

# Married At First Sight Chapter 3791

## Chapter 3791

The people who gather to dance in the square are all from the workers' families. They understand each other's routines and respect their neighbors' peace. Since they all live near the villa, they interact daily as colleagues and friends. They wouldn't disrupt everyone's rest just for their own fun.

Tatum smiled and said, "That's great. It's lively and helps pass the time."

He knew that his grandmother was a spirited soul who couldn't sit still.

Before, she was busy setting up blind dates for them, but now she had a different focus.

Although River and Alex, the younger family members under her care, were adults, they were still new to the world, having only just stepped into society less than two years ago. His grandmother wasn't in a hurry to see them married.

And then there was Rowan, still working hard for the college entrance exams.

With age catching up, Grandma didn't travel as much as she used to. Instead, she enjoyed chatting with her friends, sharing family stories, or dancing like she was doing now.

Grandma May said, "That's right. I'm enjoying myself before your nephew arrives. Once he's born, I'll be busy taking care of the baby and won't have time for fun."

Tatum laughed, "Grandma, you talk as if you're the only one who'll take care of the baby. There are plenty of people in the family who can do that. You can just enjoy watching over him. By the way, didn't you say the baby in my sister-in-law's belly might be my niece?"

The old lady chuckled and said, "Well, I can say that all I want, but Sonny insists the baby is a little brother, not a sister. Your York family is like a Buddhist temple—we've never had a daughter or even a granddaughter. I'm hoping to finally have a great-granddaughter this time."

She then changed the topic, “So, any progress on your end? You’re not planning to come home for the New Year, are you? If you’re not, how about Grandma brings your parents to join you for the New Year? And maybe we can meet your future in-laws too.”

Tatum knew his grandmother was teasing him, but he was still nervous that she might actually show up at the Ormond family’s doorstep during the holidays.

He quickly replied, “Grandma, I’ve only been here a short while—how can things move that fast? Let’s just say I haven’t been fired yet. As long as I still have the job, there’s hope.”

“Only a short while? I thought you’ve been gone for over half a year,” Grandma said thoughtfully. “Or maybe it’s Kevin who’s been away that long. It’s hard to keep track when you have so many grandchildren. Sometimes I can’t remember who’s doing what. Maybe I’m getting old, starting to lose my memory.”

She added with a sigh, “It’s your eldest brother’s fault. He keeps me at home all day, and without a great-granddaughter to dote on, I’m bored to death. It’s making me forgetful.”

Tatum smiled, “Grandma, do you think you’re still eighteen? You’re over eighty now, yet you’re always on the go! Brother’s just trying to look out for you.”

Grandma May gave a little pout. “Alright, alright, let’s not talk about him. He’ll be back soon anyway, and I won’t be traveling anywhere in the meantime.”

“Grandma, I miss you,” Tatum said suddenly.

His grandmother paused, then her face softened into a smile. “Why do you say that out of the blue? Are you feeling down?”

Thinking of Tatum working as a chef at the Ormond household, she worried that he might be struggling with the change in his role and comforted him, “There’s no shame in any job. Cooking is something you love, isn’t it? Isn’t it wonderful that your work aligns with your passion? Plus, you’re cooking for your future wife! In no time, you’ll have her hooked on your food, and she won’t be able to live without you. Or is she giving you trouble, criticizing your dishes?”

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## Chapter 3792

Tatum said, “Grandma, do you think I only miss you when I’m feeling down or when my future wife finds fault with you?”

“What else would it be?” she replied playfully. “If you suddenly say you miss me, of course I’ll think you’ve been wronged. But knowing you, you’re tough-skinned and resilient. A little criticism or dislike wouldn’t faze you.”

Grandma’s confidence in her grandchildren shone through. She knew the values she and her late husband had instilled in them. Her grandchildren were broad-minded, generous, and ambitious individuals with big hearts. They were the kind of people who didn’t let small things bother them and were destined for great blessings because of their outlook on life.

