

## Once Cast 251

### Chapter 251 An Unexpected Dinner

Zera nodded anxiously. “Don’t worry, Mom. I’ll find a way to get the money.”

After meeting with Shirley, she slipped off to a quiet corner of the park alone.

She called Noel two or three times, but he kept saying Tyrone was busy.

Her face was swollen and bruised from Aella’s beating, and she didn’t dare go see Tyrone.

She’d planned to scam that fat loser out of a few million to ease her money troubles, but he turned out to be just as unreliable—he changed his mind in a flash and now wanted his money back.

With no other options, Zera had to rely on small online loans just to cover her basic expenses.

Meanwhile, outside the hospital.

Mason arrived with the child. “Dr. Reid, thank you for taking care of him these past few days.”

Aella took the kid’s small suitcase in one hand and held Henry’s hand with the other. “Mr. Fulford, you don’t have to be so polite. Henry and I get along great. My parents adore him too. You can rest easy leaving him with us.”

Mason said, “If you really want a divorce, once I wrap up this case, I’ll handle it for free.”

Aella was touched but also hesitant.

She said, “Mr. Fulford, I don’t want to trouble you.”

No one in Vleka dared to take her divorce case.

Mason had only ever taken business cases since starting his career, so if he made an exception for her, she didn't know how to repay that favor.

Seeing her hesitate, Mason made the decision for her. "It's settled. I'll take your case."

Aella watched his tall, confident figure as he walked away, then gently ruffled Henry's hair. "Since your dad insists on helping me, I won't refuse. I'll pay the legal fee so your dad can buy you something tasty."

Henry tilted his head up. "Dad should help Mom. You don't have to be polite."

Looking at the little boy in front of her, Aella couldn't help but sigh.

Good kids always seem to belong to someone else.

So smart, so sweet, and so well-spoken—she wondered how Mason raised him.

He really knew how to win people's hearts.

There was still some time left before the end of the workday, so Aella brought Henry into her office.

Elvira came over to play with Henry and asked, "Dr. Reid, you still haven't finalized your divorce?"

Aella shook her head without expression.

Elvira leaned closer, grinning. "Dr. Reid, I've got an idea—guaranteed to get you divorced."

Aella immediately set down the patient file in her hand and asked, "What idea?"

Elvira said, "My cousin was in the same situation. Her husband cheated and even had a kid with the other woman. She got stuck playing a free nanny for his whole family. At first, he refused to divorce too."

Elvira continued, "Then one day, she got desperate. She started crying, said she still loved him, and pretended to give him another chance. She told him to divorce her first, so they could start over. And guess what? It worked."

Aella thought the plan actually made sense.

Tyrone wasn't easy to fool, but maybe he'd act on impulse and agree to the divorce.

She decided to give it a try when she had the chance.

After work, Aella called home and told them she'd have dinner out with Henry.

Outside the hospital, in the parking lot, Tyrone saw Aella walking out with Mason's son and frowned.

Before Aella could say anything, Tyrone spoke first, "Your family just moved into a new house. I found a sculpture as a housewarming gift for your parents. I'll drive you home and say hi to

them."

Aella looked at him, remembering Elvira's gossip.

She cleared her throat. "I already made dinner plans with Henry. We're not going home yet."

Tyrone said, "Perfect. I'll join you

then.”

Aella hesitated for a moment, then nodded.

Tyrone hadn't expected Aella to agree to dinner with him, and the corner of his mouth lifted in

a faint smile.

Married couples never stay angry for long.

Once he sorted out the mess with Zera and cleared up the misunderstandings between them, things would naturally go back to how they used to be.

Aella and Tyrone took Henry to a restaurant.

Aella ordered a kid's meal for Henry. “No oyster sauce in the soup, and extra cherry tomatoes to the main dish.”

Tyrone sat across from Aella, staring intently as she placed the order for Henry.

If their baby hadn't been lost, she'd be the best mother ever.

Just thinking that he and Aella once had a baby made Tyrone's chest ache with a sharp pain.

Henry, sitting next to Aella, said, “Mom, this guy looks kinda sad.”

Henry's words instantly darkened Tyrone's face.

Aella looked at Tyrone. “Why do you look so gloomy?”

Tyrone’s deep eyes filled with emotion, and his soft voice was shockingly gentle. “Are you worried about me?”

Aella lowered her gaze, avoiding his intense stare. “Even if you’re a complete ass, we’ve still known each other for over 20 years.”

Tyrone excitedly grabbed Aella’s hand and said, “I knew you still cared about me. I’ll go apologize to your parents tonight. Let me take you home, okay?”

Chapter 252 Is Sorry Enough?

Aella said, “You’ve done so many things to hurt me. You think just saying sorry is enough?”

Tyrone held her hands tightly. “Aella, trust me. Give me one more chance. I promise I’ll never hurt you again.”

Aella nodded. “If you’re really sorry and want me to believe you, fine—start by divorcing me first.”

Before she could finish, Tyrone suddenly pulled his hands back.

“So after all this, you still want a divorce?” he asked.

Seeing his face darken, Aella pouted a little. “Didn’t I already say it? Once we’re divorced, I’ll believe you. I’m giving you another chance—to win me over again. You really don’t want to?”

The waiter brought their food and left. Henry focused on eating.

Tyrone switched the plate of sliced steak in front of her and said with a dark expression, “Don’t think I don’t know what you’re up to.”

He was willing to chase her again.

But divorce? Absolutely not.

Aella stared at him for a long time and just felt drained.

Her whole life, she'd only seen Tyrone's good side.

He was tall, fit, handsome, smart, and polite.

He was quiet and hard to get close to, but that cool, reserved attitude was exactly what drew her

in.

