

Once Cast 193

Chapter 193 The Lunch That Boiled Over

Aella silently thought, When Tyrone says he will “make things right,” what he really means is that he plans to get me to give in and compromise again.

Aella closed her eyes and took a steadying breath.

She said calmly, “Didn’t you say you wanted to eat? Are we going or not?”

Tyrone felt the cold distance in her tone.

He decided to stop pressing and slowly let go of her.

Their

eyes met, and there was caution in his gaze.

He reached out carefully and took Aella’s hand. “Come on,” he said.

Aella hesitated, but didn’t pull away.

She hated how clingy he was and wanted him out of the hospital as quickly as possible.

They rode the elevator in silence.

No one else was inside, so Aella pulled her hand away sharply. Tyrone didn’t react.

They picked a new restaurant near the hospital.

The moment Aella walked in, she spotted Brad.

She lifted her hand to wave, but Tyrone quickly covered her mouth.

He whispered, "Can we just have lunch, just the two of us?"

Aella nodded, and he let go.

Just as they turned, Sayer appeared in front of them, his sharp features catching the light.

Tyrone's face darkened immediately.

Sayer mirrored his frown and gave him a challenging glare.

Then he leaned slightly toward Aella. "Aella, mind if I join you?"

Aella smiled politely. "Sure. What would you like to eat? It's on me."

Tyrone grabbed her wrist, pulling her slightly closer.

He lowered his voice. "Aella, did you forget what I just told you?"

Aella blinked in confusion. "What did you tell me?"

Tyrone's face darkened further.

Brad walked over with a smile. "What a coincidence!"

Tyrone's frown deepened.

Sayer laughed awkwardly. "I came in with these two!"

Tyrone felt utterly speechless.

Brad grinned. "Since we're all here, let's eat together. My treat."

Tyrone's eyes narrowed. "Weren't you supposed to be with your friend's group?"

Brad pointed to a nearby table. "What's fun about that? It's better hanging out with you guys."

Sayer hooked his arm around Aella. "Aella, let's sit together."

Tyrone grabbed Sayer's arm. "I can call your grandpa over to come sit with you," he warned.

The two men stared at each other, tension thick in the air.

Sayer pouted and let go of Aella, then he glided off to sit with Brad, acting all cheeky.

Aella and Tyrone sat together.

Once everyone was settled, Aella started ordering.

Brad noticed the lingering tension and said, "It's just one seat. Do you really have to act like this?"

Sayer snapped, "Why not? Mr. Winter doesn't care about seating when he's with other women."

Tyrone warned coldly, "If you're not eating, you can leave."

Brad tried to smooth things over. “Tyrone, that’s not fair. You and Zera even had a son, and you never cared about boundaries. So why can’t Aella and Sayer sit next to each other?”

Tyrone stared him down. “If you don’t want to eat, you can leave too.”

Brad and Sayer exchanged a glance and said together, “We’re not leaving.”

Aella looked at the three men and sighed inwardly.

She said, “If you keep this up, I’m leaving.”

Her words worked—the three of them quieted instantly.

Outside the restaurant, Zera and Shirley had just arrived and saw the four of them eating together.

Zera stayed hidden behind a pillar, watching. Tyrone was peeling shrimp for Aella, Brad was pouring her juice, and Sayer was putting food on her plate. Her eyes burned with jealousy.

I came from an ordinary family, but at least I graduated

from a dance academy.

I’m not short or lacking charm.

Now, with my new face and millions of followers as a livestream influencer, I’m basically thriving.

So what if Aella was born into a rich family?

The Reids are bankrupt. Aella is just a fallen heiress clinging to her

husband's family. She's probably even worse than I am.

She's just a regular doctor, not someone making serious money.

Aside from her pretty, seductive face, what else does she have?

Why does everyone always side with her, always revolve around her?

How am I worse than that woman?

Shirley saw Zera's face twist with jealousy and quickly pulled her back to the car.

She asked, "Didn't you say the Winter couple were divorcing? Why are they still eating together?"

Zera clenched her fists and took deep breaths to calm herself.

After a long moment, she said, "Tyrone is amazing. His wife just won't let go."

Shirley tried to comfort her. "Don't worry, Zera. They don't have kids. With you and Orson between them, they'll split sooner or later."

Then Shirley frowned. "Still, they didn't look like a couple with no feelings for each other."

Sara Lili

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.