

Married At First Sight Chapter 3781

Chapter 3781

From that moment on, Mr. Labbe no longer had to worry that his hard work and efforts would benefit others. He would become the true head of the family, with a legitimate claim to the position. He would have absolute control over the Labbe family and the Labbe Group, without being restrained by anyone.

“I’m not asking you to finish the job before the New Year,” Mr. Labbe said, “but I want you to put in more effort. Stop stirring up trouble with your older sister, Camryn. Your real focus should be on Serenity and Sonny, not Camryn.”

He continued harshly, “No matter what you do, you’re still not on the same level as Camryn. That’s just the truth. Apart from being a few years younger than her, you really have nothing on Camryn. And honestly, you don’t even measure up to your brother Trenton.”

Among the three Newman siblings, Carrie was the least capable.

But precisely because of her shortcomings, Mr. Labbe found her easy to manipulate. People like Camryn and Trenton were much harder to control.

Trenton was a man, and Mr. Labbe preferred to use someone close to Serenity, so Trenton was out of the question.

Camryn, even when she was blind, was a shrewd and cunning person who was difficult to manipulate. Now that her vision had been restored and with Callum by her side, using her was even more impossible.

Though Mr. Labbe didn’t fear the York family, he had no desire to make them his enemy. Provoking the Yorks would mean facing several powerful opponents at once.

In Wiltspoon, the leading families were allied with the Yorks. Mr. Labbe’s influence was far greater in Havenmill, X Province, but he had limited connections in Wiltspoon.

Carrie was the only pawn he had at his disposal—plainly visible, and frankly, not very competent. His hidden allies in Wiltspoon were reluctant to confront the Yorks unless absolutely necessary.

Carrie silently questioned why Mr. Labbe would even choose her if he thought so little of her. Did he think she willingly agreed to be his pawn? Did she want to be manipulated and humiliated by him?

She was carrying his child but couldn't keep it, forced to terminate the pregnancy. For a young woman, everything Mr. Labbe had done to her was devastating.

But Carrie endured it all because she feared for her life and needed money. She had no choice but to submit to Mr. Labbe's intimidation and the lure of his wealth.

After everything she'd been through, Carrie decided that money was the most important thing.

"Mr. Labbe, I really am doing my best," she said, though she only dared to voice her frustration inwardly. She was too scared to openly challenge him, knowing he could easily take her life.

Without her sister's support, Carrie felt completely vulnerable—like a pawn that Mr. Labbe could dispose of at any moment.

The loss of her parents' protection had left her in a worse state than ever. Realizing this made Carrie long to see her parents again.

The last time she visited them in prison, she angrily accused them of favoritism, of transferring all their wealth to her brother while leaving her with nothing. She hadn't gone to see them since.

Now, she missed their kindness. Whether their favoritism was genuine or not, they had shielded her from the harshness of life, and she'd never felt truly wronged—except for that one time when she'd embarrassed herself in front of Serenity at a banquet.

Mr. Labbe's voice cut through her thoughts, "You might not be able to go directly to the Johnsons' house, but you could take a trip nearby. When Serenity brings Sonny to visit, you should 'coincidentally' run into them there."

Carrie fell silent.

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Chapter 3782

Mr. Labbe, frustrated by Carrie's lack of intelligence, couldn't help but scold her over the phone once again.

While Carrie endured Mr. Labbe's harsh words, Tatum was busy bringing afternoon tea to Elora. She had a social event to attend that evening, so she wouldn't be home for dinner. Knowing how picky Elora was—she typically only drank alcohol at these events—Tatum worried she'd get drunk if she drank on an empty stomach.

Even though Elora had a high alcohol tolerance and no one would dare pressure her to drink, Tatum knew that even a little alcohol on an empty stomach could cause discomfort. To prevent that, he brought her a selection of freshly baked snacks, still warm from the oven.

Alonzo and Angelo accompanied Tatum on this errand.

After Tatum parked the car, he stepped out carrying the box of snacks. Alonzo and Angelo, seated in the back, unbuckled their seat belts, opened the doors, and got out of the car.

Angelo didn't close his door properly on the first try, so Tatum reminded him to shut it again. Alonzo turned back to help Angelo close the door securely.

Once the car was locked, Tatum called for the brothers to follow him.

"Brother Tatum, it's so cold," Angelo said, shivering.

"I usually make snowmen and play in the snow at home, and I never feel cold. Why is it so freezing when we come to the company?" Alonzo asked, puzzled.

Tatum chuckled. "When you're playing, you're moving around, running, and staying active. That keeps you warm. But when you're standing still, like now, you feel the cold much more."

The brothers agreed. They said that compared to Wiltspoon, where Tatum came from, their current location was much colder. Wiltspoon sounded wonderful to them—not only was it milder in the winter, but the summers were

filled with plenty of fresh fruits. While they might not have been exotic, the seasonal fruits were enough to excite these young food lovers.

