

Once Cast 331

Chapter 331 Do You Want to Pay Cash or Transfer?

Aella sighed. "This dress was a gift from Mr. Fulford. I'll just call him and ask him about the price."

She had barely before the whole room erupted in murmurs.

Jenny sneered, "Dr. Reid, Mr. Fulford is a heavyweight in the legal field. Why would he give you such a cheap dress?"

Aella shot Jenny a cool glance. Then, she called Mason and put the phone on speaker for everyone to hear.

Tyrone's gaze grew colder as he realized the dress Aella wore was from Mason.

"Why are you still up so late?"

The call connected, and Mason's calm, warm voice came through loud and clear, with a hint of concern.

Aella unconsciously softened her tone. "Mr. Fulford, how much did the dress you gave me last week cost?"

There was a brief pause on the other end.

Mason said, "It's nothing, really. As long as it suits you, that's all that matters."

Aella said honestly, "I came to the Cunninghams' party with Daniel tonight, and someone dirtied the dress. They want to pay for it at the original price."

Mason had insisted on gifting her the dress as a thank you for taking care of his son recently.

She knew it must be expensive, but Mason never said how much it cost, so she couldn't pay him back.

A few more seconds of silence passed. Then Mason spoke again, "Are you in trouble? Do you need me to come get you?"

Everyone in the room could hear how much he cared for her.

Jenny and Anna exchanged glances, both of their faces turning ugly.

Mason wasn't part of the Eight Great Families and rarely had dealings with them, but nobody dared offend him.

Tyrone's fists clenched as he stared at Aella, his veins bulging with the effort of holding himself

No matter who was around, she was always cold with him. Yet, she spoke so gently to Mason.

Brad watched Tyrone's reaction with concern and frowned.

George wiped the sweat from his brow.

He'd always assumed Aella was just some socialite who'd fallen out of favor, and that her closeness to Daniel and the others was all business, so he'd let Anna do as she liked.

He never imagined Daniel, Brad, and Tyrone would all stand up for her—not to mention that the ever elusive Mason had just offered to come pick her up.

He realized now he'd underestimated her completely.

Aella glanced at Anna and asked Mason, "Mr. Fulford, just tell me the price."

"Aella, I know!" Henry's childish voice came through the phone. "It starts with a three, and followed by ... one, two, three, four... seven zeros."

As Mason scolded his son quietly on the other end, Aella couldn't help but smile. "Thank you, sweetheart. Now listen to your dad and go to sleep."

Aella hung up and glanced around at the stunned faces in the room.

George and Anna could hardly believe she was Mason's son's godmother.

Aella calmly took out her phone. "Mrs. Cunningham, that's 30 million plus medical expenses. Do you want to pay cash or transfer?"

Anna was still too shocked to react.

She blurted, "That dress can't be worth more than a few thousand. Why would you believe a child?"

Jenny, Julian, and Daphne echoed, "Yeah, that kid can't even count to ten. Why trust him?"

Brad picked at his ear. "That dress was custom made for Dr. Reid by my sister-in-law, at Mr. Fulford's request. The diamond on the belt alone is worth ten million. Mrs. Cunningham, maybe you don't know anything about luxury, but please don't question my family. You're only going to make a fool of yourself."

The room buzzed with talk, and Anna nearly lost her footing.

Before Brad speaking, George transferred the 30 million to Aella's account. He also gave the 200,000 cash he had to her.

Aella didn't hesitate to shove the cash in her bag. "You all keep talking. I'm leaving."

She gave Daniel a look, and they left together.

Brad, seeing how bad Tyrone looked, tried to persuade him quietly, "You shouldn't stay; it's dangerous. Let me take you to the hospital."

Tyrone shook him off. "Don't worry about me."

Why?

Why would Mason give Aella a 30-million-dollar dress?

Aella is always so

careful with boundaries, never taking gifts from others.

She always told me she only liked my gifts.

So why?

Why would she take something from Mason?

Brad watched as Tyrone staggered away and quickly followed.

Everyone else started heading downstairs too, leaving Anna, George, Julian, and Daphne behind, their faces ashen.

Anna looked as if all the blood had drained from her face.

She'd hoped to embarrass Aella and avenge her niece, but she'd been outplayed—and lost over 30 million in the process.

Chapter 332 Say Whatever You Need to Say

Seeing her husband's face go pale, Anna quickly clutched her stomach and bent over. "Honey, I'm not feeling so well."

George barely had time to feel upset before hurrying Anna back to their room to rest.

About ten minutes later, Tyrone forced Aella and Daniel's car to a stop on the side of the road.

Daniel glanced at Aella.

Aella said, "Daniel, there's nothing I need to say to him."

Daniel nodded.

As Tyrone got out, Daniel stepped out too.

Tyrone went to open Aella's door, but Daniel blocked him.

As a doctor, Daniel could see something was off. "Mr. Winter, your stomach is tied to your emotions. You just had a bleeding ulcer and were rushed to the hospital this morning. For your own sake, you should try to keep your emotions in check."

Tyrone's chest heaved as he struggled to stay in control, but his voice was still shaky. "Daniel, whatever is between me and my wife is our business. I'd appreciate it if you stayed out of it."

