

Married At First Sight Chapter 4284

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Mrs. Ormond grinned. “I’m not built for the cold, so I’ll skip the walk. Think I’ll head upstairs for a nap. You and your brother eat breakfast, then get to school. Focus in class, and don’t mess around.”

Angelo nodded, dead serious. He was still in senior kindergarten—no real pressure yet. Alonzo, in first grade, didn’t have it rough either. The only heat came from the family’s sky-high expectations—piling on skills for the boys to master.

After Mrs. Ormond trudged upstairs, Angelo zipped back to the kitchen.

Tatum had just pulled little bunny cakes from the oven. He plated two, handed them to Angelo, and smiled. “Here, try these—your bunny snacks, fresh and hot. Careful, don’t burn yourself.”

Angelo beamed, grabbing the plate. “Thanks, Brother Tatum!”

He carried it to the dining room, plopped down, and admired the lifelike bunnies. Too cute to scarf down fast, he nibbled slowly, savoring every bite. Still, two tiny cakes barely scratched the itch.

Alonzo clomped downstairs soon after.

Elora, sweaty from her run, strolled in too.

“Sis, morning!” the boys chirped, grinning at her.

Elora flashed a smile. “Alonzo, look at you—up on your own today. No dragging required.”

Alonzo’s cheeks went pink from the praise.

“I woke him up,” Angelo jumped in, claiming his props. Elora’s nod made him puff up too.

Tatum emerged with two breakfast plates, locking eyes with Elora. His gaze softened, practically melting.

“Miss, breakfast’s ready,” he said.

In front of the kids, they kept it low-key—no mushy stuff.

Elora gave a quick “mm-hmm,” let her brothers dig in, and headed upstairs to change.

Tatum watched Mrs. Ormond disappear earlier. She’d grilled him in the kitchen—asked if he was serious about Elora, hit him with a bunch of questions.

He’d answered his future mother-in-law straight-up: dead serious about Elora.

She’d probed—did he come for the chef gig or for her daughter?

For Elora, he’d said. She was his fiancée; he was here to win her over. The Ormonds needed a chef, he applied—simple as that. Elora’s picky palate was a challenge, but he’d cracked her tastes, crafting meals she loved. He’d be feeding her for life, after all. Good thing he’d proven himself as her private chef—and more.

Then she’d asked about post-marriage plans if he and Elora tied the knot.

His answer matched Elora’s from last night.

Mrs. Ormond ran out of ammo.

Truth was, she knew even if she hated the idea of her daughter falling for Tatum, it didn’t matter—she couldn’t call the shots. Elora was smitten, first time ever, and as her mom, she’d back her up. With Tatum in the picture, she could stop worrying—he’d take care of her girl.

Once it clicked, the weight lifted. The storm cloud from last night cleared, and she could breathe again.