

Once Cast 161

Chapter 161 Play Nice for Me

Meanwhile, Aella slept right through the night at his side, not waking up once.

The next morning, she was working with Sayer in the therapy room, giving him a physical therapy session.

The spacious treatment room was filled with a calming scent from a special blend of incense Aella had prepared. In the background, low-frequency overtone music played, creating a soothing and relaxing atmosphere.

Sayer had showered and changed into clean, loose pajamas, lying on the treatment bed.

As Aella got things ready, she asked, "When you bought your place, were there any other units still available in our building?"

Sayer shot back with a joke. "The 18th floor of hell is wide open."

Aella just nodded. "Focus on your treatment. I'll invite you over to my place this weekend."

On Saturday, Aella and Emma made a trip to the farmer's market and came back loaded with groceries.

When they got home, Tyrone stood in the kitchen doorway in dark lounge clothes.

Aella reminded him, "Go get changed. I've got people coming over for dinner."

Tyrone looked irritated. "Aella, come here. I need to ask you something."

He turned and went to the living room.

Aella exchanged a look with Emma, put down the grocery bags, and went after him.

Tyrone stared her down. “Why’d you buy that place upstairs on the 18th floor? What are you up to?”

Aella dropped her eyes.

She’d used Tyrone’s credit card for the purchase, so he must’ve gotten the notification three days ago.

He’d actually managed to hold it in until now to ask.

She just gave him a sly smile. “It’s a surprise for you. You’ll find out soon enough.”

She turned to head back to the kitchen, but Tyrone stopped her with a dark look.

They stood there staring at each other, and Aella sighed.

She herded him into the bedroom, half-coaxing. “For now, you’re still my hubby. I’ve got friends coming over tonight. Dress up a little for me, okay?”

Tyrone paused at the bedroom door, his expression unreadable. “You really mean that?”

Aella nodded seriously.

Tyrone hesitated a moment, then went in to change.

By 6 p.m., everything was nearly ready. Aella took a shower and changed her clothes.

Emma came by to ask, “Mrs. Winter, should we use the big table if there are a lot of guests?”

Aella nodded. "And remember to get out a couple of bottles of juice for the kids."

Emma nodded and bustled away.

Aella went to the study.

Tyrone had been holed up in there for hours. She had no idea what he was doing.

She hesitated, then knocked.

Tyrone came out. "Are the guests here?"

Aella took his arm and led him to the living room. "You're the head of the house. How can you just hide in the study when we're having company?"

Tyrone frowned as he stared into her smiling eyes.

He took her hand. "Are you hiding something from me?"

Aella smiled and promised, "I told you, it's a surprise. Just be patient."

He stared at her, more uneasy than ever.

It'd been ages since he'd seen her smile like this.

The doorbell rang, and Emma answered it.

Aella saw Brad standing there with a gift and hurried over. "Brad!"

He handed her the box. "Congrats, Dr. Reid. Happy promotion."

Aella felt a bit embarrassed. "Come on, Brad, I'll always be your little sister. Don't tease me."

They laughed as they walked to the living room. As soon as Brad saw Tyrone, he dropped the smile.

Tyrone just gave Brad a side-eye and ignored him.

Aella nudged Tyrone and whispered, "Hubby, play nice for me. Don't embarrass me, okay?"

Tyrone caught her pleading look, so he poured Brad some tea and handed it over without a word.

Brad shot him a look of pure disdain. He took a sip and immediately complained, "Mr. Winter, you can't just throw tea leaves in hot water. This is awful."

Tyrone glared at him with annoyance, but didn't say a word.

Just then, the doorbell rang again. Emma opened the door.

Standing at about 6'3", Sayer was dressed in trendy clothes that made him look sharp. His stylish textured bangs had streaks of pale lilac woven through it, adding a pop of color to his look. With those chiseled features and grayish-brown eyes, he pulled off a look that was both fashionable and upscale.

Even Emma couldn't help but praise him. "What a handsome young man!"

Sayer cocked his head and strutted up to Tyrone. "Not bad, right? I'm just a touch better looking than Mr. Winter."

Tyrone snorted. "Try washing off the foundation before you compare yourself to me."

Sayer leaned over to Aella. "So, Aella, who's better looking—me or him?"

Aella shot Tyrone a look and pushed Sayer's face away. "Don't ask me. My taste is terrible."

Brad gave Aella a look of approval. "It's not just your taste, your eyesight's a mess too. Only someone with a bad eye would pick a guy like him."