

Married At First Sight Chapter 4272

Chapter 4272

When Mrs. Ormond saw the two young people embracing just now, her heart nearly stopped. It felt like the sky was crashing down around her. In that moment, she almost screamed.

But she had instinctively covered her mouth, forcing herself to stay silent.

As soon as the couple let go of each other, she spun around and walked away, no longer watching from the stairs. She wanted to pretend she hadn't seen anything, to go back to her room and process it quietly.

But she couldn't.

She had to talk to her daughter.

Just as she was struggling with her emotions, Elora came upstairs. And now, here she was, sitting in her daughter's room.

Elora studied her mother's expression for a moment before saying, "Alright, Mom, stay here. I'm going to take a hot bath."

Mrs. Ormond simply nodded.

As Elora disappeared into the bathroom, her mother let out a deep sigh.

Now that she had calmed down and thought about it more clearly, she had to admit—damn it, Tatum and her daughter were a perfect match.

The thought unsettled her. She couldn't sit still.

She got up and started pacing the room, her fingers absentmindedly brushing over objects on the shelves and desk, as if keeping her hands busy would settle her restless thoughts.

Her gaze landed on the bedside table, where a large framed family photo stood.

It had been taken during the New Year, back when her parents—Elora’s grandparents—were still alive.

Feeling a pull in her chest, she walked over, picked up the frame, and sat down on the bed.

Elora’s face in the photo radiated pure joy.

Back then, the weight of the family legacy hadn’t yet fallen onto her young shoulders. She had still been a carefree girl, untouched by responsibility.

But that changed the moment she was pushed into the top position at such a young age.

Since then, that bright, unburdened smile had rarely appeared.

Mrs. Ormond often thought that if her firstborn had been a son, things would have been different. A son would have carried the family burden, and Elora could have continued living a free and easy life.

All the wealthy families in this city had sons to take over their businesses. Their daughters might help out, but they didn’t carry the full weight of responsibility. They lived without pressure.

They had the freedom to do what they wanted, to fall in love with whomever they chose.

Elora never had that freedom.

No daughter of the Ormond family ever did.

Yes, there were two young boys in the next generation, but they were still too little to shoulder any responsibility. Instead of being heirs, they were the ones being protected by their older sisters.

The more she thought about it, the heavier the guilt settled in her chest.

She felt like a failure.

She hadn’t given her daughter a brother to share the burden.

As parents, she and her husband hadn’t been able to shield Elora from the storms of life.

“Mom.”

Elora's voice pulled her out of her thoughts.

She looked up to see her daughter standing in the doorway, fresh from her bath.

Noticing the empty sofa, Elora had immediately guessed that her mother had wandered into the bedroom.

And now, she found her sitting on the bed, holding the photo frame—tears in her eyes.

“You're done.”

Mrs. Ormond quickly wiped her eyes, setting the frame back on the bedside table.

“When I saw this photo, I was reminded of happier times,” she said, forcing a small smile. “I suddenly missed your grandparents. My in-laws were wonderful people—they treated us daughters-in-law like their own daughters. I just got overwhelmed thinking about them.”

She didn't dare admit the truth.

That she was crying not just from nostalgia—
But because she felt helpless.
Because she felt like she had failed her daughter.