

## Once Cast 125

### Chapter 125 Her Biggest Supporter

Aella and Tyrone sat in silence in the back of the luxury car.

The phone suddenly rang, breaking the silence with a loud, intrusive sound.

Tyrone glanced at the caller ID, then looked at Aella.

She slid her phone into her purse and zipped it shut. Meeting his gaze, she said flatly, "If my being here is inconvenient, I can get out."

Her tone was calm, almost indifferent, like she was discussing something mundane.

Then she instructed the driver to pull over.

Tyrone's dark eyes narrowed, scanning her face as if he could read the thoughts buried deep in her mind.

The black car slowed and came to a stop at the curb. Aella opened the door.

For a moment, Tyrone froze. By the time he reacted, one of her legs was already outside the car.

He ended the call abruptly and reached for her wrist.

"I hung up," he said. "You don't have to get out."

Aella turned to him, shook off his hand, and stepped out anyway.

She leaned slightly toward the window, her tone calm. “You should call her back. She’s depressed and hopelessly in love with you. If she does something drastic, you’ll regret it for the rest of your life.”

Then she turned and walked toward the sidewalk, pulling out her phone to order a ride.

Her words hit Tyrone like a punch to the chest, leaving a tight, unbearable ache.

He got out on the other side, his breathing uneven.

Aella heard the door click shut behind her. When she looked up, Tyrone was already standing in front of her.

She asked, “The press conference is done. Anything else you need me to do?”

Tyrone’s face darkened as he locked eyes with her.

“Aella,” he said, “if you’re upset, if you feel wronged, just tell me. You don’t have to act like this.

Aella lowered her phone, her gaze distant and detached.

“And what if I am upset? It’s not like I can divorce you.

“And what if I do feel wronged?” she continued. “I signed your agreement. I’m trapped. If I piss you off, I get threatened, maybe even thrown in jail. What else can I do but to suck it up?”

Then she added, “And even if I tell you everything—what then? Would that save me? Would you finally let me go?”

They stood face-to-face on the sidewalk, close enough to feel each other's breath.

Her tone was cool, almost mocking, each word like a knife.

Tyrone's jaw tightened, his chest rising and falling quickly.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard, his expression flickering between guilt, confusion, and pain.

Finally, his

gaze steadied.

He took her arm gently, drawing her closer. His voice softened. "Miriam's being discharged today. Let me go with you."

Aella offered a quiet, bitter smile. "Tyrone, you know my family doesn't want to see you."

The air between them thickened.

Tyrone nodded slowly. "Fine. I'll pick you up tonight to go back to Winter Estate."

and

got in.

A rideshare pulled up beside them. Without a word, Aella slipped from his grasp

Tyrone stayed on the sidewalk, watching as the car merged into traffic and disappeared.

When the driver reminded him it was time to move, Tyrone finally got back into his car.

He didn't start the engine right away, rolling down the window instead and lighting a cigarette, his face clouded with frustration.

His phone lit up again—it was another message from Zera. He glanced at it once, then ignored

it.

By noon, Aella had picked up her parents and brother from the hospital and brought them back to their downtown apartment.

As soon as they entered, Miriam pulled her into a room.

Aella," Miriam asked anxiously, "what's going on with all that news?"

Aella smiled faintly. "Mom, don't worry. Life in high society is full of rumors and half-truths- it's better not to take them seriously."

Miriam sighed, relief flickering in her eyes.

It seemed her daughter's feelings for Tyrone were finally fading.

She took Aella's hands. "Money and status don't matter, sweetheart. What matters most is your health. No matter what happens, don't let yourself suffer."

Aella's chest tightened, but she forced a smile.

That afternoon, she finally had a proper meal with her family.

Then she spent the rest of the day helping them clean and reorganize the apartment from top to bottom.

She bought new plants and flowers for the balcony, arranged fresh blooms in the living room, gave everyone warm slippers, and even hung a lucky charm over the stove.

She wanted her family to start the new year surrounded by warmth—a fresh, peaceful life together.

As evening approached, Aella noticed several missed calls.

She stepped out onto the balcony and immediately called Daniel back. That's when she learned Sayer's condition had worsened—his insomnia had returned.

After hanging up, she quickly called Sayer himself.

He had been her very first patient and her biggest supporter.

Thanks to him, her reputation in the field of sleep disorders had spread quickly.