

Once Cast 188

Chapter 188 The Line Between Them

Tonight, she'd seen him with Zera and Orson. Of course, she was furious.

Tyrone hesitated for a moment before saying, "Tonight, I—"

Before he could finish, Aella's phone started ringing.

She raised a finger to her lips, motioning for him to stay quiet, then stepped out onto the balcony to take the call.

Tyrone stood there for a while, not moving, before finally heading to the shower.

When he came out, Aella was already lying in bed.

He walked over, ready to talk again, but her phone rang a second time.

Aella sat up and said, "Go to sleep. I'll take this in the other room."

Tyrone stopped her. "Can't I listen in?"

Aella replied calmly, "It's about work. Even if you listen in, you wouldn't get it. Just go to bed."

Tyrone frowned. "If it's work, then why hide it from me?"

Aella almost laughed.

She met his eyes. "If I ever have someone else, I'll tell you straight to your face."

They stared at each other for a long second before she brushed past him and walked away.

Tyrone stood there frozen, his chest tightening.

As she reached the door, he called after her, "Aella, you'd better not mean what you just said."

She heard him but didn't turn around.

If that day ever came, she wouldn't lie about it—she'd tell him plain and simple that she'd fallen for someone else.

Ten minutes later, Aella came back from the next room and found Tyrone pacing in the living room.

They exchanged a cold look before she turned and went back to the bedroom.

Aella plugged in her phone and got into bed.

Tyrone came in, holding a glass of water.

She took it but didn't drink.

"Go to sleep. I've got clinic in the morning and a visit to Webster Manor after that. It's going to be a long day."

She turned on her side, her back facing him.

She didn't bring up what she'd seen earlier.

Tyrone stood there for a while, his dark eyes fixed on her face.

Finally, he said quietly, "My mom called Zera and me out tonight. She twisted her ankle, so I helped her and carried Orson."

Aella kept her eyes closed. "She's your woman, and that's your kid. You don't need to explain why you were holding them."

Tyrone frowned, his expression tight.

He sat on the edge of the bed, turned her around, and said, "Aella, how many times do I have to tell you? She's not my woman."

Aella shot back, "But she's your kid's mom, right?"

Tyrone froze and didn't answer.

Aella sighed, too tired to keep arguing. "Tyrone, you slept with her and had a kid. Now you're telling me she's not your woman? Come on."

She rolled over and shut her eyes.

Tyrone lay down beside her, pulled her into his arms, and pressed his chin against her neck.

"Since she came back, I haven't touched her."

He couldn't explain the truth about the child, which meant he couldn't prove that he and Zera had never actually slept together.

Aella shifted away, her voice sharp. "I don't believe a word you say."

Her tone made Tyrone's anger flare.

He yanked off the blanket and pulled her close, pressing a hard kiss against her lips.

Aella screamed, kicking and shoving him with all her strength.

Her reaction made his expression twist with frustration.

He grabbed her ankle to stop her from moving. "Aella, we're still married. Why are you acting like this?"

Aella wrapped herself tightly in the blanket and said coldly, "Zera might be your precious first love, but she's still been married before. If she's fine being the other woman, that says everything about her morals. And if you keep sleeping around with her, what happens if you catch something and give it to me?"

She glared at him. "I don't trust her, and I don't trust you either. You're both going to the hospital for a full exam tomorrow, or we're sleeping in separate rooms."

Her words hit him like a slap.

He grabbed her ankle again and pulled her toward him, holding her through the blanket.

Panicking, Aella reached for her phone and swung it right at his head.

The phone smacked into his forehead, hard enough to break the skin and draw blood.

They both froze, staring in shock.

Aella dropped the phone, horrified.

Tyrone's face darkened as he let go of her.

They both got up, standing on opposite sides of the bed.

For a long moment, neither said a word. Then Tyrone turned and walked out. Aella rushed to lock the door behind him.

I haven't even said much, and he still got angry.

The next morning, Aella got up early.

Tyrone, who had slept on the couch all night, stood when he saw her.

His face was gloomy, and the cut on his forehead was still open, completely untreated.