

Once Cast 166

Chapter 166 Aella gave Tyrone a quick, quiet shove to get him to back off.

Tyrone stood up, pulled her over to his desk, and fed the whole pile of papers into the shredder himself.

Then he opened a drawer, took out a metal USB stick, and handed it to Aella. “Everything’s on here. There is no backup anywhere else.”

He turned on the computer and plugged the USB in so Aella could see for herself.

Aella froze for a moment and didn’t move. “Are you sure you’re not lying to me?” she asked.

Tyrone met her eyes. “I told you already,” he said, “if you’re worried, I can transfer my assets to your name.”

She still looked unsure, and Tyrone’s face got serious. “Since you came back, when have you ever agreed with me? How many parts of that prenup did you actually follow? What have I done to you?”

Aella’s eyes flicked, showing she wasn’t sure. She opened the files on the USB to check, then closed it and held the stick tightly in her hand.

Tyrone shut the laptop, turned toward her, and wrapped his arms around her waist. He leaned down and said softly, “Mrs. Winter, can we go rest now?”

The look in Tyrone’s eyes was way too obvious—there was no way Aella could miss it.

Just as she figured out how to brush him off, Tyrone’s phone started ringing.

When he didn’t answer right away, Aella looked at the screen.

It showed Zera calling.

Aella reached out and hit the accept button for him.

Zera's voice came through clear and worried on the line. "Tyrone, something's wrong. Orson might have eaten something bad. His stomach hurts, and he won't stop crying. I can't drive because I've had some wine. Can you take him to the hospital?"

Hearing that, Aella pushed Tyrone to hurry. "Go check on him. A sick kid is no joke."

Tyrone grabbed her wrist. "We'll go together."

Aella pulled her hand back. "He needs blood tests and scans for stomach pain. I'll just be in the way: You need to get him to the hospital now."

Tyrone had a child with Zera. That kind of link lasts a lifetime.

No matter how much he tried to deny it, he could not fool himself.

He also noticed the righteous look on Aella's face.

His brow tightened, and he squeezed her hand a little without meaning to.

Aella. I know it makes you uneasy that Zera called, but the kid is innocent," he said.

He had just promised her he'd keep Zera and Orson from getting in their way.

Now Zera was calling in the middle of the night.

Of course, Aella would feel uneasy.

While they stood there unsure, Zera rang Aella's phone.

Aella picked up. "Don't worry, I'll make him go right away."

After she hung up, she pushed Tyrone again to leave.

Tyrone stayed rooted to the spot.

"Aella, you promised you wouldn't make things hard anymore."

Aella looked down, keeping her feelings hidden.

She said, "Your son is sick. I'm telling you to go see him. How is that making things hard?"

Tyrone held her hand again. "Then tell me—since when did you and Zera get so close?"

Aella frowned. "Tyrone, come on. Are you really bringing this up right now?"

He didn't smile; his face stayed serious. "The child's sick, and she called you. Now, you're pushing me to go. So when did you and Zera get so coordinated?"

Aella tried to defend herself. "Tyrone, if your thing with Ms. Caldwell really were innocent like you say, you wouldn't be so worried about me talking to her. The more you dodge it, the guiltier you look!"

Tyrone was hit off guard and had no answer.

Zera phoned Tyrone again. This time, he finally left.

No sooner had he gone than Aella called Sayer.

A few minutes later, Sayer knocked on the door.

Aella led him into Tyrone's study. "I know you're that hacker everyone whispers about online. Help me break the encryption on the files on

computer."

Sayer asked for a deal. "What's in it for me?"

Aella smiled. "Next time you need a checkup, I'll cut down on the tests and save you some cash."

Sayer pouted like a kid.

Seeing that didn't sway him, Aella wiped her forehead. "How about dinner on me?"

Sayer grinned. "Only if you let me come over and mooch food whenever I want."

Aella pinned him in the chair with a little shove. "Done."

They made the deal fast, and Sayer finally sat down.

Aella kept glancing at the study door, nervous. "Hurry. If he comes back and finds you here, I'll just say you broke in."

Sayer's fingers flew over the keyboard, talking as he typed. "If your husband walks in, I'll tell him you seduced me and want to keep me as your boy toy."

Aella wisely stayed quiet after that.

Soon, Sayer handed the mouse to her. "There are so many encrypted files. Which one do want me to start with?"

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