

Married At First Sight Chapter 4283

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“Alright, you go change, and I’ll tidy up for you,” Angelo said.

It wasn’t his first rodeo helping his brother out.

While Alonzo swapped outfits and scrubbed up, Angelo ducked into the study and started stuffing books from the desk into his brother’s schoolbag. He double-checked for Alonzo’s school ID—yep, all good—then slung the bag over his shoulder and stepped out.

Alonzo was just finishing up, freshly dressed.

“Bro, I’m heading downstairs,” Angelo called. “I’ll take your bag down too.”

“Cool, thanks,” Alonzo replied.

Angelo bounced downstairs. His aunt wasn’t in the living room—probably stepped out, he figured. He dropped the schoolbag by the couch and made a beeline for the kitchen, lured by the mouthwatering aroma. Time to see if he could snag a bite.

“Brother Tatum, it smells amazing! Can I eat yet? I think—oh, Aunt, you’re here!” Angelo burst in, only to spot Mrs. Ormond standing quietly behind Tatum, watching him work.

Mrs. Ormond turned to her nephew with a calm smile. “Is Alonzo up?”

“I yelled at him to get moving. He’s still washing up,” Angelo said, his big eyes sparkling with kid-like curiosity. “Auntie, you trying to pick up some cooking tips from Brother Tatum?”

Tatum’s food was unreal—Angelo got why his aunt might want in on that action. His own mom had talked about learning a few tricks from Tatum to whip up breakfast for him daily, so he wouldn’t have to trek over here every morning. But that was just talk. Every time Angelo tried to drag her out of bed for a lesson, she’d groan she couldn’t get up. Sleep always won over cooking. Maternal love? Hit or miss, depending on the day.

“Yeah, I’d like to learn,” Mrs. Ormond said offhandedly.

Angelo's arrival cut her chat with Tatum short. She ushered him out of the kitchen, leaving the chef to his work.

"Where's your big sister?" she asked, her tone soft.

"Didn't I tell you? She's out running," Angelo said, tilting his head up at her. His eyes flickered with innocence. "Aunt, you worried about something?"

Mrs. Ormond froze for a second, then patted his head with a warm smile. "You can tell, huh? Yeah, I've got some stuff on my mind. But why'd you ask?"

Angelo didn't miss a beat. "You never get up early, Aunt. Today you did, and you've got dark circles—means you didn't sleep. No sleep means you're stressing."

Kid's sharp, she thought.

She ruffled his hair again. "You're right—I didn't sleep well last night."

Angelo piped up, "You should tell my mom what's bugging you. Sis always says, 'If something's eating at you, spit it out—it'll feel better.' We've got a big family. Tell Mom, and someone's bound to help."

Mrs. Ormond chuckled. "That's solid advice, Angelo. I'll swing by your mom's later and unload."

She and her sisters-in-law were tight. If something was gnawing at her, they'd brainstorm a fix. This was about her daughter's future—a big deal for the whole Ormond clan. She'd get their take.

"Aunt, Mom doesn't roll out of bed till after ten," Angelo warned. "It's still early. You could nap upstairs or take a walk—fresh air might help. But bundle up—it's freezing out there."