

Once Cast 159

Chapter 159 You Know What I'm Talking About

He hesitated for nearly a minute before finally sending Aella a message, asking her out to dinner tonight.

Aella was about to go to lunch with her coworkers when she saw Tyrone's message. She typed a reply right away.

Just as she was typing, she suddenly stopped.

She forwarded the restaurant address Tyrone gave her to Zera.

After work, Tyrone drove straight to the restaurant.

He set the promotion gift for Aella on the seat next to him and texted her again.

Ever since Zera returned to the country with her son, things between him and Aella had only gotten worse.

All Tyrone ever wanted was for Aella to accept Zera and her son's presence. She no longer fought or complained. She seemed to have accepted Zera and her son.

But for some reason, he still felt uneasy.

He spotted Aella coming through the restaurant door from a distance, so he stood up to greet

her.

But then he saw Zera following right behind her, and his face froze.

The two women walked in together, chatting and laughing like friends.

Tyrone just stood there, his frown deepening.

Before Aella could say anything, he demanded, "Why are you two together?"

Aella motioned for Zera to sit down.

Then she explained to Tyrone, "I just ran into Ms. Caldwell on the way here. Since she helped bring the medicine to you at noon, I thought I'd invite her to dinner."

Tyrone stared at Aella, his gaze intense. "This was supposed to be a dinner just for us."

Aella patted his back. "It's fine. You'll get used to it."

She sat down, totally unbothered.

Tyrone stayed rooted in place, his face dark and his eyes locked on Aella.

Zera kept sneaking glances at Tyrone, trying to read his mood.

Seeing that he still wouldn't sit, Zera got up and said, "Maybe I should go."

She got up, getting ready to leave.

Aella got up to stop her.

But Tyrone grabbed Aella by the wrist.

He shot Zera a look, picked up the gift, and left with Aella in tow.

Zera stayed where she was, staring at the untouched dinner sets and biting her lip in frustration.

That bitch!

It was supposed to be a private date, but she had dragged Zera along on purpose.

She wasn't trying to help her. She just wanted to embarrass her in public.

Outside, Tyrone all but dragged Aella toward his car.

He gripped her wrist so tightly she almost had to jog to keep up.

They both got in the car.

Tyrone locked the doors and glared at Aella, his gaze cold.

Aella cleared her throat and asked, "You want to argue here or wait until we get home?"

Honestly, their marriage was so far gone that arguing hardly mattered to her anymore.

Tyrone started the car in silence.

They didn't speak a word the whole way home,

When they got out, Aella ran into Sayer.

She greeted him and they headed for the elevator together, leaving Tyrone fuming next to the

car.

Aella glanced back at him, so he finally followed them.

The three of them got in the elevator.

Inside the elevator, Sayer said, "I don't like my bedroom curtains. Come upstairs and help me pick a new color."

Aella looked at Tyrone and asked, "Mind if I go to his place for a few minutes?"

Just then, the elevator doors opened.

As soon as the doors opened, Tyrone pulled her out with him.

Once inside, Aella changed into her slippers.

She noticed Tyrone standing still by the shoe cabinet and took out his slippers for him.

He pulled her close by the arm and spoke as calmly as he could.

He said, "Aella, don't you think you owe me some kind of explanation?"

Aella pulled away. "No matter what I do, it's always wrong in your eyes. So what exactly am I supposed to explain?"

A vein throbbed on Tyrone's forehead.

He said, "You know what I'm talking about. Stop pretending you don't."

Aella shrugged. "I really don't. Maybe you should remind me?"

They locked

eyes,

tension thick in the air.

Finally, Aella asked, "Is this about me helping Mr. Locke set up his apartment?"

Tyrone shot back, "Why does he always call you at night instead of the daytime? Is he a ghost?"

Aella sighed.

She nudged Tyrone's slippers closer to him and said, "Can you stop with the snark? Mr. Locke is my patient, and now he's our neighbor. We're all going to see each other all the time, so let it go."