

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

- A Message On Whatsapp 2

A Message On Whatsapp 2

[1,303 words]

Chapter 2 Why Do You Look So Pale?

Tyrone glanced at his phone, then at Aella.

When she didn't react, he quickly typed a reply and turned the screen off.

He sounded distracted. "Go to sleep."

But Aella couldn't sleep. With her eyes closed, her mind replayed the same picture- Tyrone holding his son in one arm and his first love in the other. The scene burned into her.

Her anger told her to grab his phone and force the truth out.

But her reason reminded her-her mom had just gone through heart surgery. She was still lying in the hospital. This was not the time to bring up divorce.

At three in the morning, Tyrone's phone lit up again.

Ten minutes later, he left the house.

When Aella heard the car engine in the driveway, she slowly opened her eyes.

Just one message, and he ran out in the middle of the night.

That was the power of a first love that he felt.

She wanted to scream, throw things, and lose control. But she had no strength left. She couldn't even speak.

The only thing she could still do was breathe.

The next morning, Aella forced herself to stay strong. She brought breakfast to the hospital for her parents.

Her tired face scared them.

Miriam was lying in a hospital bed. She was awake now but still weak, with tubes connected to her arms. Her voice was faint as she asked, "Aella, what's wrong with you?"

Aella quickly tried to reassure her. "Mom, don't worry. I just didn't sleep well last night."

Warren peeled half an apple and handed it to her. "The doctor came by this morning. He said your mom's surgery went smoothly. No complications, and the incision is healing well. In about a week, she should be able to go home."

Hearing that, Aella finally felt a little relief.

After helping her mother finish breakfast, Aella went to her doctor's office.

On the way back, while passing the payment desk, she unexpectedly ran into Tyrone.

With his tall frame, sharp features, and the cold authority he carried, it was impossible not to notice him.

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Their eyes met. Tyrone frowned slightly, then started walking toward her.

Aella glanced at the stack of receipts in his hand but held back her questions.

It was Wednesday morning, around nine o'clock.

At this time, Tyrone should have been in the conference room at his office, sitting through the morning meeting.

But instead, he showed up at the hospital. Aella didn't have to guess why. She already knew.

She wanted to ask him, but fear held her back.

Aella was afraid she'd lose control and scream at him like some bitter woman.

She was worried her parents would see it.

Aella was afraid she'd go crazy before anything got fixed.

So she held it all in. She felt a ripping pain in her chest as she stood there in silence.

She stood there, waiting for Tyrone to speak-or not speak at all.

Tyrone walked up and reached for the medical bills in her hand.

Just then, his phone rang again.

He pulled his hand back, glanced at the screen, and answered quickly.

“I need to take this. You keep busy,” he said, turning toward the elevators.

His steps were fast. His voice dropped low when he answered.

He walked quickly, his voice low on the call. “Baby, don’t pout,” he murmured, soft and coaxing.

That gentle tone cut into Aella’s heart like a blade.

She couldn’t hold back anymore. She rushed into the restroom and cried until she was drained.

So, he did know how to be patient. He did know how to speak with tenderness.

She had known Tyrone for 25 years, yet he had never once spoken to her in that sweet, careful way.

Only after her emotions steadied did Aella step back out.

She fixed her makeup and returned to the hospital room.

Miriam caught the change in her daughter right away. She sent her husband out and reached for Aella’s hand.

When Aella came closer, her mother asked weakly, “Aella, did you and Tyrone have a fight?”

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Aella lowered her gaze and shook her head. “Mom, we’re fine.”

The words had barely left her mouth when Warren walked into the hospital room with Tyrone.

Miriam's face lit up with a smile at the sight of her son-in-law. "Tyrone, you're so busy with work. You don't need to come here."

Tyrone set the supplements on the table. "Mom, I've arranged for one of the best heart specialists to see you. After you're discharged, we'll schedule a full checkup."

Warren looked at him with pride that couldn't be hidden. "You always think ahead, Tyrone. We owe you a lot these past years."

Tyrone stepped closer to the bed. His eyes flicked toward Aella's swollen lids. "Dad, we're family. Don't say things like that."

Aella started to rise to give him her seat, but Tyrone pressed her gently back onto the edge of the bed. "I'll stand."

So she sat there, staring at the warm picture of Tyrone laughing with her parents. It was too perfect, too bright-so much so that she had to turn her eyes away.

Three years ago, the Reids went bankrupt and fell deep into debt.

Tyrone took on the pressure from the outside world. He paid off their massive debts, helped her parents settle down, sent her brother, Clyde Reid, to a private school, and even honored the marriage contract by marrying her.

Back then, she naively believed Tyrone had at least some feelings for her.

But after the wedding, she once overheard Tyrone talking to his father. That was when she woke up to reality. Tyrone had married her only out of calculation.

