

## Once Cast 261

### Chapter 261

Noel quickly ended the phone call and turned to Zera. "Sorry, Ms. Caldwell. Winter Group doesn't have much money right now, and Mr. Winter is still in the hospital. Can you wait until he gets better?"

When Zera heard that Tyrone was in the hospital, she became nervous. "What happened to him? Take me there right now!"

Noel got worried. "I'm sorry, Ms. Caldwell, but you really shouldn't go. Mrs. Winter stays with him all the time. It wouldn't look good if you showed up."

Zera remembered she still owed Virginia a lot of money, so she stopped pushing. "Okay, Mr. Frost. I guess I shouldn't cause more trouble."

Her eyes were red when she begged, "But my kid and I really can't keep living like this. Can you lend me just a hundred thousand? When Tyrone gets better, I'll ask him to pay you back right away."

Noel felt a headache coming on.

If Tyrone hadn't told him to keep Zera calm, he might've yelled at her already.

He said, "Sorry, Ms. Caldwell. I hand all my paychecks straight to my wife. I really don't have that much to lend."

Zera tried again. "If you don't have a hundred thousand, then at least tens of thousands?"

Noel still refused, so Zera started crying. "I guess Tyrone doesn't care if me and starve!"

my

child

Noel couldn't take it anymore and finally gave in. "Ten thousand. That's all I've got."

Zera took the money right away.

She never meant to pay it back anyway.

Just as Noel sent her the money, his wife and sister-in-law walked in with a stroller and saw everything.

Noel didn't even have time to think before his wife grabbed him.

His sister-in-law pulled Zera's hair, pushed her to the ground, and slapped her several times.

Noel's wife also hit Noel while he tried to cover his face. The source of this content is [find\[n\]ovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

It was more than an hour later when Noel finally reached Tyrone's hospital room.

Sayer saw him walk in and quickly stood up to leave.

After the door shut, Tyrone asked, "So, how did it go?"

Noel told him the whole story—how he met Zera, got caught by his wife and sister-in-law, and ended up getting beaten.

Tyrone tried to comfort him. "Getting hit by your wife isn't the worst thing that can happen. Just hang in there."

When he noticed how upset Noel looked, Tyrone added, "Once this whole mess is done, I'll give you a month of paid leave and double your year-end bonus."

Noel brightened up right away. "Mr. Winter, Ms. Caldwell borrowed ten thousand dollars from me."

Tyrone's expression darkened.

By now, Zera still hadn't gone to Orson's biological father for help.

So who's the man backing her up?

Could that person be tied to Ivan's

death?

What exactly is Zera hiding?

Aella stopped by the hospital that afternoon. Tyrone was in the room alone.

He reached out a hand to her. "Help me to the bathroom."

Aella didn't move. "Tyrone, your legs work just fine. Stop being so dramatic."

Tyrone reminded her calmly, "You promised to take care of me. Is this what you call taking care of me? You won't even help me up?"

Aella sighed and walked over, clearly annoyed. "Maybe you should just let Zera take care of you instead."

Before she could finish, Tyrone pushed her away.

She stood there, watching him walk into the bathroom on his own, perfectly fine. She couldn't

help rolling her eyes.

It looked like she'd just have to put up with him until he was discharged.

A moment later, Sayer knocked and came in. Seeing the stress on her face, he teased, "What's on your mind? Your eyebrows are about to tie in a knot."

Aella smiled faintly. "It's nothing."

Sayer smiled. "Aella, let's go racing sometime."

"Sure," she said.

When Tyrone came out of the bathroom, Aella reached out to help him this time.

He

gave her a look. "Why is he here again?"

Sayer shrugged. "No one wants to play with me, so I came here to play some mobile games with Aella."

Aella's phone battery was almost dead, and seeing how annoyed Tyrone looked, she decided not to play.

Tyrone sat on the hospital bed, working on his laptop, while Sayer lay on the couch with his headphones on, playing a game.

Aella pulled a light blanket over Sayer's legs, then put together a plate of fruit for him.

From the corner of his eye, Tyrone kept watching her walk back and forth.

The more he saw how patiently she cared for Sayer, the darker his expression grew.

That evening, when Brad stopped by, Sayer was already asleep on the couch.

Aella was in the kitchen, making dinner for Tyrone, while Brad chatted with him in the hospital room.

Brad glanced over at the couch and said to Tyrone, "You went through all this just to keep Aella here taking care of you. You two don't really look like a married couple."

Tyrone lowered his eyes, his tone full of irritation. "If you came here to tell me to divorce Aella, don't bother."

Brad gave him a long, meaningful look, then went to wake Sayer up. The two of them left together.

Tyrone got out of bed and walked to the kitchen.

Chapter 262 What Have You Ever Done for Me?

Tyrone didn't even know how to describe how he felt.

It was heavy, uncomfortable, like a tight knot in his chest.

He walked up behind Aella and suddenly pulled her into a hug.

Aella was surprised when he did that and quickly ended her video call.

She tried to push him away. "Dinner's ready. Are you eating now, or later?"

Tyrone didn't move. He trapped her in the narrow kitchen space. He looked into her eyes and said, "Aella, why are you always better to outsiders, even strangers, than to me, your husband?"

Aella wasn't surprised he'd ask that.

Because, up until now, he hadn't felt he had done anything wrong.

He had already apologized and promised to make it up to her.

But that was only because she had ended her pregnancy in secret, and he finally realized how serious it was.