“I made some snacks for Elora this afternoon, and while we were chatting, she mentioned you. That’s when I realized how much I missed you,” Tatum said.

Grandma laughed warmly. “Oh, is that so? Then why didn’t you call me right then? No wonder I kept sneezing this afternoon! I thought I was catching a cold and was about to make myself some ginger tea. Turns out, it was just you thinking of me.”

Used to his grandmother’s humor, Tatum continued, “After that, I took my two little brothers-in-law shopping. Those kids have so much energy—they never got tired. But I was exhausted! We bought a bunch of things, and I was carrying all the bags. When we walked through the streets, people kept staring, probably thinking I looked like a young dad.”

Grandma laughed even harder. “I hope to become a young grandma one day, with people turning to look at me twice as much! If you want to win over Elora, you need to impress not only her but also her family and friends. They all have to see that you’re worthy of her.”

Tatum, with a smile full of confidence, said, “I think Elora and I are a perfect match.”

Grandma, used to her grandson’s confidence and slight narcissism, just nodded. After all, confidence ran in the family. Even young Rowan, who wasn’t fully grown yet, shared that trait. It was clearly something they inherited

from her—Grandma May herself was a very confident and self-assured person.

“Well, like grandmother, like grandchildren,” she thought with pride. She was very satisfied with her nine grandkids.

“Sixth, is there anything else you want to say, other than suddenly missing your grandma?” she asked. It was clear she was getting restless, eager to return to her square dancing.

Tatum teased, “Grandma, don’t you miss us grandchildren even a little?”

“Why would I miss you? When you and Elora give me a great-granddaughter to hold, then I’ll start missing you. Right now, there are too many of you to keep track of!” she said with a chuckle.

Tatum laughed. “When I finally have a daughter, I know there’ll be no room for me in your heart—just her.”

## **Married At First Sight Chapter 3793**

### Chapter 3793

Grandma May said, “Come on, hurry up and have a daughter so we can see if I can predict it!”

Tatum was at a loss for words. He hadn’t even held Elora’s hand yet, let alone thought about having a daughter.

Elora didn’t even know that she was the one he was interested in.

“Grandma, you should be urging my five older brothers to give you a great-granddaughter. I don’t even have a wife yet, so having a daughter is still a long way off.”

Grandma May replied, “If you don’t give me a great-granddaughter, you still want me to keep worrying about you? Tatum, you’ve got some nerve. That’s it, I’m hanging up now—I don’t want you influencing me, making me feel like the head monk of a temple!”

Without giving Tatum a chance to respond, Grandma May hung up the phone.

Tatum chuckled to himself. Grandma May knew he was making progress, so she wasn't too worried about him.

After all, Tatum was still young—he'd only just turned 27. Compared to his older brother Zachary, who got married in his early thirties, Tatum had plenty of time. Besides, even his brothers Evan and Evan hadn't succeeded in winning over their partners yet, so why rush?

Grandma May didn't expect him to act immediately after setting his sights on Elora. He'd heard she was a bit picky, especially about food, so he took it as a challenge and went all the way to Annenburg in Province X to become a private chef for his fiancée.

"If I don't call, Grandma says I'm not being filial. If I do call, she complains about me," Tatum muttered to himself. But he didn't mind; that was just how he and his grandmother got along.

Tatum then called Zachary.

When Zachary answered, he asked warmly, "Brother, are you back from your business trip?"

Tatum already knew what had happened to the Farrell family in Jensburg and guessed that Zachary must have returned home. Knowing how much his brother and sister-in-law loved each other, he figured Zachary would rush home as soon as he could once his work was done.

Their bond was so strong that even a day apart felt like forever. They hadn't seen each other in weeks, and Tatum knew his brother must have missed his wife dearly.

Deep down, Tatum envied the happiness his brother and sister-in-law shared. He hoped he and Elora could be just as happy someday.

"I'm at FC Manor now," Zachary replied. "I'll be bringing your sister-in-law and Sonny back in a couple of days."

