

Married At First Sight Chapter 4051

Chapter 4051

“Dad, Elora is so extraordinary. Why did you let me choose Tinsley instead?” Timothy asked softly, his voice tinged with confusion.

He had seen photos of the Ormond family’s two daughters. Elora was breathtaking—her cold, aloof demeanor only added to her allure. She stirred something in him, a desire to conquer her heart. After just two glances, he found himself captivated.

If it were up to him, Timothy would have chosen Elora without hesitation.

Mr. Labbe studied his son, a subtle smile forming on his lips. “Elora isn’t someone you can control,” he said firmly. “Of course, if you can manage to win her over and make her fall for you, things could change. But for now, your focus should be on Tinsley.”

Tinsley, too, was stunning, though her appeal was different. She lacked Elora’s icy demeanor, radiating warmth instead. Her gentle nature and frequent smiles made her seem approachable, even endearing.

“She’ll be a great asset to you—and to our family,” Mr. Labbe continued. “Marrying Tinsley will strengthen the Labbe family’s position.”

Timothy nodded thoughtfully. “I understand, Dad.”

With his good looks, wealth, charm, and generosity, Timothy had no trouble winning over women, especially those from affluent but sheltered upbringings. The match with Tinsley seemed ideal—two families of equal standing, both destined to gain from the union.

Though his father was technically the acting head of the Labbe family, their wealth and influence were undeniable. And Tinsley’s status made her a worthy match.

Moments later, one of the bodyguards approached and spoke respectfully to Mr. Labbe. “Sir, Ms. Ormond sends her apologies. She’s busy and unable to meet with you. She also expressed her gratitude for your kind gesture but mentioned that, since the two families don’t

currently have business dealings, she feels it's inappropriate to accept a New Year's gift from the head of the family."

The bodyguard emphasized the title "head of the family" as per Mr. Labbe's strict instructions. It was crucial for his reputation—he refused to be addressed as the acting head of the family in public.

One day, Mr. Labbe was determined to officially claim the title. He wouldn't allow himself to share the fate of the Farrell family's head in Jensburg, who was tragically killed and disgraced after dedicating decades of service to his family and business.

Since Clarissa's death, Mr. Labbe had been relentless in his search for Titus, desperate to avoid a similar end.

Receiving Ms. Ormond's refusal didn't anger him—it wasn't the first time someone had turned him down.

The bodyguard continued, "President Ormond also said the time for your scheduled appointment hasn't arrived. She asked that you not visit unannounced, as she's extremely busy."

Mr. Labbe let out a measured hum of acknowledgment. "I see," he said.

"Deliver the New Year's gifts to the security staff and ask them to pass them on to President Ormond," he instructed. "Explain that while our families don't yet have a working relationship, opportunities for collaboration may arise in the future. It's customary for friends to exchange gifts during the holidays. There's no other meaning behind it."

"Make sure the security staff conveys this message."

The bodyguards immediately carried out his orders, delivering the carefully prepared gifts to the security room. The security team made an internal call to relay the message.

Without waiting for a response, Mr. Labbe left the Qaxun Group headquarters with his son and their entourage.

As they departed, they crossed paths with Tatum, who happened to arrive at the same time. Unbeknownst to Mr. Labbe, Tatum was the sixth young master of the York family. However, Tatum quickly recognized the grandeur of the departing group—it could only belong to Mr. Labbe.

In Annenburg, wealthy elites often flaunted their status, but few matched the ostentation of Mr. Labbe.

Back in his car, Mr. Labbe's composed demeanor faltered. His expression darkened as fury bubbled to the surface.

"I've never been humiliated like this in my life," he hissed, his tone laced with venom. "Even when their direct bloodline was alive, they never treated me so disrespectfully. And now, these two young women have refused to meet me—again!"

The bitterness in his voice was undeniable, and his hands clenched tightly as the car sped away.