

## Once Cast 187

### Chapter 187 The Smoke Between Them

Zera saw Tyrone getting ready to leave and grabbed his sleeve. "Tyrone, you saw it yourself- your mom's already starting to question if Orson's even yours."

Her voice trembled. "Please, just show us a little kindness, okay? Can't you at least pretend for now? Do you really want Edwin to go after me again like he did six years ago?"

Tyrone didn't feel like eating anymore. "Feed the kid first. I'll wait in the car," he said flatly.

Zera didn't dare waste a second. She hurried Orson to eat a few bites, then quickly packed up and took him to the car.

Tyrone drove them to the small apartment they were renting.

When the car stopped, Zera stepped out and accidentally twisted her ankle.

She gasped in pain, but she quickly realized Tyrone didn't move an inch to help. She quietly pulled Orson closer.

A moment later, the little boy whined, "I don't wanna walk! Mommy, carry me!"

Zera crouched beside the car, clutching her ankle, and looked up at Tyrone with pleading eyes. "Tyrone, I think I twisted my ankle. Can you carry Orson upstairs for me?"

Tyrone hesitated for a moment, then sighed and got out.

He bent down to help Zera up and picked up her fallen purse. Then he lifted the boy into his

arms.

“Can you walk?” he asked quietly.

Zera grabbed his arm right away. “It really hurts, Tyrone. Just let me lean on you, okay?”

Tyrone gave a small nod.

Across the street, Aella had just dropped off a coworker and was walking back to her car when she spotted them—Tyrone carrying Orson, while Zera held on to his arm. They looked like a cozy little family walking together.

The boy spotted Aella instantly. His eyes lit up. “Mom! Dad! Aella’s looking at us!” he shouted.

Tyrone looked up and locked eyes with Aella.

He set the boy down and started toward her.

Aella quickly got into her car, and Tyrone picked up his pace.

As she started the engine, he reached out and grabbed the edge of her window. “Aella!”

She glanced at him, then stepped on the gas. Tyrone stumbled back, nearly getting hit.

Lately, Zera hadn’t caused any more chaos, and Tyrone had been unusually calm, even considerate. Because of that, Aella had started focusing more on her work again.

Tyrone had been acting almost like a real husband—coming home on time, waiting to have dinner together, sometimes picking her up from the hospital.

He even sent random, meaningless texts during the day.

Now she realized it was all just a setup to make her let her guard down.

Aella let out a bitter laugh.

None of it mattered anymore.

Later that night, at Bluehaven Residences.

Tyrone parked but didn't get out. He rolled the window down and lit a cigarette.

The smoke drifted around him, softening his expression into something unreadable.

A white sports car eased into the next parking spot. Brad got out, leaned down by Tyrone's window, and grabbed a cigarette from his pack.

"You're home already, but still too scared to go inside? What'd you mess up this time?"

Tyrone blew out a slow stream of smoke. "As long as you don't poke your nose in our business, Aella and I will be fine."

Brad gave a dry laugh. "You and Aella divorcing is just a matter of time. I'll be waiting."

Tyrone turned toward him, frowning. "That won't happen unless you keep stirring the pot."

Brad shrugged casually. "Everyone's expecting it, Tyrone. Pretending everything's fine won't change a thing."

He finished with a look that said, "You'll see," then headed for the building.

Tyrone sat there for a few seconds, irritation burning in his chest, before finally stepping out of the car.

Just then, Sayer appeared, dragging a suitcase behind him.

They met at the elevator, and Tyrone blocked his path. "You're staying at your own place tonight. Don't even think about crashing at mine again."

Sayer pouted. "What if I do?"

Tyrone grabbed his shoulder. "Aella's your doctor, not your housekeeper. Stop taking advantage."

Sayer jerked away. "Touch me again, and I'll tell her you hit me."

Tyrone's jaw tightened, and he let go.

Seeing Sayer's smug grin, Tyrone almost lost it. "Keep this up, and I'll invite your grandpa over for dinner."

That wiped the smirk right off his face. "Tyrone Winter, if you dare bring that old man here, I'll take Aella to Euravia myself, and you'll die alone!"

He stormed into the elevator.

The two stood on opposite sides, glaring at each other the whole ride up.

When they reached the ninth floor, the doors opened.

Tyrone stepped out first. Sayer started to follow, but Tyrone pulled out his phone, and Sayer grudgingly stepped back.

Tyrone stood there until the elevator reached the 11th floor. Only then did he finally turn away.

When he got home, Aella was still awake.

Tyrone walked over to her, his eyes fixed on her face.

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Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.