He told his father that in business, character and integrity mattered most.

He said helping the Reids in their downfall would bring him both profit and reputation.

Tyrone was right.

Marrying her turned his image into the best advertisement for Winter Group.

It was also then that she realized Tyrone had never let go of his first love.

Marrying her was second best, a compromise, nothing more.

So the moment his first love returned to the country, he rushed back into her arms.

And when she gave him a son, Tyrone was thrilled. He forgot that he still had a wife at home.

Aella's face turned pale.

Miriam, worried for her daughter, asked Tyrone to take Aella home to rest.

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The two walked out of the hospital room in silence. Not a word was spoken until they reached the elevator.

Tyrone finally pulled her back. "Why do you look so pale? Didn't sleep well last night?"

Aella's lips curved in a bitter smile.

He had spent their third wedding anniversary with his first love and her child.

Now he thought she looked pale because she hadn't slept.

Love or not, the details had told her everything long ago.

She had been lying to herself.

Aella quietly pulled her hand away. "You go on. I'll walk around by myself."

The elevator doors opened. She turned toward the other side, but Tyrone grabbed her arm and pulled her

inside.

"I made dinner reservations tonight. Your favorite place."

"Mm," Aella replied without interest.

More people entered the elevator. Tyrone drew her closer into his arms.

Looking down at her, he frowned.

From the day he met her, this girl had always been full of energy, constantly finding excuses to be near him, never leaving him alone.

Now she was quiet, like a puppet drained of its soul.

When they left the elevator, Aella refused to let Tyrone drive her home.

After parting ways, she walked straight into a law firm.

At 200 dollars an hour, she hired a lawyer to draft a divorce agreement.

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[1,213 words]

Chapter 3 Don't Wait for Me

At seven o'clock that evening, Aella arrived at the restaurant.

Tyrone pulled out her chair like a gentleman.

She sat down, quietly watching as he ordered for them.

He wore a black suit with a matching shirt. Instead of looking dull, the outfit only made him appear more refined and reserved.

Tyrone had been raised since childhood to be the successor of the Winters. He had the pedigree, the education, the discipline, the manners, and the mind.

Aella had known him for 25 years. In all that time, she had never once heard him raise his voice, lose control, or act rudely.

Even with the waiters, he was calm and polite.

It felt like everything in his life was always under control.

Tyrone was a remarkable man.

And a man this perfect had married a woman he did not love.

Divorce was only a matter of time.

While they waited for the food, Tyrone set a small jewelry box by her hand. "Your anniversary gift," he said.

Aella wrapped her fingers around her glass of water, nodded lightly, and glanced at it without expression.

She had loved Tyrone for 22 years and had been married to him for three.

Aella knew better than anyone that behind his polished manners, his heart was cold and distant.

When she was younger, she used to pester him for gifts.

He would give in eventually, annoyed, and she would show off the present for days.

But that was before everything collapsed. After her family went bankrupt, her mother reminded her that she was no longer an heiress, just an ordinary girl.

Her mother said she wasn't a match for Tyrone anymore.

From that day on, Aella never dared to throw tantrums again.

She never asked Tyrone for anything.

Still, even if he didn't love her, Tyrone kept up appearances.

On her birthday, Valentine's Day, their anniversary, and even Women's Day, there was always a gift waiting.

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Tonight was no different. Seeing Aella was not in the mood, Tyrone opened the jewelry box himself and pulled out a diamond bracelet.

One glance told her it cost at least seven figures.

He reached for her left hand, his long fingers closing around hers as he tried to slip it on.

Aella instinctively pulled her hand away.

Tyrone tightened his grip on Aella's hand. His eyes studied her with quiet sharpness.

“You don’t like it?” he asked.

There was a time when he could hand her a simple hair tie, and she’d beam with joy for days.

Now, he had just slipped a bracelet on her wrist, and she pulled away.

Aella shook her head, brushing it off. “It’s fine.”

Tyrone fastened the bracelet more firmly. “It looks beautiful.”

“Thank you,” Aella said softly.

Tyrone frowned.

She had followed him everywhere since they were kids, always asking for little things.

No matter how small, she never hesitated to take what he gave.

Now, after three years of marriage, she was suddenly polite with him.

He guessed it was because of Zera. He’d been distracted and had even forgotten their anniversary. She must still be angry.

Tyrone picked up the utensils and passed Aella the dessert. “Your favorite, chocolate truffles,” he said.

Aella stared at the plate, then lifted her eyes to him. “If I wanted something you cooked yourself, would you learn for me?”

Tyrone cut his steak with calm precision, his voice low and smooth. “Everyone has their skills. The chefs here, even the apprentices, could make it better than I ever could. Whatever you want, just buy it. Don’t worry about the money.”

Aella lowered her gaze, hiding the hurt.

