

Married At First Sight Chapter 3666

Married At First Sight Chapter 3666 – Unlike Elora, who was ambitious, Rosie was carefree and easygoing. She went wherever the fun was and didn't take life too seriously. Rosie enjoyed living that way—being content and not feeling the need to compete. For her, it was a happy, simple life.

After Elora finished talking to Rosie, she went into the dining room. Her two younger brothers and her mother were already seated at the table, each enjoying a bowl of soup. There was also a bowl of soup placed at Elora's usual seat.

Tatum had prepared it for her. After greeting Elora earlier, he had returned to the kitchen to finish cooking two more dishes before he could join them.

Once Elora finished lunch, she planned to take a short break before heading back to the office.

Tatum, though a bit tired, was dedicated to taking care of Elora, his fiancée. He waited until she returned to work before he could properly rest.

If Elora didn't come home for dinner in the evening, Tatum would either rest or get back to work. The Ormond family had other chefs, but Tatum mainly catered to Elora. As for the rest of the family, he would cook for them when he felt like it, and they never complained.

Tatum saw the Ormonds as his future in-laws, so he was always happy to cook special meals for them, especially for Mrs. Ormond and Alonzo, his future mother-in-law and brother-in-law.

Elora was a serious person, but her love for her brothers was genuine.

"Sister, try the soup. Brother Tatum's soup is amazing," Alonzo said excitedly. "I'm going to have another bowl later."

Elora responded, "We'll be eating soon. If you drink too much soup, you won't have room for the other dishes. Didn't you say you missed Brother Tatum's cooking? He can also make you some snacks. After you practice the piano this afternoon, you can have snacks, then work on your drawing. I also bought some math problems for you both. You need to finish them by tomorrow. After breakfast, I'll check if you've done your homework and look at your paintings."

The brothers' faces fell as they suddenly lost interest in the soup.

Alonzo looked at his mother, hoping she would speak up and save them from the pile of homework. He wanted to play in the snow with Angelo instead.

Mrs. Ormond noticed Alonzo's silent plea, but after glancing at Elora, she pretended not to see and continued to enjoy her soup calmly.

When Elora took charge of Alonzo's studies, even their parents stayed out of it, feeling they couldn't interfere. Although they felt bad for him, they would either sit by quietly or leave the room to avoid seeing it. If they didn't see it, they wouldn't feel as guilty.

As Elora often reminded them, Alonzo and Angelo would eventually take over the family business. Without hard work, they wouldn't be prepared to succeed. The Ormond family had faced many ups and downs, and the two brothers needed to be exceptional to protect the large empire left by their ancestors.

Seeing that his mother wouldn't step in, Alonzo knew his silent plea had failed. He was used to it by now, but he couldn't help holding out hope every time, only to be disappointed.

"Sister, I understand," Angelo said obediently.

Seeing Angelo give in, Alonzo quickly followed suit, though he gave Angelo a light kick under the table.

The brothers never worked as a team and always ended up giving in to Elora's instructions without much resistance.

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3667 – Angelo felt upset after Alonzo kicked him under the table but didn't say anything, though his expression showed his frustration. He wanted to study, but Elora was far stricter than their teachers, and even the elders in the family didn't challenge her, so neither could they.

Alonzo, feeling both sad and frustrated, turned to food for comfort. He ate a lot at lunch, and it was only when Elora worried that he was overeating that she made him stop—he really might have eaten too much. He secretly hoped that if he was too full, he wouldn't have to do his homework.

After lunch, Elora spoke to Tatum, "Tatum, after your break, can you make some snacks for Alonzo and the others? Also, leave some for Tinsley—she loves your snacks the most. I won't be back for dinner tonight, so feel free to plan your evening as you like."

She added, "By the way, about the New Year holiday—do you mind working during that time? I can offer you five times your usual salary, plus holiday gifts and red envelopes."

Elora knew that New Year was the most relaxing time for her and didn't want to worry about meals. She hoped Tatum would stay and work through the holiday, but she was willing to compensate him generously for it.

Tatum looked at her kindly.

Elora noticed his gaze and felt like there was something more behind it, but she couldn't quite understand what. She shook off the thought, assuming Tatum admired her—after all, he looked at everyone the same way, except when talking about cooking. His passion for food was the only thing that truly lit up his eyes.

Elora silently scolded herself for overthinking.

Tatum softly replied, "My grandmother is quite old, and she looks forward to having the family together for New Year. It's a big deal for her."

He gently explained that his grandmother was expecting him to come home, making it hard for him to give up his holiday time.

Elora pressed her lips together and thought for a moment.

