

Married At First Sight Chapter 4033

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As soon as Alonzo heard Angelo might arrive, he picked up his pace.

Before leaving his room, Elora reminded him, "When you go downstairs, double-check that you've got your schoolbag, books, and water bottle."

Elora didn't make a habit of helping Alonzo with such tasks. She firmly believed that he needed to take responsibility for his own belongings. Whenever their parents or the household staff tried to assist him, Elora would step in and firmly reprimand them.

Their parents, who had Alonzo later in life, were naturally inclined to spoil their only son. But Elora made sure to keep that in check, knowing that without discipline, Alonzo would grow up pampered beyond repair.

"I know, Sister!" Alonzo called back as he began brushing his teeth.

Satisfied, Elora left his room and headed downstairs. On the first floor, she spotted Angelo jogging in with his small schoolbag strapped to his back.

"Why are you running? Be careful not to fall," Elora called out.

"Good morning, Sister!" Angelo greeted her cheerfully, slowing down and flashing her a bright smile.

Elora gestured for him to come over. "Come here."

Angelo's grin faltered. Thinking she was about to scold him, he approached cautiously, his little face full of seriousness. "Sister, I promise I'll walk tomorrow instead of running," he said earnestly. Then, as if pleading his case, he added, "I was just worried I wouldn't have time for breakfast and might be late."

Elora laughed softly and tousled his short hair. "You have breakfast at kindergarten. You won't starve if you miss breakfast here."

Both Angelo and Alonzo typically had breakfast at school. Ever since Tatum started preparing their meals at home, however, the brothers would eat a light breakfast there—just enough to satisfy them until morning exercises at school, when they'd eat again.

Alonzo, being an elementary school student, came home for lunch and dinner, as lower-grade students didn't board at school. Angelo, still in kindergarten, stayed there for lunch but returned home in the evening.

But Angelo had his priorities. "If I skip breakfast here, I'll only get to eat Brother Tatum's cooking once a day," he lamented, holding up a single finger for emphasis.

Elora couldn't help but smile at his dramatics.

Tatum's cooking was a hit not just with the brothers but also with Angelo's classmates. Angelo would often bring Tatum's snacks to kindergarten to share, basking in the admiration of his peers as they raved about how delicious everything was. Proudly, Angelo would tell them, "I get to eat the freshest and best snacks every day!"

Soon enough, word spread. Parents of Angelo's classmates began calling Elora's parents, asking where to buy these snacks that their children couldn't stop talking about. When they learned the treats were made by Elora's private chef, they could only sigh in envy. After all, Elora's household had a reputation for being particular, especially in the culinary department.

Hearing about the buzz his snacks created, Tatum decided to turn it into an event. He promised Angelo he'd host a playdate on Saturday, making fresh, cartoon-shaped snacks for Angelo and his friends.

Angelo, ever the negotiator, pleaded with Elora now. "Sister, Brother Tatum already promised to make snacks for us this Saturday. You won't say no, right? I already told my classmates, and they're all excited to come over."

His big eyes shone with hope as he looked up at her. "Sister, I've got to save face!"

Elora chuckled. "We'll see, Angelo. First, let's focus on getting through the day."

With that, she gently guided him toward the dining room, where the aroma of Tatum's cooking was already filling the air.