As soon as Zachary said that, Sonny's little face popped up on the screen. "Uncle Tatt!"

Sonny called out excitedly, "Uncle Tatt, it's been so long! Where have you been? When are you coming back?"

Tatum smiled and said, "I'm working far away, Sonny. I won't be home for New Year's, and when I get back depends on whether the boss gives me some time off. You've grown taller, haven't you? Did you miss me?"

"I eat well every day, so I've grown taller. Uncle Zack says I've put on a little weight because I eat a lot, but Aunt Seren says it's fine since I'm always running around and won't get too chubby. But to be honest, Uncle Tatt, I didn't miss you," Sonny said with his usual honesty.

Among Uncle Zack's eight brothers, Sonny was closest to Uncle Callum and Uncle Rowan. He didn't get to see the other uncles often, so he didn't really miss them, though he was always happy to see them because they treated him so well.

At his Uncle Zack's house, Sonny was told he was the favorite of the family.

Tatum laughed, "Alright then, Sonny, I don't miss you either. Now we're even! Did you have fun at Aunt Jane's house?"

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Sonny asked, "I'm really happy, Uncle Tatt. But why do you have to work so far away? Why doesn't your boss give you a break? Doesn't everyone get a holiday during the New Year? Even my mom's coming back soon."

In Sonny's eyes, his mom was always the busiest person, so if she was coming home for the holidays, he assumed everyone else should be able to take a break too. He couldn't imagine that some people still had to work.

Tatum explained, "I have to work far away because I need to earn money. My boss pays a good salary, and I even get triple pay for working during holidays. I don't want to have money problems, so I'm skipping the holiday."

"Uncle Tatt, talk to my Uncle Zack later. Aunt Seren's telling me to go to bed. Good night, Uncle Tatt."

Sonny said his goodnight and was gently led away by Serenity.

Now, Tatum could focus on his conversation with Zachary. They talked for about half an hour until Tatum heard a knock at the door. He opened it while still on the call and found Uncle Joly, the butler, standing there.

“Tatum, the eldest lady is back. She asked for you to come to the main hall right away,” Uncle Joly said.

“Okay, I’ll head over right now. Thanks for letting me know, Uncle Joly,” Tatum responded politely.

Uncle Joly added, “I just came to grab something and thought I’d tell you in person. I didn’t feel like making a call. Now, go quickly, don’t keep the eldest lady waiting.”

Tatum nodded and turned back to Zachary on the phone, “Brother, Elora wants to see me. I’ll go meet her first. I’ll call you later when I’m free. Please reassure our parents—I promise I’ll come home for the New Year next year.”

With that, Tatum ended the call and hurried to the main hall.

Elora had mentioned she had a social event tonight, and based on her usual routine, she often returned late. It was a surprise to see her back so early—it wasn’t even ten o’clock yet.

At the Ormond family mansion, the lights were still on, and the servants were busy finishing up their work for the night. Tatum made his way through the courtyard, his steps becoming lighter as he approached the main house.

An aunt stood waiting at the entrance. When she saw him, she said softly, “The eldest lady is inside, Tatum. You should go in.”

Tatum gave her a polite smile, nodded, and walked up the steps, entering the hall with a steady stride.

Elora was the only one in the room. Upstairs, Mrs. Ormond was telling Alonzo a bedtime story.

Tatum stopped a couple of meters away from Elora and greeted her with respect, “Miss.”

Elora acknowledged him with a soft sound but didn't turn to face him. She was focused on two sets of jewelry and clothes in front of her, gifts that Alonzo had bought for her during his afternoon shopping.

Alonzo, being thoughtful, had bought new clothes for all his seven sisters. Since Elora was his biological sister, he made sure to get her two sets of clothes and matching jewelry.

Even though Elora typically didn't care much for jewelry and preferred a simple, neat style, she was clearly pleased with Alonzo's thoughtful gesture. It warmed her heart that her love for her brother was reciprocated in this way.

