

Married At First Sight Chapter 4207

Chapter 4207

Downstairs, Alonzo and Angelo sat at the dining table, enjoying their breakfast. Their older brother, Tatum, had prepared it for them, just as he did every morning.

Every day, Tatum made something different, and it was always delicious. The boys had gotten so used to his cooking that they could hardly eat the food at school, comparing it to pig slop.

Alonzo, being an elementary school student, didn't have to worry too much—his school was close to home, and since he was only in first grade, he didn't stay on campus. That meant he could come home for lunch and dinner.

Angelo, a year younger, was still in kindergarten. While breakfast was available at school, he refused to eat it there and insisted on eating at home.

To enjoy Tatum's cooking, the little guy would wake up before dawn on his own, without any need for the adults to call him. He dressed himself, washed up, and carried his schoolbag into the big room, ready for breakfast.

"Brother Tatum," Alonzo suddenly asked, "Did my sister come home last night? She's usually up by now, but I haven't seen her."

Alonzo had a habit of sleeping in, especially in the cold seasons of spring and winter. No one else could wake him up—except for Elora. He was a little afraid of her.

Even yesterday, it had been Elora who got him out of bed. But today, he woke up on his own, checked the time, and got up for breakfast without waiting for her call.

Tatum set down a plate of freshly baked snacks and took a seat across from Alonzo. Looking at his future brother-in-law with gentle eyes, he said, "Your sister came home very late last night. She had a bit to drink, so she's probably still resting."

Elora would likely have a headache when she woke up. Tatum had already prepared honey water for her to drink to help her feel better.

If she insisted on going to work, he'd make her a strong cup of coffee. But if she decided to take it easy, he'd take her for a walk after breakfast and convince her to rest a little longer. She was exhausted—anyone could see that.

“Sister got drunk?” Alonzo and Angelo exchanged worried glances.

“Will she feel sick?” Angelo asked. “When Dad gets drunk, he gets a fever and a headache. It's really bad.”

Neither of them had ever seen Elora drunk before. She drank occasionally at business dinners but never too much.

Tatum shook his head. “I'm not sure. We'll have to wait until she wakes up to find out. But since she's already dealing with work stress, you two need to be on your best behavior. Don't make her worry about your studies on top of everything else.”

The boys nodded in agreement.

Tatum ruffled Alonzo's hair. “You're a good kid, Alonzo.”

Angelo immediately pouted. “Brother Tatum, you're playing favorites! You always praise Alonzo but never me.”

Tatum chuckled, leaned over, and ruffled Angelo's hair, too. “Young Master Angelo, you're a great kid as well. Both of you are smart, kind, and full of energy.”

Of course, when they were being mischievous, they could be a real handful. When they decided to break things, they really went all out. But that was just how kids were.

Tatum had plenty of patience for them. Even when they got into trouble, it was never anything serious. They knew their limits and never crossed the line.

After breakfast, Tatum handed them their schoolbags and walked them outside, holding one of their hands in each of his.