

## Once Cast 183

### Chapter 183 Midnight Mischief

Sayer tilted his head and smirked, clearly trying to get on Tyrone's nerves. "Nope. Aella said she likes it when I call her that."

Tyrone had been waiting for days just to have dinner alone with Aella, and now the whole night was ruined.

All through the meal, he sat there stiffly, not eating or drinking, his face blank and unreadable.

When he finally managed to get the two guests out of the house, Tyrone and Aella were just getting ready for bed when Sayer called.

He said he'd had a nightmare, couldn't sleep, and asked Aella to bring him some incense.

Aella dragged herself out of bed, went to the cabinet, and pulled out the custom blend she'd made for him.

But Tyrone was already standing in front of the closet, blocking her way.

Aella sighed and tried to stay calm. "Don't look at me like that. He's a patient. You have to treat patients like kids or seniors—they need patience and care."

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Tyrone grabbed the incense from her hand, his jaw tightening. "You should rest. I'll go take care of it."

When Sayer opened the door and saw Tyrone standing there, he nearly had a heart attack. "What the hell are you doing here?"

Tyrone's face was dark and unreadable as he stepped inside.

Sayer backed up nervously. "It's the middle of the night! Why are you in my place?"

Tyrone's voice was calm but icy, "I came to help treat your condition."

Sayer's eyes widened. "Man, don't mess with me. I scare easily, and if I get traumatized, I'm blaming you,"

Ignoring him, Tyrone walked straight into the bedroom.

He set the incense sticks in a perfect circle around the bed and lit two white candles on the nightstand.

Then he went to the living room and flipped the circuit breaker, plunging the apartment into total darkness. Only Sayer's room glowed faintly with candlelight.

Sayer stared at the strange setup with the burning candles and swirling incense and almost lost it. "Why don't you just bring in a couple of funeral wreaths while you're at it?"

Tyrone patted the bed calmly. "Go to sleep."

Sayer clutched the pillow Aella had given him and backed toward the doorway, terrified.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Sayer grabbed his phone, turned on the flashlight, and ran to open the door.

Aella peeked into the dark apartment. "Did your power go out?"

Sayer held on to her arm as they walked in. "No, your charming husband shut it off himself."

When Aella spotted Tyrone, she frowned. “Why would you turn off his power? Turn it back on.”

Tyrone brushed Sayer’s hand off Aella’s arm, turned around, and flipped the switch.

The lights came back on, and Aella stepped into the room.

Tyrone stopped her. “I already lit the incense for him. You’ve got work tomorrow—go rest.”

Sayer pointed at his bedroom, his voice rising. “Aella, your husband just did some creepy ritual in there. I think he’s trying to get rid of me. Go look!”

Aella shot Tyrone a sharp look and went inside.

The thick herbal smell hit her as soon as she entered, making her cough.

She glanced around at the smoky air and the two burning white candles, her head spinning.

Without hesitating, she blew out the flames and the incense, then yanked the curtains

open.

Good thing I came when I did—another few minutes, and the whole room would’ve been choked with smoke.

After clearing it out, Aella pulled Tyrone aside. “What were you thinking, doing that to my patient?”

When he didn’t respond, she lowered her voice. “Those incense blends help with sleep, but too much can be dangerous. Were you trying to kill him?”

Tyrone stared at her, his expression hard. “That incense isn’t half as poisonous as he is.”

Aella was stunned.

He used to be calm and refined, never one to speak so sharply or lose his composure.

It seemed even Tyrone had finally run out of patience with Sayer.

But Sayer wasn't done complaining. "Aella, your husband smoked up my whole bedroom! How am I supposed to sleep there now?"

Aella sighed, rubbing her temples.

She had a consultation in the morning and a visit to Webster Manor that evening—both of them were driving her insane.

Sayer kept going. "Aella, maybe this building's haunted or something. The energy here feels off. I haven't slept properly in days—I swear, I feel like I'm dying."

Before Aella could say anything, Tyrone snapped, "The people on the 13th floor are fine. You're on the 11th. What's your excuse?"

Sayer clung to Aella's arm again. "Then maybe I should stay at your place tonight?"

Tyrone pushed him back immediately and pulled Aella closer. "Absolutely not."

Aella turned to him. "You filled his whole room with smoke. Can't you at least let him crash at our place for one night?"

"Exactly," Sayer said, hugging his pillow tightly and giving Tyrone a smug grin. "It's not like I'm sharing a bed with you. What's your problem?"

Noticing Aella's eyes drooping from exhaustion, Tyrone decided not to argue further.

Half an hour later, after Aella finished setting up the guest room for Sayer, she finally returned to the bedroom.

Tyrone was sitting on the edge of the bed, his face dark and unreadable. Aella slipped into bed beside him, turned off the light, and ignored him completely.

The next morning, just as the three of them were about to have breakfast, the doorbell rang.