But Daniel stood his ground, not moving from in front of the door. "Mr. Winter, I'm Aella's senior at work and her partner. I have a responsibility to look out for her."

Tyrone had been holding it together all night and was completely out of patience.

He suddenly grabbed Daniel's shoulder, but Daniel countered, locking his wrist.

Aella saw the scuffle start outside and immediately got out of the car.

Brad arrived just in time as well.

Aella pushed Tyrone aside, stepping in front of Daniel protectively. "Tyrone, what are you trying to do?"

Tyrone staggered back, unsteady.

He'd lost track of how many times Aella had pushed him away for the sake of someone else.

He looked into her eyes, wounded. "Aella, I need to ask you something!"

Brad saw how bad Tyrone looked and tried to reason with him. "Tyrone, stop being so stubborn. Let me get you home. When you're feeling better, you can talk with Aella properly."

But Tyrone shoved Brad away, his voice breaking and his eyes red. "I can't wait. I need to hear her answer now!"

Aella hesitated for a moment, then told Daniel and Brad, "You two should go. I actually have something I want to ask Mr. Winter, too."

Daniel understood she was trying to get him to stay out of this. She didn't want to trouble him.

Since she'd spoken up, he didn't argue.

After all, Tyrone was clearly trying to make peace, not hurt her.

Daniel and Brad got back in their cars and drove off.

Now, it was just Aella and Tyrone by the deserted road late at night.

Aella looked at Tyrone coldly. "Mr. Winter, say whatever you need to say."

Tyrone winced at her coldness.

With red-rimmed eyes, he walked over and grabbed her shoulders.

Staring into her eyes, he demanded in a low voice, "Why did Mason give you such an expensive dress?"

Before Aella could reply, he shook her, his emotions boiling over. "Why did you take his gift? Why did you wear his dress?"

Aella just stood there on the sidewalk, looking at him as if he were a stranger.

She waited for him to finish his outburst, then said calmly, "Tyrone, I'm single now. If I want to accept someone's gift, I can. If I want to wear a dress someone else bought me, that's my choice. None of it has anything to do with you."

Her voice wasn't loud, but every word was steady and firm.

Tyrone shook his head desperately. "That's not true. That's not how you really feel!"

He told her, "Even if we're divorced, you'll always be my wife in my heart. I don't want you accepting things from other men!"

Aella let out a cold, mocking smile. “Tyrone, I’m not your property. No matter what you think, you’re history to me.”

Aella’s firmness only pushed Tyrone further toward the edge.

He yanked her close to him by the wrist, looking restless and even a bit hysterical.

“Mason’s just a sly man. He’s been married and has a kid. You two barely even know each other, and he hands you a 30–million–dollar dress right off the bat. Don’t you see what he’s after?”

Aella shot back, “Whatever intentions he might have, it’s my business, not yours?”

Tyrone lost control and crushed her in a hug. “Aella, you’re mine. After everything we’ve been through, I won’t let you say stuff like that!”

Aella struggled in his arms, but he only held her tighter.

Panicked, she bit his chest.

Tyrone grunted in pain. But instead of letting go, he tightened his hold on her.

He buried his face in her shoulder, desperate for her scent.

His tone softened as he pleaded, “Aella, just be good. Pay Mason back for the dress. If there’s anything you want, I’ll buy it for you.”

As he felt Aella slowly go quiet in his arms, an uneasy feeling twisted inside him.

Chapter 333 I Never Wanted to Give You Up

Tyrone hugged Aella tightly, his voice low and coaxing, Aella, please. I'll give you everything own. Buy whatever you want, just... just don't accept gifts from Mason anymore, okay?'

He waited a long time, but Aella never replied.

He loosened his grip a little, his voice almost pleading, "Aella, say something,

Aella pressed her hands against his chest, trying to keep some distance. "Let go of me find

The air between them turned tense, but Tyrone finally let her go.

Aella immediately stepped back.

She looked at him coldly. "Tyrone, if you think Mason giving me a dress means he has ulterior motives, then what about everything you gave Zera? What's your excuse for all that?"

Their eyes locked.

Tyrone felt his heart sink lower and lower.

He stayed silent for a long moment, then finally said, "Believe it or not, I never thought about divorcing you for Zera. I never wanted to give you up."

Aella let out a bitter laugh. "Just because you didn't want a divorce doesn't mean you were faithful, and it sure doesn't mean your intentions were pure."

She pressed on, "You cheated with Zera while we were married. You lied to me and disappeared from home for a month. You took her out on your yacht and rented out a whole beach just for her. You even baked her a blueberry cake and posted it online. And now you tell me you never wanted to leave me. Doesn't that sound ridiculous?"

Tyrone's lips twitched, but he couldn't get a word out.

That night on the beach—the blueberry cake, the social media post he left up for a minute- were all proof of his betrayal.

They were proof of what he'd done to Aella.

It was a stain he could never erase, and the reason he and Aella would never really get together.

back

Aella went on, "You bought Zera and her son cars and houses—and jewelry. You hired drivers and nannies for them. You even put her shoes on for her yourself. Isn't all of that true?"

