

## Once Cast 133

### Chapter 133 An Act

Zera finished speaking, her eyes darting toward Aella, searching for a reaction.

Tyrone had already admitted to the Winters' elders that he was the father of her son.

He once promised her that he would never reveal the boy's true identity.

But now, with her son calling him "dad" in front of Aella, denial was no longer possible.

Tyrone's gaze grew heavy, his eyes locked on Aella's face. His voice was low.

"I'll get you an Uber. You should head home and get some rest."

Aella stood calm and steady before him.

She tilted her chin slightly and met his conflicted eyes with a faint smile. Her tone was soft.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm fine. I'll call my own ride."

The more she smiled, the darker Tyrone's face became.

Aella turned, pressing a packet of medicine into Zera's hands. "His wrist is hurt. Remind him to take these on time."

Zera glanced quickly at Tyrone before taking the medicine.

Seeing how stormy his expression had grown, she rushed to apologize. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Winter. I didn't keep an eye on my son. I caused you trouble."

Aella shook her head with a light smile. "It's the holiday. Families should be together. I forgot all about it tonight. Next time I'll remind him."

Before her words finished, Tyrone stepped forward. He snatched the medicine back from Zera. His voice was firm. "Zera, get in the car,"

Zera gave Aella one last look, then obeyed. She slipped inside quietly.

Tyrone shut the door, then turned and pressed the medicine into Aella's hand, his palm closing over hers.

"Don't read too much into this. I'll be home soon."

Aella slid her hand free without a ripple in her expression. "If it gets late, don't bother. Stay and spend time with them."

Tyrone's stare pierced her

Her calm smile pressed on his chest like a weight he could not lift. His breath grew heavy.

When he still didn't move. Aella gave him a push toward the car. Her tone was light, almost casual.

"If you're not ready to make it public, then be careful. Don't let the press catch you. And don't worry, I remember the terms of the prenup. I won't make a scene."

"Aella?"

His voice cracked, raw with emotion.

He couldn't explain, but he also couldn't accept her indifference.

Agitation burned in him, restless and choking.

From inside the car, Zera leaned out, her voice sharp.

"Tyrone, your son won't stop crying for you. Can you hurry up?"

Tyrone looked back at her, then released Aella's hand. His head dropped, his eyes avoiding hers.

His words came rough. "Go home and get some rest."

Aella stayed at the curb, watching silently as he drove away.

The night air cut cold against her skin. She pulled her coat tighter.

A roar of a sports car's horn split the quiet behind her. She turned.

Sayer stood in his flashy car, arms braced against the windshield. His grin was wicked, "Aella, give me a tour—what's fun to do in this city?"

Aella tossed the medicine bag into a trash bin and slid into his car.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the Regal Club.

She led Sayer to a booth near the dance floor. "Tonight, I'll cover everything. After the holidays, you'll work with me on your treatment."

Sayer thumped his chest in promise. "Don't worry. I'll give you this favor."

Brad came down from the second floor with his friends. His eyes landed on Aella. He dismissed his companions and strode toward her, though his gaze stayed locked on Sayer.

His tone was sharp. "What the hell are you doing in this city?"

Aella blinked.

The top circle really was all connected.

Sayer sneered. "Watch your mouth, Brad. Show me some respect."

He stood and stepped away to answer a call.

Brad's eyes shifted back to Aella. "Where's Tyrone?"

Aella poured him a drink with steady hands. Her voice was even. "He went to spend the night with the love of his life. And with his son, setting off fireworks."

Brad's smile froze. His expression hardened.

"You're smart. Why not just think of a way to get rid of him?"

Aella's lips curved, her smile sharp. "I've thought about it. But this is the trap he built for me. The only way out of it is death."

But she wouldn't.

Dying for a man like him wasn't worth it.

Brad stared at her, struck silent for a long moment.

In the city square, Zera stood outside with her son. Her voice was eager. "Tyrone, aren't you getting out?"

It was the holiday.

She had fought hard to bring him here, away from Aella. She wouldn't let him walk away.

Tyrone sat inside the car, phone in his hand, his mind restless. He glanced at the crowd, his brow furrowed. His voice was sharp.

"Zera, do you want me to make my relationship with Orson public?"

Her face went pale.

Panic flashed in her eyes. She clutched her son and hurried back into the car.