

Once Cast 190

Chapter 190 The Patient in the Wheelchair

Tyrone's face was icy, his lips pressed into a tight line.

Zera's voice trembled. "Aella called me a homewrecker. She said you're a jerk, that she's wanted to divorce you for ages, and that she never wants to see you again. She hopes you never come home."

Tyrone's tone was calm but sharp. "What else did she say?"

Tears welled in Zera's eyes, and she started to sob. "Tyrone, she pretended to be my friend just to humiliate me. This morning at the hospital, she let her coworker hit me and curse at me in front of everyone. Lots of people saw it. You can check if you don't believe me."

Her crying grew louder. "Your family looks down on me, Aella misunderstands me, and everyone seems to hate me. What did I do wrong, Tyrone?"

Tyrone watched Zera struggle to hold back her tears. He went to his car, grabbed some tissues, and handed them to her.

"Go home for now," he said. "I'll figure out what really happened."

Feeling like she'd gotten what she wanted, Zera obediently left.

Tyrone lingered for a moment before calling Aella.

When Aella answered, she had just arrived at Webster Manor.

The first thing she heard was Tyrone's harsh voice. "Couldn't you talk to her properly? Why humiliate her in public?"

Aella was confused, and she hung up without a word.

A few minutes later, outside the main bedroom on the second floor of Webster Manor.

Aella and Samson exchanged a nervous glance before she took a deep breath and stepped inside.

Her eyes landed on the man sitting by the tall window, strapped into a wheelchair.

He wore black dress pants and a deep red suit jacket over a black shirt unbuttoned down to his chest, revealing a hint of toned muscle.

His sharp features and cold expression made him look dangerous. A small red mole under his left eye only added to his wild, threatening aura.

Everything about him, including his posture, his build, and his stare, radiated danger.

Victor's piercing gaze locked on her. "You're Tyrone's wife?"

His low, gravelly voice, like someone who lived on strong coffee and smoke, made Aella's chest tighten.

"I'm Aella Reid, your attending physician," she said carefully.

Victor lifted a hand, and his assistant, Norman, turned the wheelchair so Victor faced away from her.

"I don't need anyone from the Winters treating me. Get out," Victor said coldly.

Aella and Samson exchanged a quick look.

After hesitating, Aella said, "Mr. Vic, Tyrone and I are getting a divorce. I'm not part of the Winters."

The wheelchair slowly turned again, and Victor's eyes met hers.

"I'm just here to help you recover, Mr. Vic," Aella continued. "Tyrone's been awful to me. He cheated on me and even has a child with another woman. If you let me treat you, maybe you can help me get some justice."

Victor gave a low, amused laugh—magnetic but dangerous.

"And who exactly are you to me?" he asked. "Why should I take your side?"

"Technically, you're Tyrone's uncle," she said calmly. "When a nephew mistreats his wife, isn't it natural for his uncle to step in and teach him a lesson?"

Victor smirked.

One second, she claimed she wasn't part of the family, and the next, she was calling him 'uncle' and asking for help.

Still, his eyes betrayed a flicker of interest.

"If you really can cure me, I'll make sure you get your revenge," he said.

Aella felt a surge of confidence.

Victor was Tyrone's uncle—the only person she knew who could keep Tyrone in check.

"I'll do everything I can to treat you," she promised. "If you don't believe me, I can introduce you to Mr. Locke. His chronic insomnia is nearly gone—he only has one more round of

treatment left.”

Victor raised an eyebrow. “Are you talking about Sixer, the youngest son of the Lockes?”

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Aella nodded. “Yes, Sayer Locke, the youngest of the Lockes from Euravia. I treated him in Tuspuiria six months ago. He’s almost fully recovered now.”

Victor’s posture relaxed slightly, giving Aella the courage to step closer and kneel beside his wheelchair.

“Starting this week,” she said, “Dr. Payne and I will come by every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon.”

Victor lowered his head slightly and nodded.

“Based on your current medication, we’ll start each session with 20 minutes of psychological therapy, then combine it with acupuncture, herbal treatments, sound therapy, and a healing diet,” Aella continued. “We’ll try to reduce your dependence on medicine. I hope you’ll cooperate.”

They held each other’s gaze.

Victor nodded again.

Aella let out a quiet breath of relief.

By the time she and Samson left Webster Manor, it was almost 9 p.m.

Feeling guilty for always having Aella drive him, Samson said, “Dr. Reid, you can drop me here. I’ll just grab a cab from the next block.”