

Once Cast 179

Chapter 179 Distance Between Them

Zera lowered her head, her heart sinking with guilt.

Orson isn't even Tyrone's biological child—what right do I have to fight for anything?

I've been back in the country for so long, but Tyrone has kept me at arm's length the entire time.

If he'd ever given me the chance, I would've already taken Aella's place as Mrs. Winter instead of living with this constant humiliation.

Zera grabbed Jenny's hand, putting on a pitiful look. "Jenny, the Winters are the most powerful family in Vleka. My background doesn't even come close. Of course, his family doesn't think I'm good enough."

She sighed softly. "But titles don't matter to me. As long as Tyrone truly loves me, that's enough. I just want to work hard, prove myself, and be someone who deserves him."

Then, as if testing the waters, she added, "Jenny, your family's so respected, and you know so many people. Having you as a friend is such a blessing for me. You know how people say having the right friends opens new doors? Maybe you could introduce me to some of your circle? I promise I won't be a bother."

Jenny patted her chest, smiling confidently. "Don't worry, Zera. From now on, my friends are your friends. I'll introduce you to everyone I know."

Zera's lips curved in satisfaction.

That evening, Tyrone came home and saw Aella curled up on the couch, scrolling through her phone.

He set a thick envelope on the coffee table and asked, "Feeling any better?"

Aella lifted her gaze lazily, giving him a look. "Do you even hear how dumb that sounds?"

Tyrone loosened his tie and sat down beside her.

He met her eyes and said quietly, "You were the one who started this."

Aella's lips twitched, but she turned her head away, not responding.

When she didn't say anything, Tyrone nudged the envelope toward her. "Open it."

Aella ignored him, so Tyrone leaned over and took her phone right out of her hand.

With a sigh, she grabbed the envelope, opened it, and skimmed through the pages. It was full of documents listing Tyrone's personal assets.

She closed it again and handed it back.

Tyrone pushed it toward her once more, then took her hand gently. "These are all mine. The contracts are ready. Once you sign, everything's yours."

Aella stared at him, not sure what trick he was trying to pull this time.

But she didn't want any of it.

Even if she took it, she wouldn't keep it.

All she wanted was to end things cleanly—no strings attached.

She said calmly, “Tyrone, I know how you work. Even if you transfer everything to me, you could still take it all back whenever you feel like it.”

She added, “If you have something to say, just say it. Stop playing games.”

Tyrone’s eyes stayed on her. “I told you I wouldn’t threaten you again. And I meant it.”

Aella pulled her hand back and stood. “I’ve got work tomorrow. I’m going to bed.”

When she started to walk away, Tyrone blocked her path, his expression hard.

“Aella,” he said quietly, “is this really what we’ve become? Just arguing and avoiding each other? Can’t we talk like normal people anymore?”

Aella shot back, “If it’s not about work or arguing, what do you want to talk about? Feelings? Do you even know what that means?”

Their eyes Jocked. Tyrone’s face darkened, and whatever light was left in his gaze faded away.

After a long silence, he changed the subject. “Next week, take a day off. We’re going to the Winter Estate for dinner.”

Aella pulled her hand free again. “Next week, an international medical team is visiting the hospital. I won’t have time.”

Without waiting for a response, she turned and headed for the bedroom.

Tyrone stood there, watching her slender figure disappear down the hallway, his brows tightening in frustration.

No matter what I say or do, she doesn't believe me anymore.

Before, even after our worst fights, she'd

still show that she cared.

But ever since the marriage contract was voided, she doesn't even bother pretending.

In the days that followed, Aella buried herself in work. She left early, came home late, and barely touched her meals. Talking to Tyrone wasn't even on her radar.

That night, Brad and Sayer dropped by for dinner again—though, as usual, it was Tyrone who ended up cooking.

The three of them sat around the table, each in his own corner.

With his mouth full, Brad mumbled, "Why's the 18th floor so empty?"

Sayer snorted. "That ugly thing moved out?"

Tyrone shot them both a glare, his patience thinning fast. "You two eat here five times a week. Don't either of you have a kitchen?"

Brad grinned. "As long as you're still married to Aella, half this house is hers. So technically, I'm eating her food, not yours."

Sayer nodded quickly. "Exactly! Aella never complains. Why should you?"

Brad smirked, meeting Tyrone's eyes. "Keep glaring all you want. If you're gonna act like that, we'll just spend the night."

Sayer slapped his thigh in agreement. "Yeah! We'll take the room next door. Tell your maid to get it ready!"

Tyrone stared at them, speechless.

On Friday afternoon, Tyrone drove alone to the Winter Estate,

Suddenly, Raine jumped to her feet in excitement. "Look! Aella's on TV!"

On the screen, Aella appeared with light makeup and a white lab coat, walking alongside a group of international medical experts on a hospital tour.