Now she finally realized—Tyrone was unbelievably stubborn.

Especially when it came to love.

That same stubbornness showed in how he protected Zera.

And how he clung to their marriage.

When Aella stayed silent, Tyrone softened his tone. "I'm flying to Mudrus tomorrow for a business deal. Do you want me to bring you something?"

Aella looked him in the eyes. "The best gift you could ever give me is the divorce papers."

The two locked eyes again, and Tyrone's face turned cold.

“We’re still married. It’s not right for you to keep staying at your parents’ house. Once I’m back from my business trip and done with the shareholders’ meeting, I’ll come pick you up.”

Aella set down her fork and knife. “Don’t bother. I’ll be filing for divorce next week.”

Tyrone stared at her for a while, then shifted his gaze to Henry beside her.

“Mason’s the one giving you confidence?” he asked.

Their eyes met again, but Aella didn’t answer.

She didn’t know if Mason was capable enough to help her win the divorce case.

But she had to at least try.

At the restaurant entrance, Zera walked in with her child. Orson spotted Tyrone right away. “Mom, that’s-”

Zera quickly covered Orson’s mouth and rushed him out.

His credit card had been frozen, yet he’d gone and bought a pendant worth over ten million just to please that bitch, Aella.

His assistant kept saying he was too busy for days, but somehow had time to have dinner with that bitch.

What if he never planned to divorce Aella?

Since coming back from overseas, he hadn’t tried to get back with her, hadn’t even touched her, and now he’d cut off the money too.

He'd already given her a 60-million check to make her leave Vleka for good. So why did he suddenly change his mind?

What was his goal for defying his grandfather again just to give her a place to live?

Could it be...

Zera shivered.

She couldn't afford to keep guessing like this. She needed a backup plan.

She had to figure out what Tyrone was truly thinking and then find a way out for herself.

A few days later.

Mason came back from a business trip and stopped by the Reids' place to pick up Henry.

Mason's eyes were full of affection as he saw the little guy curled up in Miriam's arms, snacking while watching cartoons.

Setting down a few gift bags, Mason said to Miriam and Warren, "Thank you for taking care of Henry these past few days."

Miriam held Henry's hand and smiled warmly. "Mr. Fulford, it's no trouble at all. If you ever have to go out of town, you can just bring Henry over, and we'd be happy to look after him."

Mason nodded with a smile. "Then I'll take you up on that."

After getting Henry into the car, he called Aella. "Thanks, Dr. Reid. I've picked

Henry up.”

On the other end, Aella sounded a little reluctant. “It’s getting cold. Did you remember to take the jacket my mom bought for him?”

Mason chuckled. “Got it. Also packed the toy his uncle bought and the chess set from his grandpa.”

He really knows how to talk.

Aella couldn’t help but smile in embarrassment.

Then Mason added, “Dr. Reid, if you trust me, you can hand over your entire divorce lawsuit with Mr. Winter to me.”

Aella didn’t hesitate. “Thank you, Mr. Fulford. I owe you one.”

After hanging up, Mason asked his son, “Henry, how was your stay at Mom’s?”

Henry said softly, “Dad, other kids’ moms and dads live together. I want to live with you Mom every day, too.”

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Mason was silent for a few seconds. Then he told Henry, “Then you better work hard and get your mom to agree to that.”

Henry scratched his head in confusion.

Chapter 253 Urgent Delivery

Tyrone had just gotten back from a business trip when Ralph called him to Winter Estate.

Ralph asked, "How's your prep for the shareholders' meeting in three days?"

Tyrone sounded confident. "The project I brought in for Winter Group is already moving forward. If the deal goes through, it'll bring the company huge profits for the next ten years or more. Compared to that, all those rumors about me are nothing."

Ralph didn't hide his pride. "Tyrone, a man should focus on his career first. Nothing else

matters."

By the time Tyrone left Winter Estate and drove to Aella's new place, it was already past nine.

He hesitated for a long time before deciding not to knock. Instead, he sent her two messages.

A few minutes later, Aella came out of the villa.

Tyrone handed her a small, fancy gift box. "Thought this would suit you, so I bought it."

Aella opened it. Inside was a pricey diamond necklace.

She closed the box and handed it back. "Give it to someone else."

Tyrone didn't take it. Instead, he pulled Aella into a hug.

Even though she tried to push him away, he held her tight and whispered, "I missed you. Once the shareholders' meeting is over, can I take home?"

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Aella was kind of impressed by Tyrone sometimes.

He could always automatically filter out whatever he didn't want to see, hear, or believe, focusing only on his own agenda.

Aella said, "Tyrone, my parents don't want to see you. Whatever it is, let's talk tomorrow."

Tyrone noticed Aella was struggling hard, so he reluctantly let her go,

"I'll leave if you take the gift," he said.

Aella sighed and took the box, only then did Tyrone get back into his car.

He stared intently as Aella raced inside with the gift, his throat tightening.

He couldn't let her keep staying at her parents' place.

After the shareholders' meeting, he was going to bring her home.

Three days later. It was time for the Winter Group shareholders' meeting.

Tyrone, tall and composed in a perfectly tailored black suit, gave off a cold, powerful presence.

He walked out of the elevator beside his father, surrounded by a group of executives as they headed into the conference room.

Despite the doubts and gossip about Tyrone's private life, he stepped onto the stage calmly.

His sharp logic and the massive project he had secured for the company quickly earned him a round of applause from the entire room.

Ralph spoke, "Tyrone's business skill is obvious. At home, he's a great husband who doesn't mess around and takes care of his family. Don't believe the rumors out there."

The board members nodded in agreement.

"Mr. Ralph is correct. A successor as great as Tyrone is an example for all of us, no matter the field."