Besides, Tatum's stories of his cooking skills and the delicious dishes he could make only added to their longing to visit Wiltspoon.

If Elora hadn't opposed the idea, Alonzo and Angelo would have eagerly followed Tatum to Wiltspoon to savor his homemade meals. At home, although they occasionally got to enjoy Tatum's cooking, he mostly prepared dishes to suit Elora's tastes.

Without Elora around, the brothers would have been able to request their favorite dishes from Tatum much more freely.

"Eldest sister won't take us to Wiltspoon," Alonzo grumbled.

Angelo suggested, "Brother, why don't you try acting cute to convince her? If that doesn't work, you could always throw a little tantrum—maybe then she'll change her mind."

Tatum couldn't help but laugh at Angelo's idea.

Alonzo scolded his brother, "Do you think I'm that foolish? I'm not doing that. If you want to roll on the ground, go ahead, but I won't. Eldest sister would spank me until my little butt hurts! She's not like other sisters. My parents might let me get away with things, but eldest sister is serious when she says she'll spank me."

His parents only threatened to spank him; they never actually did. Sometimes they would just wave a clothes hanger for show. Alonzo was never truly afraid of his parents.

But Elora was different. Even without a clothes hanger, just a stern look from her was enough to make Alonzo feel nervous and scared.

He knew that if he ever wet his pants out of fear, Elora would punish him even harder. She expected him to be strong and capable of handling the responsibilities of the Ormond family, not timid and weak.

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“Has your eldest sister ever actually hit you?” Tatum asked, freeing one hand to adjust Alonzo’s hat and scarf. Then he reached out to guide Angelo, signaling him to follow in Alonzo’s footsteps.

The cold wind was howling, and Tatum worried that the two little ones might be swept away by its force.

The brothers responded in unison, “Yes, but only rarely. Our eldest sister loves us a lot. She only stepped in because we got into really big trouble.”

Alonzo, concerned that Tatum might get the wrong impression of Elora, quickly added, “She only does it because it’s for our own good.”

Tatum smiled. “I wouldn’t have guessed that your eldest sister, who’s always so composed and well-mannered, would have to resort to that. It just means you two must have caused some serious mischief.”

He thought to himself that it was a good thing the boys respected at least one person. Without a firm hand to guide them, they could grow spoiled and unruly, leading to even bigger problems as they got older. That wouldn’t help them; it would only hurt them in the long run.

In this generation of the Ormond family, there were only two boys, Alonzo and Angelo. Their parents, uncles, aunts, and even friends doted on them excessively, treating them like treasures.

If nobody disciplined them properly, it would be a problem. Fortunately, Elora was the right person for the job. As both their older sister and the head of the Ormond family, she had the authority, position, and presence to keep them in line. Even their parents wouldn’t dare interfere when she disciplined her brothers.

If they didn’t like her strictness, their only choice was to stay out of her way. They couldn’t stop Elora from doing what she felt was necessary to keep her younger brothers on track.

Because of Elora’s firm but loving discipline, the two boys were not spoiled despite being adored by everyone around them. Instead, they were growing up to be polite and sensible.

The two brothers stuck out their tongues playfully as they walked into the office building. Before stepping inside, they synchronized their movements, pulling up their scarves to cover their faces.

Inside the building, the warmth from the heating system greeted them, and they felt the chill of the outdoors slowly fading away.

“Mr. York,” the receptionist said, greeting Tatum politely as he entered.

Tatum smiled and nodded in acknowledgment.

Alonzo and Angelo rarely appeared in public because the Ormond family took great care to protect their identities. The media in this city struggled to get clear pictures of the brothers. If they were ever photographed, Elora made sure to buy back the negatives, preventing any frontal images of the two boys from being published.

This precaution was taken to ensure the boys’ safety, preventing any potential kidnappers from targeting them to blackmail the family.

The receptionist couldn’t clearly see the two brothers since they were bundled up in their hats and scarves, covering their faces as they followed Tatum into the office building. Even if someone guessed who they were, they wouldn’t have a clear view to confirm it.

Tatum only realized what the brothers were doing after they entered the building. Seeing them hide their faces so carefully, revealing only their bright eyes, he suddenly felt a pang of regret for bringing them out in public.

He anxiously tried to recall if anyone had seen the boys’ faces while they were outside. Fortunately, it seemed like no one had.

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The two brothers were young and sat in the back seat of Tatum’s black Mercedes. As long as they kept the windows up, they wouldn’t be seen by anyone outside.

After they entered the Qaxun Group building, they went straight from the car to the office without encountering anyone. Tatum felt relieved, knowing he

hadn't exposed the brothers to unwanted attention. He silently vowed that no matter how much the boys pleaded, he would not take them out so easily in the future.

