

Once Cast 177

Chapter 177 A Lesson in Control

Aella checked the package before swallowing the pill without hesitation.

It looks like I was right—Tyrone clearly has no plans of having a child with me.

Watching her take the pill so calmly, her expression finally easing, Tyrone's hands tightened into fists at his sides.

He gave her one last look, his face hard and distant, then turned and walked out of the bedroom.

Aella slept until around 3 p.m.

Still sore all over, she slowly got up and looked at herself in the mirror. Her skin was covered in marks, and she lay in the bathtub for a long time, trying to gather herself.

Even though she'd been drugged and her memory was fuzzy, she still remembered how rough Tyrone had been. Every touch carried his bottled-up anger.

He had been both gentle and forceful, switching between the two—making her cry, making her beg, making her promise things just to make it stop.

After what happened last night, she knew she could never try pulling a stunt like that again.

When it came to Zera, Aella still couldn't figure her out. Every time that woman faced Tyrone, she shrank back like a scared kitten.

Aella didn't get it. Tyrone adores her and spoils her, and she's even given him a son. She could've easily taken my place, but she's so terrified of him.

Clearly, she isn't someone I can depend on

. I need another plan.

Meanwhile, in the CEO's office at Winter Group.

Tyrone poured Virginia a cup of coffee himself. "Mom, what brings you here?"

Graceful as ever, Virginia set her purse aside and smiled faintly. "You and Aella haven't been back to the estate in a while. I was nearby, so I thought I'd stop by and see how you two are doing."

Tyrone lowered his gaze. "We're doing fine."

Virginia set down her cup, her smile fading. "Fine? You took Aella to that gathering with Zera and her kid—does that sound fine to you?"

Tyrone's expression didn't change. "Mom, don't take Raine's gossip seriously."

Virginia sighed, her eyes soft with worry. "Tyrone, every mother wants her children to have a good marriage. But you can't just ignore your ties to Zera and Orson. You and Aella don't have a kid together, so sooner or later, your relationship will fall apart."

Tyrone pressed his lips together, saying nothing.

Virginia's voice dropped, tinged with sorrow. "End this marriage peacefully, while you still can."

Tyrone sat stiffly, his back straight and his tone firm. "Mom, I'm not divorcing her."

As for a kid, we'll have one eventually.

Virginia had lived long enough to know when something was pointless.

She knew her son too well. Once Tyrone made up his mind, no one—not even her—could change it.

She picked up her purse and stood to leave, but before walking out, she sighed. “Tyrone, if you keep this up, not even a miracle can help you!”

She still remembered the day she found out Ralph had been cheating.

Her whole world had come crashing down.

That pain, that exhaustion, that kind of heartbreak—only those who’ve lived through it could ever understand.

She hadn’t divorced him because the family business was tied together, and the children needed both parents.

Everything changed when Ralph realized what he’d done.

The day after she took the kids and left, he begged her to come home.

Right in front of her, he sent that woman and her child overseas, swearing he’d never see them again.

After that, the family stayed together.

Ralph’s affair was a moment of weakness—a passing mistake.

But Tyrone’s situation is different. His affair is with his first

love, and there are real emotions involved.

He can’t let go, and because of that, he’s stuck in it.

He still loves Zera and cares for the boy. In some twisted way, that chaos makes him feel complete.

But Aella is innocent. She's the one getting hurt.

Virginia knew she had to help Aella, even if it meant pushing for a divorce herself.

After Virginia left, Tyrone sat in his office, staring blankly ahead.

When Noel knocked and came in, Tyrone suddenly asked, "If a woman teamed up with another woman to drug her husband, what kind of mindset is that?"

The question caught Noel off guard. "Uh... M-Mr. Winter, I'm not very sure."

"Just say what you think," Tyrone said flatly.

Noel hesitated, then said carefully, "Well ... a woman who'd do something like that probably hates her husband. If she could get away with it, she'd probably use rat poison instead."

Seeing Tyrone's expression grow darker by the second, Noel's voice trailed off.

Judging by

his reaction, is he talking about Mrs. Winter?

That's some serious drama.

Noel quietly placed the file on the desk and slipped out of the room.

The office fell silent again.

Dressed in black slacks and a crisp white shirt, Tyrone stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, his posture straight and composed.

He stared down at the busy city streets, his thoughts heavy.

Aella doesn't really want to hurt me—she's just disappointed.

She's gone this far because I've kept her under my thumb for too long. She's just blowing off steam.

She loves me too much to truly walk away.

After everything we've been through all these years, there's no way we're getting a divorce.