Just then, an assistant rushed in and handed a document to Tyrone. "Mr. Winter, urgent delivery."

Tyrone narrowed his eyes slightly and passed the folder to Noel. "Take it to my office first."

Ralph frowned. "What's so urgent? Let me see it."

Before Tyrone could stop him, Ralph snatched the file from Noel's hands.

Everyone turned their heads curiously as Ralph opened the envelope.

All eyes turned to Tyrone. "Divorce papers from a lawyer?"

Under the shocked gazes of everyone present, Tyrone calmly took the papers from his father and handed them back to Noel.

Noel nervously spoke up. "Sorry, everyone, but the assistant outside delivered this to the wrong person. It's for me."

After Ralph gave him an earful, Noel hurried out of the meeting room with his boss's divorce

papers.

Everyone there had their own thoughts about what just happened.

After the meeting, in the CEO's office.

Ralph's face was red with anger. "Hesitate too long and you'll regret it! Sending you divorce papers in front of everyone—who does she think she is?"

He jabbed a finger at his son. "You listen to me, Tyrone. Divorce her now, make her leave with nothing, and get her out of our family!"

Tyrone's face stayed calm. "Dad, my marriage is my business. Whether we divorce or not—it's my call."

Ralph's forehead veins bulged. "Not this time, it's not!"

He snapped, "Find that lawyer. I want to see who has the guts to take on a divorce case against the Winters!"

He ranted a bit more, then slammed the door on his way out.

That evening, Aella was leaving a supermarket when Tyrone suddenly forced her into his car.

The driver and Noel got out of the car and stood a few yards away.

Inside the luxury sedan, the two of them faced each other up close.

Aella felt Tyrone's anger.

If she guessed right, he must've already seen the divorce papers.

He was clearly holding back.

He said, "Aella, I know some of the things I did were unacceptable. You secretly terminating our pregnancy was already the worst punishment for me. I've been respecting your feelings and your health; I agreed we should separate to let you calm down. What else do you want?"

Chapter 254 I Want A Divorce

Aella said slowly and clearly, "I want a divorce. Right now."

Tyrone grabbed her shoulders and forced her to look at him.

"Aella, you're the one who said you loved me. You're the one who wanted to marry me. You think you can just say you don't want this anymore and walk away?"

Aella's anger flared at his words.

She shoved him back and snapped, "Yeah, I was blind back then. Can't I regret it now?"

"Regret?"

Tyrone looked away, his hands hanging awkwardly in the air.

He went quiet for a moment, then said, "You think divorce is that simple?"

"Winter Group is a public company. Our marriage and divorce would make headlines. There's too much at stake. Don't be naïve!"

Aella looked up a bit and said with absolute certainty. "Tyrone, you're a big deal, and you have a lot of concerns, but that didn't stop you from having an affair with Zera. Do you really think I'm going to listen to you being all self-righteous right now?"

Tyrone stared into her cold eyes, his chest tightening.

He told her, "The thing with Zera was my fault, and I'm trying to make amends. Can you please just stop arguing with me?"

Aella was so angry she laughed, "You kept Zera and the kid even though it put your grandpa in the hospital. That's your idea of making amends?"

Tyrone looked straight at her. "There's a reason for this. I'll tell you now. I only kept Zera because--"

Aella cut him off. "Save it, Tyrone. I don't care what excuse you make. I won't believe a word of it!"

They stared at each other.

The air is heavy and tense.

They sat there in complete silence for a long half a minute.

Tyrone changed the subject. "Aella, do you even realize Mason charges by the hour in Merican dollars? And he only takes corporate cases. Yet somehow, he makes an exception for easily. Ever wonder why?"

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Aella fired back right away. "Just because you think I'm worthless doesn't mean everyone else does. Mr. Fulford's a good father. I helped his son recover, and he's helping me with my case as a thank-you. If you're thinking anything else, that's on you."

Tyrone tried to take her hand, but she pulled away, angry.

He took a deep breath.

He spoke more calmly this time, “Even if we divorce, do you really think you’ll find someone better than me?”

Aella looked him straight in the eyes. “A woman doesn’t need a man to survive. Marriage isn’t everything.”

The warmth in Tyrone’s eyes slowly disappeared.

He said coldly, “If you think Mason’s gonna make everything go your way, you’re making a big mistake.”

Aella shot back, “Tyrone, with or without him, I’m still getting that divorce!”

Tyrone snorted and told the driver to start the car.

Aella struggled the whole way, but Tyrone dragged her back home anyway.

She glared at him, tense and wary.

It was the first time since she’d met him that Tyrone had truly lost control.

A random thought flashed through her mind—that news story about a professor who killed his wife after their divorce.

Tyrone bent down, and put a pair of slippers by her feet. “You want a divorce? Go ahead and make trouble. But until that paper’s signed, you’re staying right here.”

Aella gripped her phone tightly, leaning against the shoe cabinet, frozen. Seeing her like that, Tyrone's strength and anger drained away.

He said, "You don't need to be so on guard around me. I'm not crazy enough to force myself on my own wife."

Then, Tyrone walked straight to the study.

Aella's mind was a complete mess.

Tyrone must be losing it.

Luckily, the night was calm and nothing bad happened.

The next afternoon, Aella met Mason for lunch.

She said, "Mr. Fulford, the Winters aren't just any family. If my divorce case puts pressure on you, please don't force yourself to take it."

Mason replied, "Dr. Reid, if there's still a chance you and Mr. Winter can work things out, I can drop the case and give you more time to think."

Aella's voice was firm. "Honestly, Mr. Fulford, I have my concerns, but I absolutely have to get this divorce."