"Brother Tatum, if you're going home for New Year, can I come with you?" Angelo asked. "I heard from Alonzo that it's warmer there. I don't want to be cold during the holiday!"

"And me! I want to go too!" Alonzo chimed in.

Mrs. Ormond almost asked if she could join as well, but she hesitated and held back. Instead, she quickly thought of another idea and suggested to Elora, "Elora, we haven't traveled as a family in a long time, and I've never been to Wiltspoon. How about we go there for a New Year trip? I've heard the food is great, and it's much warmer—about ten degrees warmer than here. It would be so comfortable for us."

Tatum smiled and offered, "If you and Miss Elora visit Wiltspoon, I'd be happy to be your tour guide. I can take care of your meals, lodging, and transportation. I also have several restaurants there—you should come and try my Wiltspoon specialties."

However, if Elora did go to Wiltspoon, it might reveal Tatum's real identity.

He hadn't tried to hide it, but he hadn't been completely open about it either. Tatum was the sixth young master of the wealthiest family in Wiltspoon. Elora had tried to look into him twice but didn't find out the truth because his brother, Zachary, had helped keep it hidden. Since Tatum was working as a chef, Elora didn't dig any deeper.

Elora then said, "Traveling can be exhausting. I'd rather rest for a few days than go on a long trip. How old is your grandmother, Tatum? How's her health? Is she okay to fly? I could book round-trip tickets and a hotel for your family, and you could pick them up."

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3668 – Elora said, "I'll prepare a meal for you during the New Year, and you can go to the hotel to meet your family. I'll cover all the expenses for them in Annenburg. How does that sound?"

Tatum replied, "Thank you for thinking about me, Miss. My grandma is over 80 but still strong enough to fly. However, my family is large, and it would be difficult for everyone to travel together. It's alright—I'll tell them I won't be home this year, and the elders will understand."

He had already thought this through before arriving. His family had expected him to miss the New Year this time. Next year, he planned to bring Elora home to finalize their marriage. His grandmother had given them a year to grow closer, and he was confident that time would be enough.

"As for the New Year's salary," Tatum continued, "pay me whatever you think is fair. I'm your chef, responsible for your meals. It's normal for people in this line of work to work through the holidays."

Elora responded, "I'll pay you five times the normal salary since you're giving up your vacation. Give me your home address so I can send New Year gifts to your family."

"Thank you, Miss, but that's not necessary," Tatum replied, though he still wrote down an address on a piece of paper and handed it to her. "My home is far from the city center, and it's not easy to receive deliveries there. You can send it to my company, and my secretary will forward it to my family."

Although he couldn't bring his fiancée home this year, he could at least send gifts from Elora to his family, giving them a glimpse of their future daughter-in-law's kindness.

Elora took the note with Tatum's company address and recognized it from her earlier investigation. She was reassured that Tatum was being truthful.

When the rest of the family heard Tatum wasn't going home for New Year, they all breathed a sigh of relief, knowing they wouldn't have to travel to Wiltspoon for the holiday.

In Jensburg, preparations were underway at the Farrell family mansion for the big dinner that evening. Many relatives were helping out, eager to stay for the event. They noticed that the matriarch, Farrell, had invited only the most capable family members,

leaving out those who, while older, weren't as skilled. Some saw this as favoritism toward the family head.

Audrey, the eldest daughter of the previous matriarch, was also expected at the dinner. Though many hadn't met her, they had heard stories of her successes in Wiltspoon and were eager to see her in person. Those who had met her praised her as being as capable as her mother, perhaps even more so than the current matriarch, Kathryn. There was speculation about whether Kathryn could hold onto her role if Audrey returned to the family.

By 4 p.m., the mansion's doors were open, ready to welcome Audrey and her entourage. However, the first to arrive were reporters from the local media.

Clarissa, who had been in the mansion all day, was visibly annoyed when she heard the news. Her expression was so cold it seemed she could kill a mosquito with a glance. She asked the butler sharply, "Who invited the media here?"

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3669 – The butler asked, "Ma'am, didn't you invite the reporters?"

Why were all these reporters at the Farrell mansion if Clarissa hadn't invited them? There was no major news about the Farrell family.

Clarissa quickly realized who was behind it. It wasn't her, and Kathryn had been knocked out and sent away from Jensburg. Her husband and sons wouldn't dare. The only one left was Audrey, her dear niece.

"Go tell the reporters that the Farrell family is having a private dinner tonight and they're not invited. Ask them to leave politely and give them each a small gift."

A little kindness might prevent the reporters from making up stories or writing falsehoods.

Many reporters these days tend to exaggerate for clicks or write things without fully understanding the facts. The Farrell family's reputation hadn't been great lately, and upsetting the media could lead to even more negative press.