Everyone has their skills. That was his answer.

Yet he had baked a blueberry cake for his first love and her son and even posted it online like a teenager in love. For her, though, he couldn’t bother to learn one dessert.

The difference between love and not-love was suddenly so clear.

She forced herself to take a bite of the chocolate.

Chapter 3 Don't Wait for Me

Finished

Bitter, Hard to swallow.

She frowned and pushed it down anyway.

The taste was bitter, just like her heartache-painful, heavy, and unable to be vented out.

She lost the will to speak. Food tasted bland in her mouth.

Tyrone ate the way he always did—quietly, neatly, every move polished.

The clink of silverware was the only sound between them.

The silence pressed down.

He stopped and looked at her.

When she was little, she couldn't sit still at the table. As she grew, she filled every meal with chatter.

When it was just the two of them, she wanted to sit on his lap and have him feed her.

He once thought she had ADHD and even suggested her parents take her in for testing.

Even when she was outraged, she cried, shouted, and pouted—but never this. Never so silent.

Tyrone tugged at his collar, uneasy.

Just then, his phone lit up with a text.

He glanced at it and locked the screen.

Tyrone reached for the juice to refill her glass. The phone buzzed again.

He hesitated, declined the call, and continued to fill her glass.

Before his hand left the cup, the phone started buzzing a third time.

Their eyes met.

Tyrone's face darkened.

Aella's eyes fell on Tyrone's phone, buzzing nonstop on the table.

She had known Tyrone for so many years. Normally, even when something came up, she would only call him once.

If he didn't answer, she sent him a text. She could send him dozens of messages on WhatsApp, but she never dared to bombard him with phone calls.

That was Tyrone's rule.

She also knew he was busy. He attended formal events all the time, and she didn't want to cause him trouble.

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But this call was different. It was clear who was calling-his first love.

She saw urgency in Tyrone's eyes. What she missed was the anger.

When the fourth call came through, Tyrone finally spoke. "I'll leave the driver for you. Head home and rest. Don't wait for me."

As he stood, Aella stood too.

She swallowed the dull ache in her chest and grabbed her bag and phone. "You're busy. I'll call a cab."

Tyrone gave no explanation, and Aella didn't ask.

Distracted, she turned to leave and bumped into a passing waiter. Her phone and bag fell on the floor, scattering everything across the carpet-including the divorce papers she had just printed at the law firm.

Tyrone bent down to pick them up, but Aella snatched the papers first.

Now wasn't the time to reveal the truth.

Not until her mother was out of the hospital.

Tyrone's eyes swept over the makeup scattered on the floor, then moved to the papers in Aella's hand. His gaze grew sharp, cautious.

He reached out. "What are those?"

Aella forced a calm tone. "Some medical notes."

He didn't buy it. "Really?"

Before she could hide them, Tyrone almost yanked the file away.

The papers stretched between them, each holding on tight, neither willing to let go.

Just as the corner of the file started to slip from her grip, Tyrone's phone buzzed again.

He glanced at Aella, then let go.

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[1,272 words]

Chapter 4 Throwing It Away

Tyrone left in a rush, leaving the driver and car for Aella.

She waved the driver off, grabbed another cab, and followed Tyrone to the hospital.

She wanted to see for herself what the woman who had held Tyrone's heart all these years looked like.

At the elevator, Aella saw him step inside.

By the time she came out of another elevator, he was already gone.

She let out a self-mocking laugh.

Once, she was the proud heiress of her family. Now she looked more like a jealous wife, trailing after her cheating husband.

Her mood couldn't have been worse.

If Aella wasn't worrying about her mother's health, she would have broken down, screamed at Tyrone, and divorced him.

The pain of it all cut so deep it nearly drove her crazy.

When she finally calmed down, Aella wiped her tears, fixed her makeup, and went to her mother's hospital

room.

Miriam was surprised to see her daughter show up late at night. Worry filled her face. "Aella, tell me the truth. Did you and Tyrone have a fight?"

Aella pulled a chair close and forced a smile. "Mom, we didn't fight."

She remembered how boldly she once told her parents that marrying Tyrone was her greatest happiness.

But now, how could she tell them the truth?

That their perfect son-in-law had cheated.

That she wanted a divorce.

Warren handed her some snacks sent over by relatives. "Aella, you've been married to Tyrone for three years. He's spent his money and effort taking care of our family. If you have problems, talk it out. Don't

throw a tantrum at him."

Miriam's eyes softened with concern. "You're 25 now. It's time to settle down. Tyrone's the only son of the Winters. You should give him a child soon. That's how your marriage will last."

Aella stayed silent.

She wants kids, but Tyrone refused to have them.

Aella remembered the time he came back from a week-long business trip.

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She had hidden all the protection on purpose.

