

Once Cast 191

Chapter 191 The Breaking Point

Aella didn't think it was a big deal. "Dr. Payne, Dr. Hill said all our travel expenses to Webster Manor will be reimbursed. Your wife just had a baby, so if I drive you, it saves you time. We're coworkers—don't be so formal with me."

She insisted on dropping Samson off at his neighborhood gate before heading home.

When Aella got back, she saw Tyrone standing on the balcony, talking on the phone.

She walked into the dining room and noticed the clay pot on the table. She touched it—it was still warm.

But she didn't have any appetite.

After taking a shower, she started packing her things, getting ready to move into the small guest room next door.

Tyrone stopped her at the bedroom door.

With a cold face, he took the pillow from her arms, grabbed her by the arm, and pulled her back inside.

Tyrone tossed the pillow onto the bed, his eyes fixed on hers. "If a married couple sleeps in separate rooms, what's the point of being married?"

Aella held out her hand. "Fine, then show me your medical report."

Tyrone took her hand and pressed it against his chest. "I'm right here. If you think I'm sick, check me yourself."

Aella couldn't help but laugh. "You want me to take the risk? I'm not crazy."

She pulled her hand back, picked up the pillow, and turned to leave,

Tyrone caught her around the waist.

He asked, "Why did you hang up on me when I called today?"

Aella knew she couldn't avoid it.

She pushed him away, stepped back, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Alright," she said, "how do you plan to argue tonight?"

Tyrone frowned. "I'm trying to talk, not fight."

Aella gave a cold laugh. "What, did Zera whisper something to you again?"

They stared at each other, and Tyrone's expression grew darker.

He said, "If that's what you want to believe, fine."

Aella smirked.

Tyrone asked, "Why did you insult Zera with money this morning at the hospital parking lot? And why did you tell your coworker to hit her like that?"

Aella instantly understood what had happened.

But she didn't bother explaining.

She threw her pillow aside, walked up to Tyrone, and looked him straight in the eyes.

"She willingly became your mistress for money, didn't she?"

Aella said, "So what if I hit her? If you feel bad for her, go ahead and hit me. I'm right here."

Tyrone had no idea how to handle her.

"Aella," he said helplessly, "I just want to talk. Can you stop making things worse?"

Aella's anger flared.

Her eyes turned red as she shoved him hard.

"Is it me making things worse, or are you two just pushing your luck? You know damn well!" she yelled, her voice shaking.

She picked up her pillow, her voice cold and steady. "From now on, we're living apart."

She turned to leave, but Tyrone grabbed her again.

"Don't touch me!" Aella shouted, struggling with all her strength.

Tyrone gave in quietly. "Fine. I'll sleep on the couch."

He let her go. He then bent down to pick up the pillow, set it by the bed, and walked out of the

room.

Aella locked the door behind him, climbed into bed, and pulled the blanket over herself, drained and exhausted.

Later that night, Tyrone stood alone on the balcony smoking.

Noel arrived in the middle of the night.

He handed Tyrone his phone. "Mr. Winter, the nearest security camera was a bit far. The footage is clear, but the microphone only reaches about 15 feet. Ms. Caldwell and Mrs. Winter's voices were too low, so we couldn't pick up what they said."

Noel continued, "We identified the woman who fought with Ms. Caldwell. She's not a hospital employee, just a patient's family member from another ward. She doesn't know Mrs. Winter."

After Noel left, Tyrone stayed outside for a long time, smoking in silence.

So the woman who hit Zera wasn't Aella's coworker.

I misunderstood her.

But she didn't even try to defend

herself.

He couldn't stop picturing her teary, red eyes, and it made his chest ache.

Late that night, he stood outside the bedroom door, pacing, but didn't have the courage to open it.

The next morning, Aella got up on time, washed up, and changed her clothes.

When she opened the door, she nearly jumped—Tyrone was standing right outside.

She patted her chest, startled. “Why are you standing here without saying a word? Did your condition relapse?”

Tyrone’s gaze stayed on her.

He stepped forward and pulled her into his arms.

The sudden hug made Aella tense, and she tried to pull away.

In a low voice, Tyrone said, “I wrongly accused you last night. Why didn’t you explain yourself?”

Aella struggled out of his arms.

“If you hadn’t believed Zera,” she said coldly, “you wouldn’t have accused me without finding out what really happened.”

Their eyes met, and Tyrone froze.

He reached out to take her hand, but she stepped back to avoid him.

“Tyrone,” she said, her tone calm but distant, “you don’t have to pretend. I don’t love you anymore, so you can’t hurt me now. Your comfort, your arms—they don’t mean anything to me anymore.”