

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

[819 words]

Chapter 101 Shouldn't Be a Problem

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Aella's eyes narrowed. "Once you sign the papers, that evidence won't mean a thing."

Tyrone stood up slowly, walked around the table, and stopped right in front of her. He rested one hand on the surface as he leaned in, his voice low and cutting.

"Give me the evidence first. Otherwise, there's nothing to discuss."

Aella snapped. She shot to her feet. Tyrone, don't push me!"

Those files were her only leverage. If she handed them over before he signed, with how cold and calculating Tyrone was, she'd lose everything in an instant.

He straightened, his tone flat. "Then we're done here."

Fury flared in Aella's chest.

I came all this way, documents ready, and now he wants to walk out just to mess with me?

She grabbed his arm. "You think this is a game? You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

Without a word, Tyrone flicked his gaze toward Noel.

Noel quickly stepped in, trying to smooth things over. "Mrs. Winter, please don't get upset. Let's talk calmly."

Aella released Tyrone and turned toward the door, but he suddenly caught her wrist.

She jerked away, her elbow accidentally knocking into Noel.

His phone and water glass hit the floor with a clatter.

Seeing what happened, Aella crouched immediately to pick up the phone. The screen was cracked.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Frost," she said awkwardly. "I didn't mean to. How much was the phone? I'll cover it."

Noel glanced nervously at Tyrone before answering.

"Mrs. Winter, it's a company phone. It's pretty old, so there's no need to replace it. Fixing it is enough."

Aella hesitated, then nodded. "Alright. I'll take care of the repair and return it once it's done."

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Chapter 101 Shouldn't Be a Problem

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Noel glanced at Tyrone again, then added carefully, "Mrs. Winter, since this is a company- issued phone, it contains confidential files. Please make sure it's repaired at an authorized

service center.

Aella hadn't thought much about it before, but Noel's reminder made her pause.

Tyrone had called her here to finalize the divorce, but insisted she hand over the evidence first.

When she refused, he tried to walk.

Something wasn't right.

Patrick leaned close and whispered, 'Ms. Reid, let Mr. Frost handle his own phone. Just offer to pay the repair fee.'

The hint clicked instantly.

Aella straightened and handed the phone back to Noel. 'You can handle the repair yourself. I'll cover the cost.'

Noel hesitated, unsure what to do.

Finally, Tyrone said, “Noel, do as she said.”

Then he turned and walked out.

Ten minutes later, parked on the side of the street. Aella finally let out a long breath.

“Thanks for the heads–up, Mr. Johnson.”

Patrick sighed. “Ms. Reid, I’ve seen plenty of divorces turn ugly. You can’t be too careful.”

Aella looked down, hiding the flicker of emotion in her eyes.

When it came to schemes and mind games, no one could beat Tyrone.

In that conference room, she’d almost walked right into his trap.

“Aella.”

A voice called from nearby. A man had stopped his e–bike and was limping toward her.

It took her a second to recognize him. “Josh?”

Josh Reid, her cousin from her second uncle’s side, smiled shyly.

Josh had suffered from polio as a kid, leaving him with a limp. He never finished school and

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Chapter 101 Shouldn’t Be a Problem

made a humble living running a small phone repair shop with his wife.

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Just then, Noel appeared again. “Mrs. Winter, do you know anyone who can repair phones? Mine has sensitive company data, and I’d rather not take it to just anyone.”

Aella quickly shot Josh a warning look. “Sorry, Mr. Frost. I don’t know anyone reliable.”

But Josh missed the hint completely. “Phone repair? I can help with that!”

Before she could stop him, it was too late.

Noel looked relieved. “That’s great.”

Aella exchanged a look with Patrick, then said firmly, “Josh, Mr. Frost is the executive assistant to Winter Group’s CEO. That phone contains confidential business data—if anything goes wrong, you could be held legally responsible.”

Josh thumped his chest confidently. “Don’t worry, Aella. I’ve been fixing phones for over ten years.”

He

gave Noel the address of his shop, and Noel thanked him several times. “I’ll drop it off after work.”

Before leaving, Patrick added, “Ms. Reid, as long as Mr. Reid handles the repair under full supervision, there shouldn’t be a problem.”

After he left, Aella told Josh again to be extra careful.

Two days later, the day of the hearing arrived.

At 9:30 a.m. sharp, Aella convinced her parents to stay home and wait for updates. Then she took a cab to the courthouse.

When she stepped out in front of the building, the air was cool and heavy with tension.

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[978 words]

Chapter 102 Crossing the Line

A wave of reporters surged forward like a dark tide.

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Before they could even shout their questions, the Winters' bodyguards stepped in, pushing them back with practiced ease.

Aella turned just in time to see Tyrone step out of his car.

He was immaculate—a tailored charcoal suit, a perfectly knotted tie, a silver lapel pin, and a luxury watch glinting under the sun. The car, the entourage, the precision of it all screamed power and control.

Tall, sharp-featured, and commanding, he carried that quiet dominance of a man born to lead.

He looked as if he'd been carved from stone—cool, distant, and completely untouchable. It seemed as if he belonged to a different world.

Their eyes met briefly across the chaos.

Neither said a word. Both turned away, walking to their separate waiting rooms without a glance back.

Aella pushed open the door to Waiting Room 2.

Patrick was inside, going over the final preparations before the hearing.

In her hand, she held the evidence of Tyrone's affair. He'd shown up on time, and the lawyers were ready—everything was in place. For the first time, she truly believed she might win.

Just the thought of finally breaking free made her chest feel lighter, her breathing easier.

Patrick looked up. "Phones have to be turned off before the hearing begins. Ms. Reid, anything else you'd like to go over?"

Before she could answer, someone knocked.

She turned and saw Noel walk in, flanked by two police officers. Her brows furrowed as she glanced at Patrick in confusion.

"Mr. Frost," Aella asked, frowning, "what's this about?"

Noel stood politely before her. "Mrs. Winter, these officers are here for you."

One of the officers stepped forward and produced a warrant. "Ms. Aella Reid, following our investigation, you are suspected of stealing confidential company data and causing severe

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Chapter 102 Crossing the Line

financial losses. You are now under criminal detention. Please come with us.”

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A loud buzzing filled her head. Her mind went blank.

The color drained from her face as she swayed on her feet, barely catching herself against the table.

Noel’s voice was calm, almost rehearsed. “Mrs. Winter, your cousin, Mr. Josh, gave a statement saying you instructed him to extract confidential information *from* my phone and pass it to a competitor.”

Aella stared at him in disbelief, her thoughts spinning.

Noel continued smoothly, “As soon as I realized what had happened, I called the police. I’m sure it’s all a misunderstanding. Maybe you should explain everything to Mr. Winter yourself.”

Explain?

A short, bitter laugh escaped her lips.

I’d rather spend a night in a cell than go crawling back to that golden cage.

She hadn’t even touched Noel’s phone. She had done nothing wrong, and she believed the truth would surface soon enough.

Head held high, Aella followed the officers out of the room.

But as she stepped into the quiet hallway, she came face to face with Tyrone.

Their eyes met.

Aella’s eyes were red; her lips trembled as she bit down hard, forcing herself not to cry. She walked straight past him without a word.

Tyrone didn’t try *to* stop her.

The long-awaited divorce hearing ended with Aella being led away in handcuffs.

That evening, in front of the Winter Estate.

Aella's parents stood in the driveway, blocking Tyrone's car.

He stepped out calmly, his composure unshaken. "Hey, Warren, Miriam."

Warren's eyes were bloodshot with fury. "What did my daughter ever do to you, Tyrone? Why would you send her to prison?"

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Tyrone's expression didn't change. "It wasn't me. It was her cousin, Josh, who accused her of ordering him to steal trade secrets. The police are acting on his statement."

Miriam's voice cracked, her eyes swollen from crying. "That's not true! Josh is a good kid. He would never say something like that!"

Tyrone let out a quiet sigh. "We'll have to wait for the investigation results before jumping to

conclusions."

Standing beside him, Noel spoke cautiously, "Mr. Winter, I believe Mrs. Winter's been set up. Couldn't you use your influence to get her released on bail for now?"

Tyrone turned to face Aella's parents, his expression unreadable.

For his daughter's sake, Warren finally lowered his pride and bowed his head. "Please, I'm begging you."

Tyrone paused for a long moment, neither agreeing nor refusing.

When he finally spoke, his tone was measured. "I'm the CEO of Winter Group. A data leak happened under my watch. It's my responsibility to see this investigation through and give the company an answer."

Later that night, at Bluehaven Residences.

Noel was reporting the latest updates on Aella's case when Brad stormed in unannounced.

Tyrone glanced at Noel, who immediately took the hint and stepped out, closing the door behind him.

The moment it shut, Brad exploded. "Aella's arrest—was that your doing?"

Tyrone rose calmly, walked to the liquor cabinet, and poured two glasses of whiskey.

Brad took his but slammed it down hard. "You're not denying it. That tells me everything."

Tyrone's tone was even. "The police will handle it fairly."

Brad's jaw tightened. "Noel's been working for you for years. You expect me to believe he'd make such a rookie mistake?"

Tyrone sat back on the couch, turned on the TV, and said quietly, "Even the most careful man makes mistakes. Noel's not a machine. He slipped."

Brad gave a short, bitter laugh, pacing in frustration. "Tyrone, maybe others don't see it, but I do. You're sharp, strategic, and ruthless when you need to be. But turning those skills on Aella? That's crossing the line."

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Chapter 102 Crossing the Line

Tyrone lowered his gaze,

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silent.

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Chapter 103 How Can I Not Care?

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“I can’t just stand by and watch you treat Aella like this,” Brad snapped. “I’ll post her bail myself. She’ll be free, and you won’t control her anymore!”

He spun on his heel and stormed out.

Tyrone rose slowly, his eyes cold. “Brad, this is between me and my wife. If you butt in, I won’t treat you the way a friend would.”

Brad stopped mid-step and whirled back.

His voice cracked with anger. “Tyrone, Aella and I grew up together. She’s not just your wife- she’s like a sister to me! I won’t stand by while you hurt her!”

He slammed the door behind him and left.

Tyrone stood by the floor-to-ceiling window for a long time, silent.

Then he picked up his phone and dialed Brad’s father.

The next morning, Tyrone left for work as usual.

At the gate, Justin, butler of the Winter Estate, waited respectfully. “Mr. Tyrone, Mr. Edwin requests that you return to the estate immediately.”

An hour later, Tyrone’s car arrived at the Winter Estate.

Raine stormed toward him the moment he stepped out. “Tyrone! You had Aella thrown in jail- do you even have a conscience?”

Tyrone’s tone was icy. “Mind your words. What happens between me and Aella is none of your business.”

Justin quickly stepped in, keeping Raine from saying more.

Tyrone entered the living room.

Virginia's expression was grim. "If Brad hadn't told us, were you planning to keep this from us

forever?"

Tyrone lowered his gaze, silent.

Virginia snapped, "Aella's been locked up all night, and you go about your day like nothing happened? Pull some strings and get her out immediately!"

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Chapter 103 How Can I Not Care?

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Tyrone remained unmoved. "Mom, the police are handling it. We have to let the law run its

course."

Virginia's anger made her vision blur; she slumped onto the couch.

Rules were made for ordinary people.

People in their circle never really play by the rules—especially the men of the Winters.

Ralph shot his son an approving look. "Tyrone's right. A man shouldn't let emotions cloud his judgment."

Justin entered quietly. "Mr. Tyrone, Mr. Edwin asked to see you in his study."

The faint scent of paint filled the room, calm and steady.

Leaning on his cane, Edwin stood over his desk, a sheet of half-dry painting beneath his hand.

He lifted his eyes as Tyrone entered. "The divorce isn't even finalized, and this happens. What's your plan?"

Tyrone stopped a few steps away. “Don’t worry, Grandpa. My feelings for Aella won’t influence my decisions.”

Edwin nodded, somewhat satisfied. “Good. The Reids have been bankrupt for years—they won’t help you. If that girl can’t live in harmony with you, why keep her?”

Tyrone’s gaze dropped. “You’re right, Grandpa.”

Edwin’s tone hardened. “Whether she stays or goes is your choice. But if she ever threatens your future, the Winters’ reputation, or Winter Group’s interests, I won’t tolerate it.”

Tyrone’s expression darkened. “Grandpa, as long as you promise not to go after the Reids, I’ll make sure things get back to order quickly.”

Edwin handed his cane to Justin and picked up his brush again.

Tyrone quietly left the study.

His car had just crossed the estate gates when someone stepped into the road, forcing it to stop.

It was Zera.

After a few months of “minor enhancements,” her features had changed noticeably—she was prettier now, though with that polished, social-media sheen.

The back window slid down.

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Chapter 103 How Can I Not Care?

Tyrone frowned. “What are you doing here?”

