

## Once Cast 157

### Chapter 157 Go Shower and Get Some Sleep

Tyrone didn't say a word and walked straight to the door of the main bedroom.

Inside, he saw Aella making the bed, and his face was so dark it looked like a storm was about to break.

He held his temper back as he walked up to her, reaching over to take the pillow from her hands.

He said, "It's too late. Come home with me."

Aella could tell Tyrone was at his breaking point.

She picked up the scent diffuser from the nightstand and got ready to leave with him.

As she was about to go, she reminded Sayer, "Don't forget to change the panel behind the bed tomorrow."

Sayer stopped her. "You're leaving already? My pillows aren't even done yet."

Tyrone shot Sayer a warning look. "My wife is your doctor, not your maid!"

With that, Tyrone took Aella's hand and left.

After they walked out, Brad asked Sayer, "So, you planning on stealing someone's wife?"

Sayer blinked. "Steal what?"

Brad patted him on the shoulder. "Sixer, I'm rooting for you. Go get her."

A few minutes later, Aella and Tyrone got home.

Aella set down her coat and bag, changed into slippers, and poured herself a glass of water.

Tyrone marched up to her, face dark. "I said I'd pick you up. Why did you leave early?"

Aella leaned against the counter, sipping her water.

Tyrone's face, which had just softened, turned cold again.

He asked, "Why didn't you call me when you left early?"

Aella didn't answer.

Tyrone took a deep breath. "Why were you at his home at this hour? And why did you let him

answer my call?"

Aella met his eyes but said nothing.

Tyrone's chest heaved with rage.

He said, "Aella, you were at some other guy's house in the middle of the night, making his bed. Don't you think that's a little much?"

Aella slowly put down her glass.

She asked, "You just asked me a dozen questions at once. Which one do you want me to answer first?"

They stared at each other, sparks flying in the air.

He told her, "You need to check your

Aella gave a sarcastic smile.

attitude."

She said, "Tyrone, compared to you, I think my attitude's just fine."

Aella went on, "I was wrong not to tell you I left early. I forgot, but the second I remembered, I called you and messaged you."

Tyrone corrected her, "You texted me that you were home!"

Aella shrugged, not picking a fight. "I made it to the building, didn't I? That's basically home. Don't get stuck on details."

Tyrone's eyes stayed locked on hers, his breathing heavy.

Aella said, "It was my mistake letting Mr. Locke answer your call. I was busy and didn't want to miss your call. That's all there was to it."

She continued, "And as for making his bed late at night, there's nothing else going on. I was just being helpful. It's not what you're thinking."

Tyrone started breathing even harder, took off his jacket, and tossed it on the couch.

Aella realized how upset he was.

She tried to calm him down. "Tyrone, it's not like I'm out all night with some random guy, or bringing home a kid that isn't yours. Is it really worth getting so worked up over something this

small?"

They stared at each other.

Tyrone felt like he couldn't breathe.

Everything Aella said sounded all too familiar.

Seeing his face, Aella guided Tyrone to sit on the couch and even poured him another glass of

water.

She said, "I've explained everything. Is there anything else you want to ask?"

Tyrone stared at her, lips pressed tight, not saying a word.

When she saw he had nothing left to say, Aella checked the time on her phone. "If that's it, I'm going to shower. I've got work tomorrow and can't stay up late."

She didn't wait for Tyrone to answer before heading to the bathroom.

Aella came out half an hour later, all ready for bed. She found Tyrone smoking on the couch.

She sighed and said, "It's late. You've got work tomorrow. Go shower and get some sleep."

Tyrone looked up at her, taking a long drag on his cigarette.

Aella didn't push him. "You know, people who stay up too late have a five to ten percent higher risk of sudden death. It's your call."

With that, she went to bed.

Tyrone stubbed out his cigarette, leaned his head back, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath.

He sat on the couch for a while before heading to wash up.

When he finally got into the bedroom, Aella was already asleep.

The next morning, Aella woke up to her alarm.

She stretched and turned to find Tyrone staring at her like a zombie, eyes wide open.

She leaned in, noticing the dark circles under his eyes.

She asked, "Is your grandfather stressing you out so much that you can't sleep?"