Tatum wasn't worried about being treated unfairly if he became part of her family.

"Miss."

Elora met his gaze, waiting for him to continue.

Instead, he asked, "Miss, what kind of man do you like?"

Elora was caught off guard.

Why was he asking her that?

What kind of man did she like?

Someone like him.

After a long silence, she answered honestly, "I like men who are capable, responsible, and have strong values. Even if his family background isn't as good as mine, as long as he's upright, capable, and truly sincere toward me, I don't mind. Of course, it would be even better if we were well-matched. If we come from similar backgrounds, we'll have shared perspectives and common interests. Marriage would be a strong partnership, not a charity case."

Elora smiled and continued, "When I say 'not as good as mine,' I still mean he should come from a wealthy family. If the gap is too big, even I would be wary, wondering if he was only after our money."

“Yes,” she added. “I definitely wouldn’t consider a social climber. Plenty of men have pursued me, but none have met my standards. So, I’m staying single for now. I plan to think about marriage after I turn 30.”

Tatum responded, “Thirty is an interesting age for women. Not too young, not too old. If you met someone who met all your requirements, would you be willing to marry earlier?”

If Elora truly wanted to wait until 30, he was willing to wait.

Of course, he hoped she’d change her mind sooner.

He was eager to marry her.

He imagined spending a few happy years together, then having children. He would take care of cooking and raising the kids, while she continued her own pursuits. If she needed his help, he’d be there. If she didn’t, he’d respect that.

He would support all her decisions.

“It’s hard to say,” Elora admitted with a bitter smile. “I don’t even have a boyfriend who makes me want to get married earlier.”

She had started to like Tatum, just a little.

But Tatum already had a fiancée.

He was devoted to her before they had even met, which meant there was no room for another woman.

To say she wasn’t envious or jealous would be a lie.

Elora found it amusing. Fate was playing a cruel joke on her. Just as she was starting to develop feelings for Tatum, he was already engaged.

She had a rival she didn’t even know.

And without doing anything, that rival had already won.

“Tatum, go get some rest. I’ll finish this sobering soup and head upstairs. Don’t worry, I’m not that drunk. I’ll be fine.”

Elora suddenly lost interest in continuing their conversation.

The more they talked, the more jealous she became of the woman she hadn't even met.

"Miss."

Elora waved a hand dismissively, signaling him to go.

Tatum had no choice but to leave. Before he did, he reminded her to go to bed early.

His concern for her made Elora smile bitterly.

Anyone who didn't know better would think *she* was his fiancée.