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Zera glanced nervously at the gates before speaking. “Tyrone, I tried calling you, answer. Mr. Frost said you returned to the estate, so I waited here.”

“Do you need something?” Tyrone asked curtly.

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Zera hesitated, then softly asked, "Can I get in the car to talk?"

He paused, then nodded shortly.

Inside, she rushed to clarify. "Tyrone, I heard that right before your divorce hearing yesterday, Mrs. Winter was taken by the police. I came because I was worried."

Tyrone's eyes narrowed. "Where did you hear that?"

Her voice trembled with frustration. "Everyone in our circle is already talking about your divorce. It's hardly a secret."

He said nothing, and her worry deepened. "Tyrone, I asked around—someone like Mrs. Winter could apply for bail pending trial."

"This isn't your concern," Tyrone said flatly. "I'll handle it."

Zera's voice rose, laced with emotion. "Mrs. Winter is beautiful and kind. She helped Orson and me when we struggled in Vleka, and I've always been grateful. Because of us, you and she had misunderstandings, and I've felt guilty ever since. Now that she's in trouble, how can I not

care?"

"You don't need to," Tyrone said coolly. "Everything will follow proper legal channels."

The driver opened the door, and Zera stepped out of the car.

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Chapter 104 Isn't That What You've Always Wanted for Her?

Watching Tyrone's car slowly disappear down the street, Zera's lips curved into a satisfied smile.

Aella has already been in detention for a full day and night, and Tyrone doesn't seem even a little worried.

Clearly, he doesn't care about her anymore.

I'll spend some time praying tonight that Aella will get at least ten years behind bars.

Better yet, I wish Aella would spend the rest of her life in prison, never seeing the light of day again.

At 10 a.m., inside the CEO's office at Winter Group.

Noel knocked lightly before stepping in. "Mr. Winter, the Reids have met with Mrs. Winter. They've hired Mr. Johnson as their attorney, and he asked me to set up a meeting."

Tyrone didn't look up, signing the papers in front of him.

Noel hesitated. "Should I set up a meeting with them?"

"Don't," Tyrone said flatly.

At noon, during lunch.

Noel knocked on the lounge door again. "Mr. Winter, there's been an accident involving the Reids."

Tyrone stepped out immediately.

Noel hurried on. "Mr. Clyde somehow found out that Mrs. Winter was arrested. He ran out of school and got hit by a car, and he's in the hospital now. Mrs. Reid fainted when she heard the news and was rushed there too."

Tyrone's expression darkened. "Get the best doctors. Make sure nothing happens to them."

Noel swallowed hard. "Mr. Winter, the Reids have hired Mr. Johnson and have prepared all the paperwork for Mrs. Winter's bail hearing. Mr. Reid wants to meet with you."

Tyrone glanced at his watch. "Get the car ready," he said.

Just then, Raine burst through the door.

She glared at him. "Tyrone, why won't you let Brad help Aella? What are you thinking?"

Tyrone's face hardened. "Don't ask questions you shouldn't."

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Chapter 104 Isn't That What You've Always Wanted for Her?

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Raine planted herself in the doorway. "You're keeping Zera and her son around while refusing to divorce Aella. You can't have your cake and eat it too! You're a scumbag! Scumbags like you deserve to burn in hell!"

"Enough!"

Tyrone's voice boomed through the office. "Raine, say one more word, and I'll send you overseas. A few years away might teach you some respect."

Raine's defiance faltered immediately.

If he really sent her abroad, both Edwin and Ralph would back him instantly. Even Virginia couldn't stop them.

Grudgingly, Raine dropped her hands and stepped aside, letting Tyrone leave.

At 1 p.m., in the hospital's inpatient wing.

Tyrone pushed open the door to Miriam's room.

Warren and Clyde were sitting by her bedside.

Clyde jumped to his feet, fists clenched, but Warren barked at him to sit.

Seeing that Clyde wasn't badly hurt, Tyrone went straight to Miriam.

He leaned slightly, his tone careful and polite. "Hey, Miriam. Are you feeling any better?"

As expected of the Winters heir, he had mastered the art of appearances.

Miriam glanced at him briefly, then turned away.

Tyrone straightened. "My assistant said you wanted to see me."

He was pretending ignorance, and the Reids, despite their anger, had to bite back their outrage for Aella's sake.

Warren looked at his wife, then lowered his head. "Tyrone, we've spoken with Mr. Johnson. We're trying to post bail for Aella, but we're short one guarantor."

Tyrone's voice was calm. "I can find the guarantor—but I have conditions."

Warren and Miriam exchanged wary glances.

Tyrone continued, "Marriage is supposed to be a partnership. If you can convince Aella to drop the divorce, you won't need to lift another finger. I'll make sure she's released safely."

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Chapter 104 Isn't That What You've Always Wanted for Her?

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Miriam struggled upright, voice trembling with anger. "Even if we lose everything, we'll make sure Aella divorces you!"

Her reaction didn't surprise Tyrone.

He said evenly, “Josh has accused Aella of leaking Winter Group’s confidential documents to a rival company in revenge for my supposed affair. If that charge sticks, she could face three to ten years in prison, plus a fine.”

He paused, cold. “A decade behind bars would ruin her life. It would also destroy Clyde’s education and future.”

“Stop trying to scare me!” Clyde shouted, breaking free from Warren’s grip. “If that’s what it takes, I’ll just drop out!”

Tyrone placed a hand on Clyde’s shoulder, but the boy pushed it away.

Unfazed, Tyrone said calmly, “Clyde, you’re young. One day, you’ll understand how important your education is.”

Warren pulled his son back behind him, expression grim. “Even if we go bankrupt, we won’t let our daughter rot in prison. We’ll find another way.”

Tyrone was silent for a long moment.

Then he said, “If Aella is willing to come home, I’ll make sure she doesn’t spend a single day in jail. I’ll support her career fully. I can give her the highest status, the best life—everything she could ever want. Isn’t that what you’ve always wanted for her?”

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Once Cast Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 105 Aren’t Even on the Same Level

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A Message On Whatsapp 105

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apter 105 Aren’t Even on the Same Level

Miriam's voice shook. "But Aella never wanted any of this!"

Tyrone nodded, not denying it.

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His tone was even. "We're all adults. We should be able to weigh the risks and benefits. My mother has always treated Aella like her own daughter. With her care and yours, I truly believe Aella would be happier by my side than wasting away in a cell.

"The Winter Group's legal team moves fast. If you want to save Aella, give me your answer

soon."

With that, Tyrone turned and left the hospital room.

Once he was gone, Clyde's face burned with

anger

and worry.

He asked, "Isn't there any other way to get Aella out?"

Warren let out a heavy sigh. "We've tried everything we could think of. Otherwise, your mother and I wouldn't have gone to him."

The room fell into a long, tense silence.

Finally, Warren spoke to Miriam, "I just called Mr. Johnson. He's withdrawn from Aella's case. I guess no lawyer in all of Vleka dares go against the Winters' legal team."

His voice grew grim. "If Aella really goes to prison, her whole life will be ruined."

Tears welled in Miriam's eyes, but she tried to stay composed. "But Tyrone has another woman, another child! Even if Aella goes back, it'll only be torture for her."

Clyde clenched his fists, furious. "Dad, Mom, the police will see the truth. Aella will get justice- we don't have to bow to that jerk!"

Justice?

Warren and Miriam exchanged a weary glance.

They had experienced reaching the peak and later crumbling. They knew too well how harsh the world could be.

Justice was a luxury reserved for those who wrote the rules.

Warren forced the words out, low and rough. "If anyone's to blame, it's me for being a useless father. But if Aella loses her freedom and spends her life behind bars, I'd rather she go back to

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Chapter 105 Aren't Even on the Same Level

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the Winters. At least she'd still have her career, her friends, and her family."

Miriam buried her face in the blanket, crying silently.

Past midnight, around 1 a.m., Tyrone's phone rang—it was Warren.

By 5 a.m., Tyrone went to shower.

At 8 a.m., a black Bentley rolled to a stop outside the detention center gates.

Moments later, Noel came jogging to the car. "Mr. Winter, Mrs. Winter's been released."

Tyrone froze mid-motion as he lit a cigarette.

He looked up just in time to see Aella stepping out through the gates.

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After two days and nights in detention, she looked completely drained—pale, fragile, and exhausted.

Tyrone flicked the cigarette away and started toward her.

When Aella saw him, she instantly veered in the opposite direction.

Tyrone reached out and caught her wrist.

Aella swung her other hand at him.

Tyrone didn't flinch. He caught her wrist midair, holding it firmly.

For a brief moment, their eyes locked. They were close enough to feel each other's breath.

"Your parents asked me to pick you up," Tyrone said quietly. "Don't read too much into it."

Aella glared, hostility burning in her eyes.

Her voice was weak, barely steady, "Tyrone, you're disgusting."

His expression didn't change. "Your mother's in the hospital. I'll take you there."

Aella's face went even paler.

She shoved him away and ran toward the street, flagging down a cab.

Tyrone turned and watched as she climbed in and drove off. He didn't stop her or follow.

At the hospital, the relatives visiting were just leaving.

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Chapter 105 Aren't Even on the Same Level

"Mom."

Aella crouched beside the bed, torn between worry and heartache.

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Miriam sat up slightly, taking Aella's cold hands in hers as tears streamed down her cheeks.

"You're out now... That's all that matters..."

Aella spoke softly, comforting them, "Dad, Mom, don't worry. I'm innocent. I'll find a lawyer and fight this to the end."

Warren and Miriam exchanged a long, helpless glance.

Miriam's voice was gentle but heavy with worry. "Aella, we know how wronged you feel. We can't do much to help. But don't worry about us. Just ... think carefully about whatever you decide. Don't do anything rash."

In Aella's eyes burned the quiet despair of someone who had nothing left to lose. "Don't worry, Mom, Dad. I know what I'm doing."

If divorcing Tyrone meant prison, she would accept it.

As parents, Warren and Miriam understood their daughter's resolve, but watching her suffer tore them apart.

They felt utterly powerless.

That afternoon, Aella met her former neighbor, Prunella, at a café.

The moment Prunella saw her, she sighed deeply. "You and Tyrone were such a perfect match. I always thought you two would make it. Never thought it'd come to this."

Aella sat quietly across from her, pale and worn.

"Prunella, don't feel sorry for me," she said. "A man who cheats isn't worth holding onto."

Prunella leaned forward, voice lowered. "It's true you have proof of his affair, but have you thought about this? The Reids and Winters aren't even on the same level anymore. Forget your family—no one in all of Vleka could take on Tyrone."

Aella nodded numbly, "I know, Prunella. I know."

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Prunella hesitated for a moment.

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She spoke softly, “Aella, your parents are getting older; your mom’s health isn’t great, and your brother is taking the SAT next year. If you decide to go head–to–head with Tyrone and burn every bridge, have you really thought about what it will cost? Can you afford it?”

Aella leaned forward, resting her elbows on the table, running both hands through her hair.

She knew exactly what it would cost to challenge Tyrone.

But she had no other choice.

Prunella sighed. “Aella, you still have your parents, your brother, your friends, your career, your whole future. Throwing away your best years in prison for a man? It’s just not worth it.”

After parting with Prunella, Aella wandered the streets alone for hours.

Every word made sense—but she couldn’t turn back.

The invisible wounds, the sleepless nights, the suffocating pain—they were worse than death.

If leaving Tyrone meant losing ten years of freedom, she’d take it anyway, as long as she could escape that prison of a marriage.

Determined to see her case through, Aella reached out to Patrick herself.

Over the phone, he refused to take her case. He wouldn’t even want to meet her.

Before hanging up, he gently hinted that she should give up.

Aella didn’t argue.

She spent the entire afternoon going from one law firm to another—four, five offices in total.

Not a single lawyer dared to take her divorce case, or the criminal case tied to it.

The faint hope in her eyes slowly gave way to despair.

This is Vleka, Tyrone’s territory.

I should have expected it.

That night, the air in Vleka bit like frost.

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Chapter 106 You Looking for Me?

Aella stood by the roadside, pulling her coat tighter around her shoulders.

“Aella!”

Raine had lowered her car window and called out.

Aella heard that and looked up.

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During their conversation, she learned that Virginia had fallen ill, outraged and heartbroken over Aella’s arrest.

Brad had shouted at Tyrone over the matter and was now in a silent standoff with him.

Even Raine herself had nearly been sent overseas by Tyrone.

Anyone who tried to help her had been crushed under Tyrone’s control.

As Aella and Raine talked, Aella’s phone rang.

It was Warren, voice tight with worry. “Aella, come home now—your mother’s been rushed to the ER!”

Raine drove her straight to the hospital.

Miriam was still in intensive care, and the doctor wouldn’t allow the family outside the unit. They were told to wait in the ward.

While the three of them sat in tense silence, the door opened.

A middle-aged woman entered, holding a little girl’s hand. Without a word, she dropped to her knees.

