

Married At First Sight Chapter 4282

Chapter 4282

Time to crash.

Mrs. Ormond, who'd been tossing and turning half the night, finally drifted off.

They didn't talk again till morning.

Normally, she'd sleep till noon, but worry dragged her out of bed early today, despite barely resting.

Downstairs, Elora was still out on her morning run, not back yet. Tatum was in the kitchen, whipping up breakfast for her and her two siblings like clockwork.

"Aunt!" Angelo piped up from the couch, where he'd been glued to the TV. He jumped up when he saw Mrs. Ormond. "Good morning!"

"Angelo, you're up early," she said. "Your brother still snoozing?"

"I hit the hay early last night, so I'm up now," he replied.

He grabbed the remote, killed the TV, and added, "Aunt, I'll run upstairs and wake him."

"Tatum's on breakfast duty today—tell Alonzo to get up so we can eat together. I'll ask Tatum to make those bunny pancakes you guys love."

"Got it—be right back!" Angelo didn't hesitate, darting upstairs.

Mrs. Ormond didn't stop him. Her son, Alonzo, was spoiled rotten by the whole family—maybe too much.

Mornings were a battle; the kid loved his bed. Waking him was a chore she struggled with as a mom.

Maybe she was too soft on him. One whiny “five more minutes” and she’d cave every time.

If Elora and Tatum weren’t around, Alonzo would be late for school, no question—buried under his blankets.

Angelo bolted upstairs.

At Alonzo’s door, he banged on it and yelled, “Bro, get up! You’re gonna be late—move it!”

Alonzo groaned at the noise but didn’t budge. He slapped his hands over his ears, rolled over, and tried to dive back into sleep.

“Bro, Tatum’s cooking today, and Sis is back from her trip!” Angelo shouted. “If you don’t haul ass, Elora’s gonna come back from her run and whoop your butt!”

That did it—Tatum cooking and Elora home. Alonzo dropped his hands, sat up, and scrambled out of bed. “For real?” he called back.

“Why would I lie?” Angelo grinned. “Get up, quick—I’ve got tea to spill. Open the door!”

Alonzo stumbled over, yanked it open, and stared at him, eyes gleaming with curiosity. “What’s the scoop?”

Angelo smirked. “Auntie’s up early too—she’s downstairs, first floor.”

Alonzo blinked, confused.

Big deal. It’s not like Mom never... wait.

It hit him slow—his mom *never* got up early. At least not that he could remember. She’d sleep till noon, skipping breakfast while Tatum fed the early risers.

“What’s she doing up?” Alonzo asked, intrigued.

Angelo leaned in, whispering, “She’s got major dark circles—bet she didn’t sleep. Grown-ups only stay up when they’re stressed. But if we ask what’s up, they won’t spill to us kids.”

Alonzo chewed on that, then said, “Hang on—I’ll change and wash up. Angelo, my books aren’t packed. Can you shove everything on my desk into my bag? I need it all for school.”

“Sure thing,” Angelo nodded, already on it.

