

## Once Cast 311

### Chapter 311 I Knew She Was Trouble

Victor lowered his long, narrow eyes slightly, his gaze falling to where Tyrone was bleeding.

He spoke slowly, "Mr. Winter, I don't know if Aella and I are on the same side, but I do know she definitely isn't on your side right now."

There was more to his words than what he said out loud.

Tyrone's face darkened. He grabbed Aella's wrist. "Come with me."

Just then, Tyrone's father, Ralph, called via video chat.

Aella's face turned icy. She jerked her hand out of Tyrone's grasp, making him stumble and collapse right to the floor.

Both Victor and Aella were speechless.

With difficulty, Tyrone answered the call.

On the other end, Ralph immediately noticed something was wrong. "Tyrone, where are you? Why do you look so awful?"

Tyrone turned the camera around the room, showing Victor and Aella.

He said, "Dad, I'm at Webster Manor. I'm fine."

Before he , his phone slipped out of his hand and hit the floor. Blood dripped from his wound as he tried to pick it up.

Ralph's furious voice immediately came through, "Tyrone, are you hurt?"

"Is this because of Aella?"

Tyrone glanced at Aella. "I can't let anything happen to her."

From the other end, Ralph's threats to confront the Reids mixed with Virginia's anxious voice,

coming through at once. Tyrone ended the call without hesitation.

Aella and Victor exchanged a look.

It was obvious what Tyrone was doing. He wanted Ralph to know he'd been hurt because of Aella and Victor.

Knowing the temper of Tyrone's paternal grandfather and maternal grandfather, they would both show up at Webster Manor tomorrow for sure.

Ralph would definitely blame Aella for Tyrone's injuries, maybe even harass her parents.

Just thinking about his grandfathers gave Aella a headache.

If she could, she would rather be the one hurt than drag the Winters into it.

But things had already gone too far. She decided to keep things simple and avoid making it

worse.

She didn't want to owe anyone favors or get caught up in more drama.

After a brief hesitation, Aella walked over and helped Tyrone up.

Tyrone watched her closely, pain creasing his brow.

"I'll take you to the hospital first," Aella said.

Aella and Norman got Tyrone to the emergency room, and then Norman left.

It was nearly 5:00 a.m. when Tyrone was finally moved into a VIP room, still unconscious.

After talking to the doctors, Aella learned both of Tyrone's wounds were deep. He'd lost so much blood that he had passed out on the way into surgery.

Aella worried silently.

If Tyrone's grandfathers learned he'd been stabbed twice and was now in a coma, there was no telling how upset they'd be.

Just before noon the next day, Tyrone finally woke up.

He looked around and saw his parents, his sister, and two unfamiliar women.

asked his mom, "Who are they?"

The two women came to the bedside. "Mr. Winter, hello. We're the nurses Dr. Reid hired to take care of you."

Nurses?

Tyrone's face fell. "Where is she?"

The nurses replied, "Dr. Reid went home a while ago."

Tyrone was left at a loss for words.

Ralph's face was thunderous. "I knew she was trouble. You got hurt because of her, and she just left you here!"

He turned to Virginia. "We're going to the Reid residence right now. I want to ask them how they raised such a heartless daughter!"

"Dad!" Tyrone gritted his teeth and forced himself upright. "This is between me and Aella. Leave her family out of it."

Virginia pointed at Ralph. "With a father like you, Tyrone would get divorced no matter who he married!"

Raine quietly added, "Aella went to Webster Manor, but she didn't make Tyrone go rescue her. He did it himself. Dad, stop stirring things up."

Raine glanced nervously at Tyrone and hid behind Virginia.

Ralph's veins bulged with anger. "Enough! Shut up, all of you!"

"If the Reids don't explain why my son got hurt because of that woman, I'll never let it go!"

Aella stood outside the hospital room, frowning as she listened to Ralph's words.

She realized Tyrone had deliberately let the Winters know he'd gotten hurt at Webster Manor because of her.

This was exactly what he wanted—to get Ralph to pressure the Reids, in turn forcing her hand. Nice play, Tyrone.

Aella waited for everyone to leave the room before she went inside.

Tyrone lay half up in bed, watching her with a grim face.

As soon as she reached the bed, Tyrone said with a serious look, “Do you even realize how

dangerous it was last night?”

Chapter 312 You're Family

Aella pursed her lips and stayed silent.

Tyrone's tone grew sharp as he demanded, “Aella, do you even know Victor? Do you have any idea what kind of man he used to be?”

He was exhausted, but his eyes flashed with anger.

He met her gaze. “Aella, you've got your parents and a younger brother who depend on you. Don't risk your life so carelessly!”

His voice was harsh as he added, “What if I hadn't shown up in time? What if you'd gotten hurt?”

Tyrone blurted, “Do you have any idea how worried I was last night?”

Aella waited quietly by the bed until he .

She looked Tyrone in the eyes and said, "Tyrone, you once told me that no one but my family would care whether I lived or died. You said no one would care, and I guess that included you."

She continued, "Remember when I threatened you with a fruit knife to stop you from seeing Zera? Back then, you didn't care if I lived or died, so why act concerned now?"

Thinking about the past, Aella couldn't help but feel a storm inside.

Those old wounds would never heal; she remembered everything he did.

Every word she said was a dagger to Tyrone's heart.