"Aella!"

Tyrone cut her off, his eyes rimmed with red.

He stared at Aella, inching closer, careful not to scare her.

"Aella, I regret everything I did. It's been so long. Can't you just let it go?"

Aella shot back with a cold smile, "I'm the one hurt. Why should I forgive you so easily?"

She met his gaze, cold and unflinching.

She added, "You treated Zera's son like your own. You sent him to a private school. Every day, you drove him to and from school yourself. You even picked out toys for him like he was your own kid.

“Tyrone, you were a married man, but you did all that for another woman. As for me and Mr. Fulford—we’re both single. We’ve done nothing immoral, and we’ve betrayed no one. So why does it bother you?”

She’d turned down gifts from so many men because of Tyrone.

After so many years, she got nothing.

From now on, she could accept presents from anyone she wanted.

Anyone but Tyrone.

Tyrone stood before her, trying to hold it together, his posture slumped and defeated.

He pleaded, “Aella, please, just trust me one more time.”

Aella waved him off. “Tyrone, all I want is a life that has nothing to do with you.”

Every word stabbed straight into Tyrone’s heart.

He just stood there, his eyes bloodshot and his whole body tense.

She looked him right in the eye. “The reason Ms. Guinevere, Mrs. Guinevere, or even Mrs. Cunningham came after me—it’s all because of you. I’m innocent in all this.

“If you still feel any guilt about what you did to me, keep those women away from me. And don’t come near me again.”

Tyrone promised, “This all started because of me. I’ll handle them.”

He tried to change the subject. "Let's go return the dress to Mason. I'll buy you a new one."

Aella frowned at how stubborn he was. His stubbornness was starting to seem obsessive.

She shot him down, "Tyrone, do you not understand what I'm saying?"

"We're divorced. Whatever I do with Mason is none of your business!"

"Oh, really?"

"None of my business?"

Tyrone suddenly burst out laughing, his eyes

wild.

Aella flinched at the sound. "Tyrone, what's so funny?"

She didn't even get the words out before Tyrone swept her off her feet and carried her toward his car.

A few minutes later, Tyrone had placed Aella in the front seat of the car. He then took Aella's hands and checked her arm for injuries.

Chapter 334 I Don't Need Your Sorry

His worry was written all over his face and in his voice. "You went through all this just to keep Daniel out of trouble, and ended up hurting yourself. Why wouldn't you come to me if you needed help?"

Tyrone demanded, "Do you really not trust me at all, Aella?"

Aella yanked her hand back.

She reached for the car door unlock button on the panel, but Tyrone easily blocked her.

Frustration made her break out in a sweat. "Tyrone! What exactly are you trying to do?"

He stared at her, his

gaze intense.

"I'm taking you to the hospital to get your arm cleaned up. Then, we'll get the dress dry-cleaned and return it to Mason."

Before Aella could respond, Tyrone added, "Or you can keep the dress, and I'll come with you to hand Mason 30 million in person."

Sitting in the passenger seat, Aella snapped, "Tyrone, you have no right to interfere in my life! If you keep this up, I'll call the police!"

She rummaged in her bag for her phone.

Tyrone leaned over and snatched it away.

Pushed to her limit, Aella lunged for the driver's seat, fighting for her phone.

In their struggle, Tyrone pinned her onto his lap.

They were face-to-face, with her straddling him. The position was both intimate and humiliating.

Aella tried to get up, but Tyrone held her in place.

He looked down at her, his Adam's apple bobbing.

"Aella, I don't want to fight with you. Just do as I say. Let me take you to the hospital first, then we'll talk to Mason."

Aella held up her arm. "Tyrone, this is my arm. It's none of your business. And what happens with Mason isn't your concern either."

His eyes flickered. "When I fainted in the supermarket this morning from stomach pain, you just walked away and ignored me. But when you're hurt, I can't just walk away."

Suddenly, Aella burst out laughing.

Tyrone's expression turned even darker at her reaction.

She looked up, stifling her laughter, then shot him a look like he was crazy.

"Tyrone, don't forget that time we fought and I fainted right in front of you, and you just left me there and ran off to see Zera.

"I'm a woman, and I got over it. What are you complaining about? Come on, be a man!"

Their eyes locked.

A dull ache hit Tyrone in the chest.

"Sorry."

He lost control and hugged Aella tight.

Aella struggled to fight him off. "Sorry? I don't need it!"

I deserve a better man.

I want to live my own life.

"Tyrone, my life is none of your business. You don't get to control me anymore!"

Aella shoved at him with everything she had.

In desperation, Tyrone pinned her down against the steering wheel.

His gaze dropped to her flushed lips, dangerously close. "Aella, you're mine."

He leaned in to kiss her, but stopped when he saw the pain on her face.

He carefully repositioned her legs, cradling her in his lap as if she were a child. "Did you hurt your back?"

Aella tried to get away, but Tyrone held on even tighter.

Tears pricked her eyes. "Tyrone, we've known each other our whole lives. You never love or appreciate me, but you never let me go. You can't even stand anyone else treating me well."