That night he was unusually passionate, and for once, they didn't use anything.

She had been thrilled, thinking he had finally agreed they could try for a baby.

But the next morning, Tyrone handed her a box of emergency pills and made sure she swallowed them right in front of him.

From that day on, she gave up the idea.

She stopped scheming, and she stopped dreaming about having children.

Now she understood. Tyrone wanted to have kids. He just refused to have them with her.

That evening, Clyde, who had stayed late at school, stopped by the hospital. He spotted Aella and rushed over to hug her. "Aella, I just saw Tyrone!"

The smile on Aella's face froze.

Miriam grumbled, "Aella, did Tyrone come here with you?"

Aella fumbled for an answer. "He just dropped by to see a friend. I tagged along."

She asked Clyde quietly, "Where did you see Tyrone?"

Clyde scratched his head. "We got on the elevator together. I think he pressed 13."

Aella muttered a few words to her parents and slipped away toward the 13th floor.

She couldn't confront him openly, so she walked the hallway, checking each private room.

It wasn't her who was having an affair, but the farther she went, the tighter her chest felt.

This floor was made up of private suites. The corridor was nearly empty and deathly quiet.

Suddenly Aella stopped outside one room.

The door was slightly ajar. Through the gap she saw Tyrone by the bedside, holding a woman in his arm.

This had to be the woman he'd never stopped thinking about-his first love.

Aella had heard her name before, but she had never met her.

Zera sat on the edge of the bed with her back to the door. She had her arms around Tyrone's waist and her face buried in his chest. Her long hair fell over his arm.

Aella only saw Zera's back for a second, and she knew that homewrecker was beautiful.

Zera pushed herself up and looped her hands around Tyrone's neck. She asked in a teary tone, "Tyrone, can you stay with me tonight?"

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So they were that close.

Tyrone gently removed Zera's hands from his neck. Aella noticed a bracelet on Zera's wrist—a diamond bracelet that flashed in the light.

The sight stung her eyes like a knife.

She raised her left hand. Two bracelets. Exactly the same design.

Back then, he hadn't been complimenting how beautiful the bracelet looked on her. Tyrone'd been admiring the bracelet and his beloved first love.

Her head buzzed. The voices in the room blurred into white noise.

Rage boiled up so fast Aella lost control. She yanked the bracelet from her wrist and hurled it to the floor.

Stumbling away, she escaped down the hall and curled up in an empty corner, sobbing until her chest hurt.

For a while she felt like she might die.

She didn't even remember how she got home.

After she cried herself out, her mind cleared, but her body went numb.

She showered, then tried to use the hairdryer, but her fingers were so stiff she couldn't even turn it on.

Lying in bed with eyes raw and red, she shut everything down inside—anger, humiliation, grief—swallowing everything silently.

Even breaking down or yelling had to wait for the right time and place.

So this was the adult world, she thought.

When her mother was well enough to leave the hospital, Aella decided she would end it.

The thought of divorcing Tyrone in just a few days made Aella's whole body shake.

Her emotions hit hardest in the quiet hours of the night. Alone in the dark, her pain reached its peak.

She curled into herself, hands covering her face, sobbing.

In the silent room, she looked tiny, lost, and helpless, like someone wandering through a nightmare.

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

Tyrone had just settled Zera back into bed and went to the nurses' station to get a thermometer. A few nurses were chatting together, and one of them held a diamond bracelet.

The moment Tyrone saw it, his eyes shrank sharply.

He stepped forward, took the bracelet, and checked the engraving inside.

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Tyrone's chest sank the moment he confirmed the diamond bracelet was the one he had given Aella.

He demanded sharply, "Why is this bracelet in your hands?"

His wife was picky and had a high standard.

Every gift he'd ever given Aella carried her mark—an engraved letter A.

That bracelet was hers. There was no doubt about it.

She had been here.

The nurses froze when they saw the expression on his face.

One of them quickly stepped forward, stammering, "I'm sorry, Mr. Winter. A lovely lady threw it away. She didn't want it."

Threw it away?

The words cut deep. Tyrone caught them instantly.

A few minutes later, he returned to the hospital room and handed Zera the thermometer. "I spoke to the nurses. An aide will come by soon to stay with you."

Zera, weak and pale, started to get out of bed. "Tyrone, didn't you promise to stay with me tonight?"

He gently guided her back under the covers. "Something came up. I need to take care of it."

Zera let go of his hand but reminded him softly, "Tyrone, it's my fault. My son and I have taken all your time these past few days. Your wife must be upset. Go home and comfort her."

Tyrone adjusted her pillow and tucked her in. His voice was calm, almost too calm. "Don't worry. She's fine."

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Chapter 5 Had Enough

Late at night, Tyrone came home to a pitch-dark house. Every light was off.

He stood there for a while, unsettled, before finally flipping the switch.