The sudden sight startled everyone.

Warren rushed forward to help her up. "Eleanor, what are you doing? Get up!"

Aella recognized her—it was Josh's wife, Eleanor Reid.

Eleanor broke down in tears. "Warren, please help get Josh out of custody!"

Aella's voice hardened. "Eleanor, I've never wronged Josh. Why did he frame me?"

Josh had been locked up, refusing to talk or see anyone.

They were husband and wife—Aella knew there was no way she didn't know something.

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Eleanor's tone was desperate but firm. "Aella, Josh is an honest man. He would never commit a

crime."

She pulled the hat off the head of her daughter, Skye Reid, revealing a bald scalp. "Three months ago, Skye was diagnosed with leukemia. We've spent everything we had. We don't even have money for her treatment tomorrow, and the rent for our phone shop is due in two days. Without Josh, Skye and I can't survive—please, we're begging you to help us!"

Skye clutched Aella's coat, crying miserably. "Aunt Aella, I wanna see my dad ... please ..."

Aella stared at the girl calling her "Aunt Aella," her hands trembling at her sides.

So that is it. Josh's daughter is sick with leukemia, and Tyrone exploited their desperation.

No wonder he was so calm—he knew Josh would never risk his daughter's life by changing his testimony.

Seeing the weeping mother and child—thinking of her own mother in the ER, and Patrick, who didn't even dare meet her—Aella turned and walked out of the ward.

In the corridor, she called Tyrone repeatedly, sending endless messages.

But there was no response. It was as if he'd disappeared from the world.

Blinded by anger, Aella couldn't think clearly.

She went to Winter Estate, the Regal Club, and even Zera's apartment complex, but Tyrone was nowhere.

Finally, out of options, she headed to Bluehaven Residences.

At 1 a.m., the elevator doors slid open. Tyrone stepped out,

He froze when he saw Aella leaning weakly against the wall outside his apartment, barely able

to stand.

He stopped walking. "You looking for me?"

Aella had spent two sleepless nights in detention and another whole day racing across the city.

She was physically drained, weighed down by Miriam's illness, guilt for Josh's sick child, and anxiety over her own case.

The moment she saw Tyrone, exhaustion gave way to fury. Fueled by anger, she pushed off the

wall and stormed toward him.

3/4

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[811 words]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 107 Since You Chose Me

Aella's hatred boiled over. She swung her hand and slapped Tyrone.

Tyrone caught her wrist midair and immediately noticed how icy her hand was.

Finished

He frowned, tightening his grip before yanking her through the door and into the apartment.

By then, Aella had completely lost control.

She wrenched herself free and threw whatever she could grab at him.

Tyrone tilted his head, dodging the objects, then stepped closer to stop her.

He grabbed both her wrists, calm and unflinching. "If you came here just to throw a tantrum instead of solving the problem, you can leave right now."

Ignoring the sharp pain in her wrists, Aella pulled free and grabbed his suit lapel.

Her voice shook with fury. "Josh and his family are decent, honest people! Skye is only nine and has leukemia. How could you exploit them? Don't you have a conscience?"

Tyrone let her grip his suit, speaking slowly and deliberately. "That was his choice."

Aella stared at him, her energy draining.

She froze, looking up at him, eyes red, lips trembling as she forced out each word. "Tyrone ... I will make you pay for this."

She tried to leave, but Tyrone grabbed her wrist again, holding her in place.

His gaze was steady, voice calm. "You have proof of my affair, and I have evidence of your crime. Even if you expose Zera and Orson, it'll only cause me minor trouble. I won't lose anything"

He added, "But once you're convicted, your parents, your brother, your career, your entire future... all of it will be destroyed."

Aella wrenched her hand free, shouting, "Me living like this is torture enough for them. Don't you dare use them against me!"

Tyrone studied her, composed.

“Your parents are old. Your mother’s health is deteriorating, and your brother is taking the SAT next year. If you go to prison, they lose their only support. You are Clyde’s sister—your sentence will ruin his future too.”

1/3

15:54 Fri, Oct 10

Chapter 107 Since You Chose Me

52

Finished

Aella’s voice cracked as she lost control. “You have no right to speak of my family! Shut up!”

Tyrone didn’t flinch. “In the last six months in Tuspuyria, you’ve worked and studied nonstop. You’ve fought to rebuild your career. If you’re convicted, your reputation and your future are gone. Is that what you really want?”

Aella staggered backward, vision blurring, and finally, the tears came.

Every word cut deep, twisting inside her chest until she could hardly breathe.

Her head spun, her body weakened, and she collapsed to the floor.

Tyrone loomed over her, looking down at her frail, exhausted face.

He didn’t help her up. He didn’t offer comfort.

They didn’t look like husband and wife anymore—just two opponents locked in a battle.

His voice was detached, face unreadable. “Aella, we’re adults. Every choice has a price.”

He continued, “If you want to defy me so badly that you’re willing to abandon your parents and your underage brother, and trade ten years in prison for freedom later on, I won’t stop you.”

Aella struggled to rise, unsteady on her feet.

She staggered toward him and looked up, lips trembling.

The look she gave him was the look you give a stranger.

Her voice was barely a whisper. “Tyrone ... are you a devil?”

Even without love, they’d known each other for over 20 years.

Yet here he stood relentlessly, leaving her with no way out.

Tyrone stayed tall, composed, and confident. “Aella, we’ve been married for three years. I’ve never treated you unfairly. There’s no need for this drama.”

His words stung.

Aella grabbed his collar, eyes red with fury. “You cheated and set me up. For your lover, you’ve forced me to give in again and again, even hurting my brother. And you call that fair?”

Tyrone’s tone was faintly dismissive. “If you hadn’t pushed for divorce, none of this would’ve happened.”

2/3

15:54 Fri, Oct 10

Chapter 107 Since You Chose Me

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52

Finished

Aella let out a bitter, broken laugh. “Oh! So you mean ... I deserved betrayal? Hm? I deserved all of this?”

He replied impatiently, “It wasn’t betrayal. That was my past. You’re my wife. You’re supposed to accept it.”

Aella snapped, hammering her fists against his chest like a woman driven mad. “Why should I have to accept it?”

Tyrone caught her—one hand on her lower back, the other holding the back of her head—forcing her to meet his gaze.

His voice was low, firm. “Aella, you chose to marry me. Since you chose me, you must accept everything that comes with me.”

Aella gasped, struggling. "If I'd known you already loved someone else, I'd rather have died than marry you!"

Tyrone tightened his hold, refusing to let her

1. go.

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[845 words]

Chapter 108 Didn't Have Time

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52

Finished

Tyrone's voice was icy, leaving no room for argument. "Aella, you don't have a choice. Either accept this and come back to me obediently, or go sit in a cell and think about yourself."

Aella slammed against him with all her strength. "Tyrone, you're a bastard!"

When she couldn't break free, she bit down hard on his shoulder.

Pain shot through him, but instead of letting go, he tightened his hold, keeping her firmly in

his arms.

He let her vent her anger, teeth still sinking into his skin, yet he didn't loosen a fraction.

Slowly, the room quieted.

The tension in his arms eased, and Aella's body went limp.

Feeling her weight slide, Tyrone caught her before she could fall. "Aella?" he murmured.

When she didn't answer, he realized she had passed out.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bedroom, then made a quick call.

Within minutes, the Winters' family doctor arrived. After examining her, he diagnosed low blood sugar triggered by emotional shock and gave her a glucose injection immediately.

After the doctor left, Tyrone turned off all the lights except for a faint strip along the headboard.

In that dim glow, Aella looked pale and fragile, almost ghostly.

Tyrone sat against the headboard, watching her.

His long fingers brushed stray hair from her forehead before gently pulling her into his arms.

Six months away had left her thin. He could feel her bones pressing sharply into his palms.

He held her closer, voice low and muffled. "Mrs. Winter... welcome home."

When Aella woke, it was already late morning.

Her head was heavy and dizzy. As she tried to rise, she saw Tyrone emerge from the walk-in closet, dressed and ready for the day.

Their eyes met—hers blazing with fury, his calm. He walked toward the bed. "You fainted last

1/3

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Chapter 108 Didn't Have Time

night from low blood sugar."

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Memories of the night flashed back, and pain flickered across her pale, drawn face.

(52)

Finished

Tyrone looked down at her, reading every subtle shift. "You should remember what I said last night. Think it over carefully."

Aella swung her legs off the bed, her ghostly face making her seem fragile enough *to* shatter.

Her voice was weak but steady. "Tyrone, I have nothing left, only my life. If you want it, take it."

His reply was cold. "Human life is the least valuable thing to me."

They stared at each other in tense silence before Aella turned and left the bedroom.

Passing the dining room, Tyrone stopped her. "There's chicken soup on the table. Eat before you go."

Aella shoved him hard. "Don't pretend to care. Whether I live or die has nothing to do with you!"

His voice was flat. "We're still in the middle of a divorce. If you die here, I'm worried your family will come after me for it."

Their eyes met again. Aella's face, already pale, turned ashen.

This—this is the real Tyrone.

Cruel and cold.

Just as she turned to leave, he caught her shoulder. "If you're really going, at least finish the soup."

Aella froze, then walked into the dining room.

The soup was savory and delicious, but to her, it felt like shards of glass scraping her throat. She could hardly bring herself to swallow.

Tyrone stood silently at the doorway, watching her finish every spoonful.

When she finally left, he didn't stop her again.

His gaze stayed on her frail figure. "My time is valuable," he said calmly. "I won't waste more on you. You have one day to decide."

Aella faltered but didn't turn back.

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Chapter 108 Didn't Have Time

52

Finished

He added, "Tomorrow's a public holiday. If you're not back by tonight, don't bother coming back ever again."

A warning and a threat, all in one.

Aella said nothing. She walked away, refusing to believe the world had trapped her. There had to be another way.

When she returned to the hospital, Warren told her Miriam's condition had worsened.

The doctor suggested transferring her or calling in the original specialist who had treated her before.

Aella froze in the corridor, vision blurring.

The specialist was an overseas expert, personally arranged by Tyrone.

During the entire treatment, that doctor had never communicated with the Reids, nor shared contact info.

Desperate, Aella thought of Daniel.

She called him three times, but the calls went straight to voicemail each time.

Finally, his assistant answered. Daniel was in Mudrus performing a craniotomy for a high-ranking political figure.

If he was operating, it meant the case was serious. Besides, his surgeries often lasted hours, sometimes over ten.

But Miriam didn't have time to wait.

In just a few days, Warren looked years

older.

He gazed at Aella, lips trembling, wanting to speak, but no words came.

The two of them just 'stood silently in the long, sterile hallway,

By noon, Virginia arrived at the hospital to visit Miriam.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[882 words]

Chapter 109 Waiting for the Exact Moment.

Warren excused himself, saying he needed a smoke, and quietly left the room.

Inside the hospital ward, Aella poured a glass of water for Virginia.

(52)

Finished

Virginia hesitated before speaking, "Aella, as a mother who raised such a disappointing son, I really don't have the right to lecture you. But seeing you two tear each other apart like this—it's torture for me too."

Ever since Zera and Orson came back, Aella had been asking for a divorce. Virginia had watched every move Tyrone made.

He'd said he wouldn't agree, and she knew him well enough—if he didn't want the divorce, he'd use every trick to stop it.

The harder Aella fought, the more she risked losing.

Virginia sighed. "Aella, sometimes when there's no way forward, swallowing your pride can be a kind of strength. I'm not taking sides—I just want to remind you, you can turn that humiliation into a tool."

Aella lowered her eyes.

No matter what she did, Tyrone outmaneuvered her.

He was smarter, with a lot more influence, so he was always three steps ahead. She had nowhere to go.

Virginia continued softly, "Aella, think of your parents. Think of your brother. I just don't want to see you throw away your future over a moment of pride."

Seeing Aella's expression falter, she added gently, "Every relationship is a kind of exchange, even marriage. Tyrone keeps getting the upper hand because you rely on feelings to keep things together, not benefits."

Her words were calm, but they cut deep. "Start treating your marriage like an exchange of interests, and you'll find it easier to breathe."

After Virginia left, Aella stayed behind, quiet, torn between determination and hesitation.

She glanced toward the hallway and saw Warren pacing, hunched over, worry etched into every

line of his face.

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Chapter 109 Waiting for the Exact Moment

Her already battered heart ached again.

52

Finished

Her parents had raised her in comfort and love, never lifting a hand or raising their voices. Even learning about her miserable marriage, they hadn't blamed her. They sold heirloom jewelry to buy her freedom, urging her to start over abroad.

And now, her father looked broken, consumed by anguish.

Her mother lay unconscious, fighting for her life.

Her younger brother called three times a day—from school, at lunch, and at night—asking if their mother had worsened or if Tyrone had hurt her again.

Her family had given her unconditional love, the kind that held her up through everything.

How could she abandon them now?