She stared into his eyes. "How can you be so selfish? I really regret ever knowing you. I regret

marrying you!"

She lashed out, "You're so cold and heartless that you don't deserve a marriage or a family. You deserve to end up all alone!"

Tyrone just held her and let her rant, not saying anything.

When she finally stopped, he gently tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear.

"Aella, there's no need to be so harsh. I just want us to get back together. I just want one more chance to make things right. I'm not the monster you think I am."

Aella pushed his hand away. "Tyrone, tell me, why are you so insistent on getting back together?"

Tyrone's eyes were painfully sincere. "Marriage is for life. We promised we'd always be together."

Aella's look was full of scorn. "Didn't you say the same thing to Zera and her son?"

Tyrone shook his head. "I made promises to Zera, but not the way you think."

He explained, "What I feel for you is nothing like what I feel for Zera. I don't love her, and I'm not attracted to her."

Before he could finish, Aella cut him off coldly. "Tyrone, do you love me then?"

She stared into his eyes, and he froze.

For as long as he could remember, Aella had always been part of his life.

They'd grown up together, and for over 20 years, she'd practically wanted to tell the whole world she loved him.

Chapter 335 You're Leaving Me With No Choice

But Aella had never asked him questions like that before.

For three years of marriage, she just kept giving and never once brought up anything like this.

It was the first time she'd ever asked if he loved her.

But he'd never really considered it, even after all these years.

Aella stared at Tyrone coldly, a mocking smirk tugging at her lips.

She said, "Tyrone, you're a businessman who only cares about profit. The truth is, you don't love anyone. You only care about your own needs."

Her words yanked Tyrone out of his thoughts.

He shook his head by instinct, but he couldn't come up with anything to defend himself.

Aella continued, "All you ever wanted from our marriage was your own satisfaction and whatever advantage you could get."

Before Tyrone could speak, she pressed on, "We're both Scorpios. I know you have your hang-ups. I know you want to give Zera and her son a future, but you could never accept a woman who's been with someone else and has a child."

She said, "You know I love you, so it was easy for you to keep me around at little cost. I'm young, attractive, well-educated, and I fit right in with your crowd. We share the same network."

"That's not true!" Tyrone snapped, desperate to stop her. "Don't think of me like that!"

Aella didn't let up. "So why is it you can give all your tenderness and favoritism to Zera, but the only thing you'll give me is the title of Mrs. Winter?"

She said, "That's because I'm young and pure. I'm easy in bed. You think you can manipulate me since I don't have a powerful family. You're convinced I'd never leave you, so you do whatever you want."

Tyrone was on the edge of breaking down. He pulled Aella into his arms. "That's not true!"

He said, "You're my wife. I married you in front of everyone. I never saw you as just someone to sleep with. I never did!"

Aella's words cut deep. "Even if you don't admit it, that's exactly what you did."

She said firmly, "Tyrone, no matter who I end up with, I'll never go back to you."

Tyrone suddenly let go, his eyes bloodshot.

With a dark look, he demanded, "Aella, I'm asking you again. Cut it off with Mason. Do it-"

"No way!"

Aella shot him down before he could finish.

Their eyes locked, and Aella's resolve was so absolute that Tyrone started to unravel.

He

spat through gritted teeth, "Aella, you're leaving me with no choice!"

Before she could answer, Tyrone started the car.

He pulled her against him with one arm and floored the gas, sending the car shooting onto the highway.

Tyrone's madness left Aella panicked. "Tyrone, where are you taking me?!"

They arrived at the Winters' private airport just a little past midnight.

Aella struggled out of the car, instantly recognizing where they were.

Not far away, the rotors of a helicopter were slicing through the air with a deafening roar.

Noel and several bodyguards stood by the door of the chopper, waiting.

Aella's heart filled with dread.

Wherever Tyrone was taking her, it was far away.

No matter what, she couldn't let him take her out of Vleka.

She took a deep breath and spun back toward the car.

Tyrone easily blocked her, shutting the car door with a swift motion.

She stumbled back. "Tyrone, I have to work tomorrow. Where are you taking me?"

His eyes were fixed on her, but he didn't say anything.

He gripped her wrist and started dragging her toward the helicopter.

She couldn't break free, so she dropped down into a crouch.

Afraid of hurting her, Tyrone was forced to stop.

Crouched at his feet, she asked, her voice shaking, "What are you trying to do in the middle of the night?"

He bent down and forced her to stand.

He put one arm around her waist and clamped the back of her neck with the other, forcing her to look him in the eye.

Tyrone asked, "Tell me, what is it you see in Mason?"

His voice was rough and guttural.

He said, "Aella, what do you like about him? Tell me and I'll change. I'll be better than him.

"You can ask me for anything, but you can't pick him!"

They were nearly nose to nose.

Aella was shaken by the madness in his eyes.

She didn't dare challenge him head-on, so she softened.

She took his hand and did her best to speak calmly.

“Tyrone, just calm down. It’s late. Let’s go home for now. Once you’ve had a chance to cool off, we can talk about this another time.”

The fear in her eyes made his heart ache.

