

ONCE CAST-OFF WIFE, NOW UNTOUCHABLE QUEEN

A Message On Whatsapp 1

It's Over

Tyrone Winter's first love, the woman he had broken up with six years ago-the one he never truly let go -suddenly returned.

Zera Caldwell brought a five-year-old boy with her.

He'd been claiming he needed to be away for business trips and hadn't come home for a month.

Tonight was supposed to be special-their third wedding anniversary.

Aella Reid prepared a candlelight dinner. She wrapped a gift. She even sent him a message on WhatsApp.

By nine o'clock, he still hadn't shown up. Instead, Tyrone's sister, Raine Winter, called.

Her voice was urgent. "Check the message I sent you."

Aella hung up and opened Raine's chat.

One glance was enough. Her smile froze.

The plate in her hand slipped and crashed to the floor. The ceramic shards cut into her ankle. Blood seeped out in thin lines.

But she didn't even flinch.

Raine had sent screenshots of Tyrone's private Instagram post. He had rented out the whole Bayline Marina. Tyrone was there with his first love, celebrating their son's birthday with fireworks.

Aella bent down and picked up her phone. She swiped through the photos one by one-beach, yacht, fireworks, roses.

And there was her husband. Holding a little boy. His wedding-banded hand resting on another woman's waist like it belonged there.

A perfect set of romantic pictures. The caption read, "Homemade blueberry cake for the ones I love most."

Even through the screen, the affection was overflowing.

Aella's mind exploded with a loud crash. She couldn't think. Couldn't breathe.

Her hands shook as she opened Tyrone's Instagram page.

It was empty. Nothing there.

Her lips moved, but no sound came out.

At some point, Tyrone had hidden all his posts from her.

Those photos had shattered the last piece of hope she'd been holding onto, Tyrone.

Aella wouldn't give up. She kept calling Tyrone.

If he didn't pick up, she called again. And again.

On the third try, Tyrone hung up.

Then she got his reply. "Busy."

Cold. Dismissive.

Helplessness, anger, jealousy, and resentment tangled inside her. They pushed and pulled at her all at

once.

Aella curled into herself and clutched her head. Her chest felt like someone was ripping it apart. She gasped and couldn't breathe.

She grabbed a fistful of her hair and screamed until her throat hurt. Then she fell apart and sobbed without sound.

There was a knock. She struggled to her feet and opened the door.

Raine froze at the sight. "Aella, are you okay?" she asked.

Tears still streaked Aella's face. She shook her head, numb.

Raine stamped her foot in anger. "Let's go to Bayline and find Tyrone now."

Aella forced herself to calm down. "No. I'll handle this with Tyrone."

Her mother had just had bypass surgery and was still in the hospital. Aella could not collapse now.

Raine left in the early hours.

Aella moved through the villa like a spirit. She wandered from room to room without really seeing anything.

She and Tyrone had been childhood sweethearts.

Everyone in their circle knew she'd loved him since they were kids.

They are also aware that Tyrone kept a soft spot in his heart for the one he never got over.

He hadn't married her for love; it was a family arrangement.

After three years, Aella had believed that if she tried hard enough, love would grow. She had hoped she could warm his heart.

Instead of love, she found evidence of his grand reunion with that old flame.

Her childhood crush, her adult hope-25 years of her life-felt used up.

All of that love had been spent. It was time to end it.

Her head was clear about what to do next, but her heart hurt so fiercely she could barely breathe.

The split inside her felt like being cut in two.

It was unbearable.

That night, Tyrone still didn't come home.

For the next three days, Aella stayed at the hospital, looking after her mother, Miriam Reid.

During that time, Tyrone didn't call. He didn't even send a single text.

When Miriam's condition finally stabilized, her dad, Warren Reid, told Aella to go home and get some rest.

Late that night, half-asleep, Aella heard the bedroom door creak open.

A moment later, water splashed in the bathroom.

Then the mattress sank beside her. The clean scent of men's body wash filled the air. It made her stir awake.

By the time she realized it, she was already in Tyrone's arms.

Over a month had passed, and he finally decided to come back.

She could only imagine how happy he had been with his other family during this time.

Feeling the tension in her body, Tyrone knew she was awake.

His arm tightened around her waist, pulling her toward him.

His lips pressed against her neck, hot and impatient. Beneath the blanket, his hand slid down, tugging at her pajama strap.

In three years of marriage, Tyrone was only this gentle and fiery with her in bed.

Every time she saw him lose control with her, she fooled herself into thinking it meant he loved her too.

Instinctively, Aella grabbed his wandering hand. For the first time, she whispered, “No.”

Her voice was hoarse from crying, but in Tyrone’s ears, it sounded like passion. His kisses grew more urgent.

He knew her body too well. Every touch was calculated, and she couldn’t fight it.

Just as she was about to give in, flashes filled her mind—fireworks, roses, a yacht, the beach ...

Tyrone’s hand, wearing his wedding ring, was resting on another woman’s waist.

Along with those cruel words, he wrote about love.

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Her stomach lurched. She shoved Tyrone away, rolled to the edge of the bed, and gagged. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find—novel.net

The light switched on. Whatever intimacy had lingered in the room vanished in an instant.

Tyrone slipped out of bed and gently rubbed her back. “Are you sick?” he asked.

Aella pushed Tyrone away, climbed out of bed, and went straight to the bathroom.

She wasn’t sick—just nauseous.

Tyrone frowned as he stared at her back. He went downstairs to get her some water.

He didn’t notice her swollen eyes, her hoarse voice, or the wound in her ankle.

A few minutes later, he returned. Aella had already stepped out of the bathroom and was about to get back into bed.

He handed her the glass. "Tomorrow I'll book a restaurant," he said casually. "We'll make up for our anniversary."

There was no explanation, no guilt-just a flat announcement.

Aella ignored the glass and pulled the blanket over herself. "Don't bother."

So he had remembered their third wedding anniversary.

Yet that night, he had still rented out an entire beach for his first love and her son. He had spent the whole evening with them, watching fireworks light up the sky.

From the day she married him, Aella had cooked every meal, taken care of the house, and never let him lift a finger.

But for that woman and her child, Tyrone had humbled himself enough to bake a blueberry cake with his hands.

He had betrayed her, fathered a five-year-old son outside their marriage, and still came home and touched her as if nothing had happened.

He could even stand there, calm as ever, saying the most casual words.

For the first time, Aella saw her husband-the man she had loved all these years-for what he truly was: a hypocrite.

Silence filled the room, thick and sharp.

Then Tyrone's phone lit up on the nightstand.