Standing in the doorway, tears brimming, Aella whispered, “Dad ... I’ve decided. I’m not getting divorced.”

Warren’s eyes reddened as he lowered his head, unable to speak past the lump in his throat.

Swallowing her bitterness, Aella dialed Tyrone’s number.

His voice was calm and steady on the other end. “Pack your things. I’ll have the driver pick you up later.”

A few hours later, at Bluehaven Residences.

Aella stood at the doorstep, hands clenched at her sides.

The driver rang the bell.

Moments later, the door opened.

Tyrone stood there in dark loungewear, as composed as ever. Aella froze, feet nailed to the ground.

The driver greeted him respectfully, carried Aella’s luggage inside, and quickly excused himself.

Once the door shut, Tyrone stepped closer and casually slipped an arm around her shoulders.

She instinctively pushed him away.

His calm eyes narrowed slightly. “If you didn’t come back willingly,” he said evenly, “you can leave now.”

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Chapter 109 Waiting for the Exact Moment

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Aella stood at the entrance, torn between humiliation and restraint.

52

Finished

Thinking of Miriam in the hospital bed, she bit her lip and forced herself forward, step by step, into the house.

Seeing her move on her own, Tyrone wrapped his arm around her again.

He didn't close the door immediately. "So," he asked, "you've made up your mind?"

Aella held back her emotions, saying nothing, not pushing him away this time.

Satisfied, Tyrone shut the door and guided her toward the kitchen. "Emma heard coming tonight. She made fish for you."

Inside, Emma wiped her hands and stepped out. "Welcome home, Mrs. Winter. Dinner will be ready soon. You should rest a little first."

Aella glanced at Tyrone.

Emma had worked for the Winters for over 20 years and had seen them both grow up.

This meant Tyrone had been confident she'd eventually give in.

Feigning calmness, Aella asked, "What made you so sure I'd come back tonight?"

Tyrone led her into the bedroom, unbuttoned her coat, and hung it neatly.

Then he turned to her. "Because I trust you'll always make the most rational choice."

Aella's composure crumbled. She had no fight left in her.

"I'm here now," she said quietly. "Can you call Dr. Moss for my mom?"

Right in front of her, Tyrone made the call.

When he hung up, he said, "Dr. Moss happens to be visiting family in Vleka. He'll be at the hospital in 20 minutes."

A cold smile tugged at Aella's lips.

Of course.

Tyrone already planned everything. He was just waiting for the exact moment I would finally surrender.

15:55 Fri, **Oct 10**

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

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[830 words]

Virginia was right.

I haven't done anything wrong, so why should I risk my future for a man like Tyrone?

52

Finished

From this moment on, there will be no love left in this marriage, only a calculated exchange of benefits.

Aella pressed him coldly. "When are you dropping the charges against me?"

Tyrone said nothing. He just took her wrist and led her into the bedroom.

Letting go, he said evenly, "No rush. We'll talk after dinner."

His calm, measured tone lit a fire in Aella.

Her voice rose before she realized it. "Tyrone, are you trying to toy with me again?"

Tyrone sighed, pulling her gently closer and tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

The darkness in his eyes softened, a quiet tenderness seeping through. Looking down at her flushed, angry face, he spoke in a low and steady voice.

"You're my wife. What would I gain by playing games with you?"

His warm hand rested against her back as he whispered, "As long as you stay here as my wife, I'll take care of everything for you."

Even without realizing it, his tone softened, authority hidden beneath calm assurance. “Come eat first,” he said. “We’ll talk later.”

It sounded like a suggestion, but there was no room to argue.

Aella let him take her hand and lead her into the dining room.

He really was the most manipulative, calculating man she’d ever known.

He was doing bad things while saying all the right words.

If she hadn’t lived through it herself, she might almost have believed him.

They sat. Tyrone took a small bowl of soup from Emma, tested the temperature, and passed it to Aella.

When she didn’t move, he set it down gently. “If this feels too much, it’s not too late to walk away.”

1/3

15:55 Fri, Oct 10

Chapter 110 She Had No Choice

52

Finished

He spoke the harshest words in the softest voice.

Aella clenched her jaw and lifted the spoon, but couldn’t swallow a single bite.

Then Tyrone’s phone rang.

He glanced at the caller ID, showing Zera’s name, and his eyes flicked to Aella.

After a brief pause, he answered, speaking tenderly to the other woman right in front of her.

Aella sat silently, her hand trembling slightly around the spoon.

From now on, this was her life.

She’d have to endure Zera and Orson’s constant presence, seeping into her marriage—just like the high-society wives who turned a blind eye to their husbands’ affairs.

They swallowed humiliation for wealth and reputation, too afraid to resist, forced to protect their husbands' image while quietly managing the scandal.

Aella said nothing. She didn't flinch.

She lifted the bowl, took a small sip, and set it down again.

This was his choice, and the price she had to pay for loving Tyrone.

He watched her every movement with cool detachment before ending the call.

The lavish dinner ended with barely a few bites eaten.

Afterward, Tyrone led her to his study.

She couldn't hold back. "Tyrone, I want you to drop the lawsuit right now and clear my name."

Tyrone looked at her calmly, then pulled a contract from his desk drawer and set it in front of her.

"Sign this," he said slowly. "Then I'll give you whatever you want."

Aella unfolded the papers. It was a marital agreement.

The first clause: Whoever initiated divorce must pay the other an enormous sum.

The second clause: During their marriage, she had to treat him exactly as she had in their first year together.

2/3

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Chapter 110 She Had No Choice

Finished

In other words, not only did she have to come back physically, but her heart had to come back

too.

She would have to care for him, reach for him, and love him again.

Aella's lips pressed tight as she placed the papers back down.

"You know perfectly well you forced me to come back," she said coldly. "What's the point of lying to yourself like this?"

Tyrone's face remained unreadable. "The process doesn't matter. Only the result does."

Aella gave a bitter laugh. "To you, I'm just a cover-up—a shield between you and the woman you actually love. You've already pushed me this far. Do you really need a contract to chain me?"

Tyrone's tone stayed flat, all business. "I'm not forcing you. You don't have *to* sign."

Just then, Aella's phone rang.

She composed herself and answered.

Hearing her mother was out of danger and had moved to a regular ward, the tension in her body finally eased.

Tyrone took the agreement from her hand, unscrewed the pen cap, and set it beside her.

He said quietly, "As long as you behave and be the Mrs. Winter you're supposed to be, this agreement will protect you."

Aella's hand trembled as she picked up the pen.

At this point, she had no choice and nothing left to hesitate over.

Send **Gifts**

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[825 words]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 111 Won't Interfere

Aella turned to the last page and signed her name.

Tyrone gathered the papers and took the

pen

from her.

+8 Peals.

He even felt the slight tremor in her arm when his fingers brushed her skin.

He stepped closer and pulled her gently into his embrace.

He didn't speak. He didn't move. He just held her quietly, the way lovers might after apart.

Aella stayed stiff against him, numb to the warmth of his chest.

Her lips parted, but no sound came out.

years

From now on, she would no longer be his childhood sweetheart, his wife, or his lover—just Mrs. Winter.

She had to be obedient, accommodating, and careful.

She couldn't cry, couldn't make a scene.

She had to preserve Tyrone's dignity while silently enduring Zera and Orson's presence.

From this day forward, she would be nothing but a shield, a cover for his reputation.

"I'll run you a bath," Tyrone said, breaking through her daze.

He led her to the bathroom. After she showered, he dried her hair and carried her to bed.

That night, thankfully, he did nothing more than hold her as they slept.

In the dark room, Aella lay awake, staring at the ceiling.

Every awakening came with pain.

Now she finally understood.

Growing up meant losing the person she once was.

She barely slept. By dawn, she was already up.

Miriam had been transferred to a regular ward last night, so Aella needed to go to the hospital.

1/3

❧, ❧

Chapter 111 Won't Interfere

But as she tried to get out of bed, an arm circled her waist..

(79

+8 Pearls

Tyrone, still half-asleep, pulled her close and murmured in his husky morning voice, "Why not sleep a little longer?"

Aella looked at him briefly, then slipped out of bed.

At the double vanity, their reflections met in the mirror.

Tyrone handed her a toothbrush, toothpaste already applied.

Aella hesitated before taking it, her face blank.

Three

years of marriage, and she'd lost count of how many times he'd done this—squeezing toothpaste, handing her a towel, those little gestures that had once made her fall deeper into this marriage.

She lingered in the bathroom before finally stepping out.

Tyrone draped an arm around her shoulders. "Your mom's awake. You can visit her later."

For the first time in days, a flicker of emotion crossed her exhausted face.

Tyrone continued, “Dr. Moss is flying back to Tuspuyria today. I’ll see him off and thank him in person. You’ve always had a good eye. Help me pick a suit.”

Aella stayed frozen.

He was reminding her that the specialist had rushed overnight to treat Miriam because of him.

Without a word, she pulled away and walked to the walk-in closet.

Tyrone’s wardrobe was filled with custom suits—dark, reserved colors, always perfectly tailored. In winter, he would wear long wool coats in similar shades.

When they first married, she’d complained about the monotony and bought softer-toned shirts, trying to coax him into changing up his style.

She’d begged, pouted, even argued just to get him to wear what she bought.

But in the end, he’d never worn a single one.

After three years of black and white, she’d grown used to it.

Thinking of how hard she’d tried, Aella felt a dull ache of self-mockery.

She handed him the suit she’d picked.

2/3

10:49 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 111 Won’t interfere

+ Pearls

Unfazed, he began changing in front of her.

Aella turned to leave, but *his* arm suddenly wrapped around her waist.

She twisted, trying to pull away, but he held her firmly.

“I’m heading out,” he murmured, voice low against her ear.

She looked up, meeting his gaze. “Why tell me? This is your house—you can come and go as you please.”

The harder she pushed, the tighter he held. “Aella,” he said quietly, “you came back on your own. If I have to keep reminding you what that means, then what’s the point?”

Aella froze.

From the first day of their marriage, she’d been the one clinging to him, asking for a kiss in the morning and another at night.

In the end, she was always the one reaching.

Pale and trembling, she met his eyes. “Tyrone, you don’t need to do this. Go to Zera. I won’t interfere.”

His gaze darkened, searching her face.

“Zera is Zera,” he said evenly. “You are you. Do you really need me to spell it out?”

Aella lowered her eyes.

Tyrone’s breath grew heavier. He tightened his grip—one arm around her waist, the other behind her head, holding her completely.

His kiss came hard. It was hungry, desperate, and tender yet brutal, as if he wanted to erase every trace of distance between them.

It wasn’t until Emma knocked softly at the door that he reluctantly let her go.

His chest rose and fell sharply, his breath ragged and uneven.

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[900 words]

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 112 A Woman He Could Control Completely

1. Pearls

Aella pulled free from Tyrone’s arms and sank back against the wardrobe, gasping for **air**.

Her damp lashes shook, and her brows knitted tightly. She looked completely undone—**messy**, fragile, and unsteady.

Tyrone looked down at her and took in the way she appeared after his kiss. He then stepped closer, smoothing her tangled hair and straightening the loose neckline of her robe.

When she kept her head lowered and said nothing, he wrapped his arms around her again.

“Eat something before seeing your mom at the hospital,” he said softly. “I’ll pick you up later, and we’ll have dinner at the Winter Estate.”

After he left, Aella lingered in the dressing room for a long while before finally stepping out.

Emma greeted her with concern. “Mrs. Winter, Mr. Winter said your blood sugar’s low. I made some stew for you.”

Aella shook her head. “I’m not hungry, Emma. I need to get to the hospital.”

Emma sighed and gently guided her toward the dining room. “Your health comes first. No matter how big the problem is, you can’t fix it on an empty stomach.”

Aella gave her a small, grateful smile and picked up a spoon. “Thank you, Emma.”

She forced down a few bites before heading out to the hospital.

When Miriam saw her, tears immediately streamed down her face.

Clyde, tall and still filling out his frame, stood frozen, struggling to find words.

Aella ran a hand over his short hair, her chest tightening with ache.

Swallowing the pain, she managed a faint smile.

Sitting beside her mother’s bed, Aella held her hand. “You and Dad don’t have to worry about me. I’m okay.”

Miriam’s lips trembled, but she didn’t say a word.

Aella tried to sound light. “Look at other married couples—the men step out even when they’re

broke.”

She added, “At least the Winters have money and status. I live comfortably. I eat, wear, and use

1/3

+8 Pearls

Chapter 112 A Woman He Could Control Completely

all the best things.”

With just a few sentences, she shut down anything her parents might have wanted to **say**.

By noon, they shared a modest meal in the hospital room.

Four of them huddled around a tiny table—bittersweet, yet warm.

Then came a knock at the door.

All four turned as Tyrone entered, carrying a stacked lunchbox.

Aella stood. “What are you doing here?”

He set the box on the table. “It’s a public holiday. I came to have lunch with you

all.”