Before the brothers officially entered society, their family took great care to protect them, ensuring that the public couldn't easily capture their faces. When the time came for them to join the business world, Grandma May would introduce them at various social events, and they'd gradually start making connections. By then, they would be adults with some social experience and the ability to protect themselves.

Tatum and the two brothers took the elevator straight to the top floor and soon reached the door of the president's office. Alonzo eagerly knocked on the door and entered before anyone could stop him.

Elora's secretary, who had just called her on the internal line, saw Tatum and the boys. She recognized Tatum as the CEO's personal chef, who often brought her snacks, so she didn't try to stop them and let them enter one after the other. As the two brothers stepped inside, they happily greeted their older and second sisters.

Once Tatum was inside, he closed the office door, ensuring they had privacy.

"What are you two doing here?" Tinsley asked, surprised to see the brothers. She stood up, and Angelo ran to her, wrapping his arms around her legs. He looked up at her with a sweet smile and said, "Second sister."

Tinsley's heart melted at Angelo's affectionate greeting, and she bent down to pick him up. Alonzo stood nearby, beaming at his sister.

"Did you get permission to come here?" Elora asked seriously.

The two brothers nodded quickly.

Tatum placed the snacks he brought on the desk and said politely, "I asked Mrs. Ormond for permission, and only after she agreed did I bring them here."

Despite his close relationship with the family, Tatum never forgot his role. He was not a son-in-law of the Ormond family or the Sixth Young Master of the York family; he was Elora's private chef. He knew he had to follow the rules, and he wouldn't dare take the boys out without her permission, no matter how confident he was in protecting them.

Elora's expression softened slightly, but she still reminded the brothers, "Don't go out with Tatum so casually in the future. What if someone tries to harm you?"

Tatum spoke up, "Miss, I've trained extensively and can protect the young masters."

Elora's gaze shifted to him, her expression turning serious once more. She said, "Even if you can protect them, it's still risky to take them out without proper arrangements. Whenever they leave home, we plan everything in advance. For now, they should enjoy playing at home; our playground is more than big enough."

Tatum looked regretful and said, "I didn't think it through. They said they missed their sister and wanted to come along with me. I got Mrs. Ormond's permission, but I didn't consider all the risks. I apologize, Miss. It won't happen again."

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Elora said, "When Alonzo wants to climb up on the roof, my mother helps him with the ladder. You didn't know the situation, so it's not your fault. I'll talk to my mother when I get back."

The two brothers exchanged worried glances. Had they caused trouble?

"Sis, since they're already here, let them play in your office. They must be getting restless at home," Tinsley said, feeling sorry for her younger brothers.

"Kids need to play," she added.

Tatum chimed in, "It's their winter break now. Most kids are out and about, while these two can only play at home. No matter how big the house is, they'll get bored eventually."

He remembered his own childhood when they had a playground at home. Their house was a mountain villa with plenty of space, yet they still preferred playing outside.

They were lucky—they could roam around the villa grounds. The whole mountain was owned by the York family, and the children of the workers often joined them in their games.

Now that they were grown up, some of those workers' kids had joined the York Group, while others returned to work for the family business, taking over their parents' roles. They knew Wildridge Manor inside out.

The only difference now was that those childhood friends respectfully called them “Young Master” or “Boss York,” losing the casual bond they once had.

Tatum treated his childhood friends the same as always, but they couldn't be as carefree around him as before. Over time, their interactions dwindled, and as Tatum and his brothers became busier with work, they had little time for their old friends.

Alonzo agreed, “Brother Tatum's right. We play at home every day, and it's not exciting anymore. We just want to go outside.”

He added, “Sister, it was my brother and I who insisted on following Tatum. Please don't blame him.”

Alonzo was quick to defend Tatum, worried that he might not take them out again.

Elora gently patted Alonzo's head. “I'm not saying you can't go out, but I need to make sure you're safe. You're still young and might not recognize danger. Even though I teach you to be careful, it's not always easy to spot trouble.”

Alonzo replied, “Sister, my brother and I covered our faces with scarves so no one could see us.”

Elora smiled. “Yes, you two are very clever. I won't scold you this time, but next time you want to go out with Tatum, you must ask me first. I'll arrange for someone to go with you to keep you safe.”

After a brief pause, Tatum said, “I can protect the young masters myself.”

The York brothers were skilled both academically and physically. They could defend those they cared about and look after themselves.

Their boxing skills were sharp—when they were younger, their grandmother’s strict discipline made sure of that. She used to whip them if they didn’t train properly, which drove them to excel in both physical and mental pursuits.

Thinking of his grandmother, Tatum suddenly felt the urge to call her, to hear her voice and reconnect.

They were mostly raised and guided by their grandparents, who left a deep impact on their lives. After their grandfather passed away, they felt the profound loss of a loved one.

That loss made them even more devoted to their grandmother. Now, they cherished their time with her even more.