

Once Cast 148

Chapter 148 Aella's Choice

Raine hid behind Brad, forcing herself to sound brave. "Tyrone, I'm begging you. If you love Zera that much, just let Aella go. Mom already gave you her blessing!"

Tyrone snapped, his voice breaking. "Shut up!"

Raine shrank back, terrified.

Brad pulled her aside. "I've got to head back for something. Keep an eye on things."

He gave Tyrone one last glance, answered his phone, and left the Winter Estate.

Tyrone gripped the couch armrest, his hand trembling slightly.

He looked at Aella, panic flickering in his eyes and his voice shaking.

"I'm not getting a divorce. Never."

The moment he said it, Zera's face stiffened.

Even now, after everything, Tyrone still refused to leave Aella.

She'd been gone for six years, and he must have fallen for Aella, that woman who'd taken everything from her.

He couldn't let go and wouldn't let go. He was too afraid of losing.

Ralph turned to Edwin. "Dad, what do you

After a long silence, Edwin sighed.

think?"

He looked at Tyrone and said, "If that's your choice, then for the child's sake, I'll give you one last chance. Zera and Orson, or Aella—pick one and let the other go."

Tyrone stepped forward, grabbed Aella's wrist, and pulled her up roughly.

"Grandpa, I'll protect Zera. But I'm not getting divorced."

Virginia cut in, her tone sharp. "If you're set on protecting Zera and Orson, then you will get divorced."

"Mom!" Tyrone's voice cracked again.

Zera lowered her head in shame.

Tyrone felt guilty toward her and he just wanted to shield her, so Edwin wouldn't hurt her again like six years ago.

But he also had feelings for Aella, and even with everyone pushing him, he refused to agree to a divorce.

Zera felt a chill creeping up her spine.

Thank God she hadn't admitted she loved Tyrone or wanted to

marry him when Aella asked earlier.

If she had, even if Edwin spared her, Tyrone never would.

Edwin spoke bluntly. "Tyrone, you're the heir of the Winter family. That woman Zera is too ambitious, and Aella's too soft-hearted—she doesn't have what it takes to hold her position as your wife."

Tyrone stood firm. "Zera's innocent. If you've got a problem, take it out on me. Just let her go."

Virginia snapped back, "If Zera's innocent, then what about Aella? Isn't she innocent too?"

Edwin said coldly, "If you want to protect Zera and Orson, then agree to the divorce and marry a proper heiress."

"No matter what you say, I'm not divorcing her!" Tyrone shouted without thinking.

Zera kept her head low, her hands clenched so tightly her knuckles turned white.:

Why? Why did he have to marry her but still treat her like a shadow? Why did Edwin get to humiliate her like this?

After thinking it over, Zera finally gathered her courage and stepped forward.

"Please don't worry, Mr. Edwin. Even though Tyrone and I have a child, I've never thought about getting back together with him. I've stayed by his side only for the sake of my child. What happened tonight was my fault. If you want to punish someone, I'll take it."

Aella closed her eyes, weary.

Tyrone was ready to risk everything for Zera, but Zera didn't even have the courage to respond.

It seemed Aella would have to find another way.

Edwin glanced at Justin, who motioned for several bodyguards to step forward.

“Send Zera to the island,” Edwin ordered.

The moment he spoke, the bodyguards advanced. Zera panicked and scrambled behind Tyrone.

Tyrone shielded her with his body. “Grandpa, don’t make me use force.”

Edwin snorted. “You ungrateful brat!”

Aella saw Tyrone about to fight and rushed forward to protect him.

If she truly wanted a divorce, she had to prove it—to Zera and to everyone. She had to show she meant it.

She pushed Tyrone and Zera toward the exit. “Go. Both of you. I’ll hold them off.”

Tyrone looked at her, confusion and fury flashing in his eyes.

“Aella, I don’t know what you’re thinking, but you’re leaving with me, now.”

Aella blocked the doorway with her body, keeping Tyrone and Zera outside.

“I promised you I wouldn’t let the woman you love get hurt,” she said softly. “I keep my word.”

Their eyes met. Aella closed the door.

“Aella!”

Tyrone yanked at the handle, but it was locked from the inside.

He began pounding on the door, shouting her name, losing control.

Zera stood beside him, torn between fear and jealousy. "Tyrone," she cried, "your mom and sister like your wife. They won't hurt her. It's me he's after. Mr. Edwin wants me dead!"

Her tears came harder. "I don't want to be sent to that island. Orson's waiting for me at home. Please, Tyrone, take me back first. Please."