He just wanted to smooth things over, to keep their marriage going.

Aella fired back, "Then tell me, why do you treat Zera and her child better than you treat me?"

They looked at each other. Tyrone's eyes slowly darkened.

The pain in his heart started to turn into guilt. He tried to smile, but no words came out.

Aella said, "I've only known Mr. Locke for less than a year. When I frown, he can tell I'm tired. Even if he doesn't like you, he still watches you so I can rest. When I say I'm okay, he knows I'm pretending. He takes me racing just to help me relax. When he's playing games on the couch, he still looks at me over and over, because he knows I'm upset and wants to stay with me for a while."

She looked him straight in the eye. “You and I have known each other for more than 20 years. Do you really understand me?”

Tyrone reached out to hold her hand, but Aella pulled away. Latest content published on [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

She went on, “I let Mr. Fulford’s child call me Mom because I’ve had a child before. I want one. I can feel the kindness this kid gives me. I’ve been married to you for three years. As my husband, what have you ever done for me?”

Tyrone stepped back slowly until he hit the kitchen door.

Aella said, “I met Mr. Fulford by chance. I cared for his child and cured his child. He was thankful enough to break the rules and take my divorce case. I did my best to treat Mr. Vic. When your dad and your grandpa made things hard for me and my parents, Mr. Vic went to your family’s house just to protect me. They’ve always supported and respected me, so why shouldn’t I treat them well?”

Aella’s voice grew stronger. “I’ve loved you for more than 20 years. What have I gotten back from you?”

“You gave all your care and kindness to Zera and her child. So tell me—how do you expect me to treat you?”

She set the utensils down and walked out without turning around.

A little while later, Brad walked in carrying some late-night snacks.

He saw Tyrone sitting there, completely lost, and said one sentence loudly, “Serves you right!”

Tyrone fell back on the hospital bed, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Brad pulled a chair over, sat next to him, and crossed one leg over the other.

He asked, "Do you really not see how awful you've been?"

Tyrone closed his eyes, trying to keep the pain inside.

Brad went on, "Tyrone, the pain you gave Aella isn't something she'll ever forget. As long as she remembers it, she'll never forgive you. She hasn't forgiven you yet, and here you are, making demands?"

"She's already being generous by not hitting you, and you still have the nerve to complain? Do you really think she'll stay with you forever?"

Tyrone opened his eyes and gave Brad a really angry look.

After Brad left, Aella still hadn't come back.

That night, Tyrone couldn't sleep at all.

The next day was the weekend.

From eight in the morning, the hospital room was full of people.

Tyrone's parents, the butler, the maids, and Noel were all running around, busy with things.

More guests kept arriving with fruit and flowers, but Aella was still nowhere to be seen.

By evening, it finally got quiet. Aella came to the hospital at last.

Seeing her, Ralph scowled. "Tyrone is in the hospital, and you're only just showing up? What have you been doing?"

Aella looked at Tyrone in bed and said, "Aren't you all here?"

Tyrone quickly spoke before Ralph could answer, "Dad, Mom, you've been busy all day. Go home and rest."

Virginia gave Aella a sharp look and pulled Ralph out of the room.

Once everyone left, only Aella and Tyrone were left alone.

After being apart for a whole day and night, Aella noticed that Tyrone looked very tired.

She said, "It's not that I didn't want to take care of you. You made me mad yesterday, so don't blame me."

Tyrone sat on the bed and watched her standing by the window.

He turned and pulled a small box of dessert from the drawer. "Your godson left this for you."

Chapter 263 Discharged from the Hospital

Aella walked over and took the small box from Tyrone.

She hadn't expected Mason to come visit Tyrone, too.

No wonder he was a lawyer. He always did things so properly.

When Tyrone saw Aella carrying the dessert box away, he reached out, held her wrist, and pulled her down to sit next to his hospital bed.

He held both her wrists and said, "I know you don't want to care for me. I'll be discharged tomorrow so you can focus on work."

Aella looked at him, feeling cautious.

These past few days had been strange—Mason sent a lawyer’s letter, Victor took his project, Sayer almost hit him with a car, and yesterday she left him in the hospital for a whole day and night ... yet he didn’t lash out and just went along with it.

Aella felt uneasy. “What are you trying to do?”

Tyrone let go of her wrist and said, “Aella, I haven’t eaten anything today.”

Aella was lost for words. She got up to get him something to eat.

Late at night, Tyrone gently picked up Aella, who had fallen asleep on the couch, and carried her to bed.

He sat at the edge, holding her hand, quietly watching her for a long time.

The next morning, Aella woke up in a hospital bed.

Tyrone saw her open her eyes and said, “Justin just brought breakfast. Come eat a little.”

After washing up, Aella asked again, “You’re really leaving the hospital?”

Tyrone gave a short “hm” and pulled her down to sit so they could eat breakfast.

Aella asked again, “You won’t bother Mr. Locke, right?”

Tyrone put his fork down and looked at her. “Since you consider him a friend, I won’t make things hard for him.”

Aella’s worried face slowly relaxed.

She picked up a cherry tomato and fed it to him. "You just got better. Eat some more."

Tyrone opened his mouth, and Aella fed him the tomato.

Looking at her smiling face, his

eyes

darkened.

Then, Noel knocked on the door. "Mr. Winter, the car is waiting at the hospital entrance."

Aella saw him stand up and quickly handed him his suit jacket.