Tyrone gritted his teeth against the pain and struggled to the edge of the bed.

He reached out and gently grabbed her arm, his eyes rimmed red. His voice dropped to a whisper as he said, "I know I was wrong before. I swear it'll never happen again. Can we just forget about all that?"

Forget?

Aella let out a cold laugh and yanked her arm free.

She asked him, "If I did that to you, could you just let it go?"

Tyrone braced himself on the bed, holding back.

He met her eyes. "Aella, whether you believe me or not, I only said what I did because I knew

you'd never do anything reckless. You love your family too much to act rashly. That's why..."

His Adam's apple bobbed, and his voice trailed off.

Aella said, "So, as long as I didn't die, you never cared how badly I was hurt. My needs never mattered, and you let my feelings spiral out of control. That's your idea of admitting you were wrong?"

Tyrone fell into a gloomy silence, unable to answer.

All those old hurts felt like an unbridgeable gap between them.

Aella's tone softened. "Tyrone, the only reason I brought you to the hospital was to avoid more trouble for myself. I'm terrified of every single Winter man—old or young. Please, just let me go."

Tyrone lost control. He climbed out of bed and blocked her path, ignoring the pain in his body.

He towered over her, locking eyes with her.

"I only wanted you to take care of me while I'm hurt. I just wanted you here while I recover. I never meant to give you a hard time."

Aella frowned. "I already hired nurses for you. If two aren't enough, I'll hire more. Medical bills are taken care of, too. If you want compensation, I'll do what's fair."

Tyrone's shoulders slumped.

He gripped her arm again, voice urgent. "I want you here, not the nurses. Can you please stop being so cold to me?"

They stood there, close enough to see each other's eyes.

Aella said calmly, "No matter how cold I am to you now, it doesn't come close to what to me back then."

Tyrone's hand slid away from her wrist.

ella turned to leave.

He called back to her, "Aella, I know I let you down."

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He added, "I'm not asking for forgiveness now, but can you at least talk to me when I'm trying to make things right?"

Aella stopped and looked over her shoulder.

She said, "Maybe you don't think I'm being warm, but at least I tried to communicate with you. During our marriage, Mr. Winter, you froze me out completely. Compared to the cold shoulder you gave me during our marriage, I've already done you a favor."

With that, she left the room.

Tyrone slumped at the edge of the bed, looking more defeated than ever.

His upper body swayed with weakness, and it seemed he might collapse at any moment.

The two nurses hired by Aella soon hurried in. When they saw the state he was in, they rushed to get the doctor.

Victor arrived just as the doctor cleaning Tyrone's wounds and started the IV.

Half-reclined on the bed, Tyrone shot Victor a complicated look.

Victor wheeled himself in, now wearing a striking dark red blazer.

He gave Tyrone a long, unreadable once-over and let out a small, ambiguous laugh.

Tyrone said flatly, "You could have had your bodyguards surround those men sooner, but you waited for Aella to jump in and save you. That's how I got stabbed twice."

He went on, "Uncle Victor, you're family. Why let me get hurt like this?"

Chapter 313 He Brought It On Himself

Victor's sharp, striking features took on a slightly wicked edge as he said, "If I hadn't let you get stabbed twice, how would you ever learn your lesson?"

Hearing that, Tyrone's already stormy expression darkened even more.

Victor's long fingers turned the rosary beads in his hands. "You should thank me. Otherwise, how would you get such a comfortable hospital bed, with your ex-wife bringing you in herself?"

The word "ex-wife" hit Tyrone hard.

Tyrone stared at Victor and said, "It was your choice to lure your enemies to your doorstep by flying to Ressovia personally and putting yourself at risk. But you didn't have to drag Aella into it!"

Victor's expression grew serious. He asked, "How did you show up so fast last night?"

They locked eyes, but Tyrone quickly looked away.

He then answered casually, "This is Vleka. It was easy enough for me to trap your enemies at the outer ring and send someone to help Aella. Knowing she was in danger at Webster Manor wasn't hard at all."

Victor didn't press

further.

Instead, he changed the subject. "Your grandfather came to Webster Manor this morning, furious. He and my grandfather got into a heated argument and almost tore the roof off the place."

He added, "You got hurt because of me, so I'll handle all the hospital bills and compensation."

Tyrone's voice was stern. "I didn't get hurt for you. I don't need your money. Just keep your distance from Aella from now on."

Victor let the beads click softly in his hands. "Aella is young, beautiful, and loyal, with a great personality. I plan to spend more time with her. Let's see if I can get closer to her."

He watched Tyrone's face darken even further. "If you don't like it, Mr. Winter, try convincing Aella to stay away from me."

Tyrone turned away, his tone sour. "Get out."

After Victor left, Tyrone sat alone in the hospital room.

The two nurses Aella hired only lingered at the door, too nervous to come in.

When Raine and Brad dropped by with lunch, Tyrone was lying in bed, lost in thought.

Raine said to Brad, "He looks so pitiful, all alone like this."

Brad replied, "He brought it on himself."

Brad set the food down, then poked Tyrone in the side.

Tyrone glanced at him but said nothing.

Brad turned to Raine and soothed her, "Let me talk to Tyrone for a while. Go find Aella and get her to show you around the cafeteria."

Raine shot a worried look at Tyrone.

