

## Once Cast 173

### Chapter 173 A Risky Move

Tyrone tilted his head slightly, shooting Raine a sharp warning look. Raine, clearly irritated, turned her face away with a huff.

Then it was Tyrone's turn to roll the dice.

Without showing any expression, he glanced briefly at Aella, then calmly rolled twice.

When everyone announced that he'd rolled a nine, Aella got so excited that she leaned forward, crouching toward him.

She nudged Zera and whispered under her breath, "Hurry, pour the drink!"

She'd been worrying she might not get the right moment, and now the chance had finally

come.

Seeing Zera fumbling nervously with the bottle, Aella decided to step in. She picked up a piece of fruit and held it out to Tyrone, trying to distract him.

Tyrone noticed her leaning in, her hand offering him the fruit.

The anger he'd been holding in all night began to fade a little.

What a complicated woman.

She acts like she doesn't care, but she clearly does.

She was so nervous just now. I guess

it was because she was scared I'd roll a seven or eight and have to get all cozy with Zera right in front of her.

Now that I've rolled a nine, she immediately brightened up

and rushed right over.

Tyrone's eyes flicked to the fruit she was holding out, but he didn't take it.

To cover for Zera, Aella brought the fruit right up to his lips herself.

Right then, there was a sharp crash.

Aella turned around and saw that Zera, too nervous to handle the pressure, had knocked a wine glass off the coffee table.

The crisp sound of glass shattering drew everyone's attention at once. All eyes turned toward

Zera.

Zera met Aella's eyes for just a second.

Aella pouted slightly, tossing the piece of fruit back onto the plate.

Tyrone didn't move. His expression stayed blank, but his dark eyes lingered on that very piece of fruit lying there.

Seeing his cold expression, Zera immediately stood to apologize.

Brad motioned for a waiter to come and clean up the mess. Then he grabbed the dice and passed them to Raine, hoping to keep the party energy alive.

Raine gave Zera a glare, then shook the dice hard and rolled—an eight.

She pointed straight at Brad. “Get over here.”

Everyone around them started cheering and laughing.

Brad stepped back in panic. “Can’t you pick someone else?”

Raine was pissed at him because he’d set up the gathering and brought Zera over.

There was no way she was going to let him off easy.

Seeing Brad act all shy and defensive only made Raine angrier.

She stormed over and smacked him right on the butt—hard enough for everyone to hear the

pop.

After smacking him, she glared and snapped, “It’s just a touch. Not like I’m trying to kill you. Why are you running?”

Brad rubbed the sore spot, forcing a grin as he guided her back to her seat. “Does your hand hurt? Want me to kiss it better?”

Sayer elbowed Aella with a smirk. “Hey, Aella, is that girl Mr. Keller’s kryptonite or what?”

Aella glanced at Brad and Raine. “Brad’s just too nice for his own good. He’s spoiled her since they were kids.”

She wasn’t sure if Raine was really Brad’s kryptonite, but one thing was certain—Raine had been bossing him around forever.

Aella’s gaze drifted back to Zera and Tyrone,

Tyrone sat there stone-faced, holding his drink while deep in thought.

Zera, still shaken from the broken glass, sat beside him stiffly, hardly daring to breathe.

Aella glanced at her phone, typed out a quick message to Zera, then stood and excused herself

to the restroom

Once Aella was gone, Zera clutched her phone tightly, nerves all over her face.

A few minutes later, she finally spoke up, voice trembling slightly. “Tyrone, Mrs. Winter’s been gone for a while. I’m kind of worried. I’ll go check on her.”

Tyrone nodded casually, and Zera hurried out of the room.

Down the hall, in an empty private room. Aella was waiting. She pointed sharply at Zera. “If you keep dragging your feet, the night’ll be over before you even try. Do you still want your kid to have a place in the Winters or not?”

Zera looked completely panicked. She pressed her hand against her chest and stammered. “There were so many people, and Tyrone was right next to me. I was terrified!”

Aella started pacing the room. her frustration boiling over.

Tyrone could hold his liquor too well—it was almost impossible to get him drunk at events like

this.

To make it worse, he had this habit of never using the same glass twice after stepping away from the table.

And unless he was smoking, he would never leave his seat.

But tonight, for whatever reason, he hadn't gone out to smoke even once.

Zera slipped the small packet into Aella's hand, whispering anxiously, "How about we switch seats? Maybe you can do it yourself?"

Aella pushed her hand away. "If we suddenly switch seats, Tyrone's gonna notice right away. He'll get suspicious."

She had planned to slip it into his drink herself earlier, but she hadn't expected Brad to "help" by shoving Zera next to Tyrone instead.

And when Raine finally gave her a seat, Sayer went and dragged her away again.