Tyrone looked down at her. Seeing how eager she was to give him his coat, he had mixed feelings

Before, when Aella fed him or handed him his coat, it was out of love—she wanted to take care of him and be close to him.

Now, feeding him or giving him his coat was just to send him away.

Tyrone took his coat and, in one smooth move, pulled Aella into his arms.

He said, "Aella ..."

But the words were stuck in his throat.

He hesitated, then let her go and left the hospital room.

Monday morning.

Tyrone had just returned to his office after the morning meeting when Noel rushed in, looking worried.

Noel said quickly, "Mr. Winter, Ms. Caldwell is threatening to jump off a building with her child. The rescue team are already there. They want you to come and stop her."

Tyrone leaned back in his chair and stayed quiet.

Noel went on, "Mr. Winter, she'd rather jump with her child than reach out to the child's biological father. What if that person doesn't exist or is already dead?"

Tyrone slowly stood up. "Go there right now."

Noel looked upset. "Mr. Winter, she wants to see you. If I go, I don't think I can stop her."

Tyrone said, "Call me when you get there."

Noel clenched his teeth and left, knowing he had no other choice.

Around noon, Noel brought Zera and her child to the place Tyrone had prepared for them.

Seeing Tyrone waiting for her there, Zera started crying immediately.

She lunged toward him, but Tyrone walked past her and stopped in front of Noel.

Zera froze, stunned.

Tyrone pointed at Noel. "Why are you wearing a mask in daylight?"

Noel took it off, showing his scratched face.

Tyrone frowned.

Noel explained, "I went to stop Ms. Caldwell like you told me, but I ran into my wife, sister-in-law, and mother-in-law

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Tyrone patted his shoulder. "They're all family. It's fine."

Noel was speechless and quietly put his mask back on.

Tyrone turned to Zera and said, "Zera, I thought you were a good mother. I didn't think you'd take your child and try to jump off a building."

Zera covered her face and cried hard, feeling guilty. "Tyrone, I have nothing left—no job, no friends. Your mom keeps asking me for money every few days. I'm so stressed that my depression is getting worse. I can't sleep. If I had known that coming back would end up like this, I might as well have stayed and died in Tuspuyria."

Tyrone looked at her quietly for a few seconds.

Then he said, "I'll ask Emma to come and take care of you and your child. If you need anything, just tell her and she'll buy it for you."

Zera stood in front of him, looking panicked.

I want money, not a housekeeper!

What is Tyrone thinking?

When she realized her plan had failed, Zera's legs gave out, and she fell to the floor.

Chapter 264 Hypnotized Zera?

Zera held tightly onto Tyrone's pants and whined, "Tyrone, my head feels dizzy. I haven't slept for days. I've seen so many doctors, but none of them can fix it. Can you ask your wife to give me some medicine?"

Tyrone paused for a moment. "I'll see what I can do."

When Zera finally smiled a little, Tyrone gave her a reassuring word before leaving. "I've been so busy that I haven't paid enough attention to you and your son. Rest up, and don't worry too much. Once things settle down, I'll make sure you both are looked after."

After Tyrone walked out, Zera slowly got up from the floor. Newest update provided by Find\_Novel(.)net

She trusted that even if Tyrone didn't want a divorce, he wouldn't just leave her and her son alone.

Tyrone went back to Winter Estate.

He had barely sat down when Ralph and Virginia started pressuring him to divorce Aella.

Virginia said, "Tyrone, your divorce with Aella is really complicated. Mr. Vic won't give in, and his lawyers are very strict. You'll probably get a court notice soon. The board wants a public response. You need to think carefully!"

Ralph added, "Look at her lately—always siding with strangers and hanging out with shady men. If she keeps this up..."

"Dad!"

Tyrone interrupted, unable to listen any longer.

"Aella is my wife. You can't speak about her like that!"

Ralph jumped up from his seat. "A woman like her shouldn't be in this family. You should divorce her and make sure she leaves with nothing!"

Tyrone's expression grew dark, almost scary.

He stood up, exhausted, but he firmly said, "Even if everyone is against it, I'm not divorcing Aella."

Tyrone left Winter Estate and went straight to his office.

Just before the end of the workday, Noel returned after seeing the CEO of Leadverse Group out.

Lowering his voice, he said, "Mr. Winter, Emma just called. Ms. Caldwell borrowed someone's phone while going to the store and made a call."

Tyrone's eyes narrowed. "Did she get the number?"

Noel shook his head, looking frustrated. "No, Emma lost track of her. We didn't get the number."

Tyrone tapped his fingers on the desk, thinking hard.

Suddenly, an idea hit him. He grabbed his coat and rushed out of the office.

He got home early, but Aella wasn't back yet.

Tyrone took a shower, changed into his pajamas, and ordered dinner to be delivered.

Around seven, Aella reached for the door, but Tyrone opened it first.

Aella blinked quickly when she saw him standing there.

Tyrone pulled her inside and bent down to hand her the slippers.

Aella felt a bit uneasy. "Tyrone, what are you up to now?"

He didn't say anything. He just patted her ankle, signaling her to lift her foot.

Aella changed into the slippers and straightened up.

Tyrone grabbed her bag. "I ordered your favorite fish. Go wash your hands and come eat."

Aella looked at him suspiciously as she washed her hands and walked to the dining room.

She saw the table full of delicious food and sat down carefully.