Mason said, "The Winter Group has a legal team that's known to be tough, and the Winters control everything in Vleka, but Mr. Winter is the one at fault here. As long as you've made up your mind, Dr. Reid, don't worry about me."

After a night of overthinking everything, Aella felt a little relieved.

No wonder he is

one of the top lawyers. He's composed, and he leaves a little room for both sides. That's a clever guy.

That afternoon, Aella went to Webster Manor.

Victor saw that Aella looked a little out of it. "Did Mr. Fulford agree to take on your divorce?"

Aella lit a scented candle. "You sure get news fast."

As she turned, the match in her hand brushed against Victor's suit pants.

Luckily, she quickly pulled it back just in time.

Chapter 255 Confrontation

Victor stared at the burn hole on his pants and asked, "This is how you show respect to your elders?"

Aella panicked for a moment.

She said, "I'll buy you a new pair later."

Victor poked the hole with his finger. "You weren't this nervous before."

Aella set down her needles.

She said, "Victor, you're Tyrone's uncle. He's acting like a total jerk, and you're just letting it slide?"

Victor raised an eyebrow.

Whenever she said brought this up, he knew she was about to ask for something.

Aella said, "Tyrone took me home. I'm afraid he'll go crazy, kill me, chop up my body, and then kill my whole family, so I didn't dare fight him. You're his uncle; can't you do something to control him?"

Victor asked, "You really want a divorce?"

Aella thumped her chest. "It's all I want in the world."

Victor looked down, rolling the prayer beads in his hand. "Just be careful with those needles later. Don't zone out and poke another hole in my head."

Aella was speechless.

By the time she left Webster Manor, it was past seven at night.

Suddenly, a pair of headlights flashed in her face, making her slam on the brakes.

"Mrs. Winter, Mr. Edwin asked you to come to Winter Estate," the driver said.

Aella was taken back to the Winter Estate.

She expected another fight, but Edwin was acting completely different and being nice to her.

Edwin explained, "If Tyrone won't divorce you, it means he still has feelings for you. Since Zera's child isn't his, why don't you calm down and make the marriage work? Let's put the past behind us and not bring it up again."

Aella looked at him with a mocking smile. "Mr. Edwin, did your son forget to tell you your grandson got served divorce papers right in the middle of the shareholders' meeting?"

Edwin said, "You kids need to look ahead. The whole Winters's fortune will go to your and Tyrone's children eventually. Don't throw that away over one mistake."

Aella gave a cold laugh. "I don't care about your family's wealth."

Ralph couldn't hold back anymore. He pointed at Aella and said, "Men cheat all the time, especially one as successful as Tyrone! And that kid isn't even his, so he didn't cheat. Take a look at yourself, what more do you want?"

Aella said firmly, "I don't care how great your son is. I'm not living with him, and I'm definitely not having his kid. If you want to drag this out, go for it. I have nothing to lose, so I'm not scared of you."

Edwin's face darkened with rage. "I used money to send Zera away, but then Tyrone had to go and marry a problem like you! This is a disaster for our family!"

When Tyrone arrived, Edwin was gasping for air on the couch, Ralph was shouting, and the living room was in chaos. Aella stood off to the side, just watching.

Tyrone asked, "Are you okay?"

He looked her over and, seeing no injuries, said, "Wait for me in the car."

Aella glanced at him, then turned and walked out.

After she left, Ralph angrily said, "Tyrone, I'm warning you. Mason's never lost a case. Looks like Aella's dead set on leaving you. You need to act fast and take control before she does."

"And about that woman, Zera, if you don't deal with her soon, don't blame me or your grandfather for stepping in!"

Tyrone said calmly, "Dad, I told you before. I'll handle my own problems."

He got in the car and glanced at Aella, who was scrolling on her phone in the passenger seat.

He hesitated for a moment, then started the engine.

They drove all the way home without saying a word.

Aella went straight to the main bedroom and locked the door.

Tyrone stood outside for a while, unsure what to do.

Then he knocked and said, "Open the door. I ran out of towels."

The door cracked open just enough for Aella to toss him a towel.

He tried to open the door, but it was locked again.

Tyrone stood there quietly for a while, then bent down to pick up the towel.

The next morning, at Mason's law firm.

Mason brought Tyrone a coffee in the office's rest area, which featured a massive curved window overlooking the city.

They were about the same height and dressed similarly, but their vibes couldn't be more different.

Mason was handsome and reserved; Tyrone was icy and aloof.

Once the assistants left the room, Mason asked, “Mr. Winter, you’re a busy man. What brings you here today?”

Tyrone went straight to the point. “Mr. Fulford, my wife and I have some issues, but it’s not serious enough for divorce. I’m here today because I hope you won’t interfere in my marriage.”

Mason looked serious. “Dr. Reid is Henry’s godmother and his main doctor. If she needs me, I’m absolutely going to help.”

Tyrone asked Mason, “You’re taking my wife’s divorce case for free? Don’t tell me that you’re not after anything?”

#### Chapter 256 When Business Turns Personal

Mason said, “Of course I have a reason.”

Seeing Tyrone’s face darken, he added, “I just want Dr. Reid to be happy. If she’s happy, my son’s happy. And if my son’s happy, I’m happy, too.”

Tyrone stood up, ready to leave. “My wife and I have been together for over 20 years. It’s not something you can just walk away from. If you really want to go head-to-head with the Winter Group’s legal team, then let’s see how that goes.”

Mason understood the warning behind Tyrone’s words but still politely walked him to the door.

After leaving the law firm, Noel carefully asked, “Mr. Winter, what did Mr. Fulford say?”

Once inside the car, Tyrone loosened his collar, clearly irritated.

Mason had only known Aella for a short time, yet he was already willing to offend the Winters for her.

Tyrone leaned back and closed his eyes. "How's the progress with Zera?"