Brad grabbed her bag and steered her to the door. "Go on, have some fun. Come back later."

Once Raine left, Brad returned to Tyrone's bedside and asked, "I just don't get it. Victor's always so careful. How did you know Aella was in danger at Webster Manor?"

Tyrone gave Brad a blank look and kept lying there.

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Brad took a wild guess. "You didn't plant a spy at the manor, did you?"

Tyrone replied with a level voice, "This is Vleka. If I want to know something, I will."

Brad wrinkled his nose in annoyance. "So what if you have connections? You nearly got killed for Aella, but she still ignores you."

Tyrone stared up at the icy hospital ceiling, his eyes empty.

Their situation was only temporary.

He was sure they'd get back together.

Brad saw right through him and poked at his ego. "Don't kid yourself. Aella's stubborn. You could die for her, and she'd still ignore you."

yrone just closed his eyes, shutting Brad out.

It didn't matter if Aella pushed me toward the attackers or abandoned me

to save Victor—she was doing it to get under my skin.

Aella's love for me is ingrained in her bones.

That kind of love doesn't

just disappear.

As long as I stay patient and keep trying, she'll come back.

While he was lost in thought, Raine burst back in, panicked. "Brad, something's wrong! Grandpa and Dad just left for the Reid Residence!"

Brad and Tyrone locked eyes, and Tyrone suddenly sat up in bed.

The movement made his wounds flare with pain, and his head spun.

Meanwhile, at the Reid Residence...

When Aella got home from the hospital, Edwin and Ralph were already there with their bodyguards.

The minute she stepped inside, she saw Winters' bodyguards everywhere.

Edwin sat at the head of the living room, while Ralph faced off against Aella's parents.

It looked like the Winters had taken over the house.

Warren and Miriam rushed over and pulled Aella close.

Chapter 314 This Isn't Up For Discussion

Aella's eyes landed on the shattered vase in the living room. Her expression was cold as she demanded, "Mr. Winter, Mr. Ralph, what's the meaning of this? Are you planning to kill my family in broad daylight?"

Ralph pointed at Aella, his voice laced with warning. "Aella, you're divorced from my son now. If you have any sense, stay far away from him. Stop meddling in his life, and don't even think about ruining his engagement to Vivienne!"

Aella's tone was grave and deliberate. "Mr. Ralph, your son was the one who insisted on rescuing me. For Virginia and Raine's sake, I brought him to the hospital. I paid the medical bills, and I even hired two nurses for him. If you want compensation, I can provide it. What more do you want?"

Ralph let out a mocking laugh. "My son's the heir to the Winter Group. He got hurt because of you, and you think you can pay for that?"

Aella shot back, "Maybe I can't, but Mr. Vic can. Your son got hurt at Webster Manor. If you're set on it, Mr. Vic is willing to cover all the costs."

Edwin, who'd been silent, finally spoke up. "We're here today to resolve things between you and Tyrone. The rest is none of our business."

Aella stepped right up to Edwin. "I've already made myself clear. Tyrone and I are divorced. There's nothing left to discuss. Please leave."

With Justin's help, Edwin got up slowly, leaning on his cane.

He glanced at the three Reids, his tone leaving no room for argument. "I want your family out of Vleka."

Aella stared back at him, stunned. "I don't care how much power the Winters have. As long as I don't want to leave, there's nothing you can do to make me go!"

Ralph waved his hand, and a group of bodyguards stormed in.

Edwin told the Reids, "This isn't up for discussion."

Miriam quickly shielded her daughter. "I've already called the police. Don't push us too far!"

Warren's face was red with rage. He grabbed Ralph by the collar. "My daughter and your son are divorced! If you keep harassing her, I'll fight you with everything I've got!"

Ralph didn't back down.

Chapter S14 This hunt Up For Discision

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The two men started scuffling right there in the living room, and the whole place fell into chaos.

“Dad!”

“Warren!”

Just then, Clyde and Sayer burst through the door.

They saw the chaotic scene and jumped right in.

Sayer locked Ralph’s arm and pinned him to the table. “You old geezer, you want to act tough? Try it now!”

Clyde rushed into the kitchen and came back with a kitchen knife. Worried that her son would get into trouble, Miriam held him back.

Clyde kicked Ralph in the knee. “Sixer, if we can’t beat Tyrone, we can at least take down his dad! Let’s finish him off!”

Edwin barked, “Let go of my son right now, or you’ll all pay for this!”

Even though Edwin was furious, with Ralph pinned down by Sayer, the Winters’ bodyguards didn’t dare make a move.

Ralph couldn’t budge, roaring in anger.

Edwin warned Sayer, “Mr. Locke, let go now, or don’t blame me for not showing mercy to the Lockes!”

Sayer glanced at Aella and sneered at Ralph. “You old geezer, causing trouble everywhere you go. If you’ve got the guts, try me!”

Edwin immediately called Sayer's grandfather.

Aella hurried over to calm Sayer down. "Mr. Locke, please let him go. This is my business. Don't get involved."

The Winter men always hold a grudge, especially Ralph.

Thanks to her, Sayer was now on their bad side for good.

But Sayer was too riled up to listen.

"I have to teach this old geezer a lesson!"

He raised his hand and smacked Ralph on the head.

Ralph nearly fainted from rage.

Edwin, on his call and shouted to the guards, "Tie those two up. I don't care what happens!"