She watched Tyrone put a bowl of soup in front of her and suddenly thought of a scene from a classic story, like someone slipping poison into another person's food.

Clearing her throat, she said, "I'm not hungry yet. If you have something to say, just say it."

Tyrone noticed she was tense and put the soup down in front of her.

Then he spoke gently, testing the waters. "Aella, do you remember the small town we went to for our second anniversary?"

Aella looked at him. "What do you want to do?"

Tyrone said, "Remember the guesthouse we stayed at? The one where the kids were being trafficked? Before the police arrived, you hypnotized the kidnapper and made him tell where the children were. You saved two or three kids. Do you remember that?"

Aella pushed his hand away. "Why are you bringing that up?"

Tyrone held her hand. "I need you to treat Zera. Hypnotize her and get her to tell the truth."

Aella pulled her hand back and shook her head. "No way."

It wasn't just that she and Zera didn't get along.

As a doctor, hypnotizing someone without their permission went against medical ethics. She couldn't do it.

Aella stood up to leave.

Tyrone followed her out of the dining room and blocked her path.

He tried to keep his voice gentle. "Aella, I've told you before, there's a reason I kept her close. If you help me, you'll understand the truth."

Aella pushed past him.

Her gaze was steady. "Tyrone, I don't care about your reasons, and I don't want to know the truth. I can't do this. Find someone else."

It didn't matter if Tyrone wanted her to treat Zera or just hypnotize her to get answers.

She wasn't interested and wouldn't agree.

#### Chapter 265 Aella's Suggestion

Aella turned around and walked back to the bedroom.

Tyrone called after her, "What if there's a murder involved? Even if she broke the law and somehow got away, you still wouldn't agree?"

Aella looked back at him. "If she really broke the law, the police would handle it."

Tyrone could tell she was being really stubborn.

He stepped closer and said, "Fine. If you don't agree, just forget I said anything. I won't force you."

He held her wrist gently. "You get low blood sugar easily. Eat dinner first, then rest."

They had dinner together.

After eating, Tyrone went to his study while Aella returned to the bedroom.

Tyrone spent the whole night walking around in the study by himself.

Since Aella refused to hypnotize Zera, he had to think of another plan.

But he didn't want to wait any longer to fix things.

Meanwhile, Aella tossed and turned in bed, unable to sleep.

Her mind kept thinking about everything Tyrone had said that night.

Then, suddenly, she got an idea. She sat up.

At two in the morning, she quietly got out of bed and walked barefoot to Tyrone's study.

Aella stood outside the door while Tyrone was inside.

She said, "I'll treat Zera. I can hypnotize her, too. But I have a condition."

She knew she couldn't be so rigid.

Hypnosis was just another way to help someone get better.

If Tyrone was telling the truth and Zera really had a secret, then she'd actually be doing a good thing.

That way, Zera could get treatment, Tyrone could get the truth he wanted, and she could get

her divorce. Everyone would win.

Tyrone didn't look happy. "What condition?"

Aella said, "You agree to the divorce, and I'll treat Zera."

She could see Tyrone getting angrier little by little.

He looked down and noticed Aella's bare feet.

Then he walked over, picked her up with one arm, and carried her straight into the main bedroom. He tossed her onto the bed.

Aella rolled over quickly and sat up on the other side, staying alert.

Tyrone's expression was dark. He grabbed the blanket and threw it over her head. "You want a divorce? Keep dreaming."

Aella pulled the blanket off her head, but Tyrone was already gone.

The next morning, Tyrone saw Aella acting strangely. She was in the kitchen making breakfast.

When he was about to leave, she hurried in front of him. "Don't skip breakfast. It's bad for your stomach. I made pasta just for you. Eat it before you go."

Tyrone stood still, his expression cold. "What do you want to say?"

Aella answered, "Think about what I told you last night again."

Tyrone pushed past her. "Go eat your food."

Aella grabbed his arm and tried to persuade him. "Tyrone, I'm not trying to scare you. You said you finally found true love, so you should protect it. If Zera keeps having insomnia, it will hurt her health,"  
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She continued, "Her bad temper means she can't handle your fake son. She'll get headaches, her memory will fade, she won't be able to concentrate, and it could lead to heart trouble, stomach problems, a higher chance of diabetes, or even cancer. And..."

"And

you

need to shut up," Tyrone interrupted her.

He covered her mouth with his hand, scooped her up and carried her into the kitchen.

He let her go, then closed the kitchen door, locking her inside.

Aella tried to open the door, but Tyrone held the handle on the other side so she couldn't get

out.

She pounded on the door. "Tyrone, you've come this far for Zera, you're at the finishing line. Trust me. If you agree to the divorce, I'll do everything I can to treat her. I'll hypnotize her as many times as you need. I'll even give you a discount, or do it for free!"

With a loud bang, Tyrone threw the kitchen door open.

They stared at each other, not saying a word.

Tyrone warned her slowly, "Say one more crazy thing, and I'll make you regret it."

Aella grabbed her apron and covered her mouth.

After Tyrone left, she let out a long sigh.

If Zera's insomnia was really that bad, Aella believed Tyrone would feel sorry for her.

And if he felt sorry, he would agree to the divorce.

That afternoon, Aella left Webster Manor early and went to the seafood market to buy some crabs for her parents.

A neighbor mentioned her parents were walking in the park, so Aella dropped off the food and went to find them.

From a distance, she saw her parents talking with a group of older folks watching their grandchildren.

