

Once Cast 131

Chapter 131 Groans and Moans

Tyrone groaned deeply, hands locking around Aella's waist as he pulled her closer.

The silent living room burned with heat. Desire spilled out and filled every inch of the air.

At first Tyrone only wanted her to show she was willing. He only wanted her to take the first step.

But the second his hands touched her, all control shattered. He lost himself.

He pressed her against the cushions again and again. His lips crushed hers in endless hunger.

Aella's back sank deep into the couch. Her neck bent back in a graceful curve.

One arm circled his neck. The other clawed at a pillow beside her. She let him take her as he pleased.

Her grip was so fierce that the pillow twisted. The pattern vanished under her clenched fingers.

Tyrone bit her lip and spoke in a husky voice that trembled with need. "Say it. Call me daddy."

He wanted it, and Aella gave it to him. Again and again.

The night stretched long. Tyrone didn't stop—he moved, shifted, claimed her again and again, without rest.

When dawn touched the sky, her body gave in. Aella's lashes fluttered. Sleep dragged her under.

Tyrone lay back, satisfied. His hand brushed over the woman curled in his arms like a sleeping cat. A smile lifted his mouth without him even knowing.

When Aella woke, sunlight streamed past the curtains. It was almost noon.

She slid his arm from her waist and sat up, her body aching from every breath.

Last night Tyrone had taken her like a man starved for months.

Her thoughts drifted. Maybe Zera's body was broken. How else could she fail to meet his needs?

For her own health, maybe she should check Zera herself. Maybe she should help her fix it.

It was the holiday season. A day of families gathering together.

Aella slipped on a fitted red dress and layered a beige trench coat over her shoulders.

In the closet she fixed her clothes while Tyrone walked in, freshly washed.

He came behind her, his arms circling her with ease.

His chin rested on her shoulder. Their eyes caught each other's in the mirror.

His voice was low, lazy, and laced with tease. "You wore yourself out last night. Why didn't you stay in bed a little longer?"

His warm breath grazed her neck, stirring her skin.

Aella lifted two lipsticks and asked as if she hadn't heard him. "Tell me—which lipstick looks better with this outfit?"

Tyrone pushed both aside. He picked out a bold, royal red.

Aella frowned, ready to object, but he turned her around to face him.

She lifted her chin. "That shade is too bright. It doesn't suit me."

Their eyes clashed. Tyrone bent and kissed her.

This kiss was not last night's fire. It was soft. It was tired. It carried tenderness.

His breath broke. His lips trailed to her ear. His voice was rough, deep, and tempting. "Trust me, this color will always suit you."

Aella obeyed and painted the red across her lips under his gaze.

"It's the holiday season. I'm going back to my parents' place."

Her words came with a kiss pressed to his throat. A red mark bloomed under his Adam's apple.

She didn't trust him—not until that jewelry was safely back in her parents' hands.

When she left, Tyrone stood frozen in front of the mirror. He replayed the kiss again and again.

No matter how she changed, her nature stayed the same.

Her fire was real. He felt it.

She had loved him for over 20 years. That kind of love could not be severed.

She needed him.

In mind. In body.

The shrill ring of the phone pulled him back.

It was Virginia. She asked him to bring Aella to the family estate for dinner.

He refused without pause.

He said he and Aella would spend the night with the Reids. That would happen from this holiday onward.

Virginia did not press him.

By noon, the Reids worked in the kitchen, preparing the feast. Aella walked in with the case in her hands.

Clyde rushed to her, snatching it from her arms. "You got the jewelry back?"

Miriam told him to take it to her room.

She drew Aella into the dining room. "Tell me the truth. How did you manage to get it back?"

She still held the pawn money. She knew her daughter had nothing.

Aella soothed them with gentle words. "Dad, Mom, Tyrone paid a high price to get it back."

She didn't tell them he had held it for days.

She didn't tell them she swallowed her pride and used the lowest way to take it from him.

Miriam and Warren shared a look but said nothing more.

That afternoon Aella helped with the pastry the kitchen. Tyrone arrived with a medical kit in his hand.

Clyde saw him, scowled, and slammed himself into his room.

Miriam and Warren looked stiff, but they didn't send him away.

Tyrone bowed his head, his tone polite. "Warren, Miriam. Happy holidays."

Miriam gave him a short nod and turned back into the kitchen without another word.