

Once Cast 130

Chapter 130 Unbelievable

Brad's face twisted, his expression strained as he glared at Tyrone for what felt like half a minute.

Then he raised a thumb, his voice dripping with mockery. "The great CEO of the Winter Group -you ignore your parents, neglect your wife, and play chauffeur for your old flame. You even step in as a dad for her kid. Tyrone, you've really outdone yourself."

Tyrone's face turned darker than storm clouds. His voice was sharp, cutting. "You're all prejudiced against Zera. If she wasn't desperate, she wouldn't come to me."

Brad rose to his feet, the smirk gone from his face. His eyes hardened, his tone serious. "Because we grew up together, I'll say this one last time. If you keep going down this road, you and Aella will crash into ruin."

Brad's voice grew firm. "Think about Aella before she married you. She was bright. She was fearless. She was full of laughter. She loved life. Look at her now.

"If you really want to make things right, then explain yourself. Cut off Zera and her son. Stop tearing open Aella's wounds.

"If you want to live with her, then give her respect. Give her what she longs for. Stop boxing her in and forcing her to bend."

Tyrone carried Brad's words like a stone on his chest when he returned home.

He knew why Aella came back late. She wanted to hurt him. That meant she still cared. She still loved him.

He opened the coded safe in the closet and took out the emerald jewelry. The finest kind. Fit for royalty.

He lit a cigarette, sinking into the couch as smoke curled upward while he waited.

They were husband and wife. A husband could lower his head once in a while.

Close to midnight, Aella walked in with plush toys pressed against her chest. Her eyes landed on Tyrone right away.

Her gaze drifted to the black case on the table. She walked toward it without a flicker of emotion.

Tyrone's eyes tightened on the toys in her arms. His brows pulled together.

Their gazes collided.

Aella set the toys down and reached for the case. His hand came down over it, holding it firm.

Their eyes locked again. Aella drew her hand back, turned, and headed for the bedroom.

His voice followed, calm but steady. "Aella, I know you're upset. Let's sit and talk."

She froze, but she didn't turn. Her tone was cold. "No. Even if I'm upset, I'll swallow it."

Between them, no talk and no fight ever ended in peace.

Tyrone opened the case slowly in front of him.

His words were measured. "If we can come to terms, I'll return this jewelry to your family right

now.”

Her steps halted. His words pulled her back. He’s going to give the jewelry back to us?

She turned, hesitation in her eyes as she walked toward him.

“What do you want to talk about?”

He reached for her hand and pulled her down beside him.

His eyes pinned hers. His tone was steady. “I want to talk about you coming home late.”

Her gaze flicked from him to the black case on the table.

She understood his game.

He wanted to use her mother’s jewels to make her obey.

Her lips curved with a faint smile.

She could play just as well. Doesn’t mean I have to totally follow his orders. Acting’s part of my repertoire.

She steadied her tone, hiding the hollowness beneath.

“If nothing urgent happens, I’ll come home earlier. I won’t let you worry.”

He clasped her hands tighter, his voice unreadable. “Stay away from him. It’s for your own good.”

She nodded, her words firm even as she yielded. "Your family promised not to interfere with my work."

Tyrone's tone softened slightly. "Work is fine during the day. But not in private."

Her eyes lifted to his. The weight of his stare pressed down on her.

She hesitated, then gave in. "Don't worry. I know I'm your wife. I'll watch myself."

His brows eased, his face softening for the first time.

His voice lowered, gentler now. "Will you keep hanging up on me?"

She leaned closer, hand raised as if swearing an oath. "I promise it won't happen again."

Her look was playful, almost childlike.

Their eyes met, heat growing between them.

She saw the intent burning in his gaze.

Without hesitation, she slid onto his lap.

This was a trade. Every deal needed an exchange.

He had power. He had wealth. All she had was her body.

Her arms slid around his neck. Her chest pressed against him. Her voice turned soft and coaxing.
"Honey, will you give me that jewelry?"

She left out the word "back."

That one word—"honey"—broke down every wall in him.

His hand clamped tight on her waist, pulling her against him hard.

His voice came rough, burning. "Kiss me."

Aella obeyed without resistance. She wound her arms tighter around his neck and pressed her lips to his. She parted them, let her tongue slip forward, and drew him deeper, pulling him under her control.