Aella smiled and was about to greet them when she overheard one of them ask her parents, "I heard your daughter's a doctor. How old is she? Is she married yet?"

Warren and Miriam exchanged an awkward glance. Miriam said, "She's 26. She's married."

Another older man asked, "Does she have kids?"

Miriam looked down. "She's busy with work. No kids yet."

Aella watched her parents quietly leave the group, looking awkward.

Chapter 266 | Regret Loving Him

Watching Warren walk slowly, his shoulders drooped in defeat, and seeing Miriam hiding in the corner quietly wiping tears, Aella felt her own eyes sting.

Her nose ached, and she turned away, unable to watch anymore.

Ever since her marriage with Tyrone started falling apart until the time she had a miscarriage, her parents had always supported her.

They encouraged her, never blamed her, and never said anything harsh.

She couldn't imagine how worried and scared they must have been inside.

She didn't know how many times they had cried alone, hiding their hurt from her.

The city was lively that night.

Aella walked through downtown with red-rimmed eyes, lost in thought.

It was all her own fault. She had been too naive, too innocent.

She had trusted in love too much and hadn't thought things through.

Only now did she understand that marriage isn't just about two people—it's about two families.

The person she chose, no matter right or wrong, her parents had to share the burden with her.

A white sports car slowly pulled up beside her. Brad called her name a few times before she finally noticed him.

He got out, saw her red eyes, and asked, "Did you argue with Tyrone again?"

Aella shook her head. Tears were close, but she held them back stubbornly.

Brad patted her shoulder, letting her lean on him.

She rested on him and finally let the tears fall.

Choking, she said, "Brad, I went to see my mom and dad today. People kept asking them if their daughter was married, if she had kids."

She added, "Seeing Mom hiding in the corner, crying, it just broke me."

Late at night, the two of them stood on the side of the street, watching the cars pass by endlessly.

Brad noticed a black luxury car slowly coming closer.

He asked, "Tyrone refuses to divorce you, even with pressure from all sides. Do maybe he just can't let you go?"

Aella stared straight ahead, her eyes blank.

you think

She spoke quietly, "Brad, it's not that he can't let me go. He just wants to control me and change me."

Brad tilted his head and looked at her.

"You've loved him for so many years. Are you sure you really want to give up?"

She didn't answer. She just nodded firmly. "I regret loving him. I regret marrying him. I keep dreaming about divorcing him."

He said softly, "Aella, I know you're hurting. Talk to me. Don't keep it all inside."

She turned toward him, her eyes even redder than before.

She forced a small, weak smile. "Brad, ever since I was little, I knew there were good people and bad people in the world. But I never thought the person who would hurt me the most would be the one I loved the most."

Brad felt heartbroken for her, but all he could do was let out a sigh.

Aella continued, "Back then, he was all I could think about. I cared so much about him that I forgot about myself. Looking back, I didn't even get the basic respect I deserved in my marriage with Tyrone. And I actually expected him to stay loyal to me. Isn't that just silly?"

Brad frowned, watching her closely.

Aella gave a small, bitter smile.

She said, "When I was with him, I tried to be close, but he said I was too clingy. When I and wanted comfort, he said I was being dramatic. If I acted a bit spoiled, he said I was annoying. I used to think that was just the way he was.

got sad

"I didn't realize until later that it wasn't really about me—it was because he never got over his first love.

“The day I heard him say how much he regretted not marrying Zera, I was terrified. I felt so small and useless, scared to lose him and our marriage. Every time he said something hurtful, I blamed myself and tried to change.

“We were married for three years. I pretended everything was fine, but inside I was falling apart. I changed so much to please him that I didn’t even know who I was anymore. And still, he went back to Zera.”

Brad gently patted her shoulder and pulled her close so she could lean on him.

Aella shut her eyes, tired, resting against his shoulder.

She said quietly, “Brad, every time I argued with Tyrone, he never talked back. He punished me with coldness, silence, distance, and emotional abuse. Whenever I got angry, it was like punching a pillow.

“He always said I was too emotional, not calm or logical, that I overthought everything. I didn’t understand at first, but after being hurt so many times, I finally did. He didn’t just not love me, he never cared at all. So even when he cheated and I was heartbroken, he wouldn’t let me show any sadness or anger in front of him.”

Brad, feeling her pain, said gently, “You’re just 26. You still have plenty of time to recover.”

Aella straightened up, smoothed her hair, and looked out at the street.

Chapter 267 I Let Her Down

She said, “Brad, I lost, and I’ll accept it.”

Tyrone bought her jewelry only because she was his wife, the lady of the Winters. He needed her to look good in front of everyone.

He gave her parents and Clyde a big house and monthly allowances just because he was the CEO of the Winter Group and didn't want them to embarrass him.

He kept track of every single penny he spent on their marriage and the Reids.

Thinking about sharing a bed with someone like him for three years made Aella feel really sad.

Brad tried to comfort her. "No one thought you and Tyrone would end up like this. Losing that child hurt both of you so much."

It was a mistake Tyrone could never fix.

Just thinking about that child made Aella's eyes fill with tears.

She tilted her head back a little, but the tears still rolled down her cheeks.

When she spoke again, her voice shook from crying.

"Brad, do you know how badly I wanted a child?"

Aella looked at Brad, her sad smile making more tears fall.

Her chin trembled as she said, "I've been married to Tyrone for three years. I begged him for a child and tried everything, but he refused. Yet for Zera and her ex-husband's child, he risked everything."