Hearing that, Aella's face drained of color.

Just as the Winters' bodyguards closed in, Brad and Raine arrived with Tyrone.

Brad let go of Tyrone and quickly made Sayer release Ralph.

Raine saw her father being manhandled and wanted to rush in, but she held herself back.

Still pale and weak from blood loss, Tyrone was barely able to stand.

But he pushed himself to Aella's side.

He asked his grandfather and father, "Why are you at the Reid Residence?"

Aella answered first. "Mr. Winter, your grandfather and father are trying to force my family out of Vleka. They blame me for ruining your life and your engagement."

Tyrone's face turned even darker.

Ralph shouted at him in anger, "You saw it yourself. This woman had people attack me! Now do your duty and put her in her place!"

Chapter 315 Tyrone, We're Divorced

Tyrone frowned, unable to hide his frustration at his father's unreasonable demeanor.

He gave Aella a steady look and said, "Dad, saving Aella was my choice. You shouldn't be here making trouble.

"If you're angry, take it out on me. This has nothing to do with Aella."

Ralph, livid, slapped Tyrone across the face. "You ungrateful brat. Everything I do is for sake!"

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Tyrone, already weak from his injuries, nearly lost his balance from the blow, but he managed to steady himself and stood protectively in front of Aella.

His voice was unwavering. "Dad, if you care about me, then leave right now."

Ralph glared at Tyrone's shaky stance, torn between anger and worry.

He shot a murderous look at Sayer and Clyde. "You'll regret this. Just you wait!"

Brad quickly moved to help Edwin toward the door.

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Edwin stopped in front of Aella and said coldly, "I won't forget what happened here today. Think carefully about my offer. Don't force me to take drastic action."

Aella watched Edwin leave, worry etched on her face.

She knew how ruthless Edwin could be, and Ralph was even worse.

If Tyrone hadn't been so badly hurt and forced him to back off, Ralph would never have backed down so easily.

Kindness only invites trouble.

No matter how hard the Winters pushed, she refused to bow down.

Tyrone gazed at Aella, visibly shaken.

He spoke softly, "I want to apologize on behalf of my grandpa and my dad-"

Before he could finish, Aella cut him off impatiently. "Tyrone, we're divorced. What happens to me is none of your business. Stop trying to make decisions for me."

Her words shut Tyrone down instantly, his eyes dimming as he fell silent.

Aella pressed on. "You saw it yourself. If it weren't for you, my parents and brother wouldn't have had to suffer like this, and Mr. Locke wouldn't be dragged into it either."

She said, "Tyrone, I'm begging you. Please stay away from me."

Every word reminded Tyrone just how far apart they really were.

Tyrone staggered and almost lost his footing.

Overwhelmed, Miriam pushed Tyrone away from Aella, sobbing.

Tyrone staggered back, stifling a pained grunt.

Miriam pointed at Tyrone, voice trembling. "We may be broke, but we treated you as family. We took you in like a son, and my daughter devoted herself to you. Yet you neglected and betrayed her!"

She cried harder. "She's divorced you, and the Winters still won't let her go. What do we owe you?"

Tyrone's eyes were red as he mumbled, "Miriam, I'm sorry."

Miriam broke down. "Don't apologize to me. I don't need it!"

She pointed at the door. "If you have any decency left, go home and tell your family to leave us alone!"

Brad grabbed Tyrone's arm, feeling him shake with the effort of holding himself together.

He said gently, "It's gotten out of hand. Let me take you back to the hospital."

Tyrone looked at Aella, but she turned her head away.

He stubbornly brushed off Brad's help and forced himself over to her.

"I'll take care of this. I promise it won't happen again."

Aella met his gaze with a smirk.

Tyrone, why couldn't your father or grandfather ever lay a finger on someone as insignificant as Zera?"

Tyrone swayed violently, and Brad rushed to steady him.

Aella continued, "The Reids may be bankrupt, but my network is at least a hundred times stronger than Zera's."

"I have plenty of people by my side—the heirs of the Lockes and the Hills, Mr. Vic from Webster Manor, Mr. Fulford from the world's rich list, even a prince from Yarrowfield...

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"Maybe they're just my patients, but I've earned their trust and friendship. If I ever asked, any one of them would stand up to the Winters for me."

"So why is it that nobody could touch Zera, but your family keeps coming after the Reids?"

Tyrone couldn't take it anymore.

He pressed a hand to his heart, looking stricken.

“This is all my fault. I promise my family won’t bother you again. Please, trust me one more time.”

Aella’s eyes were ice cold as she answered, “Because Zera was the woman you risked your life to protect. But me? I was the one you saw as nothing but dirt.”

Chapter 316 What Do You Think You’re Doing?

Tyrone’s voice was barely above a whisper as he pleaded, “Please, Aella, I’m begging you. Can we not talk about this anymore?”

Aella replied, “Whether it’s your grandfather or your father, they did all of this for you. You’re the only heir to the Winters. What matters to you matters to them. What doesn’t, doesn’t.”

Her tone sharpened as she challenged him, “Tyrone, if you hadn’t allowed it, they would never dare to do this.”

Aella took a step toward Tyrone. He leaned heavily on Brad for support, barely able to stay standing.

She continued, “Tyrone, you’re the root of all this trouble. Don’t pretend to apologize on behalf of your grandfather and father.”

