

## Once Cast 153

### Chapter 153 I Only Wanted to Thank Her

Aella spent the whole drive chatting on the phone with Miriam.

Tyrone sat next to her, silent and brooding. His expression was grim, and he kept his eyes fixed on Aella beside him.

When they got home, Aella headed straight to the bathroom.

After so many days in the hospital, she felt grimy all over and needed a real shower.

By the time Aella stepped out of the bathroom with her hair freshly dried, she saw Tyrone sitting perfectly straight on the edge of the bed, not moving at all.

Aella quickly looked away and went into the dressing room.

Tyrone stood up. "You need to keep using the scar cream, all right?"

Seeing Aella pause, Tyrone came over and guided her to sit at the edge of the bed.

He reached to pull down her pajamas, but Aella instinctively clutched the collar tight.

Tyrone's hand stilled, and his gaze dimmed.

Ever since he'd lost control with her that time, every time he reached for her, she would react defensively.

Tyrone took several deep breaths, forcing himself to steady his emotions.

He finally spoke, keeping his voice in check. "Let me help you with the ointment."

Aella's nerves gradually settled. She let go of the collar and pulled the blanket around her chest.

Tyrone slowly eased off her top, revealing pale skin marked by clear whip scars.

The wounds had scabbed over and begun to heal, but the marks still looked jarring.

He applied the ointment with slow, careful movements.

He tried to say, "About what happened in the hospital room today—"

"I still have to visit my parents this afternoon. Make it quick."

Aella cut him off, not wanting to entertain his probing.

She never could win against him in a battle of words, so she figured silence was the best

response.

Toward evening, Tyrone dropped Aella off at the Reid Residence, then drove to the apartment Zera was renting.

As soon as Zera saw Tyrone walk in, she rushed over, excited. "Tyrone, what are you doing here?"

Tyrone scanned the living room, his eyes landing on Zera's mother and Orson.

Sensing his mood, Zera's mother quickly made an excuse and left with the boy.

"Tyrone, have a seat. I'll get you a drink," Zera said eagerly, starting to head for the kitchen.

Tyrone grabbed her by the throat.

Zera's face turned pale. "Tyrone, what are you doing?"

His dark eyes were icy cold, sending chills down her spine.

He asked, pausing after each word, "What did you say to my wife at the hospital?"

Zera had never seen him this angry. She was shaking all over.

She tried to explain, "You've got it wrong. That night, your wife took a beating from your grandfather for helping me. I only wanted to thank her, so I went to the hospital to apologize. That's all I did!"

Tyrone's grip tightened. "Zera, you're not clever enough to outsmart me."

Seeing the suspicion in his eyes, Zera burst into tears and swore, "Tyrone, you know my background. I came from nothing. I've been married, and I even miscarried several times before I had Orson. Even if you killed me, I wouldn't dare try anything like I did six years ago!"

Tyrone's face was unreadable and cold.

Zera's knees buckled, and she collapsed, sobbing.

She cried, "I just wanted your wife to like me so your family wouldn't target us. I really didn't do anything else!"

When Tyrone didn't respond, Zera swore, "Tyrone, I swear on my own child—if I ever have bad intentions toward you or your wife, may my son die a terrible death!"

Finally, Tyrone let her go, and Zera scrambled away.

If she hadn't needed Orson to remind Tyrone about her six years of suffering, she would've

apter 15%) Only Wanted to Thank Her

gotten rid of that brat long ago.

Tyrone straightened his shirt cuffs.

¶¶¶¶

Finistied

He warned her, "The only reason I've accepted Orson as my son is to keep my grandfather from coming after you and your boy. That way, you're safe in Vleka."

Zera nodded frantically.

Tyrone continued, "I'm helping you out because of everything you endured for me these past six years."

She bit her lip and nodded again.

"And I'll keep my promises, but only if you stay in line."

With that, Tyrone turned and walked out.

Zera stood there trembling until the door closed, then collapsed onto the floor.

Maybe teaming up with Aella really was the right call.

One day, she'd be able to stand by Tyrone's side, out in the open.

That night, around 9 p.m., Tyrone waited downstairs at the Reid Residence.

When Aella stepped out of the elevator, Tyrone stubbed out his cigarette.

He wrapped her coat more tightly around her and pulled her into a hug.

He asked softly, "Are you cold?"