Brad gently hugged Aella, patting her back. "Stop thinking about sad things. If you want a child, it's not that hard. Find someone with good genes, and have as many as you want."

Aella cried, "He'll never know how long I cried when I found out I was pregnant. How scared I felt lying alone on that operating table."

Brad said, "Losing your own child for a fake son ... That's really cruel."

Aella shook her head. "He's not worth my anger or even my hate."

What

goes around comes around. She just needed to stop giving so much of herself.

Not far away, in a black luxury car, the window was rolled down halfway.

Tyrone sat stiffly inside, staring at Aella.

His hand clutched the shirt over his chest, his red eyes filled with tears.

His mouth opened, but no sound came out.

Late at night, in a private room on the second floor of Regal Club, Brad found Tyrone had already been drinking a lot.

Brad walked over and grabbed the glass from Tyrone's hand. "Did you hear everything?"

Tyrone frowned, his empty hands slowly curling into fists. His eyes lowered, and he swallowed hard.

He tugged at the corner of his mouth and struggled to speak. "I let her down."

Brad stayed calm and tried to reason with him. "Tyrone, Aella gave you her best years, and you hurt her like this. If you really feel sorry, then care about her for once, respect her, divorce her, and let her be free."

Tyrone grabbed his coat and struggled to stand up.

His mind was a mess, and he couldn't think clearly. All he wanted was to find a place and calm down.

He looked at Brad for a moment, then stumbled out of the room.

For the next two days, Tyrone didn't go home.

He worked all day and slept in his office at night.

Noel worried so much about him that he secretly gave some updates to Virginia.

Tyrone's parents, Raine, Brad, and even his mutual friends with Aella came to talk to him ... but Tyrone refused. He said he was too busy and staying at the office was easier.

On the third day, just before leaving work, Noel finally said, "Mr. Winter, Mrs. Winter is already home. Maybe you should go see her."

Tyrone leaned back in his chair, closing his tired eyes.

Three days have passed, and he hasn't gone home.

Aella hadn't called. Not even a single text.

Late that night, Tyrone finally went home.

Aella came out to get a glass of water and saw him walk in, smelling strongly of alcohol. She put down her glass and went toward the bedroom.

At that moment, Tyrone's emotions suddenly went out of control.

He threw his coat aside and hugged Aella from behind.

Aella struggled and warned him, "Tyrone, don't get drunk and do something crazy!"

Tyrone's voice was low and weak.

He held her arms tighter. "Aella, I've been drinking, but I'm not drunk."

Aella turned her head away from his warm breath. "If you're not drunk, then let me go."

Tyrone said, "I haven't been home for three days, and you didn't even ask where I was?"

Aella thought he was acting more childish than ever.

She broke free from his hold and turned to face him. "Tyrone, you lied and stayed away for a whole month to take care of Zera and her child, and you didn't see anything wrong with that. Three days of not coming home means nothing to me."

They looked at each other.

Aella's eyes were cold.

Tyrone pressed his hand on his chest.

He didn't know when it started, but every time he saw that distant, cold look in her eyes, it sent a sharp pain twisting through his heart.

Chapter 268 | Respect Your Decision

Aella noticed that Tyrone looked off. But after thinking for a moment, she decided not to deal with him and started to walk away.

Tyrone, clutching his chest in pain, grabbed her wrist. "Aella, my chest hurts. Please don't leave."

She stopped and shook his hand off.

"Tyrone," she said sharply, "when I was at my lowest, I cried until I passed out in the staff dorm at Tuspuyria. Compared to that, your pain is nothing."

They looked at each other closely. Tyrone's heart ached as he pulled her into a tight hug again.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault!" he said, his voice panicked.

He couldn't even imagine how Aella had managed on her own in Tuspuyria.

Aella struggled hard, but Tyrone held her tighter, almost like he couldn't control himself.

He said urgently, "Aella, I'll agree to the divorce. We can start over."

Aella froze mid-struggle.

She couldn't believe what she had just heard.

Finally, she broke free from his arms and looked him straight in the eyes. "Tyrone, say what you just said again!"

He leaned down a little to meet her

gaze.

“I respect your decision. I’ll agree to the divorce.”

Aella said, “If you really want a divorce, we don’t need a one–month waiting period. We don’t have kids, I’ll take nothing, and there’s no dispute over property. The lawyer has already filed the case. Today is Friday. On Monday, come with me to the courthouse. I’ll bring all the documents. Once you say yes, we’ll get the divorce decree.”

Tyrone, still fighting the pain in his chest, pulled her into another hug.

He had never wanted a hug so badly in his life.

“I’ll give you half of all the property under my name. I’ve asked Noel to prepare the contract. Whatever should be yours, I won’t keep a single cent.”

Aella lowered her eyes, hiding her feelings.

So Tyrone had already made up his mind during the three days he’d been gone.

She knew it. He would compromise for Zera’s sake.

She didn’t want to fight over money anymore. Whether he gave it or not, she only wanted the divorce.

Aella spoke to Tyrone as gently as she could. “Tyrone, we share family, friends, and social circles. If we can separate peacefully, that’s the best way.”

Right now, Tyrone just wanted to hold her.

He couldn’t bear to let go, and his voice was low and pleading.

“I promise I’ll go with you to the courthouse on Monday. Let’s just spend this weekend together, okay?”

