

Once Cast 181

Chapter 181 Hidden Bloodlines

Norman said, "Mr. Vic's calm for now. You can go in and give it a try."

Aella and Daniel exchanged a quick look, took a deep breath, and stepped inside.

The name on the patient chart read Victor Webster, but everyone just called him "Mr. Vic."

Even from the way people said his name, it was clear this man wasn't someone ordinary.

Downstairs, the old man, Leland Webster, waited nervously by the door while Tyrone sat quietly at the table, sipping tea like nothing was wrong.

Leland kept shooting him sharp looks, and Tyrone's eyes were just as cold and distant in return.

When a sound came from upstairs, Tyrone set down his cup and stood up instantly.

Daniel came down, helping Aella walk carefully.

Behind them, Samson looked pale and shaken.

The moment Tyrone saw the cut on Aella's hand, his eyes darkened, and he started for the stairs.

Aella grabbed his arm. "The patient's emotional. Don't go up there!"

Her firm tone stopped him. After meeting her steady gaze, he turned around and went back down.

He helped her sit on the couch while Samson quickly cleaned and wrapped her wound.

Daniel turned to Leland and said, "Mr. Vic's mental state is unstable. Strangers shouldn't approach him. We'll come back in three days."

Leland's eyes moved back to Tyrone as he said calmly, "Only the two attending doctors need to come back. No need to bring anyone else."

His words carried a message, and Daniel gave Tyrone a slightly awkward look.

Tyrone's face darkened as he held Aella's injured hand. "If you don't want me there, then turn down Aella's treatment right now."

Daniel threw Aella a warning look, and she quickly pulled Tyrone toward the door.

Once they were in the car, Aella couldn't hold it in anymore. "Tyrone, you promised not to mess with my work. What was that back there?"

He looked at her and gave a small, crooked smile without answering.

She pressed again, "Tell me the truth, Tyrone. Do you have some kind of history with the Websters?"

Tyrone's eyes dropped, and he said nothing. Aella tugged on his sleeve. "I'm talking to you!"

After a long silence, Tyrone finally said, "We'll talk when we get home."

Aella glared at him, clearly annoyed, then turned her face away.

When they got back, Tyrone went straight to the bathroom without saying a word.

He ran a warm bath for Aella, then he set out a towel, a bathrobe, and a pair of pajamas.

The small, thoughtful things he did were something she'd never experienced from him before.

But she didn't know how to react to this version of Tyrone.

She wasn't used to him coming home on time and waiting for dinner with her.

She wasn't used to him showing up after work just to drive her home and hold her hand in front of her coworkers.

She definitely wasn't used to how gentle he'd become, or how easily he gave in these days.

When Tyrone nudged her gently toward the bathroom, Aella tossed the towel aside.

She turned to him again. "Tyrone, what's really going on between you, the Websters, and Mr. Vic?"

Tyrone bent down to pick up the towel. "We'll talk after you shower."

Aella snapped, "Why not just wait until I'm dead to tell me?"

Tyrone gave her a brief look, then walked out without a word.

Because of her injured hand, Aella washed up quickly and followed the light out to the living room.

Tyrone was there, laying out medical supplies neatly across the coffee table.

She walked up to him and said sharply, "Tyrone, are you going to tell me or not?"

He looked at her for a long moment, then gently pulled her to sit down on the couch.

He held her wrist with one hand and grabbed a cotton swab with the other. “Technically, Victor is my uncle.”

Technically?

Aella caught the keyword in his sentence.

Aella frowned at him. “What do you mean, technically?”

Kneeling beside her, Tyrone explained while disinfecting her hand, “My grandparents had my mom and my uncle after they married. When my grandma passed away, my grandpa remarried a woman with the last name Webster. Victor’s her son—my mom’s half-brother.”

Aella’s mouth fell open. “You mean—”

Tyrone reached out and gently pushed her chin closed.

He continued, “The Websters didn’t have any sons, so my grandpa let him take his mother’s last name and inherit the Webster business.”

Aella frowned. “Then why does Leland look at you like he can’t stand you?”

As he wrapped her hand in gauze, Tyrone didn’t hide anything. “Years ago, the Websters went through a financial collapse. At the time, my parents’ families were investing heavily in Euravia, so my mom’s family, the McCarthys, didn’t lend them money. The Websters’ company ended up being taken over by a competitor.”

Aella still felt something didn’t add up. “And then what?”

Tyrone sat down beside her, gently holding both her wrists, his face turning serious.

“After that,” he said quietly, “Victor’s mom couldn’t deal with it when her project money got canceled. She jumped off a building. Since then, Victor has blamed the McCarthys for her death. Because of that, the relationship between the Websters and the Winters has never recovered,”