He reached out, brushing a calloused thumb gently over her cheek to wipe away the tears.

Hoping that would soothe him, Aella didn’t push him away.

His gaze bore into her, and his voice was low but determined.

He said, “Aella, I tried to force myself to stay away because I didn’t want you to hate me.”

He added, “But the more I try to keep my distance, the worse things get between us.”

Chapter 336 Just Come Home With Me

Aella seized the moment to say, “Why don’t we find somewhere to sit and talk things out right now?”

As she spoke, she cautiously tried to pull Tyrone back with her.

But Tyrone stood firm, not budging an inch.

Aella looked back, and Tyrone asked, “Aella, I know I messed up. I really want to make it right. Why won’t you even give me one chance?”

Aella tried being gentle, but that didn’t work, so she switched to being blunt.

Aella stared into his eyes and asked, "Tyrone, you really hurt me. What makes 'sorry' is enough for me to forgive everything?"

you

think a

Tyrone was on the verge of breaking down.

He grabbed Aella and pulled her into his arms.

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Ignoring her struggles, he held her tightly, his voice full of pain and pleading.

"We've grown up together since we were kids. We had so many good times. Even after we got married, we had plenty of happy moments."

Tyrone spoke in a muffled voice, "Aella, just trust me one more time, okay? I'll never hurt you again."

Aella couldn't break free, so she just let him hold her.

She pushed back, "Tyrone, you don't love me. I was never the one you wanted to marry. All those moments you call happiness—they were just physical. You could have had them with anyone. Why can't you just let me go?"

"That's not true!" Tyrone's voice broke. "Aella, please don't think that way about me!"

He squeezed her even tighter. "Come home with me. You're the only one I've ever wanted. I never loved anyone else. It's always been you!"

Aella reminded him, "Tyrone, you're about to get engaged to Ms. Guinevere. We both need to move on. Please be rational. This is only going to make things worse for me."

Tyrone said, "I'm not getting engaged to anyone. I only want you. Tell me, what do I have to do for you to forgive me?"

Tyrone was clinging to her so tightly she could barely breathe.

Aella had no choice but to soften her tone and try to coax him to let go.

"Tyrone, you used to be so composed and proud. You were so calm and collected. You weren't like this back then. Can you just-

"Back then?" Tyrone broke in, his control slipping.

He eased his grip and looked down at her, his eyes red with emotion.

He choked out, "Back then, I thought you'd never leave me. Not ever."

Their eyes met, but Aella looked

away.

Even she once believed she'd never leave him.

Not for anything.

Tyrone's emotions were hanging by a thread.

Her silence pushed him over the brink. "Why can you laugh and talk with everyone else, but you can't even talk to me?"

His voice rose. "Just because I made a mistake, you're giving me a life sentence? You won't even let me try to make up for it!"

He nearly shouted, "Aella, do you really plan to torture me with your indifference for the rest of my life?"

Tyrone's eyes were filled with pain.

He bent almost double in front of her, his voice trembling. "Aella, I'm your Tyrone. Please, just come home with me."

By the time he , tears were streaming down his face.

Aella glanced at the luxury car nearby and seized the opportunity. "Alright, I'll do what you want. Let's go home."

For a split second, Tyrone's red eyes lit up, only to be filled with suspicion a heartbeat later.

Aella steadied him and spoke softly, "You just got out of the hospital for a bleeding ulcer, and you're already out drinking. There's still pasta at home. I'll make you some when we get home."

But Tyrone just stood there.

Seeing that, Aella reached out and hugged his waist, resting her head against his chest.

Her voice was shaky with tears. "Tyrone, please, don't be like this. You're scaring me."

Seeing how docile she suddenly was, Tyrone looked at her in disbelief, his eyes welling up with tears.

He couldn't help but hug her tighter, his voice husky as he choked out, "Aella, it's okay. Let's go home."

Aella secretly exhaled in relief and gently helped Tyrone into the car.

Tyrone is out of his mind!

She had to get him out of the airport fast and then call Edwin for help.

Once in the front seat, she secretly reached for her phone.

Just then, a call flashed on the screen.

She glanced quickly at the caller ID—Mason.

As she looked up, Tyrone leaned in. "Is that Mason calling?"

Aella hid the phone behind her. "No, it's not."

Her response made Tyrone's face darken.

He held out his hand. "Give me the phone."

Their eyes met, and Aella caught the dangerous look in his eyes.

In a panic, she bolted from the car, taking Mason's call as she raced toward the airport gates.

Chapter 337 Just Let Me Go Home

Aella barely managed a few steps before a harsh spotlight swept in from the airport entrance, forcing her to stop.

She saw Tyrone's bodyguards lined up in a solid wall at the entrance, and her heart immediately sank.

No wonder Tyrone seemed so calm about letting her out of the car.

He'd set everything up. He knew she'd never get away.

"Mr. Fulford, have a good night."

Aella gave Mason a quick brush-off and hung up.

It was the first time she'd seen Tyrone so out of control.

He was always calculating and ruthless. She couldn't risk dragging Mason into this.

Aella turned around, numb and resigned.

Tyrone was just getting out of the car.

