

Once Cast 147

Chapter 147 The Breaking Point

Her silent answer to herself, “Yes, it is deep enough. It hurts enough. But there won’t be a next time.”

Tyrone stared blankly at Aella.

Seeing the tears sliding down her pale cheeks sent a sharp pain through his chest.

Every word she had said—“Congratulations” and “Tyrone, Tyrone, Tyrone”—cut into him like a blade, carving deep wounds across his heart.

Zera saw him moving toward Aella, his steps unsteady, his eyes dazed, as if under a spell. Panic rose in her chest.

She tore free from the bodyguards and rushed forward to block his path.

She circled to his other side, cutting off his view of Aella. “Tyrone, what do we do now? You just helped me, and now everything’s blown up!”

Her crying snapped Tyrone back to his senses.

He pushed down the unfamiliar ache in his chest and tried to calm her. “Zera, don’t worry. As long as I’m here, nothing will happen to you.”

Hearing that promise again, Zera finally relaxed.

She deliberately stepped toward Aella, putting on a pitiful face. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Aella. It’s all my fault for making you misunderstand. If you’re angry, please take it out on me. Don’t let this hurt your marriage.”

Aella steadied her breathing and asked softly, “Ms. Caldwell, do you love Tyrone?”

Zera froze, completely caught off guard by the question.

Tyrone was the most handsome, refined, and charming man she had ever met—intelligent, wealthy, powerful. What woman wouldn’t fall for him?

But Tyrone had made it clear to her more than once that what he felt was sympathy, guilt, and a lingering attachment to the past.

And now, with the Winters’ elders here and his marriage still intact, she couldn’t possibly admit it.

She looked nervously at Tyrone. “Tyrone, she’s...”

Tyrone’s face darkened.

He stepped forward and said to Aella, “This is all on me. It has nothing to do with Zera.”

Aella looked at him, then fixed her gaze on Zera.

“Ms. Caldwell, since you won’t answer, that means you do love Tyrone. The two of you are truly in love.”

Tyrone grabbed Aella’s wrist, lowering his voice. “Aella, that’s enough.”

Aella pulled her hand free and faced Edwin. “Mr. Edwin, since they love each other and have a child together, you should let them be.”

When Edwin didn’t respond, Aella dropped to her knees. “Please, let them be together.”

Tyrone wanted to protect Zera and Orson, but he couldn't say it aloud or ask for a divorce. So Aella decided to do it for him.

Watching her drop to the ground before Edwin, Tyrone's chest tightened painfully.

He rushed forward and grabbed her arm. "Get up!"

Aella turned her hand, gripping his tightly.

She said softly, "Tyrone, kneel with me and beg Grandpa together. He'll definitely agree to let you be with her!"

They stared at each other, and the pain in Tyrone's chest twisted even deeper.

Virginia's eyes darted between Tyrone, Zera, and Aella.

She walked over, pushed Tyrone aside, and faced Edwin. "Dad, since Tyrone and Ms. Caldwell truly love each other and already has a child, let's stop forcing things. For the child's sake, give Ms. Caldwell a chance. Let Tyrone divorce Aella."

Aella looked up, eyes shining with gratitude.

Tyrone turned on Virginia. "Mom, what are you doing?"

She met his glare calmly. "I'm trying to help you three become a family."

Tyrone staggered back a step. Zera quickly moved to steady him, her heart racing with disbelief. She had never imagined that Virginia would actually speak up for her.

Stealing a glance at Tyrone's face, Zera said tearfully, "Thank you, Mrs. Winter. But I know I'm not good enough for Tyrone. I only want my child to be safe. I don't dare wish for anything

more.”

Brad, who had been silent until now, stepped forward. “Ms. Caldwell, don’t say that. You’re Tyrone’s first love. All these years, even after he got married, the only person in his heart has been you. He’s finally reunited with you and your child. Do what he’s always wanted—marry

him.”

“Brad, shut up!”

Tyrone, his eyes bloodshot, snapped and grabbed Brad by the collar.

After everything we’ve been through as buddies, you want me to get divorced?”

Brad yanked his wrist free. “If I were Aella’s brother, I wouldn’t even let you stand here. I’d make sure you divorce her right now.”

Brad shoved him hard. “You already chose to live and die with Zera. That means you’ve given up on Aella. Since you let her go, what right do you have to keep her by your side?”