Tyrone stared at Aella, struggling to form words.

At last, he said weakly, “I’m sorry.”

With his eyes downcast, Tyrone forced himself to leave the Reid Residence, every step weighed down by pain.

Once he was in the car, he told Brad, “Take me back to the Winter Estate.”

From the driver’s seat, Raine glanced back at Tyrone, worry in her eyes.

Brad looked just as anxious. "Tyrone, listen to me. You can't solve this all at once. You're already hurt. What if something happens to you?"

Tyrone rested his head on the seat, eyes closed. His voice was weary. "If I die, just have them burn me."

His mind kept replaying everything Aella had just said to him.

She blamed him for everything.

For protecting Zera with his life.

For letting his family torment her and make her life hell.

For stepping in to save her. She even blamed him for being too close.

He remembered the hollow, hopeless look in her eyes back when she saw him fight with his grandfather over Zera.

His chest hurt so much it almost felt numb. Compared to that, his injuries didn't even matter.

Over an hour later, they arrived at the Winter Estate.

Brad and Raine helped Tyrone inside, where Ralph and Virginia were in the middle of a shouting match.

Edwin sat on the couch, face dark, saying nothing.

Broken fruit from a shattered plate was scattered across the floor.

The stifling atmosphere made Tyrone stop in his tracks.

Seeing Tyrone come home wounded and silent, Virginia and Ralph stopped arguing instantly.

Justin rushed over to help. "Mr. Tyrone, take it slow."

Virginia's voice was filled with concern. "Why aren't you in the hospital? You're in no shape to be out."

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Tyrone looked at his father and grandfather, his eyes dark.

Brad leaned in and whispered a few words to Virginia. Her expression changed, and she told Justin to fetch the family doctor.

Tyrone sat on the couch, still and silent.

The doctor checked his wound and said it was bleeding again. He insisted Tyrone should be taken to the hospital at once.

Ralph ordered the staff to get the car ready.

But Tyrone stayed put, face gloomy.

Ralph pointed and snapped, "You got yourself hurt over that woman, and now you're refusing treatment. What do you think you're doing?"

Tyrone gritted his teeth against the pain. "Dad, you and Grandpa went to Reid Residence behind my back. What do you think you're doing?"

Ralph's anger flared the moment the Reids were mentioned.

He said proudly, "The Winters have been the top elite family in Vleka for more than a hundred years. We're richer than the Eight Great Families put together."

He added, "I'm the chairman of the Winter Group, and I'm your father. Anyone who humiliates

me is humiliating you!"

He glared at Tyrone. "And you still have the nerve to question us after letting that woman and her family walk all over you?"

Tyrone's expression never changed. "If you didn't go after the Reids, they'd never have a chance to fight back."

That sentence left Ralph fuming.

He tried to hit Tyrone again, but Justin and Brad both stepped in to stop him.

In the scuffle, Ralph accidentally slapped Brad in the chin.

Brad yelled and dropped to the floor, clutching his face.

Raine hurried over to shield Brad. "Dad, how could you hit Brad, too?"

Brad leaned against Raine, wincing loudly. "Blaine, I think my jaw's dislocated."

Raine reached out to check his jaw, worry written all over her face.

Brad pinched Raine's waist, giving her a little hint.

She quickly caught on and said, "Brad, I'm taking you to the hospital right now."

Justin pulled Ralph back. "Mr. Ralph, you can't lay your hand on Mr. Keller. If you mess him up, his grandmother will be raising hell!"

Ralph finally cooled down when he saw Brad still sprawled on the floor.

Virginia came to help Brad up, and only then did he get up.

She told Blaine, "Take your brother upstairs and take Brad to the hospital. Get him checked out."

Chapter 317 I Am Going to Remarry Her

Virginia had barely speaking when Edwin cut her off, his tone brooking no disagreement. "Tyrone, your engagement to Ms. Guinevere is already set. Get ready for it."

Tyrone answered firmly, "Grandpa, Aella will always be my wife. I'm going to remarry her!"

Ralph exploded, "You ungrateful brat!"

Facing his father's fury, Tyrone added, "If you keep going after the Reids, you'll ruin my happiness."

Edwin snorted, "You risked everything to protect that woman, Zera, and she almost trapped you. Now you're at war with us over a woman who has already divorced you. Do you really think you'll get what you want?"

Tyrone stayed firm. "Grandpa, I was the one who wronged Aella. I don't need her to recognize what I've done. I just want you all to promise never to bother her again."

Ralph smashed his cup on the floor.

He pointed at Tyrone and roared, "A real man focuses on his career, not getting himself hurt for a woman. Look at yourself. Do you even look like the Winters' heir?"

Tyrone struggled to his feet and faced his father and grandfather.

His voice was unwavering as he said, "I can give up my place as the Winters' heir, but I will never give up on Aella."

Edwin pressed, "So you really won't give her up?"

Tyrone didn't hesitate. "Yes."

Ralph's hands shook with rage. "Your engagement to Ms. Guinevere is already set. Don't even think about remarrying that woman!"

Raine couldn't take it anymore and stood up. "Dad, my sister-in-law has a name. Her name is Aella. Can you stop calling her 'that woman' all the time?"

She went on, "Can't you show some respect for other people?"