The butler followed her instructions immediately, but soon returned with a troubled look.

"Ma'am, the reporters said it was Ms. Audrey who invited them. They're claiming that tonight, they'll reveal the truth about the death of the previous matriarch, and that the killer has been identified. They're even saying the police will arrest the murderer tonight."

Clarissa's expression darkened. Audrey was trying to destroy her in Jensburg.

"Ma'am, should we force them to leave? They're blocking the door, and it's causing a scene."

Clarissa didn't respond right away. She paced back and forth in the hall for a few minutes before stopping and saying, "Since Audrey invited them, let them wait outside. When she arrives, she can handle it. I didn't invite them, and I'm not going to get involved."

The butler asked, "Should we offer them anything?"

Clarissa glared. "Why would we? I said Audrey invited them, so she can deal with them. It's none of my business. This is still my house, and I want to see what Audrey thinks qualifies her to host here."

"Understood," the butler replied, knowing exactly how to treat the reporters.

If they wanted to wait outside, let them. It was cold and windy, and if they didn't mind freezing, they could stay as long as they liked. Clarissa had made it clear—no hospitality. They wouldn't be invited inside to sit. Let's see how long they last in the cold.

After the butler left, Clarissa sat on the sofa, thinking for a while. She then called Mr. Dunn. When he answered, she asked, "Has Kathryn left Jensburg?"

"Yes, Ma'am. She was sent away earlier today. It's nearly dark, and she's already reached the location you arranged."

Clarissa sighed in relief, knowing her daughter was safely out of Jensburg this time. She then said, "Audrey wants to ruin my name, so she called the reporters. Once it's dark, we'll move forward with our final plan. Bring out all the hidden guns. If anyone tries to escape, shoot them."

"What about you, sir and the Young masters?" Mr. Dunn asked. "We're waiting on your final call. Hopefully, we won't need to use that plan."

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Married At First Sight Chapter 3670 – "It's pointless. There are too many of them. The only way to stop them is if I die with them, and I'll make sure they never come back," Clarissa said bitterly. "Mr. Dunn, you've been with me for decades, and I trust you completely. If you survive, go find Kathryn and let her take over. She's capable.

Once Kathryn secures her place as matriarch, you can go wherever you like. I'll set you free."

Mr. Dunn couldn't stay with Kathryn because Pedro was already by her side. But if he helped Clarissa bring Kathryn back and secure her position, he could retire peacefully—a good ending for his years of service.

Clarissa continued, "If I die, Holden will go down with me. Otherwise, he'll become too arrogant. Kathryn may be his daughter, but I worry he'll use his status to suppress her. As for my three sons... well, their fate is in their own hands."

Clarissa closed her eyes. She could only save the one who mattered most.

Holden had warned his sons, but they didn't listen, thinking they could avoid trouble. Who could they blame but themselves? Holden's main concern was his children and grandchildren because they carried the Janzen name. Clarissa's priority was Kathryn, who carried her name.

"Someone's coming. That's all for now," Clarissa said, hanging up the phone and placing it back on the table as if nothing had happened.

The person who entered was Kathryn's double.

She looked very much like Kathryn. With some makeup and mimicking Kathryn's mannerisms, even Holden and his sons didn't realize this wasn't the real Kathryn.

Holden was relieved when he saw "Kathryn" still at the mansion and assumed Clarissa hadn't made arrangements for her to leave. Believing Kathryn was safe at home, Holden felt confident their family wouldn't fall apart.

Still, he warned his sons to stay close to their sister, even if it meant just being followers. He had a feeling that if a crisis came, Clarissa would save Kathryn first, and by being close, his sons might be saved too.

Marco and his brothers followed the fake Kathryn inside.

"Mom," the double said, keeping it casual. Kathryn and Clarissa weren't particularly close, so the greeting couldn't be too affectionate.

"Is everything set?" Clarissa asked calmly. "Have the tribe members arrived?"

"Mom," Marco and his brothers also greeted her as they sat down.

The fake Kathryn responded, "Yes, everything's arranged. Some of the tribe members are still working, some finished early, and some are already home. They're arriving bit by bit. Some people who weren't invited are also showing up, saying they want to help.

We'll need lots of good food, and we're short on workers, so it's good they came to help, even uninvited."

Clarissa nodded.

Once the fake Kathryn finished answering, Marco jumped in. “Mom, there are a lot of reporters outside. They’re taking pictures of the house. I asked the butler, and we didn’t invite them. I think Audrey did. Should we make them leave?”

Even an idiot could tell tonight’s dinner was a trap—a feud between generations.

Why would they invite reporters to witness that? Were they planning to air all the family’s dirty laundry?

Some things are meant to stay private.