

Married At First Sight Chapter 4213

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Tinsley finished the last of her snacks and followed Elora out.

“Sis, you’re always busy. You must be exhausted. Why don’t you take a day off and rest at home? I can handle everything for you,” Tinsley suggested, hoping Elora would take the opportunity to spend more time with Tatum.

But Elora shook her head. “Not today. I have an important meeting and need to see two major clients. I’m really fine, don’t worry. And from now on, I’m done with alcohol.”

Given her position, no one would dare force her to drink at social events. Most people also knew she avoided drinking in public to prevent being taken advantage of. But every now and then, if she was in a good mood, she might have a glass or two.

Hearing this, Tinsley gave up trying to convince her.

After finishing their coffee, the sisters left together. Elora headed back to the company, with Tinsley riding in the car behind her.

As they drove past the gates of their villa community, they spotted Timothy still standing there. Elora didn’t even bother rolling down the window.

Timothy’s father had come in person, but Elora refused to see him.

Who did Timothy think he was?

Seated in Elora’s car, which was driven by bodyguards, Tinsley glanced outside. Timothy recognized the vehicle immediately. Elora never traveled without security, and her private car was always flanked by escort vehicles. The level of protection she had was far beyond that of Timothy, the eldest son of the Labbe family.

The truth was, Timothy wanted to marry Elora. But she didn’t even acknowledge his father. He had visited several times, only to be turned away each time. Any gifts they sent were promptly returned. She was impossible to persuade.

Even under the pretense of a business partnership, Elora wasn't interested. Her secretary simply scheduled an appointment, but with the long queue ahead, there was no telling when it would be their turn.

Timothy's father suggested another approach: starting with Tinsley.

Though slightly less accomplished than Elora, Tinsley was still a force to be reckoned with. She helped run the family business and had built a reputation as a formidable figure in Annenburg's corporate world—someone most small-time bosses couldn't even dream of reaching.

Unlike Elora, Tinsley wasn't as cold or distant.

Many men had tried to get close to Elora, but none had succeeded. She remained unattainable.

Rumor had it that the private chef she hired last year was a young, handsome man who spent his days cooking for her. Though working for the Ormond family meant he had a bright future—many top restaurants would gladly take him in after he left—he was still just a chef.

No one thought he was worthy of Elora Ormond.

Timothy didn't dare block Elora's car. He knew better than to push his luck. Angering Elora could ruin everything, and his father would tear into him if that happened. He wasn't about to make a foolish move.

Tinsley's car followed closely behind Elora's. Timothy considered stopping her but ultimately held back. All he could do was watch as she drove away, bouquet still in hand.

Only after she was out of sight did he finally move. Frustrated, he hurled the bouquet to the ground and stomped on it repeatedly.

He was the eldest son of the Labbe family, yet Tinsley didn't even give him the time of day.

Fine. He'd wait.

One day, when she was his, he'd make sure she paid for it.