Noel answered carefully, "No progress yet."

Tyrone frowned. "Head back to the office."

For the next few days, Tyrone kept himself busy with work.

But he still kept an eye on Aella.

He noticed she had been acting weird lately—like she was scared of him.

She went to work and came home on time, stayed quiet, and followed the rules. Everything else was fine, except she wouldn't let him into the main bedroom or talk to him.

She was on guard against him, as if he were a murderer.

Early Friday morning, Tyrone waited until Aella came out of her room.

He stopped her and said, "You're off tomorrow. I'll go with you to visit your parents and bring them some health supplements."

Aella refused right away. "My parents don't want to see you."

Without thinking, Tyrone wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her close.

Aella tried to push him away, but when she met his sharp, dangerous gaze, her heart started pounding.

Just as her thoughts were spinning, Tyrone's phone rang.

He let her go and turned to answer it.

Aella could clearly hear Noel's voice over the phone. "Mr. Winter, the ten-billion-dollar deal you just closed got snatched by someone else."

Aella muttered under her breath, "Who's strong enough to steal such a huge deal from Winter Group?"

Tyrone turned around, his face dark.

At ten that morning, in the Winter Group CEO's office.

Noel reported, "It was someone from Mr. Vic's side."

Tyrone tapped his fingers against the desk and said, "Get the car ready. We're going to Webster

Manor."

Noel didn't move and said, "Mr. Ralph and Mrs. Winter are already at Webster Manor."

Tyrone leaned back in his office chair, exhausted.

After a short pause, he said, "Get ready. We're flying to Mudrus this afternoon."

He had to land that project.

At the same time, at Webster Manor.

Leland heard that his own grandson had maliciously snatched a ten-billion-dollar project from the Winters. He wasn't completely shocked.

He turned to Victor. "Is this true?"

Victor sat in his wheelchair, eyes lowered.

As he rolled the prayer beads in his hand, he nodded. "The younger generation's getting too cocky. As his elder, I couldn't just stand by. I helped Mr. Ralph teach him a lesson."

Ralph, not wanting to offend the Websters, said, "Mr. Vic, if you've got something to say, just say it. You may have issues with the McCarthy elders, but our family never wronged you, right?"

Victor looked up. "Anyone who wrongs my personal doctor ... wrongs me."

Ralph and Virginia exchanged glances.

Virginia spoke up. "If Tyrone did something wrong, you have every right to discipline him. We'd never complain. But their marriage problems—do they need to turn into a business war?"

Victor shook his head. "Whether it's necessary or not isn't up to either of you to decide."

Ralph lost his temper and stood up.

"Mr. Webster, Mr. Vic, our family has been trying to keep the peace between the Websters and the McCarthys all this time. But I didn't expect you to turn your guns on us, Mr. Vic.

"Mr. Vic, you may be a big shot with serious skills. But we aren't weak either. The Winter Group's interests are tied to the Eight Great Families, so messing with us will cause a huge ripple effect. If you're set on this fight, then fine, we will accept the Websters' challenge!"

Ralph's attitude was so aggressive that Virginia had no choice but to leave with him.

After they left, Leland's cane came swinging down. "You idiot!"

Victor easily caught the cane midair.

"Grandpa," he said. "I'm not declaring war on the Eight Great Families. But as long as Tyrone refuses to divorce her, I'll take every project he's got."

Stomping his foot and banging his cane, Leland said, "That Aella is your nephew's wife!"

Victor patted his grandfather's stomach lightly. "I know, Grandpa."

An hour later, in the Winter Group CEO's office.

Tyrone asked his parents, "What did Mr. Vic say?"

Virginia answered, "Tyrone, I just don't get it. You're so good at strategy and calculating the costs, so why are you fighting this? Now that even outsiders are taking Aella's side, how much more damage do you want to cause our family?"

Chapter 257 Accident

Tyrone said, "Mom, the fact that I've reached this position and can keep those old foxes on the board in line means I have my own methods. I've dealt with rivals like Mr. Vic before. If Mr. Vic insists on going head-to-head with us, I'm ready to fight all the way."

He paused for a moment, then added, "But I don't agree to the divorce."

Ralph slammed the table. “The Winters have stood strong for a hundred years. Even if we lose a couple more massive projects, it won’t shake our core. This is the corporate battlefield—if the Websters really want a fight, Tyrone, don’t show them any mercy!”

Tyrone quietly watched Virginia’s reaction.

Then he said, “Dad, Mr. Vic and Mom are still half-siblings. This whole thing started because of me. I’ll try to handle it peacefully.”

Virginia was surprised he said that.

In the past, Ralph had always taught him that business came before family.

The Winters men believed that kindness doesn’t win wars, loyalty doesn’t make money, feelings don’t build success, and being “too nice” doesn’t get you power.

The Winters men were all selfish—their principles always came before emotions.

They were calm and ruthless when it came to business.

But when it came to feelings, every single one of them was a total idiot.

At noon, during her lunch break, Aella got a call from Tyrone and left the hospital.

He didn’t say anything, just pulled her into the car.

Aella could tell something was off with him again.

She pouted a little and waited for him to speak first.

Tyrone stared straight at her and said, "Didn't expect you to be that capable."

Aella couldn't tell if he was praising her or scolding her.

"Can you just say what you mean?"

Tyrone asked, "Mr. Vic stole a ten-billion-dollar project from the Winter Group just to force me to divorce you. Did you know about that?"

Aella's heart skipped a beat.

She just mentioned it casually, but Victor actually used a huge project to pressure Tyrone into a divorce.

How was she supposed to repay that huge favor?

From her reaction, Tyrone could tell she had no idea.

