

Married At First Sight Chapter 4240

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“Thank you,” Remy said, accepting the fruit. He already felt warm inside before even taking a bite.

They walked into the house together. The dining table was set with four dishes and a soup—all of Elisa’s favorites.

Being cared for like this felt amazing.

Even though she had already snacked before dinner and wasn’t very hungry, she still ate a lot. She simply couldn’t resist Remy’s cooking.

“Remy, your cooking just keeps getting better. You’re almost catching up to the sixth son of the York family.”

Tatum York was famously known as the “God Chef” due to his exceptional culinary skills.

Remy was aware of Tatum’s reputation, though they weren’t particularly close. Tatum had been away from Wiltspoon for months, and Remy had to think for a moment to even recall what he looked like.

“As long as you like it, that’s all that matters,” Remy replied.

His secret cooking practice was finally paying off.

Compared to Zachary, Remy felt confident he had the upper hand in at least one thing—cooking.

Finally, he had found something where he could surpass Zachary. Of course, he kept that thought to himself.

Elisa had no idea he still measured himself against Zachary. Although Zachary had never loved her, in Remy's mind, he was still a former romantic rival. Deep down, Remy wanted to match Zachary—or even outshine him.

Of course, these subconscious thoughts didn't affect his friendship with Zachary.

"I haven't seen the sixth young master of the York family in a long time," Remy remarked.

Elisa nodded. "Serenity told me he went to Annenburg in Province X to work as a private chef for the eldest daughter of a wealthy family."

Remy raised an eyebrow. "He gave up his business to cook for someone else? He owns so many restaurants and hotels—why would he leave all that behind?"

"He's obsessed with cooking. I think he just wants to learn more," Elisa replied, setting down her utensils. "I can't eat another bite. If I do, I'll need to roll out of here."

She added, "Have I ever told you about Grandma York's matchmaking tradition? She picks out potential wives for her grandsons, gives them a photo and basic details—name, age, education, job—and then tells them to court the woman for a year."

Remy nodded. "Yeah, you've mentioned it a few times. Honestly, I think Grandma York is way smarter than my grandmother. My grandmother is straightforward, but she doesn't stress about marriage like Grandma York does."

Old Mrs. Johnson had always been easygoing. She believed that marriage was a matter of destiny, and that people should just go with the flow.

She often said, "If it's meant to be, it'll happen. If not, don't force it."

But Grandma York took a different approach. She actively arranged matches for her grandsons, ensuring they settled down. Perhaps it was because they all listened to her so well—or maybe she was just bored and wanted something to do. Either way, she had managed to get them all married, making it a win-win.

That was Grandma York's way, and no one dared to interfere.

Her grandsons respected her and followed her lead in finding their wives. In the end, they got their happily-ever-afters, and she got to enjoy playing matchmaker. Everyone won.

