

Married At First Sight Chapter 3921-3925

Chapter 3921

Tinsley looked at Elora with a knowing expression. “Sister, I think Tatum is different when it comes to you. The way he looks at you, the way he smiles around you—it’s special. You’re smart, sister. I don’t believe for a second that you haven’t noticed. Have you ever considered that the fiancée chosen by Tatum’s grandmother might actually be *you*?”

Elora frowned, her skepticism evident. “How could that even be possible? I’ve never met his grandmother. I don’t even know what she looks like. Why would she choose me without knowing me? Besides, Tatum made it clear he plans to leave and focus on pursuing his fiancée when the time comes.

“Anyway,” she added, waving off the idea, “if you’re not upset, that’s all I care about. From now on, just keep your distance. Enjoy the meals he cooks, but don’t let your mind wander any further than that.”

Tinsley sighed silently, feeling exasperated.

Elora clearly didn’t believe her when she said she had no romantic feelings for Tatum. And honestly, Tinsley couldn’t entirely blame her. She had openly admired Tatum’s skills and personality a little *too* much, which likely fueled her sister’s suspicions.

Still, if keeping her distance was the only way to put Elora’s mind at ease, then so be it.

After the New Year, Tinsley resolved to stop coming over for meals altogether. She would avoid Tatum and let Elora see that she had truly “moved on.”

But for now? With the holidays approaching, Tinsley wasn’t about to deprive herself of Tatum’s incredible cooking. She would keep coming for dinner, pretend like nothing was amiss, and simply avoid praising Tatum in front of Elora. That should keep things from spiraling further.

“Alright, sister,” Tinsley finally said. “I’ll do as you ask and keep my distance from Tatum in the future.”

She stood up to leave. “I’m heading out now.”

Elora hummed in acknowledgment, not following her out.

When Tinsley left the study, Elora leaned back in her chair, letting her thoughts wander.

Could Tatum's grandmother really have chosen me? she wondered.

Her memory churned, trying to recall if she'd ever met the York family matriarch. But no matter how hard she thought, she was certain—she had never met the woman.

Over the years, she'd encountered plenty of older women in business, but she knew their names and their roles. None of them were connected to the York family of Wiltspoon.

Elora shook her head, scoffing at herself. "What's wrong with me? Do I actually *want* to be Tatum's fiancée now?"

The thought felt absurd. She had just finished advising Tinsley to give up on him, yet here she was, letting her own thoughts drift.

With a determined shake of her head, Elora pushed the idea aside. Tatum being the sixth young master of the York family, his family's wealth, his fiancée—none of that had anything to do with her. He was just a chef she had hired, and she had never entertained the idea of marrying someone who worked for her family.

Standing up quickly, Elora brushed off the lingering thoughts and went downstairs to join her family.

She slipped seamlessly back into their conversation, chatting and watching TV like nothing was on her mind.

Moments like these were rare for Elora. Between her hectic business schedule and constant travel, she rarely had time to sit back and enjoy her family's company. Even her younger brother's chatter, usually so loud and mischievous, felt endearing tonight.

For now, Elora decided, she would embrace the present and not let her thoughts stray any further.

Meanwhile, in his dormitory, Tatum closed and locked the door, shutting out the world. He pulled out his phone and dialed Zachary's number.

When Zachary answered, his voice was calm but commanding. "Tatum, what's going on?"

Tatum hesitated for a moment, then said quietly, “Brother, I’ve been found out.”

Zachary’s tone remained steady but unreadable. “What do you mean, *found out*? What did you do?”

Tatum sighed. “Elora knows I’m the sixth young master of the York family. Her old classmate recently went to Wiltspoon with her husband on a business trip. They stayed there for two weeks and learned about the York Corporation. When her classmate heard my last name was York, she started asking questions.”

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Tatum continued, “I admitted it—I told her I’m the sixth young master of the York family. She asked why I kept it hidden, and I told her the truth: she didn’t check the family tree. Plus, she’s already investigated me twice.”

Zachary’s tone remained steady. “You didn’t deliberately hide it. You just didn’t broadcast it. That’s not the same as lying.

You got the job at the Ormond family’s house based on your skills and experience—not because of your last name. Even if she knows who you really are, what’s the worst that could happen? She’s not going to fire you and starve herself.”

Zachary chuckled lightly, his words calm but pointed. “Even if Elora decided to hire a new chef, it’d take time to find someone as good as you. And let’s be real—she’s not tired of your cooking. To her, you’re just the chef who happens to prepare her meals. Your family name? It doesn’t change her life in any way.”