For three years of marriage, no matter how late it was, Aella always waited up for him in the living room with the TV on.

The moment he walked in, she'd run barefoot toward him and jump into his arms. She would cling to him, and it was impossible for him to shake her off.

But tonight, she didn't leave a single light on for him.

She was really mad at him this time.

Dragging his exhausted body to the bedroom, Tyrone found it just as dark. Only the faint glow through the curtains lit the room. He switched on the lamp by the bed.

Aella had buried her face into the pillow, pretending to be asleep.

Tyrone sat on the edge of the bed and brushed the loose hair off her forehead, checking if she was awake.

She stayed still, hidden under the thin blanket.

After a pause, he got up and walked into the bathroom.

The sound of running water filled the room. Aella slowly opened her swollen eyes.

Her wet lashes trembled, but she pulled the blanket over her head again.

When Tyrone came back out with a dark bathrobe, his damp hair was dripping with water.

He leaned over the bed to check on her. When he found she was still asleep, he turned off the lamp and left for the study.

Tyrone didn't switch on the light in the study. Standing by the tall window, he lit a cigarette and lifted the diamond bracelet in his hand.

She probably hadn't found out anything.

Otherwise, with her temper, she would've made a huge scene and made everyone uneasy.

The bracelet must have slipped off on the 13th floor by accident.

The next morning, Aella washed up and got ready to take breakfast to her parents.

Tyrone walked out of the dressing room, neat and put together.

She no longer had the energy to talk to him. Picking up her phone, she headed for the door.

Tyrone caught her wrist, his fingers brushing against her bare skin. "Where's the bracelet? Why aren't you

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wearing it?"

Aella lowered her eyes and muttered hoarsely, "I don't know. Maybe I lost it."

Ignoring her raspy voice, Tyrone pressed, watching her face. "I saw Clyde last night."

Aella realized he was testing her.

She took a deep breath, lifted her chin, and met his eyes. "After we split last night, I went to see my mom at the hospital. Clyde said he saw you going to the 13th floor. I looked for you but couldn't find you, so I went home."

Tyrone pulled the bracelet from his pocket. "You dropped it at the hospital. I picked it up."

He avoided explaining why he was there.

Sliding the bracelet back onto her wrist, Tyrone tried to smooth things over. Aella yanked her hand away. "I don't want it."

For once, Tyrone tried to be patient and coaxed her. "Just wear it for now. When I get through this busy stretch, I'll take you to pick out something new you like."

Aella felt like she was losing her mind.

Days of frustration and bitterness finally exploded.

Her voice broke as she shouted, "I said I don't want it! I don't want it! I don't want it!"

Her chest heaved as she glared at him. "If it's not one-of-a-kind, if you're not a one-of-a-kind husband, I don't want any of it!"

Seeing her finally lose control, Tyrone strangely felt relieved.

Aella had been spoiled since she was a child. If something didn't go her way, she threw a fit.

Tyrone thought she was upset because the gift he gave her wasn't special enough, not unique enough.

He slipped his large hands around her slim waist and bent down to kiss her.

But as soon as his lips touched hers, Aella shoved him away.

She wasn't like before, when the smallest sign of affection from him could spark her passion.

Tears filled her eyes as she pushed him back. "No! I don't want this! No!"

She hit him, shoved him, and clawed at him like someone who'd lost control.

Tyrone's patience thinned. He grabbed her wrists. "Aella, enough. There's a limit to this."

He could tolerate her moods, but not this kind of hysteria.

He couldn't even talk to her in this state.

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Aella's voice cracked as she shouted, "I've always been like this! Are you just figuring that out now?"

Tyrone stayed calm. "Over a bracelet? Really?"

Aella threw things wildly around the room. "You know exactly what you've done, Tyrone!"

Her sobs grew louder as she shoved him toward the door. "You don't even want to be here, right? Then leave! Go on, get out!"

Instead of leaving, Tyrone pulled her into his arms. "Stop. You'll hurt yourself."

Then his phone buzzed, cutting through the chaos at the worst timing.

His quick move to silence the call only made her angrier.

She lunged for the phone. "Answer it! Aren't you busy with work? Go ahead, pick it up!"

Aella had reached her limit.

Tyrone refused to hand it over. That was the last straw for Aella. She bit him hard.

Pain shot through his hand, and he instinctively shook her off. She stumbled and fell to the floor with a dull thud.

The room went silent.

Tyrone's chest rose and fell as he stared at her lying motionless on the ground, her hair a tangled mess. Exhaustion washed over him, and he was ready to walk away.

His mind drifted back. As a child, she was mischievous but sweet, always saying the right things to melt his heart.

As she grew older, she was innocent and bright, a gorgeous beauty that caught attention wherever she

went.