His sharp business suit accentuated his tall, powerful build, giving him a cold, imposing aura.

He stopped just a few paces away from her, not moving closer.

Aella looked around, then forced herself to walk back to Tyrone.

He reached out his hand.

She had no choice but to give him her phone.

Tyrone unlocked it and saw her recent call with Mason.

His face grew visibly darker and darker.

Aella quickly tried to explain, "It was Henry. He accidentally called me while playing a game."

She regretted it the second she said that.

It was already past 1 a.m.—what kind of kid would still be up playing games at this hour?

But Tyrone didn't call her out.

He just wrapped his arm around her waist and gently pulled her into his arms.

He looked into her eyes. "Do you really like Mason's son that much?"

His voice sounded gentle, but it made Aella's skin crawl.

She stiffened and didn't answer.

Feeling his grip tighten on her waist, she rushed to speak.

“Tyrone, I’ve already worn the dress Mr. Fulford gave me. I can’t return it, but I’ll pay him back tomorrow. I won’t accept anything from him again, I swear. Just let me go home, okay?”

His voice was unreadable. “So you’ve finally made up your mind?”

Aella nodded hard.

He asked, “No more lying to me?”

She shook her head.

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“Then, will you give me a chance to make it up to you?”

Aella bit her lip and nodded again.

At this point, I’d agree to anything

if it meant not getting on that chopper.

She couldn’t let him take her aboard.

But as Tyrone’s face moved closer, she sensed his intention and instinctively tried to push him away.

He caught her hand, placed it over his heart, and pressed a kiss to her brow. “Good girl.”

Before she could react, he scooped her up in his arms.

Aella cried out, caught off guard by the sudden move.

Seeing Tyrone striding toward the helicopter with her, she started to panic.

She struggled wildly, only for Tyrone to swing her over his shoulder.

Her head swam. She clung to his jacket with one hand, pounding at him with the other. "Tyrone, you're insane! Put me down right now!"

He just hurried on, not slowing at all. "No matter how much you like Mr. Fulford's son, he'll never be yours. If you want a kid so badly, we'll have one of our own."

His words struck like a bolt of lightning. "Give it up, Tyrone! There will never be anything between us!"

He didn't answer, just carried her straight onto the helicopter.

Noel rushed up and whispered, "Mr. Winter, the Winter Estate cars are coming from both directions. They'll be here any minute."

Even though Noel spoke softly, Aella caught the words.

When Tyrone forced her into the car earlier, Brad had been hiding out at another intersection.

Clearly, Brad had gone to the Winter Estate for help.

"Tyrone, your grandpa is coming. If you don't want to be punished, you better let me go right now!"

Aella struggled, trying to buy herself time.

But Tyrone's voice was icy. "Shut the airport gates. Don't let anyone in."

When Aella woke up again, it was almost noon.

She looked around the unfamiliar bedroom and felt her mind go

blank.

This was the private island where she and Tyrone had spent their honeymoon.

She slid out of bed barefoot and instantly felt the world spinning, so she quickly lay back down

to recover.

She closed her eyes, remembering how he'd forced her onto the helicopter, and how her anger and panic sent her blood sugar crashing.

She fainted.

She vaguely remembered Tyrone holding her and crying.

But even then, he never let her off the helicopter.

She patted her pocket, only to realize her phone was gone—Tyrone still had it.

She had tried to coax him into taking her home, but in the end, he brought her here anyway.

Hearing the door open, Aella slowly opened her eyes.

Chapter 338 You Have No Right to Control My Life

Tyrone wore black slacks and a white shirt, the shirttail hanging loose and three buttons at the collar undone.

He looked exhausted, with dark shadows under his eyes, as if the world had worn him down.

He sat down carefully at the edge of the bed, every movement gentle and cautious.

He braced himself with one hand by Aella's side and softly smoothed her long hair. "Are you feeling unwell anywhere?"

Aella pushed his hand away and struggled to sit up.

Facing Aella's anger, Tyrone's voice was almost absurdly gentle. "I made you something to eat. Do you want me to carry you downstairs, or bring it up for you?"

Aella replied coldly, "Tyrone, ever since you baked that blueberry cake for Zera, I decided I wouldn't eat anything you make."

The topic was suffocating.

Tyrone fought to control the ache in his chest and the sick feeling in his gut, forcing himself to calm down.

He fell silent for a moment, then looked up.

Looking into Aella's eyes, he asked in a hoarse voice, "So you're done pretending?"

Aella shot back, "Did you bring me here just to keep me locked up?"

Tyrone pulled the blanket over her legs. "No one will bother us here. Let's both calm down and talk."

Aella grew impatient. "There's nothing for us to talk about, Tyrone. I want to go back."

Tyrone's tone remained gentle. "Promise me you won't see Mason again, and I'll take you home right now."

They stared at each other.

Aella grabbed a pillow and threw it at Tyrone. "You have no right to control my life!

"Even if I end up alone forever, I'm never coming back to you!"

Tyrone sat at the edge of the bed, letting Aella hit and curse him.

When she was done venting, he bent to pick up the pillow from the floor.

