

Once Cast 189

Chapter 189 The Morning Clash

Their eyes met, but Aella didn't even glance at the cut on Tyrone's forehead. She just walked straight into the dining room without a word.

Tyrone stood there, his jaw tight, then turned and went back to the main bedroom.

As Aella was leaving the house, she said to Emma, "Emma, clean up the small bedroom for me."

She'd been so tied up with work lately that she hadn't bothered sorting out her personal life.

She figured that since Tyrone didn't love her, even without that marriage contract tying her down, she didn't dare push her luck.

If she ever pushed him too far and he lashed out, she'd just have to deal with it.

But sleeping in different rooms shouldn't be a big deal.

Tyrone was too proud and stubborn to ever agree to get tested just to prove he was clean.

At 8 a.m., in the hospital parking lot.

Aella had just parked her car when she spotted Zera strutting over in heels, her face full of confidence.

Zera stopped right in front of her, smiling sweetly.

"Mrs. Winter, can I borrow you for a minute?"

Aella paused and looked at her quietly.

Zera's tone stayed polite. "About last night—please don't take it the wrong way. Mrs. Virginia just missed her grandson and wanted Tyrone and me to bring Orson over for dinner."

Aella gave her a cold stare. "Oh? Then when is she planning to officially recognize your son and bring both of you into the family?"

Zera's smile froze in place.

For a few seconds, she didn't respond. Then she forced herself to sound calm. "Aella, I get it— you're jealous of me. But you don't have to say things like that just to hurt me."

She went on softly, "Honestly, if I hadn't told Tyrone to go home to you last night, he probably would've stayed with me. So, really, you don't have much to brag about."

Aella pulled a thick wad of cash from her purse and tossed it at Zera's feet. "Zera, if you actually manage to keep him overnight next time, I'll give you a little bonus. Sound good?"

Zera's expression stiffened instantly.

Aella spotted one of her coworkers waving from a distance and looked back at Zera with clear disdain.

She said coolly, "Instead of wasting your energy trying to annoy me, maybe figure out how to please Tyrone. He was so worked up last night that he completely lost it, and I ended up hurting him. Maybe you should go check on him."

Then Aella walked off with her coworker without another glance.

Zera stood frozen in place, biting her lip so hard that it nearly bled.

They're supposed to be divorcing, but Aella is still

clinging to Tyrone.

All that talk about "working together" and "helping me rise up" was nothing but lies.

That bitch has been fooling me from the

very start.

Grinding her teeth, Zera hissed under her breath, "You bitch!"

Just then, a middle-aged woman walking by stopped right in front of her.

The woman glanced around to make sure no one else was nearby, then jabbed a finger at Zera's face. "Who are you calling a bitch?"

Zera frowned in disgust. "What's your problem? Did I say your name?"

The woman clearly wasn't someone who'd back down. "It's just the two of us here. If you weren't talking about me, who else were you cursing?"

Zera let out a cold laugh and turned to leave,

But the woman lunged forward, grabbed a handful of Zera's hair, and slapped her twice across the face. "You think you can badmouth people and just walk away? Not happening!"

Zera screamed, shocked. "You crazy old hag! Let me go, or you'll regret it!"

The woman smacked her again, twice more. "Who are you calling an old hag?"

People nearby rushed over and pulled them apart.

Zera, who had a small social media following, covered her face and ran for her car, terrified someone might recognize her.

Talk about

bad luck!

I just muttered one curse, and a random stranger slapped me four times!

She even yanked off my fake hairpiece...

At least my nose filler is still intact. If that had been damaged, I wouldn't have been able to show my face in public for

weeks.

It's not even 9 a.m., and somehow I've already been humiliated in front of strangers.

Zera slammed the car door, gripped the steering wheel tightly, and screamed out of sheer frustration.

One day, when I marry Tyrone and become the wife of the richest man in Vleka, I'll make sure no one ever dares to look down on me again.

That evening, Zera waited by the entrance of Tyrone's apartment building.

As soon as she saw him getting out of his car, she rushed up to him.

Tyrone frowned when he saw her face, the side swollen and red. "What happened to you?"

Zera covered her cheek and said pitifully, "Tyrone, your mom called me last night and asked me to bring Orson over. I didn't mean to bother you and Aella."

Tyrone's expression darkened. "You went to see her?"

Zera quickly shook her head. "No, of course not. I've just been having trouble sleeping lately because of some family stuff, and I was worried my depression might come back. I went to the hospital for a checkup and just happened to run into her in the parking lot."

Tyrone didn't respond, so Zera continued. "Aella saw us together last night and completely misunderstood everything. She threw money at me in front of her coworkers and said awful things—she even said she'd pay me to spend the night with you."