Later, she burned with passion, playful and clingy, always begging for kisses and hugs, loving him openly and without shame.

After marriage, she softened, no longer the carefree girl. She grew gentle and thoughtful and learned how to take care of him.

At every stage of her life, she had been stunning, proud, and graceful.

She had never once acted like this-never like some bitter woman screaming and falling apart in front of him.

“Let’s talk when you’ve calmed down.” Without looking back, Tyrone walked out the door.

Just then, Raine arrived.

Tyrone glanced up at the second floor and reminded his sister. “Aella’s not in a good mood. I ordered her some food. Stay with her, make sure she eats, and then take her out for some fresh air.”

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Before Raine could reply, Tyrone was already gone,

This wasn’t the first time Aella pretended to faint.

Whenever she upset him, she would act sick, weak, or pitiful.

Each time, he would turn a blind eye and let it slide.

But this time, she had gone too far.

He wanted her to cool off.

Raine went upstairs and stepped into the master bedroom.

She was horrified when she saw Aella lying on the floor. “Aella!”

She rushed to her side, lifting her up, only to realize Aella had genuinely passed out.

Raine quickly called Tyrone, but his line was busy.

With no other choice, she dialed 911.

When Aella opened her eyes again, she found herself in a hospital room. Raine and her mother-in-law, Virginia Winter, sat close, watching over her.

The moment she woke, Virginia hurried to her. "Aella, did it hurt?"

Weak and drained, Aella shook her head. "Why am I in the hospital?"

Raine helped her sit up. "Aella, you fainted at home."

Slowly, her mind cleared.

She remembered the fight with Tyrone, biting him, and him pushing her away.

Looking around the room, she asked softly, "Did Tyrone drop me off here and then leave?"

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[1,302 words]

Chapter 6 Have You Calmed Down?

"It was me who called 911. Tyrone, he-"

Raine blurted out her words, only to realize too late what she had said.

Aella closed her eyes; all of her love for him was gone.

Of course. His first love had come back, and she brought along a five-year-old son.

Why would Tyrone care if she lived or died?

Her chest ached so badly that she pressed both hands over her heart.

Curling up, she whispered, "Virginia, Raine... My mom just had surgery. I don't want her or my dad to see me in the hospital. Please take me home."

Virginia quickly told her daughter to get the car ready. "The doctor said it's low blood sugar and stress that made you faint. Resting at home will be easier. Don't worry, I'll handle this. I already called Tyrone and told him to come home quickly."

On the ride home, Aella reminded them again. She begged Virginia and Raine not to get involved in her relationship with Tyrone.

However painful it was, she needed to end it herself.

Back at the house, Virginia and Raine stayed by Aella's side the entire day. They gave her medicine, made her grits, and tried to comfort her.

But Tyrone never showed up.

She dozed on and off until evening, when she finally regained a little strength.

After much insisting, she convinced Virginia and Raine to go home and get some rest.

Alone at the sink, she looked in the mirror. In just a few days, she looked like a ghost of herself. Hollow, pale, worn down.

She brushed her teeth and set the cup back on the counter.

"Crash." The cup shattered across the floor.

Aella slowly bent down and picked up a shard of the ceramic. The cup had once held a picture of her and Tyrone, smiling together. Now it was nothing but broken pieces.

She had ordered the set online for their first anniversary.

A couple of cups. The design was a selfie she had secretly snapped while leaning against Tyrone.

He'd said it was childish and refused to use it.

She had begged him for a week and cried all night until he finally agreed.

1/4

Her emotions, which she had been holding down all day, erupted again.

She hurled the other cup, then swept everything off the counter.

From the sink to the shower, she smashed whatever she could reach.

Fifteen minutes later, she collapsed onto the bathroom floor, completely spent. Around her lay broken glass, shards of ceramic, tangled towels, and even charging cords.

She lay there in the wreckage, sobbing-until the sobs turned into bitter laughter.

Aella had imagined countless futures with Tyrone.

But never this. There would never be a day when she was left like this.

So broken. So pathetic.

At the same time, inside the Winter Estate.

Virginia nearly exploded when she saw her son finally show up. "Tyrone, is this how you take care of Aella? She ended up in the hospital; do you even know that?"

Tyrone's face stayed calm. "What did the doctor say?"

Raine glared at him. "The doctor said Aella fainted from low blood sugar and because of you making her upset."

Tyrone only gave a short, cold grunt.

Virginia couldn't hold back anymore. She hissed, "Your wife fainted at home, and you don't even care? What kind of attitude is that?"

Tyrone brushed them off. "She's fine. Don't worry."

She was faking it. He knew better than anyone.

Virginia tossed Aella's test results at him. Tyrone glanced over them.

So, she's learned new tricks.

She actually ran to complain to his parents and even managed to fool the doctor.

Virginia shoved a steaming container of grits into his hands. "Take this and go see her."