Standing by the bed, holding the pillow, he asked quietly, "You really can't forgive me?"

Aella met Tyrone's gaze with unyielding resolve. "If I forgive you, how could I possibly live with myself?"

She said, "Tyrone, you dragged me here against my will. It's not like I have any other choice. I'd rather die than ever forgive you."

Tyrone struggled to keep himself in check, his fingers trembling as he gripped the pillow.

They stared each other down in total silence.

The silence between them stretched, tense and heavy.

Neither of them spoke for a long time.

After a long moment, Tyrone set the pillow down and left the room.

Aella watched him go, then slumped onto the bed, drained.

This was Tyrone's private island. Without his permission, there was no way for her to leave.

Her phone was in his hands; she couldn't reach anyone outside.

Since it had come to this, she might as well use the chance to cut all ties for good and make him give up on her.

She lay on the bed, lost in her own thoughts. Tyrone came back, carrying a bowl of chicken soup.

He glanced at her, then set the bowl on the nightstand. "I made you some soup. Eat a little."

When Aella didn't move, Tyrone bent to help her up.

Aella shoved him away, then turned her back to him and lay down again.

Tyrone knelt by the bed, bracing himself with one hand behind her.

He said, "You have low blood sugar. If you don't eat, you'll get sick."

Still, Aella didn't react. Tyrone forcibly turned her to face him.

Their eyes met, and Tyrone softened his tone, coaxing her. "Even if you're mad at me, don't mess around with your health. Eat something, or you won't even have the strength to fight with

me."

Aella's gaze was ice cold and distant. "Don't flatter yourself, Tyrone. I'm not starving myself because of you. I just can't stomach anything you make. It disgusts me."

They stared each other down, and Tyrone slowly let her go.

Aella turned away, ignoring him.

He was losing control. His defenses were cracking. Her words hit right where it hurt, and his pride stung.

But he still didn't really understand what he'd done wrong.

He just couldn't stand being without her. It was all possessiveness.

Tyrone sat on the edge of the bed, staring at Aella for a long moment.

He finally said, "Aella, I'm going to ask you one last time. Are you going to eat or not?"

Aella lay quietly on the bed, her back to him, giving no answer.

Tyrone's breathing grew heavier. Suddenly, he grabbed her and pulled her upright, holding her tightly.

Still sitting on the edge of the bed, he held her with one arm and brought the soup bowl to her lips with the other.

He tried to force-feed her. Aella clenched her mouth shut and struggled with all her strength.

The bowl slipped from Tyrone's hand, spilling soup over both of them and crashing to the floor.

Aella turned to him and said, "Tyrone, I'd rather starve to death than eat anything you make!"

Chapter 339 Aella, Let's Have a Baby

Aella stood still, her eyes cold and firm, waiting for Tyrone to explode.

But he didn't. Facing her now, Tyrone looked completely lost.

His heart felt like it had been shattered into pieces. He forced himself to stay calm and finally spoke, his voice rough.

"Fine," he said quietly. "If you don't want to eat, you don't have to. Let me help you clean up instead."

Before Aella could say no, Tyrone picked her up and carried her straight into the bathroom.

He set her down gently. "Do you want to wash yourself, or do you want me to help?"

Aella could sense how hard he was trying to hold himself back, but she ignored it.

She knew if she stayed away too long, her parents would worry, but her job wouldn't be affected.

5

Tyrone, though, was different. He had the whole company on his shoulders.

Even if he didn't care about the pressure of his elders, he couldn't walk for long.

away

from his company

"I'll do it myself," she said flatly, pushing him toward the door.

At the door, Tyrone warned, "You've got 30 minutes. If you're not out by then, I'll break the door down."

Aella locked the door behind him.

Tyrone leaned against it, putting an alarm on his phone.

Thirty minutes passed. Aella took a shower, changed into pajamas, and dried her hair. She sat quietly on the toilet lid, waiting for Tyrone to break the door.

"Aella?" his voice called from outside.

She didn't answer. Her fingers picked at her nails.

“Aella, are you done?”

His voice sounded worried now. She still didn't respond.

Then, his shoulder thudded against the door. Over and over.

Finally, the lock gave way, and the door burst open.

Aella stood up calmly.

Her calmness only fueled Tyrone's frustration. “I was calling you. Why didn't you answer?”

She looked him up and down with a blank face, then brushed past him without a word.

Her indifference made Tyrone feel powerless.

He turned and pulled her into his arms from behind.

He spoke again, his tone softer this time.

“I'm sorry, Aella,” Tyrone said quietly. “I didn't mean to raise my voice. I was just worried about you.”

Aella pulled herself free from his arms and turned to face him. Her eyes were calm but cold.

“Tyrone,” she said flatly, “you're such a hypocrite.”

Without another glance, she walked out of the bathroom.

Tyrone's body trembled. He swayed for a moment before grabbing the doorframe to keep himself steady.

He stared blankly toward the bedroom doorway. Then, he dragged his weak body to the toilet and sat down—right where Aella had been sitting moments ago.

He pulled a cigarette and a lighter from his pocket. The lighter clicked again and again, but the flame refused to catch.

Minutes passed. Then more.