The Reids immediately set down their utensils.

Clyde jumped to his feet, glaring at Tyrone. “Who wants to eat with you?”

“Clyde!” Warren barked, holding him back.

Clyde stormed off to the couch, sulking.

Tyrone didn’t flinch. He opened the containers and placed one in front of Miriam. “I had the maid make this tonic soup for you. Try some.”

Miriam looked at it and forced a faint smile. “That’s thoughtful.”

He pulled out a chair for Aella. “No need to be polite. We’re family.”

Aella knew the truth—he wasn’t there for lunch. He was testing her family.

If she stayed, no one could eat in peace.

She grabbed her purse. "I need to pick up a few things from the store. Can you drive me?"

Tyrone glanced at her, then rose.

Before they left, he casually draped an arm around her shoulders in front of her parents.

He said smoothly, "Aella and I will head out first."

As they left, he added, "Clyde, since you're on break, ease up on the video games. Help take care of your mom, and let your dad rest."

Aella's throat tightened as she saw the anger simmering behind their restrained expressions.

2/3

10:49 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 112 A Woman He Could Control Completely

She shook off his arm and walked out first.

Tyrone was a master of appearances.

She was nowhere near his level.

43 Peans

At the hospital entrance, just as she was about to get in the car, her phone rang. It was Daniel.

Hearing the warmth and concern in his voice, Aella's chest softened. "Thank you, Daniel. My mom's awake now."

Tyrone stood right beside her, eyes fixed on her.

One simple word from another man, and her eyes glistened with emotion.

Yet after all he had done for her, she felt nothing for him.

Once Aella hung up, they got into the car.

In the back seat of the luxury sedan, Tyrone reached over and took her hand.

When she tried to pull away, he slid an arm around her shoulders, drawing her firmly against him.

Without giving her a chance to resist, he pressed her head to his chest.

“You’ve been at the hospital all morning,” he said. “You must be exhausted. Close your eyes. I’ll wake you when we get there.”

His words were gentle, but the authority beneath them was clear.

Aella closed her eyes, letting him hold her like a puppet.

She was playing Tyrone’s ideal wife—obedient, soft-spoken, and compliant.

He had chosen her for her grace, her education, and her beauty. At the same time, he had chosen her because she had no power, no connections, and no one to back her up.

She was just a woman he could control completely and keep in the palm of his hand.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[840 words]

Chapter 113 So Different

Aella’s marriage to Tyrone had always been about strategy.

+8 Pearls

She’d been the one blind all along, hurting herself and dragging her family down with her mistakes.

They drove in silence the whole way.

Over an hour later, the black luxury car cased through the gates of Winter Estate.

Raine opened the door, rushing to hug Aella.

“Aella!” Her voice shook, tears stinging her nose.

Tyrone came around her side, took off his coat, and draped it over Aella’s shoulders.

Before she could pull away, he took her hand and led her into the living room.

Aella knew exactly what he was doing.

He wanted the family to see that even with a mistress and an illegitimate child, his marriage was untouchable. He wanted to prove that nothing could tarnish the Winter name or threaten the company.

He used her “compliance” as another layer of protection for Zera and Orson.

She followed him into the living room. Virginia stepped forward immediately, greeting them warmly.

Ralph’s eyes sparkled with pride as he looked at his son.

Ralph turned to Aella. “Now that you’ve come to your senses, just get along with Tyrone. Stop fussing over meaningless things.”

Aella kept her gaze lowered and stayed silent.

Edwin shot Tyrone a sharp look, then turned to Aella.

“Aella,” he said seriously, “as long as I’m alive, no one can shake your place as Mrs. Winter. Forget those other women—they don’t matter.”

Aella murmured politely, “Thank you, Mr. Edwin.”

But inside, she knew the truth.

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679

Chapter 113 So Different

+8 Pearls

Neither Edwin nor Ralph cared about her. All that mattered was Tyrone and the Winter Group.

She was just a piece on their board. Useful when needed, disposable when not.

Halfway through the meal, Aella excused herself.

She couldn't eat, and she couldn't pretend anymore that this little act of family harmony meant anything.

Virginia followed her into the hall, pulling her aside. "Aella, think carefully about what I told you. Don't get stuck in your own head."

Aella smiled faintly, trying to comfort her. "Yeah, I've figured it out. Life's too short—I'll live it on my own terms, no matter what."

She still had her family who loved her, friends who cared, and a career she could rely on.

As long as she kept moving forward, her life could still be amazing.

Tyrone appeared, setting a warm glass of milk into her hands. "What are you two talking about?" he asked casually.

Aella tightened her fingers around the glass. "Nothing," she said quietly.

"Mom, Aella and I are heading home," Tyrone said, nodding politely to the elders before leaving Winter Estate with her.

It was past 8 p.m. when they returned.

Tyrone hung up her bag, took her coat, and said casually, "I need to take a call. You go first."

Aella ignored the glance in his eyes and went straight to the bathroom.

shower

In the marital agreement he'd drafted, there was one blunt clause: During their marriage, if one wanted intimacy, the other could not refuse.

Plainly put—if he wanted her, she had to comply.

Even though the lawsuit was dropped, he still kept the original papers.

He could use it against her anytime.

And since his affair was a matter of morality, not law, the evidence she held no longer had power over him.

A knock came at the door. Aella glanced down at her white bathrobe and opened it.

2/3

10:49 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 113 So Different-

+8 Pearls

Tyrone stood there in a dark robe, loosely tied at the waist, droplets of water sliding from **his** damp hair.

He grabbed her wrist and led her to the vanity, pulling out the hairdryer to dry her hair.

His long, clean fingers brushed through her hair, patient and gentle.

“I can do it myself,” Aella said, reaching for the dryer.

Tyrone handed it over, then suddenly bent forward, wrapping his arms around her waist and pressing her against the counter.

Startled, Aella dropped the dryer with a sharp clang. “Tyrone, let me go!”

His lips brushed hers at the corner, his voice low and dangerous.

“Need me to remind you what’s written in that agreement?”

Late into the night, through the half-closed bathroom door, the flicker of light and the muffled sounds of movement and breath went on.

When Aella woke, it was already morning.

Every part of her ached—a painful reminder of Tyrone’s intensity the night before.

From bathroom to bedroom, back again, he had claimed her like a starving man, relentless.

Tyrone emerged from the dressing room, dressed perfectly.

When he saw her awake, he moved to brush her hair aside, but his phone rang.

He glanced at her, turned away, and answered the call.

Aella watched silently from the bed.

His suit was crisp, not a wrinkle in sight. The powerful aura of a man in charge was all over him -so different from the wild, reckless guy he'd been in bed last night.

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[857 words]

Chapter 114 Why Did You Sell It Without Telling Me?

The phone, which used to be on silent and vibrate, now rang loud and clear.

Aella could hear every word of Tyrone's conversation with Zera—crystal clear.

48 Pearls

In that calm, gentle tone of his, Tyrone told Zera he'd ordered a model battleship for Orson and would drop it off later.

He even reminded her tenderly to take care of the boy and not overwork herself.

Aella gripped the blanket so tightly that her hands trembled.

Her face was pale as paper, and her lips pressed together, silent.

When Tyrone hung up and turned around, he immediately noticed her.

He walked over, sat on the bed, and reached for her hand, but her arm was shaking badly.

Tyrone's eyes lingered on her for a few seconds, complicated emotions flickering in his gaze.

Finally, he said, "Aella, Orson is my son. That's a fact no one can change."

Aella's eyes were red-rimmed as she looked

1. up.

She forced her lips to move, her voice trembling. “I never stopped you two from being together. But you don’t need to shove it in my face like this.”

They locked eyes, tension thick in the air.

Tyrone paused, then said, “Zera and I were just talking. You don’t have to be so sensitive.”

He added, “I’m Orson’s father. Zera and I are co-parenting him. We’ll see each other, eat together, and do what’s necessary. If you can’t handle this, how are we supposed to get along?”

Aella lowered her head, feeling cornered and helpless.

Seeing her pain, Tyrone leaned in and pulled her into his arms.

He patted her back gently. “Just focus on what you need to do. Don’t overthink it. With that tiny brain of yours, you’ll only drive yourself crazy.”

After he left, Aella curled up under the blanket.

He’d called Zera right in front of her, completely unbothered, talking casually about their son.

1/3

10:49 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 114 Why Did You Sell it Without Telling Me?

+8 Pearls

He even reminded her that he and the woman he loved would raise the child together, doing **all** the things couples do, and taking on the responsibilities of a father.

Every word cut into her chest—a deliberate cruelty, meant to push her boundaries and make her accept it and get used to it.

Aella stayed in a daze until noon, when a call from Clyde finally snapped her out of it.

She forced herself out of bed and got ready for the hospital.

On the way, she ran into Daniel.

They sat in a café near the hospital.

Seeing her pale and worn out, he looked worried. “The winter holiday is just a few days away. I’ll push your start date back until after the holidays. Take this time to rest and be with your family.”

His concern warmed Aella’s heart.

Miriam was still in the hospital, and a short break didn’t seem so bad.

After parting with Daniel, Aella went to the hospital.

Her parents were talking about being discharged soon.

She learned Josh had been released and secretly visited the night before, but hadn’t had the courage to face her.

Tyrone had used his connections to find a bone marrow donor for Skye at a private hospital, scheduling surgery after the winter holiday, covering every cost.

Aella felt a deep ache—not anger, just sorrow.

Warren had two brothers. Josh’s father had died years ago from lung cancer.

Josh was disabled, barely 40, with a 9-year-old daughter suffering from leukemia.

That little girl called her “Aunt Aella.” How could she turn her back on her?

If she were Josh, she couldn’t stand by and let a child die for the sake of principle either.

By the time she left the hospital, it was already dusk.

She immediately looked up the antique collector who’d bought her jewelry, determined to buy it back.

973

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Chapter 114 Why Did You Sell It Without Telling Me?



+ Pears

She called twice, but no one answered. The middleman promised the buyer would **call** back later.

At home, Tyrone still wasn't back.

After showering and changing into pajamas, she curled up on the couch to wait.

Emma came by. "Mrs. Winter, dinner's ready. I'll head back to the Winter Estate now."

Aella walked her to the door. Tyrone didn't like live-in staff, so Emma only came over to cook and tidy up when he was away.

After Emma left, Aella's phone rang.

She answered quickly.

The voice on the other end said the jewelry had already been resold for a high price. Aella collapsed onto the couch.

"We signed a contract. I have first dibs if you want to sell! Why did you sell it without telling me?"

The other party's tone was cold. "The set's sold, Ms. Reid. Take it to court if you want to make an issue."

The line went dead.

Aella sat frozen, mind spinning. If she couldn't get that jewelry back, she'd never forgive herself.

Right then, she heard movement behind her.

Tyrone walked in, carrying a black combination case.

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[809 words]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 115 The Model Husband

Aella recognized the black combination case immediately.

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+8 Pearls

In a flash, she realized—it was Tyrone. He'd bought back her jewelry at that absurd price.

She lunged toward him, hand outstretched.

But Tyrone stopped her calmly. "Hold on. I'll open it for you."

He led her into the locked storage area of the dressing room, set the case down, and clicked it open. Inside, the familiar pieces sparkled under the light.

Aella confirmed it was the same jewelry she had sold. She reached out, grabbed the case, and closed it.

Tyrone caught her wrist, cool as ever. Then he took the case from her hands and turned to lock it in the safe.

Her composure broke. "Tyrone! I'm back now. Give me that jewelry!"

He took both her hands and looked at her steadily, his gaze unreadable.

Finally, he said, "Aella, the 1.5 billion you got from selling it—consider that my gift to your parents. I redeemed the jewelry for you, but for now, it stays with me."

Furious, she snapped, "That money came from selling my mother's jewelry! It's got nothing to do with you!"

Tyrone stayed calm. "But the money's in your family's hands, and I'm the one who bought the jewelry back."

Her eyes flared. "You bought it, yes, but you didn't return it to me!"

He sighed softly. "Aella, do you want to know why I'm not giving it back yet?"

She blurted, "Because you like controlling me! Because you're a jerk!"

His face turned cold. "No. It's because your body is here, but your heart isn't."

He held her gaze. "When you start acting like the real Mrs. Winter again, that's when the jewelry comes back to you."

Aella's lips pressed together, her eyes stinging with tears.

Seeing her slowly calm, Tyrone leaned forward, pulled her into his arms, and slipped a key into

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Chapter 115 The Model Husband

her hand.

"This is the key to the downtown apartment," he said. "Let your parents move in there."

Aella pulled away, stepping back.

+8 Peads

She set the key down firmly. "My parents already have a place. If you really care about them, return the jewelry to the Reids."

Tyrone met her gaze. "You're my place."

wife. It's not right for your family to stay in a temporary

She looked away. "Tyrone, it's just us. You don't need to put on a show."