Before Tyrone could move, his father, Ralph Winter, barked at his wife. "What do you know? You're just a housewife. A man's job is to fight for his career."

Ralph's voice grew colder. "Her family had gone bankrupt, and she's got nothing. We were already being kind by not forcing Tyrone to divorce her. She should learn to be grateful."

Tyrone's grandfather, Edwin Winter, pulled a long face as he spoke, "A woman with no career and no children. She can't even take care of herself-what's the point of keeping her?"

2/4

Tyrone had no interest in arguing.

He said a few empty words and walked out of the room with the food container.

Raine ran after him. "Tyrone... is that woman back?"

His hand froze on the car door.

He stared at her and asked, "What woman?"

Raine clenched her fists, furious. "The woman you posted about that night-the one with the child. I saw

it!"

Tyrone's eyes darkened. "Did you tell Aella?"

Raine froze under his stare, unable to speak.

After a long pause, she stammered, guilt all over her face. "Aella's been so good to me. I was afraid she'd leave you if she found out. I wouldn't dare to tell her anything."

Aella had told her to keep quiet; then she probably had a plan.

Tyrone's expression eased a little.

He warned her coldly, "Watch your mouth. If I ever find out you're spreading lies, don't bother asking me for pocket money again."

Raine stomped her feet as her brother drove off. Her chest burned with anger.

Crap! It was real!

Tyrone really was cheating.

When Tyrone returned to the villa he shared with Aella, the place felt so cold and empty it was almost unsettling.

He set the food container in the dining room and went upstairs.

The bedroom was quiet-no sign of Aella. Tyrone slipped off his suit, pulled off his tie, and loosened the top button of his shirt before heading to the bathroom for a shower.

At this hour, his wife was probably still at the hospital taking care of her mother.

Aella couldn't even keep up her act all the way through.

Just as he reached the bathroom door, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

He glanced at the caller ID, stopped, and answered.

On the other end, Zera's voice carried a hint of guilt. "Tyrone, you're always busy with work, and now you're running back and forth to the hospital for me. Please, just check me out. I'm almost fully

recovered."

3/4

Hearing her words, Tyrone's tight face relaxed a little. "Listen to the doctor. Stay a few more days. When you're discharged, I'll take you and your boy shopping."

Zera's tone instantly grew excited. "Thank you, Tyrone. You haven't changed a bit since six years ago. Go home and get some rest, okay? You've been working too hard lately."

When the call ended, Tyrone set down his phone and headed into the bathroom to shower.

The moment he pushed the door open, his eyes narrowed. The place was a wreck, as if someone had torn it apart.

The light in the open shower still glared. His eyes darkened at the sight.

Stepping inside, he froze. Aella lay sprawled on the tile floor, face up.

A sharp jolt went through his chest. He dropped to his knees, lifted her upper body, and felt her skin-cold as ice. "Even if you're upset, you can't gamble with your health," he said tightly.

Aella's eyelids fluttered open. Her gaze was blank, lifeless.

Her lips moved without sound, and tears slid silently down the sides of her face.

Such a warm embrace.

Yet it no longer belonged to her.

With a grim face, Tyrone carried her to the bed.

She curled deeper under the blanket and refused to speak.

He went back to the bathroom to clean himself up. When he returned, he sat at the edge of the bed, tugged the blanket down slightly, and asked, "Have you calmed down now?"

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4/4

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

A Message On Whatsapp 7

[1,330 words]

Chapter 7 Do You Leave, or Do I Call Security?

"If you calm down, we can talk," Tyrone said.

Aella was deeply crushed.

She didn't even have the strength to speak. Eyes closed, she lay there like she was fading away.

Tyrone hesitated, then got up and went into the bathroom to clean up.

They'd fought before, but Aella had never smashed things.

She never needed him to beg for forgiveness.

Usually, when her anger cooled, she'd come back to him on her own.

She simply loved him too much.

But this time, she was furious, mainly because he had forgotten their third anniversary. She hadn't even wanted the gift he tried to give her afterward.

After a shower and a change into pajamas, Tyrone went downstairs and brought back a bowl of grits.

He set it on the nightstand, then came to her side. "Get up and eat this," he said.

Aella rolled over, her back to him.

Tyrone sat down and pulled her upright, holding her against him.

"Eat this, and I'll forget the whole fainting stunt and running to my mom to tattle about me."

Her voice was hoarse, her face blank. "Tyrone, if I really died, would you think I was faking that too?"

It was true; before her family lost everything, she had been spoiled and reckless.

But three years of marriage had changed her. She was no longer the same spoiled heiress.

Tyrone turned her body toward him. "Looks like you're not calm enough."

Aella whispered, "I can't calm down when I see you."

Tyrone let go and stood up. "Then I'll stay somewhere else. When you're ready, we'll talk."