Tyrone stayed there, silent, lost, not moving an inch.

In the bedroom, Aella lay on the bed, eyes open.

She couldn't sleep and didn't feel like doing anything. She just stayed still, listening to the quiet that filled the space between them.

Before going to bed, Tyrone placed a warm glass of milk on Aella's nightstand.

He said quietly, "I didn't make it myself. Can you drink it now?"

Aella kicked and fought with all her strength. "I hate you!"

She had once dreamed of giving him a child, but that was before.

Tyrone froze for a second, his eyes red as he kissed the corner of her lips. "I'd rather hate me," he murmured, voice shaking, "than pretend I don't exist."

you

Chapter 340 I'll Never Forgive You

Tyrone kissed her as he whispered softly, "Aella, don't push me away."

His voice was gentle, but his actions were rough.

Aella couldn't fight back.

The weight of their bodies pressed into the mattress, sinking it deep. Their uneven breaths filled the room with a heavy, stifling tension.

Just as Aella was about to give up struggling, her hand brushed against something familiar.

"Tyrone!" she shouted, holding it up in front of him.

Tyrone froze instantly.

That brief second of shock was all she needed—Aella shoved him off with all her strength.

Smack!

Her hand struck his face before she even caught her breath.

Tyrone's head snapped to the side.

His

gaze

landed on Aella—her hair messy, her body covered in marks. He sobered up instantly.

He hurriedly wrapped a blanket around her, his arms trembling as he pulled her close through the fabric.

Tyrone kissed her forehead, his voice shaking. “I’m sorry. I lost control. I won’t touch you again. I promise.”

Aella curled up under the blanket, tears streaming down her face.

Through her sobs, she warned, “Even if you force yourself on me tonight, even if I end up pregnant again, I would still end it—just like last time.”

Tyrone’s heart twisted in pain.

He bit his lip, red-eyed and silent, only holding her tighter.

Aella’s voice hardened. “I’ll never let myself be tied to you again.”

Tyrone’s lashes trembled, and tears slipped silently down the corners of his eyes.

His throat tightened as he spoke in a low, broken voice, “Aella... is this really how you want to punish me?”

Aella spoke firmly, “My baby never got to live because of you. That’s the debt you owe me.”

At the thought of the child she lost, Aella’s sobs broke apart into small, painful sounds.

She shouted, “Unless you die, I’ll never forgive you”

Aella cried.

Tyrone cried too.

The air in the room grew heavy, suffocating. The suggestive vibes from moments ago vanished completely.

Tyrone's fingers brushed her tear-streaked cheek. He carefully wiped away the traces of her pain.

His voice trembled as he whispered, gentle yet hoarse, "Stop crying. Just lie down and get some sleep. I'll go have a smoke."

He laid her softly on the bed, pulling the blanket over her shoulders.

Watching her eyes slowly close, Tyrone picked up his clothes from the floor and stumbled out of the room.

It was late at night.

The living room downstairs was quiet, except for the sound of glass bottles rolling across the floor.

Tyrone sat slumped beside the liquor cabinet, his back against the wooden doors. Several empty bottles lay scattered around him.

He wanted to get completely drunk, but the more he drank, the clearer his mind became.

The burning in his stomach and the stabbing pain in his chest were nothing compared to the ache Aella's cold attitude had left in him tonight.

Why?

Why did it turn out like this?

When Noel came in and saw his boss sitting on the floor, he rushed over to help him up.

But Tyrone shoved him away.

Noel hesitated, then said carefully, “Mr. Winter, my phone’s been blowing up all night. Do you want to give your family a call?”

Three years ago, Tyrone had brought Aella here for their honeymoon.

She had complained that the island didn’t even have internet.

Afterward, Tyrone had spent millions building a private 5G tower, covering nearly a hundred miles of the surrounding sea—just to make her happy.

Now, they had returned to the same place, but everything was different.

Tyrone’s phone was turned off, and he’d shut down every network connection on the island.

The only working line to the outside world was Noel’s phone.

Since last night, it had been ringing nonstop with incoming calls, but Noel hadn’t dared to answer a single one.

Tyrone ordered coldly, “Unless it’s about work, don’t answer any calls.”

Then he staggered to his feet.

Noel could tell his boss was in terrible shape. Worried, he stepped forward to help him up handed him a small bottle of medicine.

“Mr. Winter,” Noel said urgently, “you have severe gastritis and heart spasms. You’re in no condition to drink right now. Please, take your medication.”

and

He might have been Tyrone’s assistant, a regular employee, but he knew one thing for sure: if something happened to his boss out here, he’d be the first one to take the fall.

Tyrone brushed him off, knocking the bottle from Noel’s grasp. The bottle hit the floor, spilling tablets everywhere.

“Hold on, Mr. Winter,” Noel said quickly. “I’ll grab another bottle from the helicopter.”

He took off at a run.

Tyrone slumped back into the chair, completely drained.

The pain in his stomach grew sharper. He clutched the front of his shirt, gasping as the ache spread across his chest.

Through the blur of his vision, he suddenly saw Aella standing at the top of the stairs and looking down at him.