Alonzo had always been generous with Elora, giving her more than he did for the other sisters.

As Elora silently admired her gifts, Tatum stood quietly behind her, watching her with a soft gaze. He thought she looked serene, almost glowing with a quiet beauty.

To Tatum, Elora was always beautiful, no matter the moment. She never failed to capture his attention.

"Alonzo said they used your money to buy these gifts. I'll make sure to pay you back for the total amount," Elora finally said, after admiring the jewelry.

She closed the jewelry box, turned to meet Tatum's gentle eyes, and added in a calm tone, "Have a seat, no need to be so formal."

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### Chapter 3795

"Thank you, Miss. I can stand," Tatum said politely, mindful of his current position. Despite not being shy, he knew his status in the Ormond family had not yet solidified. Until Elora's feelings for him were clear, he didn't want to appear too forward, so as not to risk damaging the impression he was building with her.

"Please, have a seat. If you stand, I'll have to keep turning my head to talk to you, and my neck will get sore," Elora insisted.



With that, Tatum promptly found a chair and sat down, his posture straight and formal.

Elora observed him for a moment and then smiled. "You sit like a soldier."

He looked a bit like a schoolboy in class, sitting properly to avoid getting scolded by the teacher.

Tatum remained silent.

"I really like the clothes and gifts that Alonzo and Angelo picked out for me. You must be exhausted after spending the whole afternoon with them. I'll reimburse you for everything you spent," Elora said.

Tatum replied, "The two young masters are quite the expert shoppers. Honestly, they weren't tired, but I was. Still, I enjoyed taking them out. Seeing them happy made me happy too. I hardly ever used to go shopping."

When Tatum needed anything, he would simply inform the butler, who would take care of the arrangements. Only when he needed a special gift did he personally go out to choose it. Shopping was usually something his mother and aunts did. As a child, he sometimes tagged along, but as he got older, even his mother couldn't convince him to join them.

"I guess I'm more into cooking these days," Tatum said with a smile. "If I hear about some delicious dish at a restaurant, I'll go and try it. But most of the time, I end up thinking that my cooking tastes better."

Elora laughed lightly. "You're a natural chef. It's impressive to see someone so young with such talent in the kitchen. At least for now, I'm not tired of your food."

Tatum responded warmly, "Miss, I hope to be your chef for life and never be outdone by any of my colleagues."

Elora's smile remained, though her eyes seemed to flicker slightly. She looked at Tatum for a long moment and asked, "You still haven't told me how much you spent."

Tatum took out his phone. "I'm not sure about the exact total. Let me check the records."

After a quick review, he said, “Young Master Alonzo borrowed \$200,000, and Young Master Angelo borrowed \$150,000. Together, they borrowed a total of \$350,000 from me.”

This was a rough estimate; he didn’t bother with the precise amounts.

The new outfits the brothers bought for their seven sisters were all branded items, costing about \$10,000 each. Alonzo had also bought two sets of gold jewelry, which made his spending higher, rounding it off to \$200,000. Tatum didn’t count the small change to simplify things.

“I don’t have your account number memorized, but I’ll ask Uncle Joly to transfer the amount to your bank account tomorrow,” Elora said.

“That’s fine,” Tatum replied.

He didn’t mind when Elora would repay the money; what mattered most was that she liked what he had chosen. The clothes and jewelry were all picked out by him.

Alonzo had liked the items, so he decided to purchase them based on Tatum’s choices.

Tatum then asked, “Miss, do you like the jewelry that Young Master Alonzo chose for you?”

The two sets of gold jewelry were probably the least expensive pieces in Elora’s collection.

Alonzo, still a young boy, had simply thought the gold looked nice and bought the two sets.

Elora’s expression softened, and she smiled. “Alonzo is so considerate. Even while shopping, he thought of us. I like both the clothes and the jewelry. It’s sweet that he remembered my size—the clothes he picked fit perfectly.”