His eyes darkened.

He pressed the key back into her hand, wrapping his fingers around hers. "Aella, I'm not asking. If you want that jewelry, do as I say."

The warning in his voice was clear.

Aella gritted her teeth, holding back anger. "You're so good at manipulating people—why not do it yourself?"

Tyrone's tone stayed even. "Because you're the one who should do it."

Her knees went weak. All her strength drained.

She staggered back, steadying herself on the cabinet.

He wanted her to convince her parents to move into his property—not out of kindness, but to show she had no intention of leaving him.

He was using her to control her family’s opinion, using her compliance to quiet their disapproval.

Aella stood there, dazed, for a long moment.

Finally, she said quietly, “If you’re worried about your image, hire a housekeeper for my parents, get them a driver, and enroll my brother in a day school.”

Legally, half of Tyrone’s wealth was hers.

Since he could support the woman he loved and their son without shame, she would spend his money without restraint.

If they were destined for ruin, they’d drag each other down together.

2/3

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Chapter 115 The Model Husband

Tyrone smiled faintly. “We’re married. Taking care of your parents is my duty.”

+8 Pearls

He stepped closer, resting a hand on her waist. “There’s a private jewelry exhibition tomorrow night. I’ll introduce you to someone.”

Though it sounded like a discussion, every word carried authority.

Aella gave a brittle, faint smile but stayed silent.

To Tyrone, she was just a prop—a display piece, no matter how she felt.

The next night, Aella wore a stunning evening gown, her arm linked with Tyrone’s as they made a dazzling entrance.

Tyrone, tall and sharp in a black suit, carried himself with the effortless confidence of the Winter heir. As they entered, all eyes turned toward them.

Together, they looked like the perfect golden couple, causing whispers rippling through the

room.

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A young couple approached. The man smiled. “Tyrone, haven’t seen you at these events in ages.” Tyrone drew Aella closer and put his arm around her shoulders casually. “My wife was studying abroad for a while. I didn’t feel like coming out alone.”

Hunter Buckley whispered approvingly, “No wonder you’re the model husband in our circle.”

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[965 words]

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Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 116 People Can Live Without Love

A faint, mocking smile tugged at Aella’s lips.

Of course—it was classic Tyrone.

ACID

+8 Pearls

He could lie so smoothly, without the slightest blush or hesitation, as if every word he spoke were gospel truth.

Tyrone turned to make introductions. “Aella, this is Hunter Buckley and his wife, Dana. She graduated top of her class in med school. You two should have a lot to talk about.”

Aella greeted Dana Buckley politely, her expression composed and flawless.

They played their roles perfectly, moving in sync.

After Tyrone and Hunter left, Aella and Dana slipped into a quiet corner to chat.

Soon, a young woman in revealing, expensive clothes, brimming with arrogance, approached them. Her eyes sparkled with provocation as she stared at Dana. "Mrs. Winter, I heard you know a lot about jewelry," the woman said, smirking. "Care to tell me how much this necklace around my neck is worth?"

Dana held her wine glass with slow, deliberate grace. Her expression was icy, her tone cutting. "To you, it might be priceless," she said. "To me, it's worth about as much as the bottle my husband opens on a whim—or what he spends on a prostitute."

The woman's face darkened instantly.

Dana stepped closer, heels clicking sharply on the marble floor, and in a fluid motion, yanked the necklace right off her neck.

When the woman reached for it, Dana handed it to a passing waitress without breaking eye

contact.

Dana said with a sly smile, "Since my husband bought it for you, you should've been smart enough to hide it better."

The young woman's face flushed with fury. "Don't get cocky, Dana! Your husband's going to divorce you sooner or later!"

Dana tilted her glass and poured red wine over the woman's head in one elegant sweep. "You're just a taste my husband has already had," she said coldly. "I can throw you in the trash whenever I want. You're not even qualified to speak to me."

Humiliated, with red wine dripping down her hair and dress, the woman didn't dare retaliate.

1/4

Chapter 116 People Can Live Without Love

She turned and fled.

Aella whispered, "You're really not mad?"

+8 Pears

Dana accepted a napkin from a server and dabbed her hands, giving Aella a small, apologetic smile.

“I used to be,” she said. “Now? Not anymore.”

She paused, then added, “Love is the easiest thing in the world to ruin. Whoever takes it seriously is the one who loses.”

Aella nodded quietly.

The more they talked, the more she realized how similar their lives were:

Dana and Hunter had a business marriage. He had an illegitimate son and daughter with a mistress, and the side chicks just kept coming.

And for the sake of family interests, Dana couldn’t divorce him. Instead, she kept lowering her standards, cleaning up his messes, and maintaining a polished façade no matter how hollow it felt.

After Dana left, Aella lingered in the corner, lost in thought.

Tyrone had brought her here deliberately, introducing her to Dana on purpose.

He wanted to chip away at her pride and grind down her spirit—train her to become the next “Dana.”

Tyrone walked over, adjusted the jeweled headpiece in her hair, and asked, “How was your chat?”

Aella lowered her eyes. “It was fine.”

He draped an arm casually around her waist, unconcerned with who was watching.

“It’s good to spend time with people on the same wavelength,” he said. “Next time, I’ll introduce you to more rich ladies.”

On the same wavelength?

Aella let out a bitter little laugh. “I used to not get it ... but now I finally understand why I had to be Mrs. Winter.”

Tyrone’s gaze sharpened. “Oh? Explain.”

2/4

Chapter 116 People Can Live Without Love

They stared at each other in silence.

Aella's lips curved faintly.

Born into an old upper-class family, refinement and pride were in her bones.

She'd been raised to be elegant, never to stoop to clawing at a mistress, never to let her appearance crumble from an unhappy marriage.

+8 Pearl

But after the Reids went bankrupt, she had no support or protection. She became someone he could manipulate at will.

He needed someone who could uphold his image—and she was perfect for that role.

Just then, Brad appeared, shooting Tyrone a furious glare as he grabbed Aella's hand to pull her

away.

Tyrone blocked him without a flinch. "When did you get back?"

Brad shot Tyrone a cold look and snapped, "If you hadn't called my dad, I wouldn't have been shipped overseas and locked away for so long. You heartless bastard. I don't even want to talk to you."

Aella gave Brad a quiet, grateful glance.

No wonder she hadn't seen him since coming home—his father had kept him under strict control abroad.

Brad slapped Tyrone's hand off her waist. "Hands off. I need to talk to Aella."

Tyrone didn't argue.

He murmured to her, "I'll go speak with Mr. Buckley. Don't wander off alone."

In public, Aella still gave him face. She gave a quiet hum, then followed Brad.

They found a small side room just outside the main hall.

Brad asked seriously, "Has he hurt you again since you got back?"

Aella didn't know where to start.

Ever since Zera and Orson returned, Tyrone had kept her under his thumb. Every moment had been suffocating.

Brad, who'd known Tyrone since childhood, understood his ruthlessness.

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10:50 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 116 People Can Live Without Love

He sighed. "It's come to this, so you have to see things clearly. People can live without love, but not without money. The more practical you are, the less it hurts.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[831 words]

Chapter 117 What You've Always Wanted

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+8 Pearls

Aella understood exactly what Brad was hinting at. "Brad, please... Don't fight with him because of me anymore. I've figured things out."

It was Tyrone himself who had burned away the last of her devotion.

She survived those endless days and nights that felt worse than death.

From now on, no one could ever break her again.

After a while, they returned to the hall, but Tyrone was gone.

Dana leaned in and whispered that he'd taken a call and rushed off.

Aella's expression didn't change. She knew immediately who it had been—only Zera could make him leave with a single phone call.

"Brad, I'm going home first," she said calmly, walking away.

By the time she got home late that night, Tyrone still hadn't returned.

She showered, changed into pajamas, and curled up on the couch, texting Clyde.

Just as she was about to head to bed, Tyrone appeared.

Seeing him walk straight toward her, Aella froze.

He bent down and draped a thin blanket over her shoulders.

"Why did you leave without saying a word to me?" he asked.

Aella frowned. "Shouldn't I be asking you that? You left without a word and abandoned me at the event."

His dark gaze stayed fixed on her. She cut him off before he could respond. "You don't need to explain anything about her. I understand."

Even trapped in this marriage, she didn't want to hear about Tyrone and Zera.

Tyrone's tone darkened. "I haven't said a thing yet—what exactly do you 'understand'?"

Aella lifted her head to meet his eyes.

"I understand that you and Ms. Caldwell love each other, but can't be together openly.

1/3

Chapter 117 What You've Always Wanted

"I understand how much it hurts that you can't bring your son home.

A

+8 Pearts

"I understand your anger at your grandfather and parents, who refuse to acknowledge your own child."

"Aella!" Tyrone snapped, his voice low and sharp.

Aella hesitated, then continued, looking him straight in the eye.

"And I understand that even though you love Ms. Caldwell, you have to face me every day. I bet you feel just as miserable as I do."

Tyrone reached for her hand, but she jerked away.

She stepped back. “In public, I’m your legitimate wife. But between you, Ms. Caldwell, and me, I’m the one you don’t love. I’m the other woman.

“You don’t need to keep reminding me that you have a woman and a child outside this marriage. I know exactly where I stand.”

Her emotions started spilling over. Tyrone moved closer, trying to pull her into his arms, but she shoved him away with all her strength.

“You can go to them, love them, and be with them. I won’t cry, make a scene, or cause trouble. But stop stabbing me in the heart over and over—don’t tell me every detail of how much you love them. I’m human too. I have feelings.”

With that, Aella turned and retreated to the bedroom.

Tyrone stood frozen for a long time, unable to respond.

It was the first time Aella had brought up Zera so calmly.

There were no tears, hysteria, or threats.

He had always wanted her to understand—and now she did.

But instead of relief, his chest felt unbearably heavy.

Dragging his weary steps to the bedroom, he found Aella lying in bed.

The blanket was pulled up to her chest, exposing her delicate shoulders. Her long hair spread across the pillow, and even without makeup, she looked breathtaking.

He stood there for a long time, silently watching her, before heading to the bathroom.

When he emerged from his shower, Aella remained in the same position.

273

10:50 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 117 What You’ve Always Wanted

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678B

Pearls

He knew she wasn't asleep, but her eyes were closed, her body wrapped in quiet despair that pressed down on him.

Tyrone lifted a corner of the blanket and slid into bed, pulling her into his arms.

Aella kept her eyes closed, giving him no response.

He brushed her hair aside and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

That was when Aella finally couldn't keep pretending.

She pushed against his chest, leaning back. "I'm tired. If you need someone, go to Ms. Caldwell."

Tyrone shifted, pressing her beneath him.

His arms caged her in, his eyes locked onto hers. "Aella," he said hoarsely, "I'm your husband. Do you really want to push me away like this?"

If she was angry, he could take it. He'd rather she fight than stay silent.

Aella braced her hands against his chest. "Isn't this exactly what you've always wanted?"

The next morning, at the hospital.

Aella tried persuading her parents to move into the city, but they refused.

She understood why—they feared Tyrone might turn against her someday and make them look bad.

What they didn't know was that she had already signed a prenuptial agreement with him.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[927 words]

Chapter 118 Break Into the World of the Wealthy

As long as Aella didn't file for divorce, she had full control over Tyrone's assets.

+8 Pearls

He had planned everything from the start—every struggle, every move she'd made to resist, had already been part of his scheme.

Even if she couldn't escape, she could at least stay calm, minimize her losses, and protect her family as much as possible.

Keeping her voice steady, she said to Miriam, "Mom, the Winters are the top family in Vleka. Tyrone is their only heir—he's handsome, capable, powerful, and well-connected. He gave me the title of Mrs. Winter and a life of comfort and privilege. What more could I possibly want?"

Beneath the calm tone was a quiet bitterness, and Miriam's heart ached for her.

Aella had compromised, and as parents, there was nothing they could do but accept it.

Around noon, Aella went out to buy lunch.

On her way back, she unexpectedly ran into Zera and Orson in the hospital corridor.

It had been a while since their last meeting, but Aella immediately noticed the subtle changes—Zera had done some minor cosmetic work. Her features were still recognizable, but refined.

She was dressed in a light down jacket, head to toe in designer brands, every gesture polished and practiced. She had clearly put a lot of effort into her appearance.

Seeing Aella alone, Zera's lips curved into a faint, calculated smile.

"Mrs. Winter," she said sweetly, "it's been a while."

Her tone made it sound like an innocent greeting between old friends.

Aella merely nodded and kept walking toward Miriam's room.

Birds of a feather—they are both so utterly fake.

Zera bent down and whispered something into her son's ear.

Orson immediately lifted his toy water gun and aimed it at Aella. "You're so rude! Didn't you hear my mom talking to you?"

Aella didn't have time to dodge. Water splashed all over her, soaking her hair, clothes-everything.

