

Married At First Sight Chapter 4031

Chapter 4031

The Ormond family's history of misfortune had shaped their deep-seated caution—especially when it came to the idea of a son-in-law. Although there wasn't one yet, their apprehension was evident in how Elora's uncles were barred from having any say in the family business. The fear was simple: an outsider, even by marriage, might interfere too much or try to seize control of the Ormond fortune.

This mistrust extended to the women as well. Elora's aunts were prohibited from meddling in the family's affairs out of concern that they might be influenced or exploited by their in-laws if they let their guard down.

At 27, Elora hadn't even entertained the idea of dating. She understood all too well that bringing a partner into the picture would trigger suspicion—not just from her elders but from herself as well.

She had seen too many cautionary tales of men who married into wealthy families, used their wives' connections to amass fortunes, and then discarded them for younger, more glamorous women. Some had gone as far as seizing the family's wealth entirely, leaving devastation in their wake.

Even with a match of equal status, Elora remained skeptical. The only scenario that felt safe was marrying into a family whose wealth surpassed hers and whose values were unimpeachable. So far, she hadn't met anyone who fit that description. Most of the men she encountered were transparent in their pursuit of the Ormond fortune.

"I'll run two more laps, then head back and get ready for work," Elora said, breaking the silence.

She didn't wait for Tatum's response, jogging ahead of him with swift determination.

Tatum trailed her for a bit but decided to call it a morning after just one more lap. He needed to head back, shower, and prepare breakfast for Elora and her little brother, Alonzo.

About twenty minutes later, Elora returned to the main house.

She passed through the kitchen, where she found Tatum busy preparing breakfast. Standing in the doorway for a brief moment, she observed him, then quietly turned and went upstairs.

The house was still silent. Her parents were likely still asleep.

Once in her room, Elora changed into fresh clothes, tidied herself up, applied some light makeup, and prepared for the day. Before heading downstairs, she made a stop at her brother's room.

Alonzo, still a child, wasn't allowed to lock his door at night. The adults in the family often checked on him in the middle of the night to make sure he hadn't kicked off his quilt. Even though the house was well-heated, the family insisted on covering him up, just for peace of mind. Sometimes, this habit left Alonzo waking up drenched in sweat.

"Alonzo, time to get up! You'll be late for school," Elora called as she walked into the room.

The little figure under the blanket stirred but didn't emerge. Instead, he flipped over and pulled the quilt over his head, stubbornly resisting.

"Come on, Alonzo. It's the first day back after winter break. You can't stay home just because you had too much fun during vacation."

Elora sighed as she moved closer to the bed. The school year had started earlier than usual, and most of the kids were still unwilling to leave the comfort of their homes. Parents everywhere were struggling to coax their children out of bed.

She sat down at the edge of the bed and gently tugged at the blanket. "Alonzo, I know you're awake. Get up, change into your uniform, wash up, and come down for breakfast. Tatum's already cooking. Don't you love his food the most?"

A muffled voice emerged from under the covers. "Just ten more minutes, sis. Let me sleep for ten more minutes. I'll get up after that, I promise."

Elora's tone softened, but her resolve stayed firm. "No ten more minutes. We don't have time for that. Traffic is always a nightmare during rush hour, and if you're late, it'll ruin your day. Let's go—get up now."

Alonzo let out a dramatic groan, but Elora knew her little brother well. She smiled and stayed by his side, ready to ensure he got moving. The morning rush was just beginning.