

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4156

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## Chapter 4156

Time had slipped away before she even realized it.

It felt like just yesterday that she had taken over the family business. But in the blink of an eye, years had passed.

When she first stepped in, no one believed she could handle the weight of the Ormond empire. People underestimated her, waiting for her to fail. Many saw it as an opportunity to carve up the Ormond family's assets for themselves.

Her parents had been too weak. After her grandparents passed away, they struggled to keep control.

Under their watch, the family business declined, bleeding money.

To make things worse, their so-called "relatives" from the extended family kept scheming, setting traps, exploiting her parents' naivety. Again and again, they were deceived.

As the eldest daughter and granddaughter, Elora had no choice but to step up.

In her teens, she built something of her own, carving out a reputation with sheer determination and force. Over time, she gained a foothold, stabilized the family's empire, and crushed every conspiracy her relatives tried to throw at her.

Now, those same relatives avoided her like the plague.

When they couldn't avoid her, they either scrambled to please her or faded into the background, hoping to go unnoticed.

But many of them were still her parents' siblings—her aunts and uncles. She couldn't cut them off entirely, even if she wanted to.

Her parents still insisted on maintaining ties.

Take her mother, for example. Despite everything, she still visited her family. Even though her own brother had been one of those eager to profit from their downfall, she never turned her back on him completely.

Elora couldn't bring herself to sever that connection either.

Instead, she chose distance. She never visited her uncle's house during the holidays.

And he understood.

He never dared to ask why.

Mrs. Ormond still had her place in her family, and that was enough. It kept the peace.

Because at the end of the day, the Ormonds were now the most powerful force in Annenburg's business world.

People watched Elora's every move.

If her mother cut ties completely, her brothers' businesses would struggle. They would become easy targets—crushed, bankrupted, and wiped out by opportunists circling like vultures.

"Miss, have some fruit."

Tatum's gentle voice pulled Elora from her thoughts.

She blinked, suddenly aware that she had been standing at the window for half an hour.

With a quiet exhale, she turned and walked back to her desk.

Tatum had already set a plate of fresh fruit for her, complete with a disposable fork.

After dinner, she never ate much fruit, just a little of everything.

"Tatum, I need to handle a few documents before my meeting with clients. Go home and eat. Starting tomorrow, when you cook, make extra. We'll eat together, so you don't have to go hungry."

"You always say three proper meals a day are important for a healthy stomach. You've taken such good care of mine—I can't let yours suffer."

Tatum's lips curved into a faint smile.

"Okay. I couldn't ask for more." His voice was warm. "Thank you for your concern. It means a lot."

His eyes softened as he looked at her.

For a brief moment, something flickered between them.

Elora met his gaze.

She could see it.

The emotion in his eyes.

Her heart skipped a beat.

But just as quickly, she pulled herself together.

"You should go," she said, her tone steady.

Tatum nodded and gathered his things.

A moment later, he was gone.

Elora watched him until the office door clicked shut behind him.

Only then did she look away.

But her mind stayed on the way he had looked at her.

Deep in thought, she stared into the quiet space he had left behind.