

## Once Cast 197

### Chapter 197 Facing Reality

Guess Zera really wasn't all that impressive.

Aella found it surprising, considering she had once thought highly of her.

Aella crossed the street without even glancing back.

Brad and Sayer each grabbed one of Tyrone's arms to stop him.

They didn't let go until Aella had reached the other side and the light turned red.

Brad tried to reason with Tyrone. "Your mother-in-law's in the hospital. Shouldn't you check on her?"

Sayer pushed back his short hair. "Brad, that's not right. Mr. Winter is involved with the daughter, not the mom. He doesn't need to take responsibility for everything."

Tyrone's mood plummeted.

He was so pissed that he nearly had a heart attack.

At 2:30 p.m., in Aella's office.

Elvira knocked and stepped in, placing a medical report on Aella's desk. "Dr. Reid, Mr. Winter said to give this directly to you as soon as it came in."

Aella looked over the report carefully.

She said, "Return it to the clinic. Tell them to notify him to pick it up himself."

Elvira leaned closer, whispering with curiosity, "Dr. Reid, about you and your husband ..."

Aella didn't hesitate. "He cheated and had a child with another woman. We're filing for divorce."

Aella had just returned from the inpatient ward and saw that Zera had placed her mother there.

Earlier at noon, the street scene had been chaotic, and two of her colleagues had seen it.

She was certain that the whole hospital would soon know Zera was her husband's mistress.

If the divorce couldn't happen quietly, she'd make it public.

The worst-case scenario? Tyrone might get angry and try to threaten her.

But she wasn't scared.

Victor had promised to protect her family.

At 3 p.m. sharp, Aella left the hospital for a house call.

Elvira tidied up the office and was about to leave when Tyrone knocked and walked in.

He asked Elvira, "Where's Dr. Reid?"

Elvira handed him the report. "She's on a house call. Here's the medical report."

Tyrone glanced at it briefly and handed it back. "Just give it directly to Dr. Reid."

Elvira rolled her eyes. “Dr. Reid said she’s filing for divorce. She told me to return the report to the clinic so you could pick it up yourself.”

Tyrone’s face darkened instantly.

Around 5 p.m., Aella pushed Victor’s wheelchair through the garden and returned to the living room.

Tyrone showed up.

He glanced at Victor and walked straight to Aella.

He muttered, “I came to bring you home.”

Aella steered Victor toward the dining room and tossed him a line. “I’m staying at Webster Manor for dinner tonight. You can go home first.”

Tyrone’s face stayed heavy as he followed them in.

Victor didn’t ask him to leave and had the servants set an extra plate.

Tyrone had only been seated for a few minutes when his phone rang.

Watching his reaction, Aella already knew who it was.

She served Victor a small bowl of medicinal soup. “Mr. Vic, this soup will help you sleep. Have

some more.”

No sooner had she spoken than Tyrone hesitated, standing up.

“Aella, I have something to deal with. I’ll pick you up later.”

Aella smirked as he hurried out.

Right then, Victor dropped his spoon into the bowl with a loud clang.

He said coldly, “Dr. Reid’s staying at Webster Manor tonight. You don’t need to pick her up.”

Tyrone paused at the doorway and looked back.

Victor raised an eyebrow. “Mr. Winter, you’re welcome to join dinner if you like.”

Tyrone’s dark eyes stayed locked on Aella.

Aella sat quietly at the table while staring at the phone in his hand, which was buzzing nonstop.

The three of them stayed silent for a few moments before Tyrone finally left.

After he was gone, Victor asked, “Do you really want a divorce?”

Aella leaned closer. “Yes. Will you help me?”

Their eyes met. Victor tapped her forehead with his elegant fingers, subtly pushing her away.

He lifted his spoon again. "If you can completely cure my insomnia, I'll consider helping you end the marriage."

Aella felt hope spark again.

Tyrone and her background and abilities were worlds apart.

She didn't know if she could get a divorce from him, but she was sure she could help Victor with his insomnia.

Now that Victor had made the offer, she had to take the chance.

Late at night, in the Webster Manor guest room.

Aella, in a lavender silk pajama set, stood quietly by the floor-to-ceiling window.

Ever since Tyrone had used a business trip as an excuse to bring back Zera and Orson, she had felt completely crushed.

This marriage had left her beaten and bruised, and she only got to where she was now after so much trouble.