Aella gently pushed him away. “I hope you mean it.”

All night, Aella tossed and turned, unable to sleep.

Tyrone stayed alone in his study, awake the entire night.

The next day was Saturday. By noon, Aella had pulled herself together and went with Tyrone to visit Winter Estate.

When they got out of the car, Tyrone reached for her hand.

Looking into his careful, gentle eyes, Aella didn’t pull away.

Edwin wasn’t stupid. It was better to keep Tyrone’s agreement to the divorce a secret for now- no need to stir up trouble.

Ralph and Virginia saw them walk in holding hands. Their expressions were mixed.

Edwin said, “Looks like you two are really trying. If that’s the case, then hurry up and have a child.”

Tyrone and Aella looked at each other but neither nodded nor shook their heads.

After dinner, Tyrone took Aella and left.

Ralph said, “I knew she wouldn’t divorce Tyrone. If she left us, where else would she find such an excellent husband like him?”

Virginia glanced at Ralph, frowned, and went back to her room.

As the road ahead grew familiar, Aella asked, "Where are we going?"

Tyrone looked at her, one hand on the wheel, the other holding her arm. "Almost there."

Soon, the car stopped in front of the villa where they used to live.

Tyrone turned off the engine and unbuckled his seatbelt. "It's been a while. Do you want to go inside and take a look?"

Aella sat still in the passenger seat.

"I don't want to go into a place that's been tainted."

Tyrone's hand froze on the door handle.

He looked at her, his eyes darkening.

"Aella, believe it or not, I never let any other woman set foot in our villa."

Aella admitted that she had been the one to let Zera into the villa.

Because before that, Tyrone had already been tainted.

Even if he hadn't physically cheated, his heart had already wandered.

The air between them grew heavy.

Tyrone rolled down both windows, letting the scent of jasmines from the yard drift into the

car.

Seeing Aella's expression darken, he quickly changed the subject. "The jasmine you planted in the yard should be blooming by now."

Aella shut her eyes as the sweet fragrance stirred memories of this place.

Chapter 269 Everyone Has Their Own Specialty

After marrying Tyrone, Aella did her best to manage their little home.

She chose everything herself—from the cups to the entire style of the house.

She planted flowers by the front door and trees in the yard.

She told Tyrone that this was the home they would live in together for the rest of their lives. She cherished it deeply.

But after only three years, everything changed.

They sat quietly in the car for a long time without saying a word.

Finally, Aella spoke, "I'm tired. I just want to go home."

Tyrone looked at her for a few seconds, then started the car.

That quiet afternoon, Tyrone locked himself in his study and didn't come out.

Aella went to her room and took a nap.

Even though they were in the same house, they didn't speak at all.

At dinner time, Tyrone finally left his study.

He walked into the main bedroom and saw Aella packing her things. Updates are released by Find1Novel.net

He noticed her ID, their marriage certificate, and a stack of folders—all the documents she would need for the divorce.

Tyrone instinctively clutched his chest, his steps unsteady, and backed out of the room.

Aella packing and came out, only to find Tyrone's study door shut tight.

She made herself some food, then went back to her room to rest.

On the outside, everything looked normal, but Aella felt anxious inside,

She wished it were already Monday morning.

Late that night, in the study, Tyrone stood alone in his study by the large window, smoking.

Empty bottles were scattered across the table behind him. The ticking of the clock made him

even more restless.

On the weekend, Aella woke up with nothing planned. She went to the kitchen to make breakfast.

Tyrone came in, walked up to her, and said, "Let me help you."

He reached for the eggs to fry them, but Aella turned off the stove and stopped him.

Tyrone grabbed her wrist and looked straight at her. "I just want to make breakfast with you. Is that so wrong?"

Aella took the eggs from him and sighed.

"Tyrone, I'll be honest. I can't eat anything you touch. And if you make it yourself? That's even harder. It reminds me of the blueberry cake you made for Zera."

Tyrone's face darkened as he heard that.

He stared at her and said, "I know I was wrong. What can I do to make you forgive me?"

Aella snapped back, "If you were me, could you get over it?"

They looked at each other in silence, and then Tyrone left the kitchen.

Ten minutes later, Aella sat in the dining room, staring at the breakfast she'd made. She didn't have any appetite at all.

In the study, Tyrone lay on the couch, completely drained.

He had no energy left, no way to fix anything.

Aella thought the weekend would just pass like this.

But that night, Tyrone came out of his room dressed neatly and said he had booked a table at a restaurant.

Aella thought for a moment, changed her clothes, and went out with him.

At eight o'clock, they arrived at a fancy steakhouse in Vleka.

Tyrone ordered Aella's favorite meal and some chocolate truffles.

When the food came, Tyrone cut the steak and placed it in front of her.

Seeing that Aella hadn't pick up her fork, Tyrone said, "You've always liked this place. There's a new chef just started yesterday. Try it and see how it tastes."

Aella picked up her fork and knife, forced herself to take a bite, then put them down again.

Tyrone looked at her. "What's wrong?"

Aella said, "Tyrone, haven't you noticed? Every time we come here, I barely eat. And when we get home, I always end up going to the fridge for more food."

Tyrone's expression slowly darkened. He looked at her and gently put down his fork and knife.

Looking into his eyes, Aella said, "Before, it was because you liked it. So even if I didn't, I pretended I did."

Tyrone swallowed hard. "And now?"

