

Once Cast 180

Chapter 180 The Family's Secret

Virginia couldn't help but smile. "Aella's always been sharp. No matter what she does, she finds a way to make it work."

As Tyrone watched his family's faces light up with admiration for Aella, a strange mix of emotions swirled inside him.

The carefree little girl who used to cling to me and beg me never to leave has grown up.

She's not just playing games behind my

back.

She's now standing on her own, confident and capable, shining brighter than anyone around her.

Watching her calm, glowing face on the TV screen, Tyrone's deep eyes softened with something he couldn't explain.

That evening, as people were clocking out, Aella exited through the employee gate with her coworkers. Tyrone was waiting by the curb.

When her coworkers noticed, they whispered among themselves, eyes full of envy. Aella quickly pulled Tyrone aside and asked in a low voice, "What are you doing here?"

Tyrone said, "I'm your husband, and I'm here to pick up my wife after work. What's wrong with that?"

Aella frowned at him.

In all the years she'd known him, he had never called her that.

What is he up to now?

Did Zera finally dump him?

When one of her coworkers reminded her about an after-hours visit, Aella turned back to Tyrone and said, "I have to work late tonight. Dr. Payne and I are making a house call. You should just go home."

Tyrone caught her hand. "I'll drive you there."

If Daniel had approved two attending physicians for the same call, the patient had to be in serious condition—maybe even someone high-profile,

Just as Aella opened her mouth to refuse, Daniel appeared beside them.

He greeted Tyrone politely and then said, "You should come too, Mr. Winter. You might even

know the person."

Tyrone glanced at Aella. "Alright," he said simply.

The two men were already aligned, leaving her no chance to argue.

They drove west, two cars in a row, as the city lights faded behind them.

After nearly an hour, they stopped in front of a large private villa.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Aella noticed Tyrone's expression grow darker and tenser the closer they got.

She hesitated before asking, "Do you know who lives here?"

Tyrone didn't answer. When she reached for the door handle, he unbuckled his seatbelt and grabbed her wrist.

She turned to him, catching the flicker of hesitation in his eyes.

Before he could say anything, Aella said quietly, "Tyrone, you promised not to interfere with my work."

His gaze dimmed, but after a moment, he released her hand.

The butler opened the door and respectfully led them into the house.

An elderly man with silver hair and a cane greeted them in the living room.

Daniel stepped forward and greeted him warmly, introducing Aella and Samson Payne.

The old man gave a brief nod before his sharp eyes landed on Tyrone.

His voice turned cold. "The Websters don't welcome anyone with the name Winter." He turned to the butler. "Show him out."

Tyrone didn't react. He held Aella's hand and said evenly, "If you don't want anyone from the Winters here, then we'll leave."

Aella glanced at him, seeing the shadow darken his face.

So, he knows these people—and clearly, there's some bad blood.

When he tried to stop me from getting out of the car... he must've been trying to keep me away from this place.

Daniel stepped in quickly. "Mr. Winter, please, let's talk this out."

He leaned toward the old man and whispered something in his ear.

The man's expression shifted for a few seconds before settling again.

He finally said, "You may go upstairs. The Winters stay here."

Aella froze, her eyes darting between the old man, Daniel, and Tyrone.

Tyrone clearly knew who they were visiting, yet he hadn't said a word to her.

And judging by Daniel's calm reaction, he knew too. That was probably why he'd insisted Tyrone come along.

She was the only one left in the dark.

Tyrone said quietly, "Be careful upstairs. I'll wait down here."

Aella nodded and followed Daniel and Samson up the stairs.

The hallway stretched long and silent. Servants stood every few steps, and guards were posted at regular intervals. Tiny cameras covered nearly every inch of the ceiling.

The farther Aella walked, the heavier her chest felt.

This didn't feel like a home. It felt like a place meant to keep someone locked inside.

Tyrone's warning for her to be careful echoed in her mind, making her uneasy.

She tugged lightly on Daniel's sleeve and whispered, "Daniel, why are there so many cameras here?"

Daniel stopped walking and said quietly, "Your only job is to treat the patient. Don't ask questions about anything else."

His serious tone made Aella's stomach twist with nerves.

They stopped at the end of the hallway, outside a large bedroom.

The butler knocked softly, and a young man stepped out.

The butler said, "Norman, the doctors are here. Can they see Mr. Vic now?"

Norman Webster looked about 20, average height, with a round, boyish face that made him seem harmless. He smiled shyly as he glanced at them.