

Once Cast 163

Chapter 163 Family Ties and Tensions

She said, "From now on, we're all neighbors. We'll visit each other often. Let's have a drink to celebrate!"

Everyone raised their glasses to celebrate. Tyrone held his cup tightly and didn't move a muscle.

Aella lifted the glass to him, coaxing him. "Hubby, come on, play along."

Just hearing "Hubby" worked like magic. Tyrone obediently took the glass.

After finishing the first drink, Aella said, "I've officially taken in Ms. Caldwell's child as my godson. From now on, we'll be spending more time together."

She quickly gave Zera a small signal.

Zera stood and poured juice for her son. "Orson, say thank you to Mrs. Winter and Tyrone."

Aella corrected gently, "Wait, you can call me Aella, but no need to change how you call Tyrone."

Orson said sweetly, "Aella."

Aella smiled. "The apartment upstairs is a little welcome gift from me."

Zera whispered something to her son. He happily called out, "Daddy!"

Tyrone sat frozen, quietly holding Aella's wrist.

Aella winced and looked down at him.

Tyrone met her eyes. "Aella, I don't agree to this."

Tyrone's public refusal left Zera awkward, unsure whether to sit or stand.

Brad kindly told Zera and Orson to sit, then couldn't resist teasing. "What don't you agree to? He's called you that before."

Tyrone nearly had a heart attack from Brad's words. He glared. "Shut up."

Brad shot him a teasing look.

Sayer chimed in, "Aella, did this ugly thing cheat on your husband? How come this ugly little thing doesn't even look like him?"

Tyrone's eyes turned sharp. "You shut up too."

Zera's sweaty palms tightened in her lap.

This bastard.

His eyes are sharp as hell.

Even he could see that Orson isn't

Tyrone's biological son.

Brad looked around at everyone but didn't reveal the truth.

Seeing Tyrone about to flip the table, Aella spoke quickly, "Tyrone, you're my husband. If I take Orson as my godson, shouldn't he be allowed to call you dad?"

Tyrone warned, "You're not allowed to take him as your godson either."

Sayer pulled Aella up. "Aella, how about you stay the godmom, and I'll be his goddad. We'll raise him together."

Zera couldn't stay calm anymore.

She looked at Aella awkwardly. "Mrs. Winter, your friend sure loves to joke."

Sayer muttered, "I'm not joking about this ugly thing."

Aella gave Sayer a warning glance. "Mr. Locke, my husband is the real dad. Don't even think about getting involved."

She signaled Zera again, who whispered something to her son.

Orson immediately pointed at Tyrone. "I want him as my daddy. He loves me the most. He buys me so many toys!"

Tyrone gripped his lighter, his face tight with tension.

Brad teased Sayer, "Why are you trying to take someone else's kid? This boy is Mr. Winter's pride and joy. Don't joke about it."

Everyone had different reactions, but Tyrone's stayed dark and terrifying.

The mood looked happy on the surface, but felt tense underneath.

Aella could feel Tyrone's anger, but she didn't care.

She knew he was secretly thrilled.

He was just weighing his options, not ready to drop the act.

Aella cleared her throat, half-joking. "Hubby, don't let other people's opinions get to you. Orson is your flesh and blood. He'll take care of you when you're old. If you let him down now, he might pull your oxygen tube when he grows up."

Aella looked Tyrone in the eyes in front of everyone.

Tyrone's gaze was full of frightening anger.

He struggled to control himself, then said, "I'll go have a smoke," and left the dining room.

Those left in the room exchanged glances.

Aella said, "Since my husband didn't object, that means he agrees. Let's have a drink to celebrate."

Tyrone is stubborn but well-mannered

. He won't lose control openly.

I've pushed things this far, and he still won't give in. It shows how deep his feelings for Zera and Orson really are.

He's being extra careful for their sake.

Aella glanced at Zera, feeling a hint of disdain.

Zera is useless.

Tyrone loves her so much, and she has the next Winter heir, but she still can't play her hand right.

Now it seems that if I want a smooth divorce from Tyrone, I will have to try even harder.

Zera lowered her head, staring at her half-eaten crab on the plate, biting her lip to hold back frustration.