

Married At First Sight

Chapter 4026

Chapter 4026

Evan asked, "Tatum, can I call you now? Is it convenient?"

"Of course," Tatum replied cheerfully. "I live alone in a nice, spacious dormitory. It's comfortable, my salary comes on time every month, I eat well, and I'm perfecting my cooking skills."

Evan sighed. "Cooking. That's all you ever talk about. You've been there for months, didn't even come back for the New Year, and all you seem to care about is cooking."

Tatum chuckled. "Well, I came here *to* cook, didn't I?"

Evan was momentarily speechless.

Tatum wasn't wrong. The moment he heard Elora was notoriously picky about food, he couldn't resist the challenge. Long before Grandma could prod him, he had already packed his bags and headed to Annenburg in Province X.

Every so often, Evan would overhear his siblings mentioning Tatum. They always said the same thing: he was busy perfecting recipes, buried in his culinary experiments, and seemingly frozen in time.

Meanwhile, the acting head of the Labbe family in Havenmill had already set his sights on the Ormond sisters. Yet, Tatum didn't seem worried. Instead, he poured his energy into preparing meals for his fiancée every single day.

When Tatum called, Evan picked up immediately.

"All right, Fourth Brother," Tatum began. "What's bothering you? Spill it."

Evan hesitated but eventually shared the source of his confusion.

After listening, Tatum couldn't help but laugh. "Fourth Brother, you're still hung up on this? No wonder Grandma tricked you. But hey, I get it. You're being careful—this is a lifelong decision, after all."

Evan's face flushed with embarrassment, though Tatum couldn't see it through the phone.

“But seriously, Fourth Brother,” Tatum continued, his tone more earnest, “you’ve already made your choice, haven’t you? If that’s the case, stick to it. Don’t second-guess yourself. We’re adults—we need to own our decisions and see them through.”

Evan fell silent.

After a long pause, he asked, “Tatum, are you doing okay over there? The Ormond family isn’t giving you a hard time, right?”

“No, not at all,” Tatum assured him. “Everyone in the Ormond family has been great to me. They enjoy my cooking, even when I just stir-fry some vegetables—they still rave about how good it is. The two little ones like me the most. If I have any free time, they’re all over me, begging me to teach them martial arts, play games, or go shopping.

“Kids have so much energy. After playing with them for a bit, I’m completely wiped out, but they’re still bouncing off the walls. Watching them run around so carefree, it reminds me of our own childhood.”

Evan chuckled. “So, between cooking and babysitting, I guess you’ve made zero progress in winning over your wife?”

Tatum laughed. “Hey, I’m just a frog in warm water, taking it slow. To win her over, I’ve got to start with her stomach.”

Evan shook his head but couldn’t help smiling.

Tatum didn’t think he was moving too slowly. Sure, Elora and her sisters teased him relentlessly, but he knew it wasn’t personal. A woman like Elora wouldn’t be easy to win over.

Still, Tatum wasn’t in a rush. He focused on winning her heart one step at a time—starting with her love for his cooking. He was determined to make her so accustomed to his meals that she couldn’t live without them.

Beyond the food, he treated Elora with unwavering care and thoughtfulness. Over time, he was certain she’d come around.

As for the acting head of the Labbe family in Havenmill, who had his eye on both Elora and her sister Tinsley? Tatum was ready to step in.

With Tatum around, that old predator wouldn’t lay a finger on Elora.

Elora and Tinsley were more than capable of protecting themselves, but Tatum wasn’t just standing by. He supported Elora and her brother, earning their trust and respect.

And if that Labbe scumbag ever dared to cross the line, Tatum would make sure he paid for it dearly.