

Once Cast 172

Chapter 172 A Dice Game

Aella tried to reason with Zera patiently. “You were terrified when I told you I wanted to be Orson’s godmother, but in the end, you did it. You were scared to move upstairs too, and now look at you—you’re living there just fine.”

Aella continued, “You haven’t even tried yet, so how do you know it won’t work? Even if it fails, if Tyrone asks you about it, just push it all on me, like you did the last two times. Easy.”

When Zera still hesitated, Aella’s expression hardened. “Ms. Caldwell, if you keep acting scared like this, our deal is off!”

Tyrone feared Edwin too much to bring Zera and Orson into the Winter Estate.

Now, he used Aella as a shield to keep himself safe.

To please her and make things look balanced between them, he even lied about sending Zera and Orson away.

But Aella knew she couldn’t let that continue.

She needed to make a bold move—to tie these two together and find her own way out.

Seeing Aella’s sudden coldness, Zera bit her lip and finally nodded. “Okay, I’ll do it.”

The two women stepped out of the restroom—and immediately ran into Raine.

Zera and Aella exchanged a quick look before hurrying away.

Raine started to stop Zera, but Aella stepped in her way.

Frustrated, Raine stomped her foot. "Aella, why are you being so nice to her?"

Aella stayed calm. "Raine, stop yelling at her. Mr. Edwin forced her overseas for six years because of Tyrone. She even had his son. She's been through enough."

Raine stared at her like she'd lost her mind. "Aella, are you serious right now?"

Aella just patted his shoulder. "I'm fine. Actually, better than fine."

Tyrone's betrayal, his indifference, and his cruelty had changed her completely. She felt like a new person.

Her head was spinning a little, but for the first time in a while, her heart felt lighter.

About ten minutes later, Aella came back to the private room with Raine.

As she sat down, her eyes fell on Zera, who sat beside Tyrone, visibly tense. Aella couldn't help sighing to herself.

When Tyrone's not around, she's bold as hell, always picking fights with me.

But now, sitting next to Tyrone, she looks so nervous, like a frightened little bird.

If she hadn't given Tyrone a son, she would've been nothing more than a side chick.

Trying to lighten the mood and give Zera an opening, Aella suddenly said, "Let's play a dice game."

The moment she said it, everyone started cheering.

Aella picked a drinking game everyone knew.

Each player took turns rolling the dice.

Roll a seven, and you get to kiss anyone you want, anywhere you want.

Roll an eight, and you can touch whoever you like.

Roll a nine, and you have to drink.

“I’ll go first!” Brad shouted, eager to start.

The crowd cheered and hyped him up.

He rolled the dice, and everyone yelled for a seven—but he got an eight instead.

Brad rubbed his palms together, grinning wickedly. “Sixer, come here. Let me touch you.”

Sayer, who was sitting next to Aella, sipping his milk like a kid, jumped onto the couch in panic. “Mr. Keller, stay away from me!” he yelled, terrified.

Seeing things go sideways, Aella quickly scooted out of the way.

A second later, Brad lunged and tackled Sayer for fun.

Before anyone could stop him, Sayer was fuming, and Brad was holding a man’s belt in his hand like a trophy.

The whole room broke into laughter and cheers.

Aella, used to Brad's antics, stayed calm and helped Sayer grab his belt back.

She'd grown up around Brad—this kind of chaos was nothing new.

Saver fastened his belt again and growled, "If I win next, I'm pulling this idiot's

pants

down."

Aella couldn't help thinking that men's competitive streaks were downright scary sometimes.

Brad had kicked off the fun, and soon, everyone was fully into the game.

But Aella's focus stayed on Zera.

She watched as Zera missed her chances again and again, and Aella started feeling anxious.

If this kept going, she'd lose her window to slip something into Tyrone's drink before the night ended.

Finally, it was Zera's turn.

Under everyone's eager eyes, she threw the dice—and rolled an eight.

Aella's heart sank a little.

A seven would've been perfect. That way, Zera could've gotten the drug to Tyrone mouth-to-mouth.

Instead, Zera shyly reached over and brushed her hand against Tyrone's as the crowd cheered her on.

Aella pressed her lips together, frustrated.

Zera, feeling Tyrone not pulling away, looked thrilled inside.

But Tyrone's eyes shifted slightly, catching Aella watching him and Zera more intently than anyone else—more even than Brad, who looked like he was watching a live show.

Tyrone's expression instantly darkened.

Raine, who couldn't hold back any longer, slapped Zera's hand away.

"Take your dirty hand off him," she ordered coldly.

Zera glanced at Tyrone, looking hurt. "Raine, it's just a game. Don't overthink it."

Raine glared at her, muttering under her breath, "slut," before plopping back down.