

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4269

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## Chapter 4269

Sure enough, Elora said, “Mr. Lee Johnson cooked for me himself. His skills... well, they’re not as good as yours, but the food was edible. I wouldn’t starve. And if I refused to eat, your grandmother and the others would worry. Plus, it would make the Johnson family feel guilty, as if they hadn’t hosted me properly. They’re really a wonderful family.”

She praised the Johnsons sincerely.

“I can tell that their family values are a lot like your York family’s. Honestly, it’s rare to see such harmony in a large, wealthy family.”

Despite their status, the Johnson children and grandchildren were all talented and successful in their own fields. None of them were interested in competing for the family’s legacy. Instead, they saw managing the family business as a burden—one that came with little freedom.

Each of them had their own passions.

Taking over the family business would mean being trapped in an industry they didn’t love, and that kind of life could be exhausting.

Tatum smiled warmly. “Next time, I’ll take you to Wildridge Manor.”

FC Manor was the Johnson family’s ancestral home. Tatum’s grandmother had been staying there as a guest—completely unbothered by the fact that she wasn’t family.

Elora had met Tatum’s grandmother there for the first time.

But to Tatum, that didn’t feel quite right.

After a brief silence, Elora said, “Next time... I’m not sure when I’ll have time, but I’ll definitely visit again.”

For now, another vacation wasn’t in the cards.

Tatum reassured her, “We have a lifetime. We’ll go whenever we’re free.”

Elora glanced at him, then playfully pinched his arm. “We’re not even dating yet, and you’re already talking about a lifetime.”

“Miss, I *will* marry you,” Tatum said, his voice steady and sure. “In this life, it’ll only ever be you. The moment that last barrier falls, I’ll officially pursue you as my wife.”

It wasn’t just about winning her heart—he was prepared to win over everyone in the Ormond family, too.

They had always treated him well, liked him even.

But once they realized he wasn’t just someone in Elora’s life—he was a man who intended to *marry* her—would they still welcome him the same way?

Elora chuckled. “Your grandmother told me to enjoy love—to take my time dating you.” Her smile softened. “It’s rare for me to feel this way about someone. I want to experience what it’s like to be pursued, to be cherished. I take my feelings seriously, too. So, let’s see if you can win over my family.”

If Tatum weren’t the sixth young master of the York family—if he were just an ordinary man who liked Elora—Mrs. Ormond and the others might have simply invited him over, given him a chance.

But he *was* a York.

And that changed everything.

Even if Tatum swore he was willing to step into their world, Mrs. Ormond would have her doubts. She’d worry that, after marriage, he might regret it.

Tatum’s path to winning over Elora’s family wouldn’t be easy.

It was the same struggle Remy had faced.

The same struggle many of Tatum’s own brothers had gone through.

After all, several of his sisters-in-law had married far from home.

They must have fought similar battles with their own families before finally making their choice.

Tatum didn't hesitate. "I'll do my best."

As they talked, they stepped inside the house together.

The moment they were inside, Tatum released Elora and strode straight to the kitchen. A few minutes later, he returned with the midnight snack he had prepared earlier, setting it carefully on the dining table.

"Come eat," he invited.

Elora didn't need to be asked twice.

She was starving.

After washing her hands, she sat down, picked up her chopsticks, and started eating.

She hadn't had his cooking in two days.

But somehow, it felt like *years*.

She had missed it more than she realized.

Tatum knew her tastes well.

He had given her just enough to satisfy her hunger—without making her too full, which would've made it harder to sleep.

When she finally set her chopsticks down, she let out a small sigh of contentment.