

Once Cast 126

Chapter 126 You Can Trust My Driving

Sayer had come all the way to find Aella in a strange town, so she needed to make sure he was safe.

When the call connected, Sayer's voice came through, sharp and urgent. "I'm at the airport. Pick me up now."

There was a bristling edge to his tone, but underneath it was a hint of vulnerability, like a stray cat lost and desperate for shelter.

After saying goodbye to her parents, Aella headed straight for the airport.

At the arrivals gate, Sayer stood out immediately—tall, stylish, radiating effortless luxury. His hair was streaked with pale violet, cut in a trendy layered crop that made him look rebellious yet untouchable.

Aella approached him. "Mr. Locke, welcome to Vleka."

Sayer shot her a sharp glare, his gray-brown eyes full of irritation. "Be honest—did you block me?"

Before Aella could unlock her phone to prove otherwise, a call from Tyrone came through.

Sayer snatched the phone from her hand and hung the call up without a word.

During her time in Tuspuyria, Aella had been Sayer's attending doctor, and she knew exactly how impossible the young heir of the Euravia conglomerate could be.

She retrieved her phone calmly and asked, "Mr. Locke, did you book a hotel yet?"

Sayer circled her with those deep, intense eyes. "I want to stay at your place."

Aella's expression hardened. She played her trump card. "Sixer, you're pushing it."

Among the grandchildren of his powerful family, Sayer was the sixth—hence the nickname "Sixer." Because of his unpredictable behavior and obsession with appearance, it had stuck.

But he hated that nickname. Anyone who used it was asking for trouble.

If not for his chronic insomnia requiring her treatment, that single word from her would've been enough to get her in serious trouble.

And with Tyrone around at home, the tension could even kill a houseplant.

Bringing Sayer there would be a disaster.

The moment Aella called him by that nickname, Sayer immediately relented. "Fine. I'll stay at a hotel."

Aella accepted the concession and accompanied him to check in.

While waiting in the lobby, Sayer leaned closer. "By the way, I had a sports car shipped over. After dinner, you're taking me for a spin around Vleka."

Aella agreed without hesitation.

She'd rather focus on building rapport with her VIP patient than returning home to Tyrone.

While waiting in the hotel lobby, Aella ran into Zera.

With no one else around, Zera dropped her act. “You keep talking about wanting a divorce, yet every chance you get, you flaunt your love. I could never pull off that two-faced act.”

Aella’s gaze sharpened, her tone dripping with disdain. “Zera, I told you to bring your kid to the press conference and reveal the truth. You were too cowardly to show up.”

She had even prepared a backup plan, but Zera hadn’t taken the bait.

Called out so bluntly, Zera’s face darkened.

Aella had tipped her off, telling her to bring her child to the press event and claim her place.

Aella didn’t know it, but Zera did—the boy wasn’t Tyrone’s.

If she’d risked showing up, Tyrone or the Winters elders would’ve destroyed her worse than six years ago.

Seething with anger and jealousy, Zera forced a calm facade. “Titles and names mean nothing. As long as I have Tyrone’s heart, that’s enough.”

Sayer had walked up behind Aella without anyone noticing.

His voice cut in from behind. “Since you’re so open-minded, I hope you, your children, and your grandchildren will always be like you—the third wheel.”

Zera froze,

humiliation washing over her, turning her pale.

She studied Sayer’s striking features, designer clothes, and commanding aura.

Not daring to provoke him, she forced a polite smile. "Sorry for bothering you both." Then she walked away.

Once she was gone, Aella asked, "How much did you hear?"

Sayer scowled. "Enough. Who was that uggo? She's hideous. I need help finding the washroom -I need to wash my eyes."

Aella stood, too stunned to speak.

By 8 p., they were seated in a fine-dining restaurant in Vleka.

When the waiter brought Sayer's wine, Aella sent it back immediately. "Mr. Locke, no alcohol during treatment. Your insomnia isn't cured yet."

Sayer sighed dramatically. "You're worse than my mother."

Aella's lips twitched, but she said nothing.

Their dinner cost 160 thousand dollars.

Without hesitation, Aella paid using Tyrone's secondary card.

As they left, Sayer pointed at a customized, two-tone supercar parked by the curb.

Aella reached for the keys. "You don't know the roads here. I'll drive."

Sayer leaned back, defensive. "This is a race-modified supercar, you know."

But Aella had already taken the keys and slid into the driver's seat. She fastened her belt and started the engine.

"I started racing at five, competed in the junior World Rally Championship, and even won a few medals. In college, I was an amateur racer. You can trust my driving," she said evenly.