

## Once Cast 165

### Chapter 165 A Fragile Truce

Aella said, "Tyrone, you were the one who made me accept them back then. I didn't want to, but I still did. I accepted them completely."

Zera and Orson mean everything to him. How could he ever turn them away?

And now that Zera and I have joined forces, there's no way I'd let her go.

Tyrone grabbed Aella by the shoulders and looked her straight in the eye. "You went behind my back, made Orson your godson, and even bought a new apartment for them upstairs. That's not acceptance—you're acting reckless!"

Aella lifted her chin and met his stare without flinching.

She said, "Tyrone, you never stopped them from owning property, never stopped that kid from calling you Dad. You even threatened Edwin because of them. We've known each other for more than 20 years. I couldn't just sit back and watch. I wanted to help you. How is that reckless?"

Tyrone felt like his heart had fallen from a cliff and shattered. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't piece it back together.

The helplessness almost broke him.

He stepped back, still gripping Aella's shoulders, and leaned against the railing for balance.

"No matter what," he said, "I never brought them into our home.

"What are you trying to do? Do you still want this family or not?"

Aella gave him a small smile. "Do you want the truth or a lie?"

His grip on her shoulders tightened. "The truth."

She looked right into his eyes. "The truth is ... I want a divorce."

They stared at each other. The determination in her gaze cut through him like a blade.

His eyes stung, and his hands slowly dropped from her shoulders.

"This isn't what I wanted," he said quietly.

Aella smiled faintly. "I gave everything I had, and still didn't get what I wanted."

That night, on the open balcony, the two people who had known each other for over 20 years

The cold winter air couldn't wash away the tension between them.

After a long silence, Tyrone took Aella's hand. "Come with me," he said.

She let him lead her to the study.

Tyrone opened a drawer and pulled out a thick stack of papers.

He guided Aella to the big window and gently pushed her onto the couch.

He placed the papers in front of her. "These are the prenuptial agreements and all the files from when you were detained."

Aella glanced down but didn't touch them.

“What’s this supposed to mean?” she asked.

Tyrone always had a reason for everything he did.

If he was handing this over, it definitely wasn’t for nothing.

He looked straight at her and said, “Believe it or not, everything I did back then was just to make you come home.”

Aella let him take her hand. “And then what?” she asked quietly.

Tyrone hesitated before saying, “I can destroy all of this. I won’t use any of it against you again.”

Aella narrowed her eyes. “And what’s the catch?”

He sighed. “I know I’ve hurt you and caused a lot of misunderstandings. From now on, I’ll keep Zera and Orson out of our lives. I’ll respect every decision you make. All I’m asking is that you trust me a little and stop fighting me.”

Aella sat quietly, calm on the outside but thinking hard.

She couldn’t trust him—not yet.

If she could destroy those documents and finally stop living under his control, she needed to try.

She spoke carefully, testing him, “You could’ve backed these up. How can I trust you?”

Tyrone’s gaze didn’t waver. “I can transfer all my assets to your name. If that’s not enough, I’ll write a will. Everything I own now and everything I’ll have in the future will go to you and our

future kids. Zera and Orson will get nothing.”

Aella’s thoughts raced.

Even a will could mean nothing—he could change it anytime. He had a million ways to make sure she never got a cent.

And those files about her leaking company information? Who knew if he still had copies hidden somewhere?

But the signed prenuptial agreements—those she might actually be able to destroy.

She hesitated, then said softly, “Tyrone, if you stop forcing me and stop using threats like before, I’ll try to trust you again.”

Tyrone studied her face, making sure she meant it. “Are you sure about this?”

Aella nodded seriously. “As long as you support my work and respect me, we can give each other one more chance.”

Tyrone’s tense shoulders relaxed a little at her words.

He pulled her into his arms, holding her tightly, and murmured, “Aella, don’t forget what you just promised me.”