

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4281

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“So, what’s wrong? You don’t like Tatum as a potential son-in-law?” Mr. Ormond asked, noticing his wife’s stunned silence. “If you’re not sold on a guy like Tatum, our daughter might seriously never tie the knot.”

“If Elora stays single and sticks around with us forever, you’d be worried sick,” he added.

“We’re not exactly winning any parenting awards here. It’s exhausting that we’ve dumped so much on Elora so young. We already owe her big time. We can’t just chain her to us forever—she deserves to chase her own happiness.”

“As parents, all we want is for our kids to be happy, right? That’s what keeps us sane. We’re not chasing fame or fortune—our family’s got plenty of money already. When it comes to Elora getting married, it’s all about the guy’s character. If his bank account or status doesn’t quite match ours, or even falls a little short, we can roll with it. But Tatum? I think he’s a solid match—perfect, even.”

Mrs. Ormond shot back at her husband, “Don’t you think Tatum’s too far away? He’s from Wiltspoon—two or three thousand kilometers from here. A flight takes hours.”

“It’s an hour-and-a-half drive just to our airport, then a few more hours in the air. After landing in Wiltspoon, it’s another hour or two to the Yorks’ place. That’s a whole day wasted traveling just to visit our daughter. It’s brutal. I’d rather she marry local. Sure, we’ve got plenty of rich guys around here, but—fine, I’ll give you this—they’re not as good-looking as Tatum.”

She had to admit, Tatum checked every box for their daughter.

Mr. Ormond shrugged. “So what? Tatum’s working here now, isn’t he? Is he itching to quit and bounce? Elora’s not the type to ditch her responsibilities and follow him to Wiltspoon right now. Didn’t she tell you they’d stay here after they get married?”

Mrs. Ormond paused, then muttered, “Yeah, she did.”

Father and daughter were clearly on the same wavelength.

She hadn't even spilled that to her husband yet, but he'd already pieced it together.

"Then what's eating you?" Mr. Ormond pressed. "Hit the sack already. If you don't crash soon, it'll be morning."

He flicked off the bedside lamp again.

"Kids figure out their own paths. Why stress ourselves out? We don't have the stamina for it anyway. Elora's got her own mind—she'll handle her business. With her personality, she's calling the shots on marriage, not us. Since we can't meddle, let's just sit back and see how it plays out. We've had Tatum around for months—he's right under our noses every day. We can tell he's a good guy, so chill. The Yorks have a solid rep in Wiltspoon. If you're still freaking out, we'll fly there together sometime and scope it out."

With that, he yawned, rolled over, and faced away from her. Within minutes, he was out cold.

No point stressing over the kids' love lives. Better to sleep and stay healthy.

Watching him conk out in under five minutes, Mrs. Ormond gave him a couple of light smacks and muttered, "You just snooze all day like a hog."

He didn't budge—her taps weren't enough to stir him.

With a sigh, she shut her eyes too.

No use overthinking it.

Elora's sharp—she'd sort everything out. Worrying wouldn't change a thing, especially since her daughter wouldn't listen anyway.