Zachary added, “When she sent someone to dig into your background, I’m the one who covered your tracks. If she’s upset you didn’t tell her upfront, remind her that it was me who kept it under wraps.”

Tatum nodded. “I did, and she believed me.”

“Then what are you worried about?” Zachary asked, his voice carrying a hint of amusement. “Are you afraid she’ll stop eating your food or kick you out now that she knows who you are?”

Tatum hesitated, then admitted, “A little bit, yeah.”

Zachary sighed. “Listen to me. Elora is the head of the Ormond family, just like I’m the head of ours. From a leader’s perspective, I can tell you she won’t fire you. In fact, she’ll probably admire you even more. She’ll see that you’re willing to set aside your status to refine your craft as a chef. Your dedication, humility, and commitment to excellence will only make her respect you more.

“She strikes me as the type who values capable, driven people.”

Zachary paused briefly before adding, “And for the record, I do too. In the York Corporation, I’ve promoted countless talented individuals because of their abilities—not their connections.”

Tatum felt a twinge of envy and muttered, “Brother, you seem to know her pretty well.”

Zachary’s tone sharpened. “Tatum, don’t start. If you were standing in front of me right now, I’d kick you. I’m your *real* brother, and I’ve got a wife. No matter how remarkable other women are, they mean nothing to me compared to your sister-in-law.

“I’m speaking to you as a family head, analyzing the situation so you can pursue your wife without hesitation. And you’re getting jealous? Unbelievable. You’re like a dog biting the hand that feeds it. Honestly, if you keep this up, don’t bother telling me about your private problems anymore—I won’t waste my time listening.”

Realizing his mistake, Tatum quickly backpedaled. “Brother, I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking straight. I didn’t mean anything by it. I was just frustrated that I couldn’t think things through as clearly as you do, even though I’m right here in Wiltspoon. I envy how sharp you are—that’s all. It’s my fault.”

Tatum softened his tone further, trying to mend the situation. “Please don’t stay mad at me. I was wrong. And whatever you do, *don’t* tell sister-in-law. If she finds out, she’ll hold it against me forever.

“You know how it is—if I mess up in the future and you decide to beat me, she won’t defend me.”

Tatum inwardly cursed himself. Why had he said something so stupid? His brother had gone out of his way to help him see the bigger picture, yet he’d let jealousy slip into his tone. No wonder Zachary was furious—it was like stepping on a lion’s tail.

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Zachary's world revolved around Serenity. She was his everything—the only woman he saw, the only one he cared about.

Though Zachary had scolded Tatum harshly, he couldn't truly hold a grudge. After all, Tatum was his only biological brother.

Even so, Zachary silently vowed that from now on, he'd stay out of Tatum's love life. If Tatum wanted to unload his romantic dilemmas, Zachary would just listen—no advice, no input.

Still simmering with frustration, Zachary said sternly, "You're 27, Tatum. You're old enough to figure things out on your own. Stop running to me every time you have a problem. What do you think I am, some kind of love counselor?"

"You think the love between me and Serenity is a guidebook for your life? It's not. You need to stop dragging me into your romantic drama. I'm done with it."

Tatum chuckled awkwardly, knowing full well his brother was still annoyed. Quickly, he changed the subject. "How's sister-in-law? And the baby?"

The mention of Serenity and their unborn child softened Zachary's tone slightly, and the conversation soon ended.

After hanging up, Tatum let out a long breath and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. "I've really done it this time," he muttered to himself, patting his mouth in frustration. "I should've kept my mouth shut. No more asking my brother for advice about my love life."

Meanwhile, Zachary was still fuming. If Tatum had been standing in front of him, Zachary was sure he'd have given him a good kick.

Just then, the door to the room opened, and Serenity walked in.

She'd been chatting with the elders and sisters-in-law downstairs but decided to head upstairs early. She wanted a shower and some much-needed rest.

The moment she entered, she noticed Zachary's sour expression. He looked upset—really upset.

Serenity shut the door behind her and walked over. Without a word, she leaned down to him. Zachary immediately reached out, pulling her into his arms.

She fell into his embrace as he adjusted her position carefully. Despite the forcefulness of his movements, his hands instinctively supported her rounded belly, protecting her as if she were the most precious thing in the world.

Serenity turned slightly, trying to look at him, but Zachary held her tighter.

“Don’t move,” he said in a low, almost pleading tone. “Let me hold you like this.”