He said, "The Winters have been one of Vleka's top families for a century. That reputation

didn't come from nothing. If Mr. Vic really wants to start a business war against us, he won't just face the Winters; he'll face every family behind us. Is that what you want to see?"

Aella felt uneasy.

She knew Tyrone was right. Everything he said was true.

But she still didn't want to give in.

"Tyrone," she said, "it's already gone this far. You might as well just divorce me. It's better for everyone."

Tyrone grabbed Aella's arm and pulled her close.

He looked her straight in the eyes. "I know I let you down, but I have my limits—I never actually cheated on you. I'll accept any way you punish me, but I won't agree to a divorce."

Since Tyrone wouldn't budge even after all this, Aella was at a total loss.

She snapped, "Fine, Tyrone. If you're not scared of me going wild, cheating on you, and making you raise someone else's kid—then don't divorce me!"

Tyrone's face was dark with anger as he glared at Aella. "Don't you dare!"

Aella stood her ground. "I'll do what I want—I have the freedom!"

Tyrone's temples were throbbing with anger. He said, biting off the words: "Aella, if you sleep with someone else, I'll break your legs."

Aella put her leg over Tyrone's. "Go ahead and break them now. If I can't get a divorce right

I don't want to live. What do I care about legs?"

away,

Tyrone's chest hurt from anger. "Get out of the car."

Aella got out. Tyrone told the driver to go.

She stood there, watching the expensive car take off quickly, feeling totally unsettled.

Just because of one comment from her, Mason was handling her divorce case, and Victor started a business war to pressure the Winters.

She couldn't tell if more players would jump in yet.

Aella calmed herself down by taking big, steady breaths.

Around 2:30 p.m., outside the Winter Group office building.

Tyrone got out of his car with a dark look.

A fancy supercar honked and sped toward him.

Bang!

There was a huge crash, and then everything went quiet.

An hour later at the hospital.

Aella was about to go to Webster Manor when Noel rushed over. "Mrs. Winter, Mr. Winter was in a car accident. He's being treated at this hospital!"

"A car accident?"

Aella found it hard to believe.

In Vleka, who would have the nerve to crash into Tyrone unless they wanted to get themselves killed or extort money?

Her eyes landed on Sayer and her heart dropped.

She hurried over, grabbed Sayer, and pinned him against the wall.

She glanced at Noel, then lowered her voice and asked Sayer, “Did you hit Tyrone with your car?”

Sayer said, “Well, he complained to my grandpa and refused to divorce you, so ...

Aella covered Sayer’s mouth and gave him a look.

She whispered, “Did your brakes fail?”

Chapter 258 Tyrone Was Hospitalized

Sayer shook his head. “My car just got checked. There’s nothing wrong with it.”

Aella glanced back at Noel, nervous sweat starting to form on her forehead.

She kept giving Sayer meaningful looks. “Oh, I see. You must be having one of your episodes. and came to me for a check-up. Go check in, I’ll take a look at you before I leave.”

Sayer tapped his chest. “Aella, I’m fine. I eat well, sleep fine, and my mood couldn’t be better. Honestly, I just want to win one back.”

Aella looked back at Noel for the third time, then grabbed Sayer’s arm and walked away.

Even though Sayer was the youngest son of a powerful Euravia aristocratic family, but this was Vleka.

Even if his family was powerful, no one could crash into Tyrone and expect to get away without trouble.

Noel stood there, watching Aella leave, then turned and stepped into the elevator.

More than an hour later, Tyrone was transferred to a VIP hospital room.

His face was cold and angry as he asked Noel, “Where is she?”

Noel didn’t dare make a sound.

Tyrone had told him to bring her back, but she hadn’t even checked if he was okay—she just left with someone else.

Noel thought about it and decided not to say that out loud,

Tyrone lay on the bed in a blue-and-white hospital gown, hooked up to an IV.

He stared hard at Noel. “I’m talking to you. Why aren’t you saying anything?”

Noel hesitated, “Mr. Winter, Mrs. Winter, she

Tyrone saw his hesitation and frowned. “What did she say?”

Noel shook his head. “She didn’t say much.”

When Tyrone’s face grew cold, he quickly nodded. “Well, she said a few things.”

Tyrone’s chest started rising and falling fast. The hand with the IV needle pointed straight at

Noel took a deep breath and spoke carefully, “Mrs. Winter asked Mr. Locke if his car’s brakes stopped working, or if he was having another episode, so that’s why he ...”

His voice trailed off.

Tyrone's expression grew even darker. "And what else?"

Noel said quietly, "Then Mrs. Winter left with Mr. Locke."

Tyrone shut his eyes and took a slow, deep breath. "Go find her. Tell her to come here right now!"

Noel hurried out of the room to do as he was told.

A short while later, he came back. "Mr. Winter, Mrs. Winter's assistant said she went to Webster Manor."

Tyrone lay stiff on the bed, breathing hard from anger.

Very well.

She didn't even care whether I

was fine or not.

Virginia and Ralph arrived at the hospital as soon as they heard the news.

Ralph looked around the room, clearly upset. "You're this badly hurt, and where's your wife?"

Tyrone glanced at Noel.

Noel quickly said, "Mrs. Winter went out to visit a patient. She doesn't know yet that Mr. Winter was injured and hospitalized."

Early the next morning, Aella put on some light makeup and changed into a fresh, eye-catching, bright-blue skirt set. The skirt hit just above her knees, and she paired it with clean white sneakers. Her hair was pulled up into a high ponytail.

At eight o'clock, she walked into Tyrone's hospital room, holding a bouquet of flowers.

Tyrone lay on the bed, his eyes locked on her the moment she stepped in. His lips pressed into a thin line.

Her outfit fit her perfectly, and her makeup made her look even prettier than usual.

