

## Once Cast 192

### Chapter 192 The End of "Us"

The resolve and distance in Aella's eyes hit Tyrone like a punch to the chest.

He stepped forward and grabbed her shoulders with both hands.

Looking straight at her, he said, "Aella, we're supposed to be partners for life, supporting each other. Can you please stop saying stuff like that?"

Aella stood in front of him, calm as ever.

She replied, "Tyrone, there's no partnership between us, no support, and we're definitely not a couple."

Tyrone's control snapped, and he tightened his grip on her shoulders. "How are we not?" he demanded.

Aella shoved him hard.

She stepped back and said, "We're nothing."

She stared him down and continued, "You betrayed our marriage. You lied to me. You spent every single day and night with the woman you love. You and Zera are the ones who truly stood by each other.

"When the Reids went bankrupt, Edwin tore you and Zera apart. You weighed your options and settled for me instead.

"Every penny you spent on me and my family—you tracked it all. You pushed me, set up obstacles, all for Zera. Everything you did was taking, never giving. You and Zera helped each other without asking for anything in return.

“You and I aren’t husband and wife. Between us stands the woman you love, your precious son, your guilt toward Zera, and your resentment. All your trust and affection went to Zera and Orson. You and she are the real couple.”

Every word cut Tyrone like a blade, leaving him gasping for air.

His

eyes

reddened as he shook his head desperately.

He muttered, “Aella, it’s not like that.”

That was all he could say.

Aella lifted her chin, holding back tears.

She said, “Tyrone, we’re adults. You’ve done everything you shouldn’t and said everything you shouldn’t.”

She went on, “I’ve taken all the pain and humiliation you gave me. I’m begging you, let me go, okay?”

After saying that, Aella pushed him aside and walked toward the bedroom door.

Though she wasn’t very strong, Tyrone stumbled back a step.

Watching her leave so firmly, he felt as if his chest had been ripped open, the pain almost unbearable.

He leaned against the wall, closed his eyes, and tried to hide the redness in them.

Aella went straight to the hospital and buried herself in work.

she

When she saw on her computer that Tyrone had booked an appointment under her name, frowned.

Tyrone knocked on the door and came in. Aella said coldly, "Tyrone, if you're here to start something, wait until after work."

"I'm here for a check-up," Tyrone interrupted before she could finish.

Aella froze.

He's always resisted this, so

why the sudden change?

Is it because of what I said this morning?

Have I hit a nerve?

After hesitating, Aella said, "Go to the andrology department and re-register."

Tyrone stepped closer, his dark eyes fixed on her face. "I know you can do it," he said quietly.

Aella avoided his gaze, sat down, and filled out the form. "Go pay at the billing desk," she said.

"I don't know my way around here. Come with me," Tyrone said.

Aella glanced at her assistant. "Elvira, take him," she said.

Elvira, surprised by how the couple interacted, quickly led Tyrone to his tests.

By noon, Tyrone had finished the last one.

The nurse told him to come back the next day for his report.

Tyrone said, "Just give it to Dr. Reid."

The nurse pulled Elvira aside and whispered, "Who is that man to Dr. Reid?"

Elvira whispered back, "He's Mr. Winter, Dr. Reid's CEO husband."

Ignoring the women's gossip, Tyrone returned to Aella's office.

He knocked, stepped inside, and took her coat from the rack.

Aella pretended not to notice him.

Tyrone walked over and said softly, "It's time to clock out. Let me take you to get something to eat."

"I'm not hungry," Aella replied.

This was her workplace—patients and coworkers were everywhere. She didn't want a scene.

Tyrone reached for her hand, but Aella pulled away.

"I really don't want to eat. Go by yourself," she repeated.

When she turned, Tyrone suddenly wrapped his arms around her from behind.

The more she struggled, the tighter he held her.

He bent slightly, speaking quietly near her ear. "Aella, I know you're hurt.

"Give me a little time," he said. "I'll make things right. I promise."

Aella's back pressed against his chest.

She could feel his strong heartbeat.

But she also knew—this man had never truly belonged to her, not for a single moment.