

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4285

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## Chapter 4285

After breakfast, Elora glanced at Tatum and said, “Hey, Tatum, mind giving me a ride to the office?”

Tatum froze for a second. He hadn’t expected Elora to ask him to drive her to work.

“No problem at all.” he replied, snapping out of it. “I’ll drop you off and swing back to prep lunch ingredients.”

He was thrilled, honestly. Elora had a dedicated driver, so getting to chauffeur her was a rare treat.

Elora gave a quick nod.

Then she turned to her two younger brothers. “Alright, you two, finish up and get to school. Don’t be late.”

The boys exchanged a look, then glanced between her and Tatum. Something felt off about their big sister and Tatum, but they couldn’t put their finger on it. Whatever—it was grown-up stuff. They shrugged it off and didn’t bother guessing.

Ten minutes later, Tatum was behind the wheel, pulling out with Elora beside him. Two bodyguard cars trailed close behind.

Back at the house, the regular driver stood watching the three vehicles disappear down the road, a flicker of unease crossing his face. Was Tatum about to take his job?

This guy’s a cook, he thought bitterly. Since when does he get to play chauffeur for the young lady? That’s my gig he’s stealing.

“You okay?”

The butler strolled over, noticing the driver rooted to the spot.

“Miss Elora’s headed to work. Why’re you still hanging around?”

He scanned the parking lot—no sign of Elora’s usual car. The bodyguard vehicles were gone too.

The driver’s shoulders slumped as he muttered to the butler, “I might be out of a job soon.”

The butler frowned. “Out of a job? What, you planning to quit? You’re doing great—why would you walk away? Pay too low or something else? Spill it. If I can fix it, I will. No need to jump ship.”

“It’s not that I want to quit,” the driver said, voice heavy. “It’s Tatum. He’s edging me out. He’s supposed to be a cook, right? But now he’s driving the young lady to work every day. If he’s doing my job, what’s left for me? I’m basically unemployed already. She even asked him to pick her up later too.”

The butler paused, then chuckled softly. “You’re overthinking this. Miss Elora’s not replacing you. If she were, she’d give me a heads-up to start hunting for a new driver before cutting you loose. She hasn’t said a word about it, so relax. You’ve been driving her for years—steady as they come. She trusts you. She’s not firing you without a damn good reason.”

He leaned in, dropping his voice. “Look, her asking Tatum to drive? That’s just young love doing its thing.”

The driver’s eyes widened.

The butler grinned. “You’re with her every day—you telling me you haven’t noticed? Her vibe with Tatum’s different.”

“I mean, yeah, I’ve seen she’s not herself around him,” the driver whispered back. “But I didn’t want to assume anything wild. You think the family’d be cool with her and Tatum?”

“Why wouldn’t they?” the butler said with a shrug. “Tatum’s the sixth son of the Yorks out in Wiltspoon—big money, big name. He’s a solid match for her. Plus, her parents don’t call the shots on her love life. She does.”

The driver chewed on that for a second, then nodded. Made sense.

“So quit stressing about your job,” the butler added. “She and Tatum are just caught up in the honeymoon phase. That’s why he’s driving her around.”

The driver's frown melted into a relieved grin. "Alright, I'm good then. As long as she's not kicking me out, I'm staying put. I'll ride this gig all the way to retirement."

Miss Elora had them all on solid social security plans. Some of the long-timers—over a decade in—were close to maxing out their benefits. Once they retired, that pension would keep them comfortable. It was a sweet deal.