

Married At First Sight Chapter 4027

Chapter 4027

Zachary explained to Tatum that the scheming old man, Labby, was trying to seize the Ormond family's property and claim it as his own. Labby lacked any legitimate inheritance rights within his family—no recognition as the family head, no tokens, no totems. Just ambition and greed.

“Brother,” Tatum said, “I don't have any clever advice for you. Like Big Brother said, we trust Grandma. As long as you follow her instructions, you won't come out on the losing end. We're past the age of being disciplined by Grandma only to end up worse off.”

Growing up, they'd frequently find themselves at a loss after being corrected by their grandparents, who would scold them for lacking the skills, planning, or insight needed to make things work. It was a harsh lesson in humility.

Tatum added, “I'll grab a few more hours of sleep before I get up to work out and make breakfast for Elora.”

Evan nodded. “Alright. Get some rest, but don't overdo it.”

Tatum smiled. “I'm not overworked. I enjoy this.”

Evan chuckled. “As long as you're in the kitchen, you wouldn't care if the sky came crashing down.”

Evan couldn't help but envy Tatum's passion. He was doing what he loved—cooking—and deepening his bond with his fiancée in the process.

After their chat, Evan lay back on his bed, staring at the ceiling for a while. Eventually, he set his phone on the nightstand, turned off the lights, and drifted off to sleep, knowing tomorrow would bring new challenges.

The rest of the night passed quietly.

The next morning, Tatum, now in Annenburg, Province X, started his day with a jog in the Ormond family's sprawling yard.

Elora and Alonzo were typically the earliest risers in the household, though Alonzo always needed a push from Elora to get out of bed. Like most kids, he hated waking up early for school but had no problem springing out of bed on weekends.

Tatum kept his routine simple—two laps around the yard, enough to stay active but not overexert himself. He wore his winter workout gear, jogging solo through the chilly morning air.

Occasionally, he'd cross paths with other members of the Ormond family's staff. They'd greet him with warmth and curiosity.

"Morning, Tatum! The weather's freezing, and you're still out here running every day? Aren't you southerners supposed to hate the cold?"

Tatum laughed it off. "Running keeps me warm. I barely feel the cold."

This morning was no different. After exchanging a few words with the staff, Tatum resumed his jog, undeterred by the biting wind.

The Ormond household staff typically began work at six in the morning and didn't finish until ten at night. Some positions required rotating shifts, ensuring the household ran smoothly around the clock.

Once Tatum finished his run, he headed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Elora and Alonzo. Breakfasts were usually simple, so Tatum could wrap them up quickly. Cooking for Elora was his personal responsibility as her private chef—a role he took seriously.

Other household members had their own routines and often slept in, but Tatum didn't mind. While he wasn't obligated to cook for anyone else, he would sometimes cater to their requests, especially if Elora wasn't home for dinner. It was his way of earning goodwill within the family.

As Tatum jogged back toward the house, he heard the faint sound of footsteps behind him. Curious, he stopped and turned.

No surprises—it was Elora.

After several months in the Ormond household, Tatum had memorized her schedule. He knew her daily routine better than anyone, which was why he kept up his early morning jogs.

Opportunities to spend time with Elora were rare. Her busy schedule meant she left early and returned late most days. Dinner was often their only shared moment, but she never lingered long. After eating, she'd take a short break before diving back into her work.

And so, Tatum continued his quiet efforts to connect with her, one meal and one morning jog at a time.