Ralph pointed at Raine, but his scolding was for Tyrone. "Just look at her bad influence. Ever since you married her, you've all changed. Even your sister dares to talk back!"

His face turned livid. "Since that woman came into this house, it's been nothing but fighting and chaos!"

Just then, Virginia couldn't hold it in anymore.

She pointed at Ralph and said, "Ralph, if I hadn't put up with you all these years, this family would've fallen apart long ago. Don't blame everything on Aella!"

“Enough! That’s enough!”

Edwin suddenly snapped.

He pushed himself up with his cane, eyes sharp.

He warned Tyrone, “Your father was humiliated at the Reid Residence. I won’t let it go so easily. If you want us to leave the Reids alone, you need to go through with your engagement to Ms. Guinevere.”

Tyrone stood his ground. “I’ll decide my own marriage. I will never get engaged to Vivienne.

Virginia sighed, utterly exhausted.

It didn’t matter whether it was Edwin or Ralph—those two never cared about feelings, only about power and control.

Their meddling was just making things worse between the Winters and the Reids.

If her son really wanted to remarry Aella, the odds were slim.

Tension filled the room.

Brad quickly tried to play peacemaker. “Tyrone, you guys are family. Let’s talk it over. There’s no need to fight.”

He helped Tyrone up. “He’s still hurt. You can’t beat him, and letting him stay here will just make things worse. I’ll take him back to the hospital so you can cool off.”

Brad shot Raine a look.

Raine quickly grabbed her bag. "I'll go get the car."

Just as Brad was helping Tyrone leave, Justin rushed in to report to Edwin. "Ms. Guinevere and her parents heard that Mr. Tyrone was injured while saving his ex-wife. They went to the hospital, and since they couldn't find him, they've come here to the Winter Estate."

Ralph was still fuming and barked at Justin, "How did the Guineveres know Tyrone got hurt at

Webster Manor?"

Tyrone and Brad exchanged a glance.

The Guineveres went to the hospital first and now showed up here without an invitation.

Clearly, they were determined to see Tyrone in person.

Virginia hurried to get the servants to clean up the floor.

Tyrone insisted on leaving, but Edwin barked at him to stay put.

Ralph warned Tyrone, "Say what you're supposed to in front of the Guineveres. Don't try anything funny."

Brad had no choice but to help Tyrone back to the couch.

Once the place was tidy, Edwin told Justin to bring in the guests.

Vivienne's parents were middle-aged, but they looked much younger than their years.

Vivienne wore a beige pantsuit. Her short brown hair was tucked neatly behind her ears, and there was a luxury watch on her left wrist, complementing her stylish and polished look.

After some small talk between the elders, Vivienne walked straight over to Tyrone.

She said, "I heard you got hurt saving your ex-wife, so my parents and I wanted to check on you."

Tyrone stayed seated on the couch and didn't get up.

Chapter 318 I Never Agreed to the Engagement

Tyrone looked at Vivienne and asked, "How did you find out?"

Vivienne's father, Hugo Guinevere, answered for her. "It was Mr. Vic who let us know. Otherwise, we'd have been left in the dark."

His tone carried a hint of accusation and frustration.

Tyrone glanced at Brad, who quickly helped him up.

Tyrone then said, "I'm heading back to the hospital. You all go ahead and talk."

The Guineveres had just sat down, but Tyrone was already trying to leave. Naturally, the anger and disappointment on their faces were obvious.

Vivienne's mother, Jasmine Guinevere, spoke up. "Mr. Tyrone, it seems like you don't want us

here."

Ralph jumped in to smooth things over. "Mrs. Guinevere, don't take it the wrong way. This kid just got an earful from me when we were arguing earlier."

Brad took the chance to speak. "Tyrone's badly hurt and has been out for a while. We should get him back to

the hospital. You all take your time and chat. I'll run him back."

As Brad started to help Tyrone out, Vivienne got up too.

She smiled and said, "Actually, I need to pick up some medicine for my grandma at the hospital. I'll drive Mr. Tyrone there."

Tyrone asked Vivienne, "Didn't you pick up my medicine when you stopped by the hospital earlier?"

Vivienne answered smoothly, "I was going to, but once I heard you'd left with your injuries, we got so worried we forgot all about it."

Jasmine spoke up with clear irritation. "Mr. Tyrone, what's that supposed to mean?"

Tyrone replied, "Just asking."

The mood grew tense.

Brad quickly stepped in, "Ms. Guinevere, let's not argue. I'm stronger, so it's easier for me to get Tyrone back to the hospital."

But before he could move, Edwin's voice rang out with a warning. "Brad, you stay. Let Ms.

Guinevere take Tyrone to the hospital."

Edwin had spoken, so Brad, a guest, had no choice but to let go of Tyrone.

Vivienne walked over and waited at Tyrone's side, but he didn't move.

He glanced around the room, then turned to Vivienne and said firmly, "Ms. Guinevere, this engagement was my grandfather and father's idea. I never agreed to it."

Tyrone's words changed the mood in the room instantly.

Edwin and Ralph's faces fell, and Vivienne's parents looked just as shocked.

Hugo shot up from his chair and slammed the table. "This engagement was agreed upon by both families. If you didn't want it, why didn't you say so sooner?"