Aella replied, "Now, you're not worth it. So I don't enjoy it. Every bite is just me forcing myself."

Tyrone's hand on the table was clenched tightly.

He lowered his head and took a deep breath.

Then he looked at Aella and said, "If you don't want to eat, don't force yourself. Try your favorite chocolate truffle instead."

Aella gave a small smile.

She said, "Haven't you noticed? Ever since you said, 'Everyone has their own specialty,' I haven't touched chocolate truffles again."

Tyrone closed his eyes, feeling defeated.

He remembered the time Aella had asked him to make a chocolate truffle for her.

He'd told her that everyone had their own specialty, that the restaurant's assistant could make it better than he could, and that she should just buy it herself.

Back then, Aella had already seen the post he'd shared on Instagram.

She had only been testing him. If he could make a blueberry cake for Zera, could he make a chocolate truffle for her?

But he'd said no right away.

There was no room for discussion.

They'd had a huge fight over it.

After that, even when he bought her chocolate truffles, she never ate them ag

Chapter 270 Silence

When he thought back to the choices he had made, Tyrone was filled with regret.

When his eyes met Aella's cold gaze again, he completely fell apart.

The corners of his eyes were red, and when he stood up, his movements were clumsy and  
uneasy.

"If you're not going to eat, then let's just go," he said quietly.

By the time they walked out of the restaurant, neither of them looked happy.

They had planned to spend the weekend together, to try and get along.

But it had only turned into another long stretch of silence.

They stood on the sidewalk by the street, the evening air heavy between them.

Tyrone stared blankly at Aella, realizing for the first time that things between them could never go back to the way they were.

They were no longer a normal couple.

Aella broke the silence. "Go get some rest. We have to be at the courthouse early tomorrow."

As she turned to leave, Tyrone lost control and pulled her into his arms.

The streetlight stretched its shadows long across

the

pavement.

He held her tightly, unwilling to let go, his face buried against her shoulder to hide the panic in his eyes.

"Stay with me a little longer," he murmured.

Aella tried to pull away, but couldn't. So she gave in and nodded.

Late that night, they walked through the downtown street market hand in hand.

Tyrone walked slowly, but Aella's pace was quick and impatient.

He remembered how it used to be—he always walked fast because of his long legs, and she'd have to jog to keep up, laughing and telling him to slow down.

Now he had slowed down, learned to wait for her.

But she was the one who wanted to hurry to the end.

They'd walked this same street countless times since they were young.

Many of the vendors even knew them by name.

Tyrone stopped in front of a small stall and asked, "Want me to get you a couple of hair ties?"

Aella shook her head.

A few steps later, he asked, "How about a cup of bubble tea?"

Aella shook her head again.

They walked a bit more. Then Tyrone stopped once more.

"Still early," he said softly. "Want to sit down and make something at the craft booth before heading home?"

She shook her head again.

So they just kept walking, stopping, and walking again.

No matter what Tyrone asked, Aella only shook her head.

By the time they reached the end of the street, Tyrone had lost count of how many times she'd done it.

She hadn't said a single word.

He finally stopped and placed his hands on her shoulders, his voice rough and low.

"Aella ...

can you please say something?"

Back then, when he brought her here, she used to talk nonstop the whole way.

But now ...

Aella just said quietly, "Go home and rest. We have to be at the courthouse early tomorrow."

Their eyes met.

Tyrone stared at her for a long time before finally nodding.

When they got home, Aella went straight to the bedroom and locked the door.

She showered, changed into clean clothes, and started packing her things.

Most of her belongings were already gone from when they'd separated before.

What was left were things Tyrone had bought for her—things she didn't want to take.

She packed up her personal items, then took off her wedding ring and placed it inside the nightstand drawer.

Tomorrow, after the divorce was finalized, she wouldn't have to come back again.

In the study, Tyrone drank one glass after another until he couldn't stop.

He wanted to get drunk.

He wanted to shut down his thoughts and forget everything for a while.

But he couldn't.

The more he drank, the clearer his mind became—and the more terrified he felt.

When the clock hit 4:30 a.m., there were still five hours left before their court appointment.

Tyrone used the spare key to open the bedroom door and quietly slipped inside.

In the dim light filtering through the curtains, he crawled onto the bed and carefully pulled Aella into his arms over the blanket.

He closed his eyes, his heart aching.

Years ago, he used to suffer from terrible insomnia.

After they got married, Aella tried everything to help him.

But what truly cured him wasn't any of that. It was her.

Aella had this faint scent—a mix of her own skin and a trace of herbs. As long as he could breathe it in, he'd relax and fall asleep without realizing it.

That was why, during their three years of marriage, he never spent a single night away from

home.

Since the separation, he hadn't slept properly.

He missed her warmth. He missed waking up next to her.

Without thinking, Tyrone moved a little closer, holding her tighter.

In his heart, he whispered, Aella, once we're divorced, let's start over. I'll make you want to come back to

me.

Aella, I don't want anyone else but you.

The next morning, she woke up to find Tyrone beside her.

He was still asleep, wearing his pajama shirt, his face pale from last night's drinking.

He didn't even have a blanket on, and his brows were furrowed tightly as if even his dreams weren't peaceful. His hand was loosely wrapped around her wrist.

Aella stared at him for a moment, silent. Then she gently pulled her hand free and softly called his name to wake him.

Tyrone's head pounded from the hangover. When he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was Aella standing by the bed, looking down at him quietly.