

## Once Cast 198

### Chapter 198 Occupied

But Tyrone refused to let her go.

Even then, he couldn't stop her from moving ahead anymore.

A few casual exchanges with Victor that night made her realize something profound. Relationships were all about mutual gain.

She needed to build her own network and strengthen her expertise.

She had the courage to release the past and the determination to fight for what she wanted.

Meanwhile, back at Winter Estate.

Virginia said, "Aella's been visiting Webster Manor every day to treat Victor. That's huge. Why did you keep it from us?"

Tyrone sat across from his parents, his expression dark.

He replied, "The Websters and McCarthys have their issues, but our family hasn't wronged them. Aella's treating Victor because he personally requested it. You don't need to interfere."

Edwin said, "It's always wiser to mend fences than hold grudges. Since Victor trusts Aella, maybe she can be the bridge between the Websters and the McCarthys."

Tyrone rose to his feet. "Grandpa, the feud between those families runs deep. Aella's not the one to fix that."

Edwin said, "You won't know unless you try."

Tyrone said, "Even you couldn't mend it, Grandpa. How could Aella possibly succeed?"

Then Ralph added, "From what the McCarthys told us, Victor's confined to a wheelchair. If he had another option, he wouldn't risk having a young doctor treat him."

Edwin continued, "I heard Aella's specialty is treating persistent insomnia. If Victor doesn't intend to reconcile with the McCarthys, then there's no reason for her to keep helping him."

Tyrone stood before Edwin and his parents, his face heavy with tension.

He said, "I'll handle the situation between the Websters and McCarthys myself. But please, stay out of Aella's career."

Late that night, Tyrone returned home alone.

The empty house felt suffocatingly silent.

In the main bedroom.

Finished

He stood before their enormous wedding portrait, eyes locked on Aella in her white gown, smiling in his arms.

The Aella from back then had loved to laugh.

She'd been so easy to please.

His long, slender fingers traced the curve of her smiling face in the photo.

They'd grown up together since childhood, side by side.

Those lost days... He found himself missing them all the time.

From the moment he chose to marry Aella, he'd never imagined they'd part ways.

Reuniting with Zera after years apart had been complicated.

That month with her was filled with mixed emotions—shock, joy, guilt, and even a hint of  
sorrow.

He'd promised Zera he would take responsibility, protect her and her child.

Yet divorce had never crossed his mind.

Hours passed, and by three in the morning, Tyrone was still staring at that wedding picture.

On Aella's ring finger, the diamond band gleamed brightly.

When he first slipped it on her hand, she'd vowed never to take it off, even in death.

But in the end, she'd thrown it away herself.

He remembered how she'd looked at him by the roadside. Her gaze was distant and cold. Tyrone trembled.

He was her husband and childhood friend.

Yet he'd defended Zera in public, turning against her.

He'd questioned her professional integrity and doubted her principles.

When she told him he wasn't worthy, her voice had been calm, her eyes glacial.

Tyrone closed his eyes. He was drained.

Now, more than ever, he understood...

If he let go...

She'd never return.

He couldn't let their marriage fall apart completely.

He couldn't stand to let her lose anything else.

The next morning, at the hospital.

Aella was finishing Sayer's treatment and giving him a few reminders.

Her assistant, Elvira Andrus, knocked before entering. "Dr. Reid, Ms. Caldwell is waiting to see you. She's been outside for half an hour."

Aella glanced at Sayer and said, "I'm not meeting her."

Sayer tapped his chest. "Want me to handle it for you?"

Aella sighed. "She's Mr. Winter's favorite. If you offend her, he'll come after you."

Sayer shot her a look, straightened, and walked out.

Aella didn't stop him; she just kept seeing patients.

She didn't want to face Zera, but if Zera crossed her line, she'd make her for it.

pay

Sayer wore a pink shirt with white pants, a metal chain around his neck, a dark jacket draped over his shoulders, and his hair dyed a stylish ash-purple. He looked effortlessly expensive.

His gray-brown eyes swept over Zera as he approached.

Seeing him, Zera immediately tensed up.

She greeted him first, "Mr. Locke."

Sayer nodded at the flowers in her hands. "Aella's occupied. Tell me what you need."