Sensing his mood, Serenity stopped trying to move and relaxed in his arms.

The room wasn’t particularly cold, even in Wiltspoon’s mild winter. Zachary, however, had left the windows open, letting in a crisp breeze.

Serenity couldn’t help but wonder if he did this on purpose—letting the cold in so she’d have no choice but to snuggle into his arms for warmth.

And it worked.

Zachary was like a living heater, his body radiating warmth and security. Serenity nestled closer, finding comfort in his steady presence.

As his chin rested lightly on her shoulder, Zachary murmured, “Seren, I love you.”

Smiling, Serenity reached back to gently touch his head. “What’s gotten into you tonight? I could see you were angry the moment I walked in. Who upset you?”

Her tone was teasing, but there was genuine curiosity in her voice. Who would dare upset Young Master York on the eve of the New Year?

Instead of answering, Zachary asked, “Do you believe that I love you?”

Caught off guard, Serenity laughed softly. “Why would I doubt that?”

She shifted slightly in his arms so she could look him in the eye. “Since the moment I found out who you really are, we’ve talked everything through as husband and wife. I’ve never questioned your love for me since then—not for a second.”

Her sincerity seemed to ease something in Zachary. His hold on her tightened, not in frustration but in pure adoration.

For now, whatever had angered him melted into the background. All that mattered was the woman in his arms and the life they were building together.

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Serenity continued with a soft smile, “I was only mad at you because you lied to me back then. I never doubted your love for me. I was upset because you had so many chances to tell me the truth, but you didn’t. You even got your whole family to go along with it. That’s what hurt the most.

“We’ve been married for so long now, and I’m carrying your child—our child—who’ll be here in just a few months. Why are you suddenly asking me about this? Did someone come to you and stir up trouble?”

“Who has such a loose tongue? Tell me their name, and I’ll make sure to give them a piece of my mind.”

Her tone carried a playful edge, but there was genuine frustration in her eyes. It was the New Year—how dare someone bring negativity to her husband? Serenity wanted nothing more than to track down the culprit and give them a scolding they’d never forget.

Zachary loosened his embrace, allowing her to turn and sit beside him.

As she leaned against his shoulder, he rested a protective hand on hers. His voice was low but firm as he said, “Don’t worry, I already ripped into him.”

Serenity tilted her head, curious. “So there *was* someone? Who is it?”

Zachary sighed, his expression still tinged with irritation. “It was Tatum.”

“Tatum?” Serenity repeated, surprised.

Zachary’s frown deepened as he recounted the earlier phone call. Serenity listened intently, but as the story unfolded, her serious expression melted into uncontrollable laughter.

By the end of it, she was clutching her stomach, laughing so hard she could barely breathe. “Tatum! Oh, Honey, you’re just so jealous!”

Zachary frowned, still brooding. “Seren, how can you laugh at this? Aren’t you mad at all?”

She reached up and gently pinched his cheek, teasing him. “Not one bit! I know you, Honey. I trust you completely. I know how much you love me. And honestly, this whole thing is hilarious. You don’t even pay attention to Elora. But you know how it is—when someone’s in the middle of something, they can’t see clearly. Poor Tatum is too wrapped up in his feelings to think straight.

“You probably scared him half to death with your scolding! I bet he’s regretting every word he said and swearing never to open his mouth like that again.”

Serenity couldn’t stop giggling at the thought of Tatum’s panic.

Zachary huffed. “If he were here, I’d have kicked him a few times for good measure. I spent all that time analyzing his problem, and what do I get? A snarky comment about how I ‘seem to understand Elora.’ The nerve! From now on, when they come to me with their relationship troubles, I’ll just sit there and listen. No advice, no opinions. Let them figure it out themselves. What do they think I am, a relationship counselor?”

Serenity leaned in, wrapping her arms around him and pressing a gentle kiss to his cheek. “Alright, alright, don’t be so mad. Tatum didn’t mean anything by it. He’s just jealous—he sees Elora as his future wife, but he hasn’t won her heart yet. It’s natural for him to feel insecure.

“Besides,” she added with a knowing smile, “haven’t you been jealous before? Remember when you got all worked up over Jasmine and Elisa? You thought they were too close to me, and you hated how much attention I gave them.”

Zachary’s lips twitched, fighting a smile despite himself.

She softened her tone, brushing her fingers lightly against his cheek. “You’re their older brother, Zachary. They look up to you. They respect you. And when life gets tough, you’re the first person they think of for help. That’s not a bad thing—it means they trust you completely.

