

## Once Cast 175

### Chapter 175 The Calm Before the Storm

But Tyrone nodded in agreement.

He glanced briefly at Aella, then said to Zera, "Let's go. I'll drive home."

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Raine was about to blow up, but Brad quickly pulled her back and stopped her from saying anything.

Aella quietly watched Tyrone and Zera leave the private room together. Her face stayed calm, showing almost no emotion.

Not long ago, Tyrone had told her he'd send Zera and Orson away so they could start over together.

Now, right in front of everyone, he didn't even bother to hide it anymore.

She just hoped they'd keep it up, break through all the obstacles, and finally be together out in

At least then, all her effort wouldn't feel like a complete waste.

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open.

Sayer gently patted her shoulder. "Aella, I'll drive you home later."

Aella smiled faintly. "You drank four bottles of Ms. Caldwell's milk tonight. Don't you dare call her ugly again."

Sayer made a face. "I got that milk from you, not from that ugly witch."

Aella fell silent.

Forget it.

This guy always takes what people offer and never feels guilty about it.

Worried that Aella might be feeling down, Brad ended the party early.

He dragged Raine, Aella, and Sayer out for some late-night snacks.

Meanwhile, on a quiet street near the Regal Club.

A sleek black Bentley slowly pulled into a temporary parking spot by the curb.

Inside the car, Zera was so nervous that she was sweating through her clothes.

Before Tyrone could even speak, she blurted out, "Tyrone, I'm sorry. I should've told you everything earlier."

Seeing the cold, hard look on his face, Zera panicked and quickly grabbed her phone. She opened her messages with Aella and held the screen out for him.

"These are the texts Mrs. Winter sent me," she said anxiously. "That packet of drugs—she's the one who gave it to me. She threatened me and said if I didn't do it, Edwin would dump me on some island and leave me to rot!"

Tyrone rolled the window halfway down and lit a cigarette.

Leaning back in the seat, he smoked quietly, his eyes half-closed, saying nothing.

The longer he stayed silent, the more terrified Zera became.

She rushed to explain, "Tyrone, I swear, I never planned to drug you. I just wanted to wait for the right time to tell you the truth."

She kept rambling, "I didn't know what Mrs. Winter was thinking. I was scared that telling you would mess up your marriage. So I hesitated. I didn't expect Raine to see what I was holding and take it the wrong way."

Tyrone flicked the ashes out the window and said flatly, "I've got things to do. You can call a cab."

Zera let out a shaky breath of relief and quickly got out of the car.

Around midnight, Brad drove Raine home.

Sayer walked back to the apartment building with Aella.

As the elevator doors opened, Sayer said, "If you two start arguing later, call me. I'll come over and help you deal with him."

Aella rolled her eyes.

Ever since she'd known Tyrone, the only times he'd ever lost his temper were when he fought with Edwin about Zera.

When it came to her, Tyrone never even raised his voice. He didn't hit or yell—his way of punishing her was always cold silence.

And honestly, Sayer wasn't exactly someone she could rely on.

He once promised her that hacking into Tyrone's computer would be totally safe.

The next day, Tyrone was already grilling her about it.

Now this whole drugging mess had blown up, and as planned, Zera would throw all the blame on her.

The packet was still with Tyrone, so even if she lied, it wouldn't matter.

At this point, all she could do was admit it.

She had relented. If they were going to fight, then they'd fight. After that, it would just turn into another stretch of cold silence.

Either way, she was tired of living like this.

When Aella opened the door, she noticed the lights were still on.

She hung up her coat and set down her bag. Then she slipped into her house slippers and walked toward the living room—only to see Tyrone standing by the water dispenser.

He was wearing a dark robe, holding a glass of water, staring straight at her without saying a word.

Aella frowned slightly.

It's been at least four hours since they left the clubhouse. Has he and Zera already finished their business or

not?

Their eyes met, but neither spoke.

Aella quietly walked over to the counter.

Just as she reached for a glass, Tyrone picked one up first and poured her half a cup of water.

She accepted it, but out of the corner of her eye, she noticed a faint, knowing smile on his lips.

After a short pause, she set the glass back down.

The drug she'd gotten was one of the newest kinds—strong and fast-acting, with no antidote.

And that useless Zera had actually dropped it right at Tyrone's feet, letting him pick it up

himself.

Tyrone might look calm and polite, but underneath that composed face was a sharp, ruthless businessman—clever, calculating, and merciless.

If he decided to take revenge on her, she wouldn't be surprised at all.

Watching him closely, Aella reached for another glass from the cabinet, just to be safe.