

## Once Cast 143

### Chapter 143 Mistress

He realized Aella was doing this deliberately.

Inviting people over for poker was just an excuse; her real goal was to catch him being unfaithful.

She stirred up all this chaos to expose his affair with Zera.

She despised him.

She wanted revenge.

She wanted to make a scene and let Edwin deal with both him and Zera.

When Aella noticed Tyrone's expression darken, she quickly turned around and threw herself into Beatrice's embrace.

Aella began crying, and her voice was trembling. "Mrs. Townsend, I feel so hurt

Beatrice and Aella's grandmother were close friends of many years. She had always liked Aella and once hoped she would marry her oldest grandson.

But since the Reids and Winters already had an engagement, and Aella only ever loved Tyrone, Beatrice had eventually let the idea go.

Now, seeing Aella so heartbroken, Beatrice's face tightened with rage. "Tyrone, even if the Reids lose everything, I'll still be here for them. Don't you dare mistreat Aella!"

Before Tyrone could respond, Dana interjected, “Mr. Winter, I used to think you were better than other men, but clearly you’re no different.”

Another elderly woman spoke up, “Mr. Winter, if you’re going to fool around, at least choose someone worthy. You went for this cheap girl instead of Aella? Are you deliberately trying to humiliate your wife?”

Dana then turned her focus toward Jenny, who was standing beside Zera.

She said, “Ms. Townsend, be careful who you associate with. Don’t bring just any random woman into our circle.”

Jenny knew Dana’s temper well. She glanced at Beatrice and chose to stay silent.

Zera’s hands clenched tightly at her sides, her nails digging deep into her skin.

Why did everyone look down on her? Why did everyone feel entitled to trample over her?

Family? She wasn’t any worse off than Aella.

Appearance? Her face was just as beautiful.

Personality? She’d always been gentle, polite, and self-reliant around Tyrone.

So why could Aella blend so easily into the elite crowd while she was always treated like an outsider?

Zera looked at Tyrone and said with sorrow, “I’m sorry. I’ve caused trouble for you again.”

Seeing everyone attacking Zera, Tyrone couldn’t hold back anymore. “You should go home.”

Zera had achieved her goal and had no intention of staying longer.

She cast Aella a look, then turned to leave.

Tyrone walked toward Aella and took her hand.

He said to Beatrice, "You've misunderstood. I'll clarify everything with my wife."

Beatrice released Aella's hand but warned Tyrone, "It'd better truly be a misunderstanding, or I'll have your father deal with you myself."

Before she could finish, an angry voice cut through the air behind them. "You shameless woman, who said you could leave?"

Everyone turned just as Raine slapped Zera hard across the face.

Smack!

Zera saw flashes of light. She clutched her cheek as she stumbled back, and she cried out in pain.

She looked at Tyrone, who was standing beside Aella, with tears streaming down her face in pure misery.

Tyrone quietly dropped Aella's hand.

He moved in front of Zera and glared at Raine. "Leave now before I lose control."

Raine lifted her chin. "I'm not done; she's getting more than a slap. I'll tear her clothes off too. Go on, hit me if you dare!"

Seeing Tyrone's anger flare, Aella quickly pulled Raine close, forcing a few tears to fall. "Tyrone, you keep saying there's nothing going on, but you defend her like this ... How am I supposed to

Dana couldn't stand unfaithful men. "Mr. Winter, if you're going to cheat, at least hide it better. You're not acting like a man, and you're embarrassing your wife."

Her words made the onlookers gasp and whisper among themselves.

Tyrone stared at Aella's tearful eyes, his chest tightening with frustration.

He stepped closer, held her hand, and said calmly, "Let's talk about this at home."

Aella sneered inwardly.

At home? That would mean losing her chance to speak out.

When Tyrone tried to pull her along, Aella jerked her hand back.

He grabbed her wrist firmly and refused to let go.

He warned, "Aella, remember who you are."

With that, Tyrone forced her to leave with him.

Just then, the elevator doors slid open, and the butler appeared with two groups of guards.

The butler approached Tyrone and Aella. He bowed politely. "Mr. and Mrs. Winter, Mr. Edwin requests your presence at once."

Tyrone's eyes shifted toward Brad, who stood behind the guards.

Brad gave him a smug look. "I'm the one who tattled. If you're so brave, tell Dad to lock me up again."

Tyrone lowered his gaze and remained for a moment.

He turned toward Zera. "You should head home."

Zera hurried toward the elevator nervously.

But the butler stepped in her way. "Ms. Caldwell, I'm afraid you're not allowed to leave."