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Chapter 118 Break Into the World of the Wealthy

Zera stood behind him, completely still, not stopping her son.

Just then, Clyde emerged from the ward and spotted the scene.

€978

+2 Pearls

Seeing Aella drenched by a little brat, he rushed forward, grabbed Orson by the collar, and lifted him off the ground.

“You little punk, want me to slam you to the floor?”

Terrified, Orson dropped the water gun and burst into loud sobs, calling for Zera. Zera hurried over to shield him. “Put my son down! Even if you hate us, you can't just attack a child!”

Aella pushed Zera aside and turned to calm her brother. “Clyde, let him go.”

He obeyed, setting the boy down. “Don't worry. I was just scaring him.”

Zera knelt to comfort Orson, whispering something into his ear. The boy started kicking and wailing, crying that he was hurt.

Standing up, Zera looked Aella in the eye, her tone calm and deliberate. “Mrs. Winter, everyone saw it—your brother hit my son. Now he's in pain. I don't think it's too much to ask for a full check-up, is it?”

Clyde's face turned red. “I just picked him up! Where did you see me hit him?”

Righteously, Zera replied, “Children are fragile. Being frightened can be worse than being hurt physically.”

Aella knew her brother well.

He had grown up spoiled and pampered, a golden boy who once lived above the clouds—then lost everything overnight.

He might appear brash on the outside, but deep down, he was sensitive, impulsive, and never malicious.

Given his resentment toward Zera and Orson, it was no surprise that he'd snapped without thinking.

Handing lunch boxes to Clyde, Aella said, "Go back to the room and eat with Mom. I'll take them to the clinic."

She walked off with Zera and Orson. Clyde tried to follow, but she shot him a warning look, and he reluctantly stopped.

At the clinic, the doctor examined Orson thoroughly and found no injuries. Only then did Zera drop the matter.

2/3

10:50 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 118 Break into the World of the Wealthy

In the outpatient building's elevator, Zera turned to Aella with a forced smile. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Winter. I hope you don't think I overreacted. Others might not know, but you, of all people, should understand my son."

Aella stayed composed. "True identity is something that stands in the open—it's recognized publicly. So, who exactly is your son?"

The words struck a nerve. Zera forced a smile.

"Mrs. Winter, you're right. It's my fault—Orson's father spoils him *too* much. Even a scraped knee makes him panic and scold me for not taking better care of our son. I suppose I was overreacting."

Just then, Aella's phone rang.

Right in front of Zera, she answered.

Tyrone's voice came through, steady. "How's Miriam doing?"

Aella glanced at Zera and replied coolly, "She's fine."

"Have you eaten? Want me to come get you?" he asked.

Aella responded briefly and indifferently, then hung up.

Seeing Zera's frozen expression, Aella deliberately added salt to the wound. "I used to think you were clever," she said lightly, "but it turns out this is all you're capable of. Maybe you should just focus on raising your child."

After Aella left, Zera shoved her son aside in frustration.

She had spent everything trying to build her image—maxing out credit cards instead of taking another cent from Tyrone. Clinging *to* her status as a minor influencer, she clawed her way upward, desperate *to* break into the world of the wealthy.

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[878 words]

Chapter 119 Not Going to Tell Aella the Truth

Before Zera could make Tyrone see her differently, Aella was already back.

Not only had they not divorced, but they even seemed to be getting along just fine.

Zera ground her teeth. "That bitch!" she hissed.

270

She had plotted for so long and by now was just as capable as Aella, but she still couldn't understand why Tyrone hadn't let go.

That evening, as Aella returned home, Tyrone came in right behind her.

He stepped up to her. "What happened at the hospital today? Why did Orson get hurt?"

Hearing his questioning tone, Aella set down her phone and stood up.

For a few seconds, they just stared at each other in silence.

Then Aella recounted the whole incident calmly and precisely. "Yes, my brother lifted him, and yes, he said he'd throw him."

She added, “I know you care about that woman and her son. If you want to protect them, don’t hold back—go ahead and hit me if it’ll make you feel better.”

Tyrone’s expression darkened. “Aella, I only asked a question. What’s with that attitude?”

Aella raised her voice. “You walk in and interrogate me—what kind of attitude is that?”

The room went still.

When Tyrone finally spoke again, his tone softened. “Aella, we’re husband and wife. We’ve known each other since we were kids. Have I ever laid a hand on you?”

A cold laugh escaped her. “Don’t forget, Tyrone—you broke Clyde’s wrist before for the woman you love.”

Tyrone sighed, frustrated. “That was an accident.”

Aella’s hands clenched at her sides. “Why is it that every ‘accident’ ends with me or my family getting hurt?”

Something complicated flickered across Tyrone’s eyes. “You still can’t get past that, can you?”

Aella met his gaze evenly. “I’ll never forget it. Not ever.”

1/3

10:51 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 119 Not Going to Tell Aella the Truth

They stared at each other for a long moment before Tyrone turned and walked away.

A

783

+8 Pearls

When the front door clicked shut behind him, Aella’s knees gave out, and she collapsed onto the couch.

He left in such a hurry he must’ve *gone straight to that woman and her son*.

He’s not a good husband, but *he’s definitely a devoted father*.

If only Zera had come from a *better background*, maybe they could've been the perfect family.

Aella showered, turned off all the lights, and went to bed.

A husband who had stopped loving her didn't deserve her sleepless nights—or the light she once kept on for him.

A few minutes later, Tyrone knocked upstairs.

Brad opened the door and smirked. "Here to atone for your sins?"

Tyrone shot him a look and stepped inside.

Brad studied him, then sighed. "Alright, spill it. What did you mess up this time?"

Tyrone lifted his gaze. "What did she tell you last night?"

The question wiped the smirk from Brad's face. His expression hardened. "So now you wanna control what she talks about?"

Tyrone rubbed the bridge of his nose, exhausted. "That's not what I meant."

He just wanted to know what was on Aella's mind.

Brad crossed his arms. "Then what did you mean?"

Tyrone took a long drink, set the glass down, and finally spoke, "I just ... can't talk to her like a normal couple anymore."

He could feel it—Aella wasn't the woman she used to be.

In public, she gave him the respect and appearances he wanted. At home, she didn't argue or complain.

The only time she reacted was when it involved her family.

Even then, she either fought back, lashed out, or shut down completely, refusing to speak.

2/3

10:51 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 119 Not Going to Tell Aella the Truth

\$78

2 Pearls

Brad gave a slow, sarcastic clap. “So what’s the problem? You’ve got leverage. All you have to do is give an order, and she’ll follow it.”

Tyrone tugged at his collar, irritation flashing in his eyes. His voice dropped, low and heavy.

“Yes, I forced her to come back, but that wasn’t to make her my enemy. I wanted to fix things.”

Brad stared at him, incredulous. “With all the crap you’ve pulled, it’d be weird if she didn’t **see** you as the enemy.”

Tyrone’s chest tightened. He poured another drink and downed it in one gulp.

His voice was barely audible when he said, “She’s too stubborn. If I hadn’t forced her, she’d never have come back.”

They’d grown up together—over 20 years of childhood memories, 3 years of marriage.

Things had always been calm, stable.

Divorce had never crossed his mind—not before, not now, not ever.

She just misunderstood his relationship with Zera and Orson.

He couldn’t explain yet, but believed that once she calmed down and saw the truth, everything would go back to the way it used to be.

All the pain she felt now, he would make it up to her slowly.

The two men sat across from each other, conversation fading into silence.

They drank without a sound, each lost in thought.

After a long pause, Brad finally asked, “So you’re still planning to protect Zera and Orson? Still not going to tell Aella the truth?”

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B

3/3

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[927 words]

Once Cast Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 120 Orson Was Hurt

+8 Pearls

Tyrone pulled another cigarette from the pack, voice low. “The reason I acknowledged Zera’s son without explaining anything was to stop my grandpa from going after them.”

Brad frowned. “Why would he even care about Zera?”

“Because she was my first love,” Tyrone said quietly. “The woman I once wanted to marry. To him, she’s always been a distraction, an obstacle. He can’t stand her existence and has been trying to get rid of her for years.”

Brad shot up from the couch. “That’s no excuse for what you did *to* Aella.”

Tyrone’s gaze dropped. “I never wanted to hurt her. All I ever wanted was to live in her.”

peace with

Brad’s eyes widened, glaring. “Live in peace? You played father to Zera’s kid, hurt Aella so badly that she nearly broke, and even broke her brother’s wrist. When she tried *to* divorce you, you used every dirty trick you could to ruin the Reids’ lives until she had no choice but *to* come back. And that wasn’t enough—you expect her to tolerate you keeping a woman and child outside your marriage? If I were Aella, I’d poison your entire family.”

Tyrone stayed silent with his head lowered, unreadable.

After a long pause, he got up to leave.

At the door, he said, “I don’t want her living like this forever. I don’t want her to overthink everything every single day. When you get the chance, talk to her for me.”

Then he walked out.

Brad slammed his foot on the floor in frustration. “Yeah, I’ll talk to her, alright. I’ll tell her to poison you slowly and put you out of your misery!”

When Tyrone got home, the house was pitch–dark except for the faint glow of the motion- sensor lights by the door.

His eyes darkened further, his expression heavy and cold.

She hadn’t waited for him. She hadn’t left the light on.

He entered the bedroom and switched on the dimmest strip of light.

Standing over the bed, he watched Aella sleep in the soft amber glow.

She used to stay up for him no matter how late he came home.

1/3

10:57 **Sat, Oct 11**

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77

Chapter 120 Orson Was Hurt

+8 Pearls

Even when she knew about Zera, even during their worst fights, she might have stopped leaving the light on, but she never fell asleep.

Back then, she would argue endlessly about Zera and Orson, and all he wanted was for her to calm down, to be rational.

Now... she was calm. Calm enough to tell him to go to Zera if he needed *to* with a straight face.

But instead of relief, he felt a hollow ache gnawing at him, a restless emptiness he couldn’t shake.

The next morning, Aella woke in Tyrone’s arms.

She had assumed he’d spent the night at Zera’s, but here he was.

Splitting his time between comforting that woman and her child, then coming home to play devoted husband—it had to be exhausting. The thought almost made her pity him.

When she shifted to get up, Tyrone stirred awake. He sat up and pulled her back by the waist, keeping her in bed.

“Why didn’t you leave the light on for me last night?”

Aella lowered her gaze. “I’ll remember next time. I won’t make that mistake again.”

He’d had Zera with him during his half-year in Tuspuyria; he hadn’t needed her light then.

Now, insisting on it was less about care and more about control—a reminder, a way to enforce the marriage, to shape her into the obedient Mrs. Winter he wanted.

Hearing her stiff and distant tone, Tyrone’s expression darkened.

“Since you’ve got that sense of awareness, recite the marital agreement again.”

Aella complied without hesitation and went to wash up. Tyrone sat at the edge of the bed silently, his face stormy.

It was a holiday morning, so neither of them rushed. They moved through the house separately, not speaking.

The mansion was massive, but with just the two of them inside, the air felt suffocating.

As Aella reached the door, Tyrone finally spoke.

2/3

10:57 **Sat, Oct 11**

Chapter 120 Orson Was Hurt

77

+8 Pearls

“Your mom’s being discharged tomorrow,” he said. “And it’s almost New Year’s. This afternoon, I’ll go with you to pick out gifts for your parents.”

Aella nodded and opened the door.

His cold voice stopped her. “Aella, did you forget something again?”

She froze for a moment. Then, realizing what he meant, she turned back, rose on her toes, and gave him a quick, brief kiss.

It was perfunctory and mechanical—like an employee completing a task assigned by her boss.

Before Tyrone could reach for her, Aella had already turned and walked out.

The door remained open as he watched her disappear into the elevator.

He couldn't put his finger on it, but he knew one thing—he hated how she acted now.

The ringtone of his phone snapped him out of thought.

By 10 a.m., Tyrone was at Zera's apartment.

Looking around the living room, he asked, "Didn't you say Orson was hurt? Where is he?"

Zera quickly explained, "He was hurt and scared. He cried all night. His water gun got smashed by Mr. Clyde, and he was still upset this morning, so my mom took him out for a walk."

Tyrone hesitated, then said flatly, "You shouldn't spoil him too much. If you do, he'll be impossible to handle when he grows up."

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[864 words]

Chapter 121 Calm Your Grandpa Down

+8 Pearls

Zera lowered her gaze, guilt in her voice. "Tyrone, you can't blame Orson. I was the one who said hello to Mrs. Winter first. But she glared at me, and that scared him. He's just a polite kid. **It** was a misunderstanding."

Tyrone's expression darkened, unreadable. "Zera, I took responsibility for you and Orson because of my guilt over the past. You know my wife misunderstood everything. I warned you not to approach her. Even if you ran into her by chance, there's no need for small talk."

Zera stood stiffly, looking clearly anxious.