Jasmine lifted her chin. "The Winters might be the top family in Vleka, but Mr. Tyrone's cheating was an open secret. It ended in divorce. My daughter focused on her career and always carried herself well. The Guineveres never looked down on you for being divorced, but now you look down on my daughter?"

Ralph and Virginia looked uncomfortable. Edwin stayed silent.

The tension in the room thickened even more.

Vivienne tried to calm her parents. "Dad, Mom, you should respect Mr. Tyrone's decision. Let's not make it bigger than it is."

As Tyrone quietly left the room, Vivienne hurried after him.

Brad and Raine exchanged a look and started to follow, but Edwin's gaze stopped them in their tracks.

Ralph, meanwhile, beamed at Vivienne. "Now that's how a real heiress should act. Vivienne's so gracious and understanding."

A few minutes later, Tyrone and Vivienne were in the car.

As soon as the door closed, Vivienne said, "Sorry, I forgot my bag. Wait for me a second, Mr. Winter."

She got out and returned to the Winters' living room just in time to overhear her parents blaming the Winters.

"He's about to get engaged, and yet he got hurt saving his ex-wife. Now, he's saying that he didn't agree to this engagement.

"What exactly is he up to?"

Vivienne spoke up right away. "Dad, Mom, this just shows that Mr. Winter is loyal and responsible."

Hearing this, Ralph and Edwin hurried to agree, showering Vivienne with praise.

Vivienne turned to Edwin. "Mr. Edwin, since Mr. Winter has made up his mind, please don't force him. Let him do what he wants."

Edwin asked, "You're saying you want to call off the engagement?"

Vivienne smiled. "Mr. Edwin, I've always admired Mr. Tyrone's business sense. If this engagement works out, it would be great for both our families.

"But such things can't be forced. I'd rather see the Winters and Guineveres getting along, not fighting each other. Mr. Edwin, maybe you should focus on smoothing out things at home before you discuss this with Mr. Tyrone again. If you keep pushing, it'll just backfire."

With Edwin and Ralph both nodding, Vivienne added, "Mr. Ralph, just leave the rest to me."

She grabbed her bag and left, saying that Tyrone was waiting in the car.

Behind her, Edwin and Ralph couldn't stop singing her praises.

Virginia sat quietly beside Ralph, never saying a word.

She realized Vivienne was even smarter and more rational than she'd expected.

If a marriage of convenience was all they wanted, Vivienne would be perfect.

But her son was stubborn. His heart was still with Aella, and he wouldn't give up on her any time soon.

Chapter 319 I'm Not Going Back

The marriage alliance was most likely not going to work out.

Vivienne got in the car.

Tyrone shot Vivienne a glance, then leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

Vivienne only smiled at his indifference.

She gracefully conceded, "Mr. Tyrone, you don't have to overthink this. If you don't want to get engaged, I won't force you."

Tyrone opened his eyes slowly and studied her.

Vivienne asked, "Mr. Tyrone, just tell me honestly. Are you planning to get back together with your ex-wife?"

Tyrone answered, "It's not just a plan. I am definitely remarrying her."

Vivienne replied without changing her expression, "It's rare to see someone so straightforward. I respect that."

Then her tone shifted. "But just like you, I was born to shoulder my family's responsibilities. Family interests always come first. If you think you can balance that with your personal feelings, then by all means, go for it."

Tyrone said without thinking, "There's no need to try. I'm giving it everything I've got."

Vivienne paused for a moment, then nodded briskly. "Since you're not interested in an engagement, let's just stick to work from now on."

Tyrone nodded. "Thanks."

Just like that, things eased between them.

Vivienne added in a helpless tone, "When the family's in a mess, nothing else goes right. If you want to get back together with your ex-wife, take your time. Fighting your closest family over this isn't the smartest move."

Remembering the scene his grandfather and father made at the Reid Residence, Tyrone's face went cold.

Vivienne picked up on his mood and said nothing more.

They arrived at the hospital in silence, and Vivienne waited with Tyrone for the elevator.

The doors opened, and just as she was helping him in. Aella and her assistant, Penelope, stepped out.

The moment their eyes met, Tyrone instinctively shoved Vivienne away.

Vivienne paid his reaction no mind.

She greeted Aella warmly. "What a coincidence, Dr. Reid."

Aella nodded politely, then left with Penelope, never looking back at Tyrone.

Watching Aella walk away, Vivienne couldn't help but say, "No wonder you're so determined to remarry your ex-wife. She really is beautiful."

When Tyrone didn't respond, she looked back and saw that he was completely distracted.

Vivienne reminded him, "Mr. Tyrone, let me get you back to your room."

After getting Tyrone settled, she called for the doctor.

The doctor cleaned Tyrone's wound and put him on an IV.

The attending physician asked Vivienne, "You're his family, aren't you? You can't just leave a patient running around like this. His wound is bleeding again, and he's got another infection. From now on, he can't leave the hospital. He needs to stay in bed and rest."

Vivienne looked at Tyrone, then explained, "Sorry, Doctor, I'm just a friend, not family. But I'll make sure his family takes care of him."

Soon after the medical staff left, Brad and Raine hurried in.

Vivienne saw them rush in, picked up her bag, and said, "Since Mr. Keller and Ms. Winter are here, I'll head out."

She left Tyrone's room and went to pick up her grandma's medicine.

In the outpatient building, she ran into Aella and Penelope again.

