

Married At First Sight Chapter 4270

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“There’s nothing like home,” Tatum said with a smile as he gathered the dishes. “They say a golden nest or a silver nest can’t compare to your own little doghouse. No matter how fun or beautiful a place is, nothing beats the comfort of home.”

With that, he turned and headed to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Elora sat quietly for a few moments before getting up and following him. She stopped at the kitchen doorway, watching as he worked.

“Tatum, why do you like doing housework so much?” she asked.

He glanced at her and shrugged. “No special reason. I just enjoy it—same as cooking. I’ve loved it since I was a kid.”

As he grew older, Tatum had built an entire career around that passion.

It felt good to do what he loved—and even better to make a living from it.

After washing his hands and drying them, he turned to her.

“It’s late, Miss. Go get some rest. Tomorrow morning, I’ll make your favorite breakfast,” he said gently.

Then he chuckled. “Alonzo and Angelo have been begging me to cook for them these past two days, but I wasn’t in the mood. They’ll finally get their wish tomorrow morning—they’ll be thrilled.”

Elora raised an eyebrow. “If they love your food so much, why didn’t you cook for them?”

Tatum was usually so good to those two little troublemakers.

She had once thought he was simply fond of kids in general.

But now, she understood.

He had long since seen her family as his own.

In Tatum's eyes, Alonzo and Angelo weren't just kids—they were *his* brothers-in-law. And as their eldest brother-in-law, of course, he doted on them.

Elora couldn't help but sigh.

This man... He had slowly woven himself into her and her family's lives, like warm water gradually boiling a frog. And now, they were completely immersed.

But she didn't mind.

Not at all.

Rather than feeling trapped, she found herself savoring the warmth of his devotion.

It was a quiet kind of love—steady, unwavering, and incredibly sweet.

“Distracted?”

Elora blinked. “...Fine, you're right. My mind wandered.”

She had been thinking about *him*.

Tatum walked her to the stairs, then let go of her hand and said softly, “Miss, go get some rest. Good night.”

Truthfully, he wanted to hold her, maybe even steal a kiss.

But he didn't dare.

Not yet.

That invisible barrier between them had only just been broken.

Even if she had accepted him, she still needed time to adjust.

Just as he was about to step away, Elora suddenly threw herself into his arms.

The unexpected move left Tatum stunned for half a second—then he wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight.

For a moment, neither of them let go.

Then Elora gently pulled away and said, “You should get some rest too, Tatum. Good night.”

This time, Tatum gathered his courage.

He leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to her forehead.

“Good night, Miss,” he murmured.

Elora looked up at him. “Call me by my name from now on.”

Tatum smiled. “I may be your chef, but you’ll always be *my* Miss.”

She didn’t argue.

He could call her whatever he wanted.

As Tatum stood at the foot of the stairs, he watched her disappear up to her room. Only when she was out of sight did he finally turn away.

What he didn’t realize was that the lights were still on upstairs.

Mrs. Ormond had seen everything.

The moment Elora stepped into the hallway, she spotted her mother standing nearby in her pajamas, quietly watching her.

“Mom.”

Elora could tell right away—her mother had witnessed the scene downstairs.

But she kept her expression calm and greeted her as usual.

“You’re back,” Mrs. Ormond said gently.

Her voice was steady, but inside, her emotions were swirling.

She had seen everything.