

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4268

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## Chapter 4268

“Miss, good night.”

One by one, everyone wished Elora good night and left.

Now that she was home safely and Tatum was with her, they felt reassured.

As the last person disappeared into the night, Elora turned to face Tatum, and he looked right back at her.

Their eyes met.

For a long moment, neither of them spoke.

Then, without hesitation, Tatum took her hand, pulled her into his arms, and held her tightly.

“Miss, I missed you so much,” he murmured. “These past two days have been miserable. I was worried—scared, even—that you’d be angry when you found out everything. I was afraid you wouldn’t want to see me anymore. That what happened to my older brother might happen to me, too.”

“I’ve hidden a lot from you. If you’re upset, I get it. You can be mad, yell at me, hit me if you want—just don’t ignore me.”

He let out a heavy sigh.

“Since I started cooking, I’ve never gone a day without making at least two dishes. It’s just part of me now. But these past two days... I couldn’t bring myself to cook at all.”

“When you’re not here, I have no motivation. A chef who’s not in the right headspace can’t make good food—it won’t look right, smell right, or taste right.”

Elora leaned into him, letting the warmth of his embrace surround her.

His arms felt safe. Solid. Comforting.

So this is what it's like to have someone to rely on.

She listened as he rambled on, his voice low and familiar.

Then she looked up at him and softly said, "Didn't I tell you on the phone? I'm not angry, and I'm not going to fire you. I understand—whether you explain it or not."

Raising her hands, she cupped his face and traced her fingers gently along his features.

"I've done a lot of thinking these past two days," she admitted. "But more than anything, I kept thinking about you.

"I think I really like you, Tatum. This is the first time I've truly liked a man in my life."

She paused, her voice growing even softer.

"Your grandmother is wonderful—so warm and interesting. And your mom, your aunts... they were so kind to me."

Elora had spoken with Tania at length, subtly testing whether she'd be open to Tatum staying in Annenburg long-term.

Tania's answer had surprised her.

She had simply said, *'Once a son grows up, he no longer belongs to his mother—he belongs to his wife. Wherever she is, that's his home. As long as he's happy, I'll be happy too.'*

People always said that mothers-in-law were difficult.

But Tania's words confirmed what Old Lady York had told her: *'I can make the decision.'*

And now, Elora believed it.

Even though Old Lady York had long since retired, she was still the backbone of the York family. Her children and grandchildren respected her deeply.

Elora couldn't help but envy that kind of family dynamic.

Tatum's expression softened. "My mom and my aunts really are great. So... what about me? Am I great, too? I was raised by my grandparents, you know. Their influence shaped who I am."

Elora smiled. "If you weren't, would I like you?"

Then, suddenly, she said, "Did you make anything for a midnight snack? I couldn't eat on the plane, and now I'm starving."

She almost never ate this late.

But tonight, she wanted to.

Tatum's heart ached instantly.

Without hesitation, he scooped her up and carried her toward the main house.

"I figured you wouldn't be able to eat properly on the plane, so I prepared something just in case." His voice was gentle yet firm. "What about the past two days? Have you even been eating enough?"

There had been moments when he wanted to jump on a plane and go to her.

But he forced himself to stay put.

He wanted to give them both time to think—to see their feelings clearly.

Still, the thought of her being away, eating who-knows-what, had gnawed at him.

After all, Lee Johnson, the third young master of the Johnson family, was an incredible chef.

And knowing how picky Elora was, Tatum wouldn't put it past his grandmother to shamelessly ask Lee to cook for her.