“Tatum must have been terrified after that phone call. Don’t stay angry, okay? Stress will just give you wrinkles, and I want my husband to stay as handsome and youthful as ever. You’re my eye candy, after all.”

Her playful compliment finally broke through his frustration. Zachary let out a resigned sigh, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her close again.

“You always know how to talk me down,” he murmured.

Serenity smiled, resting her head against his chest. “That’s my job, isn’t it?”

The tension in the room dissolved as the two of them settled into a warm embrace.

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The tension in the room melted as Zachary held Serenity close, their hearts syncing in the quiet warmth of the moment. Zachary broke the silence, his tone tender yet contemplative.

“Seren, time spares no one,” he said softly. “No matter how much we take care of ourselves, one day, we’ll have wrinkles on our faces, gray hair, and maybe even lose a tooth or two.”

Serenity smiled, her eyes twinkling with affection. “My sweet candy,” she teased, “even if you’re old and toothless, I’ll still love you. To me, you’ll always be the best man in the world—my husband. And such an amazing man loves and spoils me, just me.” She paused, her hand resting gently on her growing belly. “When the baby comes, you can share a bit of that love, but I still have to be your favorite.”

The thought of their love dividing after the baby’s arrival made Serenity playfully bargain for her share of his affection.

Zachary leaned in, placing a gentle kiss on her lips before replying with unwavering devotion, “You are my wife, Seren. My number one. My son will have his own wife someday to love him. But my love for you? That’s yours alone—no sharing.”

Despite his confident words, Serenity chuckled to herself. She knew Zachary too well. In just half a year, when their baby was born, this man who swore undying loyalty to his wife alone would become a doting father, splitting his love without hesitation.

As the old matriarch of the York family often joked, Zachary had a talent for eating his own words—and doing it proudly.

Serenity placed her hand on his cheek, her voice soft and soothing. “Don’t be angry anymore.”

Zachary gave a slight nod. “Alright. If you’re pleading on Tatum’s behalf, I’ll let it go. Do you want a bath? I’ll get the hot water ready for you. A nice soak will help you relax.”

Serenity glanced at the clock. “It’s still early, and it’s the holidays. We don’t have to rush. Besides, you don’t have work tomorrow, so there’s no need to go to bed just yet.”

Her thoughts shifted, and she added, “I still need to prepare the red envelopes for your younger brothers. Since they’re not married yet, it’s only right that we, as their elders, give them something for the New Year.”

As the eldest sister-in-law, Serenity felt it was her responsibility to uphold this tradition. For her, it wasn’t about the amount but the sentiment behind the gesture.

Zachary nodded, offering his input. “Just give them to River, Alex, and Rowan. None of them have fiancées yet. Two hundred dollars should do.”

Serenity burst into laughter. “Two hundred dollars? That’s practically an insult! It’s not like the old days when I gave out red envelopes with ten or twenty bucks. I’m the eldest lady of the York family now. I can’t get away with being stingy.”

She grinned mischievously. “At least a hundred thousand, don’t you think? Or maybe I’ll put a check in the envelope instead. But if it’s a check, it better be more.”

Zachary chuckled along with her. “It’s just symbolic, Seren. They don’t care about the amount—they’ve got more money than either of us.”

Serenity shook her head. “That doesn’t matter. This is about me showing my care as their sister-in-law. It’s the thought that counts.”

“Alright, alright,” Zachary relented with a warm smile. “You’re the boss of this family. Whatever you decide, I’ll go with it. Tomorrow, I’ll get the checks for you. It’ll make things easier.”

“Deal,” Serenity agreed. She also preferred the simplicity of giving checks—it was practical and elegant.

Zachary, always the opportunist, suddenly asked, “What about me? Do I get a New Year’s gift?”

His question caught Serenity off guard, and she giggled. "What's this? Are you jealous of your brothers?"

He smirked. "I've noticed you've been buying a lot of things lately, and you've been awfully secretive about it. I'm guessing you've got something planned for me. It doesn't have to be expensive, you know. As long as it's from you, even a blade of grass would be precious."

Serenity couldn't help but laugh, her heart swelling with affection. She placed her hands on her belly and teased him, "The baby and I are your best gifts. Isn't that enough?"

Zachary grinned, pulling her closer. "It's more than enough, Wifey. You and our baby are everything I could ever want."

And just like that, the love and warmth in the room seemed to overflow, wrapping them both in the quiet joy of their shared life and the anticipation of the family they were building together.