The style showed off her figure, and the high ponytail gave her a fresh, sporty look. The blue color made her seem calm, pure, and elegant.

Tyrone's gaze deepened.

His voice was a little rough and low. "You knew I was hurt and in the hospital. Where did you go?"

Aella set the flowers on the table, then walked over to his bedside. Her face was calm but serious as she said, "Tyrone, let's get divorced. It'll be better for you, for me, for everyone."

They stared at each other in silence for a long moment.

Then, suddenly, Tyrone got out of his bed.

His eyes were bloodshot as he pulled Aella into a tight hug. "I'm hurt. Can't you see that?"

Aella couldn't break free, so she just stood there, letting him hold her.

She said softly, "Everyone gets hurt, Tyrone. As long as you're still alive, it's not the end of the world."

Then she added, "Let's get divorced. Maybe we can still be friends one day."

Tyrone caught the real meaning behind her words.

A wave of panic hit him, and his grip on her arms tightened.

His eyes were red as he spoke, word by word, "You want a divorce? Not unless I'm dead."

Aella could tell Tyrone was losing control. She tried to keep her voice calm. "Let's talk this through, okay? Just let me go first."

But Tyrone only held her tighter.

He buried his face in her neck, his voice muffled and full of pain.

"Just let me hold you for a while."

Aella was trying to think of a way to make him let go when the door suddenly opened. Noel walked in, followed by Tyrone's parents and two nurses. Everyone froze.

The sight of Tyrone and Aella locked in a close embrace.

Noel looked completely stunned.

Virginia hadn't expected to see them this intimate, either.

Ralph stood there, stunned for a moment, then leaned toward Virginia and whispered, "Maybe their marriage isn't as bad as we thought."

Virginia quickly tugged Ralph out of the room.

Tyrone finally loosened his grip on Aella, though he clearly didn't want to. His eyes never left her.

## Chapter 259 Attempted Murder

Aella said to Noel, "Help your boss lie down on the hospital bed."

Noel froze for a moment, then quickly helped as she asked.

Aella turned to the doctor, Blair Winslow, and asked, "Dr. Winslow, how is he doing?"

Blair answered, "He has some bruises on his leg, and we're still waiting for two more test results. Mr. Ralph asked that he stay here for observation."

Aella replied, "He's in good shape. It's probably just a small injury."

Blair gave Tyrone a quick look.

Tyrone shot a sharp glare at Noel.

Noel didn't know what to say but finally forced out the words, "Mrs. Winter, it was really close. If Mr. Winter hadn't reacted so quickly, he could've been hit hard. He must have some internal injuries."

Aella gave Noel a warning look and said, "But he wasn't thrown off, right?"

Noel glanced nervously at Tyrone.

Tyrone lay on the bed with his eyes closed, looking weak and pale, as if he was badly hurt.

When the doctor left, Noel quickly slipped away to the doorway.

Aella stayed by the bed, watching Tyrone. His legs were stiff, and his chest rose and fell with anger. He was quiet for a moment.

Aella said, "Tyrone, your injuries aren't serious. I'll ask Mr. Locke to come and apologize to you. Let's just call this whole thing even, okay?"

Tyrone opened his eyes and stared at her coldly.

He asked, "Aella, whose side are you on?"

Aella answered, "It's better to make peace than hold grudges. I'm trying to help both of you."

Tyrone's expression stayed hard, and his eyes showed doubt.

Aella said, "Mr. Locke's insomnia came back. He has headaches and feels worn out. He didn't mean to do it ..."

Before Aella could finish speaking, Tyrone suddenly sat up in bed.

He shouted, "Aella, you're a doctor! You can check if Sayer has ever been in a rehab hospital. He's not sick—he did this on purpose! That's attempted murder!"

Aella knew Tyrone wouldn't drop the matter so easily.

She said calmly, “Mr. Locke’s condition has acted up many times. I’m his doctor—I know him better than you do.”

Right now, she couldn’t find a better way to defend Sayer.

That guy was great at everything, but once he got angry, he completely lost control.

Aella paused for a moment, then asked, “Tell me, are you willing to let this go?”

Tyrone stared at her, his lips pressed tightly together.

Seeing his reaction, Aella knew he wouldn’t give in. She said, “Tyrone, you know how powerful the Lockes is in Euravia. They’re not like the Reids—you can’t just push them around.”

Tyrone clenched his teeth and forced himself to stand despite the pain in his leg.

He said, “Aella, maybe the Lockes is tough, but do you think my family is weak? You think people can just mess with us and get away with it?”

Aella could tell that this accident hadn’t just hurt Tyrone’s body, it had hurt his pride.

Since being firm didn’t work, she decided to try a gentler way.

She paused for a moment, then said softly, “Winter Group also has business in Euravia. Don’t let something small mess everything up. I’m doing this for your own good.”

They looked at each other, but Tyrone just stared at her silently, saying nothing.

Aella started to feel nervous.

She decided to call Mason, who was a lawyer and would know how to handle things.

Aella took out her phone and was about to walk away when Tyrone caught her wrist.

He said, "You're planning to call Mason for help, aren't you?"

Aella realized he had guessed her thoughts, so she lowered her eyes to hide what she felt.

Tyrone tightened his grip on her wrist, then leaned back to sit on the edge of the hospital bed.

He said, "Aella, he hit me on purpose. That's attempted murder. There are more than ten cameras that recorded everything. With Winter Group's lawyers, even if Mason is really smart, this won't just go away."

Aella pulled her hand away quickly.

She warned him, "If you accuse Mr. Locke of attempted murder, I'll tell the reporters about your dad's affair, his secret son, and your cheating too!"

Tyrone's expression darkened with anger. "So you're really going to protect him?"