"Tyrone, you've got it wrong. We just happened to meet in the hallway. I only said hello out of courtesy. But her brother ... he was so hostile. He didn't just hit Orson—he lifted him like he was going to throw him to the ground. He looked like a madman. It was terrifying."

Tyrone's brow furrowed, irritation flashing. "Zera, Clyde is my brother-in-law. Watch your words."

The sudden shift caught Zera off guard.

He used to defend me against the Reids, so why protect them now?

Forcing a smile to hide her confusion, she said softly, "I'm sorry, Tyrone. I didn't mean it like that. I was just describing what happened. I'm sorry if I said anything bad."

Her tone softened, and Tyrone didn't press. "Since Orson isn't here, I'll be heading back."

Zera didn't stop him. In fact, she urged him to go. "I really am sorry, Tyrone. If I'd known Orson had taken my phone to call you, I would've stopped him."

She walked him to the door. "Your wife's back now, and you two are finally making peace. Even if Orson calls again, please don't come by unless it's necessary. I'll stay out of your lives."

Tyrone gave a quiet hum and stepped into the elevator.

Since Aella filed for divorce and left the country, Zera moved to Southpolis, renting a place nearby out of guilt.

As a single mother balancing work and childcare, she never accepted my financial help. Apart from asking me to pick up Orson occasionally, she made a point of keeping her distance.

She's doing everything she can to avoid a scandal, to not mess with my marriage.

I just need to give Aella time to let her slowly accept Zera and Orson. Eventually, things will settle.

1/3

10:51 Sat, Oct 11

Chapter 121 Calm Your Grandpa Down

By late afternoon, Tyrone went to the hospital to pick Aella up for a shopping trip.

€743

+8 Pearls

In the women's clothing section, Aella was choosing a winter jacket for Miriam while Tyrone pushed the cart, occasionally offering his opinion.

The two of them looked refined, elegant, and perfectly matched, drawing admiring glances wherever they went.

Aella picked up a scarf and turned to ask Tyrone's opinion, only to see him a few steps away, phone pressed to his ear.

She quietly set the scarf down and waited.

When he hung up and returned, he said, "Orson's water gun broke. I'm going to get him a new one. I'll be back for you in a bit."

Aella didn't say a word. He didn't ask for her input either and simply walked off toward the children's aisle.

She tilted her head back, took a deep, steady breath.

The frustration simmered, but her mind stayed clear.

A few minutes later, she moved to the toy section.

Hiding behind a row of shelves, she watched Tyrone from a distance as he browsed.

She pulled out her phone, snapped a photo, then sent two pictures to a contact.

Without hesitation, she made a call. "Before tonight," she said evenly, "I want these on the front page."

When Tyrone returned, Aella was back in the women's section, holding a white down jacket.

He walked over, took it from her, and picked a bright pink, modern-cut coat instead. “Your mom just got out of the hospital. I think a louder color will really cheer her up.”

Aella glanced at him. “Sure, we’ll go with that.”

They shopped for another hour before heading home around 7 p.m.

As soon as they set the bags down, Tyrone’s phone rang—it was Noel.

After hanging up, Tyrone opened the screenshots Noel had sent and looked straight at Aella. “You leaked these to the press, didn’t you?”

If it were just the one mall photo, he might have hesitated.

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Chapter 121 Calm Your Grandpa Down

+8 Pearls

But one picture showed him picking up Orson from kindergarten.

He remembered it clearly. That day, Aella had just returned, and they’d run into each other near the school gate. She’d snapped a photo from afar as proof.

Aella didn’t deny it. “Maybe I tapped the wrong button. It wasn’t on purpose.”

They locked eyes, and Tyrone saw through her immediately—she had done it deliberately.

His face darkened. He asked slowly, “Aella, what exactly are you trying to do?”

Aella thrust her ringing phone at him, the caller ID glowing. “Before you start yelling, maybe think about how you’re going to calm your grandpa down first.”

Before she could finish, the doorbell rang.

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[854 words]

Chapter 122 On One Condition

+6 Pearle

Justin stood by the door, respectful as ever. “Mr. Edwin requests that you return to Winter Estate immediately.”

“Let’s go,” Aella said before Tyrone could respond, stepping right out the door.

In the car, Tyrone kept busy with calls, while Aella sat quietly beside him, calm and detached.

When the car rolled into the grand Winter Estate courtyard, Aella stepped out first.

Tyrone followed, ending his call and grabbing her wrist. “Wait-”

Aella pulled free before he could finish and waved at Raine in greeting..

She already knew what Tyrone wanted to say—another silent warning not to speak out of turn around his family.

She paused in the middle of the living room, greeting each elder politely by name.

Ralph’s glare landed on Tyrone. “Look at what you’ve done!”

Tyrone remained composed. “I messed up this time. I’ll be more careful.”

Virginia couldn’t hold back. “If you play with fire, you’re going to get burned. Do you think just saying you’ll be careful’ makes this okay?”

Ralph snapped. “Find the reporter who leaked this now! I’ll make sure they never work in Vleka again!”

Tyrone’s expression didn’t flinch. He glanced at Aella. “Dad, this is on me. No one else.”

From the main couch, Edwin’s sharp eyes zeroed in on Justin.

Justin dismissed the servants and sent Raine upstairs.

Then he returned, holding a whip, standing respectfully behind Edwin.

Edwin’s voice boomed. “Kneel!”

Tyrone shot a brief look at Aella, removed his suit jacket, and handed it to her. She took it quietly, face calm.

Without hesitation, he dropped to his knees.

Edwin's voice was icy and commanding. "As the heir of the Winters, letting a scandal like this

1/3

Chapter 122 On One Condition

happen brings shame to the family."

Tyrone bowed. "You're right, Grandpa."

"Then accept your punishment."

+8 Pear

Aella draped his jacket over her arm, turning slightly to the side, eyes lowered and unreadable.

The quiet room was suddenly filled with the sharp cracks of the whip hitting flesh.

Ralph's jaw clenched as he watched his son take each strike. Seeing Aella stand motionless beside him, utterly indifferent, he snorted in heavy disdain.

Tyrone knelt on the floor, fists tight at his sides, as Justin's whip struck again and again. Through the haze of pain, his eyes drifted toward Aella.

She stood turned away, head bowed, completely still.

A dull ache spread through his chest—so strong that the pain on his back barely registered.

He remembered a time before their marriage, when he had argued with Edwin and faced the same punishment.

Aella had walked in visiting Raine and, without thinking, thrown herself over him to shield him from the lashes.

He had called her an idiot.

Her face had gone pale from pain, but she'd looked up at him and smiled.

She'd said that she didn't care, that she just wanted to protect him.

But now, she stood there, unwilling to take a single step forward. She wouldn't even look at him.

Virginia stood beside Ralph, watching her son take the lashes while his red-rimmed eyes stayed locked on Aella.

She turned her head away, furious and heartbroken.

A marriage dies when one person gives everything, and the other feels nothing.

Aella's greatest mistake was giving her youth and love to someone who never truly valued her.

After several minutes, Edwin finally raised a hand. Justin immediately stopped, set the whip aside, and helped Tyrone to his feet.

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Chapter 122 On One Condition

The back of Tyrone's white shirt was soaked, torn, and bloodied.

He forced himself upright, each movement sharp with pain, and walked toward Aella, his eyes never leaving her.

But she still wouldn't look at him.

Edwin's cloudy eyes gleamed with authority. "Tomorrow morning, there will be a press conference. You two will appear together and publicly clear the air."

Aella lowered her eyes, silent.

Of course. That was what mattered most to them. In the Winters, infidelity wasn't the issue- reputation was.

To them, she was nothing more than a shield to hide their disgrace.

Tyrone gave her a sidelong glance. "Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll make sure this scandal dies down fast."

When he finished, Aella spoke slowly. "I'll cooperate with clearing the rumors—but on one condition."

Ralph immediately erupted. “You’re the Winters’ daughter-in-law! Protecting this family’s interests is your duty!”

Aella met his glare without flinching. “Really? Then show me the law that says a wife is legally obligated to cover for her husband’s mistress and illegitimate child and clean up his mess too.”

Ralph’s face darkened with rage. “You’re just a fallen heiress, and you dare to bargain with us? You should know your place!”

But Aella’s composure never wavered; her tone carried quiet triumph. “Whether you think I matter or not doesn’t concern me. If you want me to play along and clear up this scandal, I want a guarantee from every member of the Winters. From now on, none of you will interfere with *my* career again. And under no circumstances will you threaten my family.”

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[891 words]

Chapter 123 I’ll Clean Your Wounds

After the holidays, she would start work at the Hills’ private hospital.

Her family and her career—that was the last line she would not let anyone cross.

Tyrone’s gaze on Aella darkened.

So that was it—everything she had done was about keeping Edwin from interfering and stopping her from working.

+8 Pearls

Ralph exploded. “You’re so ungrateful! You’re lowering yourself *to* earn pocket change? You’re just embarrassing us.”

Tyrone spoke firmly. “Dad, there’s no need to say that. I support Aella building her own career.”

Aella, standing beside him, didn't so much as blink. His words didn't touch her at all.

After a long pause, Edwin finally relented. "If she wants to work, let her. It's good for young people to stay busy. We'll honor your terms. But you'd better know your part at tomorrow's press conference."

At last, the tension in Aella's shoulders eased.

She pulled out a voice recorder and spoke clearly, "Your word is your bond. I'll keep this as proof. From now on, no one in the Winters can interfere with my work or threaten my family in any way. In return, I'll fully cooperate in protecting the Winters' reputation."

Edwin's eyes flicked to the recorder, a brief glimmer of approval shining through.

As expected from a woman raised in a prominent family, she was courageous, poised, and strategic. Way better than that woman from the Caldwells.

Once everything was settled, Aella and Tyrone returned home.

The drive was silent. Neither spoke.

As soon as Aella stepped through the door, Tyrone grabbed her arm. "What is it you really want?" he demanded. "A job? Something else? You could've just told me instead of resorting to tricks."

Aella's tone was icy. "I don't trust you."

From now on, whatever she wanted, she would fight for herself—using whatever means necessary.

1/3

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Chapter 123 I'll Clean Your Wounds

That was the survival skill Tyrone had taught her.

Their eyes locked.

18 Pearls

Tyrone's face darkened, his words low and heavy. "If you don't trust me, then why come **back at** all?"

Aella let out a bitter laugh. “Didn’t you force me to come back?”

They stood in silence, staring each other down, until Tyrone finally released her arm.

“Don’t forget,” he said coldly, “we still have a marriage contract. Whether you like it or not, you’re back. And as long as you’re here, you’ll follow the rules.”

Aella met his gaze without flinching. “My family and my career are the last boundaries I have left.

“If I can’t even protect those,” she said flatly, “then there’s no point in living.”

Her eyes were steady. “Your threats, your control, your precious agreement—all the things you use to cage me ... would any of them still work on someone already dead?”

Tyrone caught the determination and the despair in her eyes.

He gripped her shoulders, fingers digging in, and after a long pause, said quietly, “Aella, do you really have to see me as the bad guy?”

Aella shook her head. “You’re not the bad guy. You just don’t love me. If the woman you’d married were Zera, you’d probably be the perfect husband.”

Tyrone’s grip tightened, pulling her closer until she stumbled against his chest.

His voice dropped into a warning growl. “I’m trying to talk about us. Don’t bring her into this.”

Aella’s temper flared and she pushed free.

“Why can’t I? Isn’t she the reason we’re like this? Isn’t she the problem standing between us? Would our marriage have fallen apart if not for her?”

“Do you think I became like this on my own, or because you pushed me to the edge for her sake?”

“I’m the one who got hurt, yet I can still face the woman you love. You’re the one who caused it all—what are you so afraid of?”

“Why can’t you just admit that you love Zera, and you love your son with her? Why not say it out loud—that you forced me back only to use me as a cover, a pretty little shield for your

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Chapter 123 I'll Clean Your Wounds

affair?"

EZB

+8 Pears

By the end, Aella was shouting.

She couldn't stand the way Tyrone could ruin everything and still act calm and innocent.

He always started the conversation, yet every argument ended with her screaming into the void.

She could never be as composed, rational, and cold as he was.

And she knew that they would never solve anything by arguing.

But she also knew she'd suffocate if she kept swallowing it all.

Even if she couldn't escape this marriage, she would find a way to reclaim herself.

For a long moment, silence fell.

Both stood there, forcing their emotions down while struggling to breathe normally.

"I'm taking a shower," Tyrone muttered and turned away.

Aella didn't stop him, just watched his back disappear into the bathroom.

It was his habit—come home, shower, change, no matter how late or hurt he was.

She went into the main bathroom, washed up, and brought out the first-aid kit. Tyrone came out, shirtless, with a pair of dark lounge pants hanging low on his hips. Aella lifted the blanket and motioned toward the bed. "Sit down. I'll clean your wounds."

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10:51 Sat, Oct 11

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