When Penelope saw Vivienne heading their way, she slipped back into the office.

Vivienne stopped a step away from Aella in the hallway.

She explained, "I just happened to be dropping Mr. Tyrone off at the hospital. Don't wrong idea, Dr. Reid."

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Aella seemed amused. "Ms. Guinevere, Tyrone and I are already divorced. You don't need to

Vivienne's eyes were sincere. "But Mr. Tyrone has been fighting with his family because of you. It's clear how much he cares."

Aella's face turned cold. "That's his problem, not mine."

Vivienne softened her tone. "Don't worry, Dr. Reid. I'm not Zera. I won't cry and stir up drama

over a man."

When Aella didn't respond, Vivienne added, "For the Guineveres, the Winters are the best match for a marriage alliance. If you don't mind, I want to give it a try to make it work."

Aella answered calmly, "Ms. Guinevere, Tyrone and I are divorced. No matter what happens in the future, I'm not going back. If you want him, go ahead. No need to tell me."

Vivienne took a step closer in her heels.

She said, "But it takes two to make anything work. If you really had no feelings for him, why would Mr. Tyrone risk his life for you?"

Aella raised an eyebrow. "If he wants to be an idiot, there's nothing I can do."

They stared each other down, sparks flying in the air.

Vivienne stepped in even closer.

She lowered her voice. "Dr. Reid, like I said, I'm not Zera. I have both the background and the means to get rid of any woman who gets near Tyrone."

Chapter 320 How About a Few Rounds of Poker?

Aella honestly couldn't stand Vivienne's overbearing attitude.

She shot back, "If you're so sure, Ms. Guinevere, why didn't you get rid of me back when Tyrone married me?"

Vivienne smiled. "Because I always knew you and Tyrone wouldn't last."

She went on, "Whether it's you or that Zera, neither of you is on the same path as Tyrone. Breaking up was only a matter of time."

The two women stared each other down.

Vivienne gave Aella one last polite look, then turned and left briskly.

Penelope came out of the office, just in time to watch Vivienne walk away. She couldn't help but comment, "Dr. Reid, that woman is unbelievably arrogant, isn't she?"

Aella didn't let Vivienne's words get to her.

Like Vivienne said, she wasn't Zera.

She was born into a powerful family and had been helping her father manage the Guinevere business for years.

She even fought her own brother for control of the company. She was definitely a woman with ambition.

For women like Vivienne, who had family, status, and her own successful career, dignity mattered most. Once she set her sights on someone or something, she wasn't someone who would admit defeat easily.

Noticing Raine coming from down the hall, Aella sent Penelope away.

Raine pulled Aella aside to a corner and whispered, "Aella, did that Vivienne say something to you just now? Trust me, there's nothing going on between them."

Aella cleared her throat and corrected her, "Raine, your brother and I are divorced now. There's no need to tell me about his stuff."

Raine looked crestfallen. "It's not that I don't want to. It's just a habit. Hard to change all at

once."

Aella teased her, "Next time you see me, say 'they are divorced' to yourself three times before you speak."

Raine nodded obediently, though helplessly. "My grandpa and dad are just stubborn old men- bossy, overprotective, and completely unreasonable. Please don't be mad at me because of them."

Aella reassured her, "You're not them. I know the difference."

After chatting for a bit, Aella and Raine parted ways. Aella drove herself to Webster Manor.

In the second-floor study at Webster Manor...

Victor lounged in his wheelchair. He was dressed in black dress pants and a white V-neck shirt, idly turning his rosary beads.

Aella said apologetically, "Mr. Vic, if I'd known you had it all under control, I wouldn't have come barging in and messed up your plans. Next time, give me a heads-up so I don't make things worse."

Victor glanced at her. "With your IQ, even if I give you a hint, would you get it?"

Aella held up a large, sterilized silver needle. "That's a bit of an insult, don't you think?"

Victor replied, "Being a little slow isn't a bad thing. At least you're loyal."

Aella was speechless.

Seeing Aella aiming that silver needle at his head, Victor's back tensed up.

He quickly changed the topic. "When we're done with your treatment, how about a few rounds of poker before you leave?"

As soon as Victor brought up poker, Aella pulled out her phone to call some friends.

She called Mason first. "Mr. Fulford, don't forget to bring Henry. Mr. Vic says the new chef will cook something special for him."

Victor pointed at Aella and shook his head with a sigh.

When Aella hung up, she went on and called Sayer, too.

Victor asked, "Now that everyone's coming, can you at least focus on the treatment?"

Aella was speechless.

Meanwhile, in Tyrone's hospital room, he lay restlessly on his bed, staring at the door.

He knew Aella must have misunderstood when she saw him and Vivienne at the elevator

earlier.

He had texted her to explain, but she hadn't replied.

He wanted to see her.

He wanted to explain in

person.

A nurse came in to check his temperature. Tyrone asked, "Is Dr. Reid off duty yet?"

The nurse shook her head. She didn't know.

Brad, lying on the couch, sat up. "Stop looking for her. She's not at the hospital."

Tyrone checked the time. It wasn't yet the end of Aella's shift.

He asked Brad, "So where is she now?"

Brad replied, "She's playing poker at Webster Manor. She's already lost three rounds and just texted me to bail her out."

Brad had barely when the thermometer in Tyrone's hand snapped in two.