Aella turned her face away, refusing to answer.

They stood there in tense silence for a long while.

Finally, Tyrone gave up. "Fine, I won't press charges. But I have a few conditions."

Aella looked cautious. "What conditions?"

Tyrone looked straight at her and said, "He needs to come here and apologize to me. And you have to take care of me until I'm discharged."

Aella frowned. "That's all?"

Tyrone nodded. "He hit me, but for your sake, I'll forgive him. Still, he must apologize. I'm injured, and you're my wife, so you should look after me until I recover. That's not asking too much, is it?"

Aella hesitated for a moment.

Sayer had hit Tyrone, and honestly, it all started because of her.

Tyrone was cunning and calculating, while Sayer was still young and quick to lose his temper. He wasn't a match for Tyrone at all.

Mason had already taken risks to handle her divorce case, and she didn't know how to thank him. She couldn't bother him again unless it were really her last option.

Since Tyrone agreed to drop the matter, she decided she could look after him for a few days.

Sometimes, you had to bend a little to get through things. There was no point in losing more than necessary.

Chapter 260 An Apology Should Be Sincere

Aella said, "It's fine if Mr. Locke apologizes and lets me take care of you. But you must sign a settlement agreement."

Tyrone's expression went cold. "Aella, you're my wife. I'm only letting him off because of you. Don't push it."

Aella shot back, "You lied to me about Zera first and made me lose trust in you. How is that my fault?"

That one answer shut Tyrone up completely.

Tyrone told Noel, "Bring me a settlement agreement to sign. And tell security to delete today's camera footage."

Noel nodded and left the hospital room.

About ten minutes later, Noel came back with the paper. Tyrone signed it, and Aella finally felt relieved.

Aella called toward the door, "Mr. Locke, come in."

Sayer opened the door and stepped inside.

Tyrone, leaning back on the hospital bed, looked angry right away. "So you were hiding outside the whole time?"

Sayer poked Tyrone's leg with his finger. "So what if I was? You don't own the hospital."

Tyrone kicked Sayer away, and Sayer yanked the blanket off him.

Aella watched them and felt a headache starting.

She defended Sayer, "Tyrone, I wasn't lying, right? His old issues came back—he's not thinking straight."

Tyrone rolled his eyes.

Aella pulled Sayer to the bedside and gave him a stern look. "Mr. Locke, even if it wasn't on purpose, you still hit him. You should apologize to Mr. Winter, and this will be over.

Sayer did not want to.

Aella warned him, "If you don't listen, I won't take you out to play next time."

Only then did Sayer grumble a reluctant, "Sorry."

Tyrone didn't pay any attention to Sayer. As soon as Sayer apologized, Tyrone waved him off to leave.

Sayer hid behind Aella and glared at Tyrone.

Aella said, "Anyway, you're fine now. I'm going to visit my mom for a bit and will come back around noon. What do you want to eat? I can bring it for you."

Tyrone said, "Lunch will be delivered from Winter Estate. Eat with me."

Aella hesitated for a moment, then nodded.

She pulled Sayer out of the hospital room, but suddenly remembered something.

She told Sayer to wait for her in the hallway.

Then she went back into the room and said, "I'm free today and tomorrow since it's the weekend, but I'll be really busy with work on Monday. I might not have time to take care of

you.

Should I call Zera to come help ... "

“Get out!” Tyrone snapped before she could finish.

Aella pressed her lips together and walked out quietly.

As they left the hospital, she kept reminding Sayer to behave while Tyrone was still there recovering and not to make him angry.

After parting ways with Sayer, Aella went to visit her mother.

Around noon, she came back to Tyrone’s hospital room right on time.

The butler and maid brought lunch, set it on the dining table, and then quietly left.

Tyrone was sitting by the bed, not moving much, so Aella helped him walk over to the table.

The room stayed quiet as they ate together.

Tyrone kept watching Aella and even picked some food for her. He said, “After lunch, take a nap. If I need something, I’ll call you.”

His sudden kindness made Aella feel a bit uneasy.

When she didn’t answer, Tyrone put down his fork and tried to brush her hair behind her ear.

Aella turned her head away, dodging his hand. His fingers froze in midair.

He was just about to say something when someone knocked on the door.

Before Aella could stand, Sayer peeked in. “Want some roasted chicken?”

The moment Tyrone saw him, he completely lost his appetite.

Sayer dropped the roasted chicken on the table and sat down as if it were his own room.

Seeing Tyrone's cold expression, he said, "An apology should be sincere. Just saying sorry enough."

Then he added, "You are what you eat. I'll give you both drumsticks."

Tyrone put his hand on Aella's shoulder. "I'm not hungry. Help me back to bed."

isn't

Aella helped him lie down. "Then Mr. Locke and I will eat first. You can eat later if you want."

Tyrone said nothing.

When Aella came back to the dining table, Sayer handed her a drumstick. "Since he's not eating, we can each have one."

Aella added some food to his plate and said, "Try the Winters' chef's cooking."

Tyrone watched the two of them eating together, his expression growing darker by the moment.

Ever since he had met Aella, she had always stayed beside him during meals.

Whenever she found something tasty, she would let him try it first—especially when he was sick.

But now, he was injured and stuck in the hospital, and she was treating him so coldly,

Tyrone closed his eyes, feeling upset.

After lunch, Aella cleaned up the table.

Sayer saw that she looked tired and said, "It's too noisy here. Go rest in the office. I'll look after him."

Aella glanced at Tyrone lying in bed with his eyes shut, then quietly walked out of the room.

Once she stepped into the hallway, she started feeling uneasy about leaving those two alone together. Hence, she called Noel and asked him to come back to the hospital as soon as possible.