

## Once Cast 164

### Chapter 164 Pushed Away

Zera thought, When I first returned to the country, Tyrone treated me with care and attention.

So why is he so distant now?

Could it be, as Aella said, that he's bowing to Edwin's pressure and

keeping me at arm's length on purpose?

Even so, it doesn't really matter.

After today, my son will be Aella's godson.

From now on, anywhere, Orson can openly call Tyrone "Daddy."

Over time, my relationship with Tyrone would be completely public.

"I'm going out for a smoke too,"

Brad gave Aella a look, set down his fork, and left the dining room.

On the living room balcony, Brad casually walked up behind Tyrone. "So, how does it feel having your wife and mistress getting along? Pretty sweet, huh?"

Tyrone leaned both elbows on the railing, body slightly forward.

He held a cigarette between his fingers, staring off into the distance.

He glanced at Brad but didn't say a word.

Tyrone refused to respond, but Brad wasn't done.

He lit his own cigarette and stood next to Tyrone. "I didn't expect Aella to carry herself like a proper matriarch. You really hit the jackpot."

Tyrone muttered, "She's gone mad."

Brad shrugged. "If she's mad, that's on you."

Tyrone closed his tired eyes and drew several deep breaths.

Finally, in a low, slow voice, he said, "This isn't the outcome I wanted."

Brad turned to face him. "Tyrone, whether you admit it or not, Aella doesn't love you anymore."

Tyrone stayed silent, so Brad continued, "You destroyed the confident, radiant Ms. Reid. You destroyed the Aella who gave herself to you completely."

Tyrone stood stiffly, expressionless, his back rigid.

He stared straight ahead without moving, though the cigarette in his hand trembled slightly.

He stayed quiet for a long moment, then struggled out, "Our lives are too

tangled up. She can't just let it go because she says so."

He remembered how much Zera had sacrificed for him. He had accepted Orson and hidden the boy's true identity.

Even when he was at fault, he never thought of ending his marriage or giving up on Aella.

Brad looked at Tyrone as if he'd seen a ghost. "Aella loved you for years. Do you really think she wanted to give up?"

Brad continued, "She married you with joy, but you spent your days with Zera and Orson. You forced her into a marriage that looked grand but was rotten inside. She got no special treatment, no respect, no loyalty from you. She couldn't feel safe or see a future with you. She suffered and cried too much."

Brad shook his head. "No matter how big a man's arms are, he can only hold one person. The moment you held Zera and Orson as if they were everything to you, you pushed Aella away yourself."

Brad said bluntly, "Tyrone, you and Aella are done. Get a divorce."

After Brad left, Tyrone stayed on the balcony alone for a long time.

When he learned that Aella had taken Orson as her godson, generously given him the apartment upstairs, and even leaned in to whisper that she was doing it for his sake, he realized clearly—Aella no longer wanted this home.

Just like she said, she was trying her best to help him out.

At first, in order to care for Zera and Orson, he had slowly pushed Aella away without realizing

it.

Now she was trying to free herself by pushing him toward Zera and Orson with all her strength.

He closed his eyes, and all he could see was the way Aella used to love him.

Back then, she laughed freely. She was young, beautiful, confident, and warm.

She was like a red rose in full bloom, opening only for him.

Now, Aella was sensitive and quiet, her eyes lacking light.

Hearing familiar footsteps, Tyrone turned.

He met Aella's smiling eyes and forced a small smile. "Is everyone gone?"

Aella complained, "They only came this once. You could at least spend some time with the kid. Is that too much to ask of a dad?"

Tyrone felt a heavy weight in his chest.

He grabbed Aella's hands and pulled her close. "Aella, can we talk calmly, please?"

Aella lowered her gaze and nodded.

They stood side by side on the balcony, Aella staring into the night.

Tyrone watched her.

After a quiet pause, he spoke.

"Aella, I know you've lost trust in me, but I need to tell you something again."

Aella made a soft hum and looked calm. "Go ahead."

Tyrone said, "Zera is my past, and the kid was an accident. If you really can't accept them, I'll find a way to send them away."

Aella quietly turned from looking out and faced Tyrone.