He went to the closet and changed into fresh clothes. A few minutes later, dressed and composed, he paused at the foot of the bed.

Aella still lay there, lifeless. Without another word, he walked out.

She was left alone with the storm of emotions she couldn't release.

The next morning, Raine came over.

1/5

Aella was still in bed.

Raine felt sorry for her but didn't dare say much. She pulled Aella out of bed, sat with her at breakfast, and then took her out for a walk,

Tyrone had always been strict with her.

If Raine said the wrong thing, he really would cut off her allowance.

Still, the fresh air helped. Aella's mood lifted, even if only a little.

Raine pulled Aella toward the shopping mall run by her family. "Aella, you didn't tell Tyrone about that woman, did you?"

Aella didn't want to bring it up. "I feel awful right now. I just need some time to calm down and think."

Raine was a loudmouth. If she knew Aella wanted a divorce, it wouldn't take long before the whole family found out.

If they knew, it would stir up her parents.

Her mom wasn't even out of the hospital yet. This wasn't the time.

Raine quickly changed the subject. "Don't worry, Aella. Let's shop in the mall. Pick whatever you want. Tyrone will pay for it."

Aella nodded, numb.

She had lost all interest in everything, especially shopping.

When they reached the entrance, a guard stopped them. "Sorry, ladies. The store has been reserved."

Raine's eyes widened. "In this city, who has the power to rent out the luxury mall run by my family?"

Aella tugged at her. "Forget it. Let's go somewhere else. I just wanted some air anyway."

She only came out to get some air. Shopping wasn't on her mind.

But Raine wouldn't let it go. "Let's ask who rented the whole mall."

The guard noticed how elegant and wealthy the two women looked, and he didn't dare be rude. "Ladies, I'm sorry, but we really can't tell you."

Raine's eyes narrowed in warning. "This mall belongs to my family. I'm Raine Winter. If you keep blocking me, I'll have you fired on the spot."

The security guards froze at the threat. Raine seized the moment and pulled Aella inside.

"Come on, Aella, let's check out shoes on the third floor."

They stepped off the elevator-and there was Tyrone.

He was crouched down in front of a woman, carefully slipping shoes onto her feet.

2/5

The woman kept her head lowered, long hair falling across her face. They couldn't see her features clearly.

Tyrone tied the clasp on the shoes with such care, his hands gentle and steady.

Aella clutched her chest. Her pale face turned pallid.

There was only one woman Tyrone would kneel for like this. Zera.

So when he told her he would stay outside for a few days, it was only to be closer to her.

Aella and Tyrone had been married three years. All this time, she had been the one serving him, flattering him.

He had never once helped her put on shoes. He hadn't even bothered to hand her a pair of slippers.

The sight struck her so hard she forgot how to breathe. She just stood there, frozen like a fool.

"Aella!"

Raine caught her as she swayed, her teeth grinding with fury.

Aella grabbed Raine's arm and walked away.

She couldn't cause a scene.

Aella had her parents in the hospital to think about and Tyrone's reputation to protect.

But Raine had reached her limit.

They had bumped into them; this wasn't her fault for speaking too fast.

Tyrone had no reason to punish her by cutting her allowance.

Raine yanked free, swung her bag, and hurled it straight at the other woman.

"You tramp!" Raine shouted, charging at Zera.

Aella rushed after her.

Tyrone reacted fast. Before Raine could reach Zera, he shoved her into the fitting room and shut the door.

Then he turned to Aella, his eyes cold, without a shred of guilt. "You followed me?" he demanded.

Aella opened her mouth, her eyes full of hurt. "Tyrone, it's your work hours right now."

Yet here he was, clearing his schedule, shopping with his first love, and even kneeling to put shoes on her feet.

Tyrone didn't explain. "Take Raine home."

He stood in front of the fitting room door, blocking Aella from getting close.

3/5

Raine couldn't stand it anymore. She lunged forward, trying to open the door. "Tyrone, move! Let that homewrecker come out!"

"Shut your mouth," Tyrone snapped, pushing Raine aside.

His warning glance cut sharp. "Take Aella home."

Raine's voice cracked with anger. "Aella loves you so much. How can you treat her like this?"

Tyrone's vein throbbed. He couldn't argue with his sister, so he turned back to Aella.

"Aella, take Raine and leave. We'll talk tonight."

Aella's vision blurred with tears, but she stared at him hard. "We've already run into each other. Let me see her."

"There's no need," Tyrone said flatly.

"And if I insist?"

His words came slow and sharp. "You walk out on your own, or I'll have security escort you out."

Their eyes locked. Despair broke through her, tears spilling down her cheeks. "Fine. I want to see how far Mr. Winter will go for the woman he loves."

Tyrone's voice dropped, edged with impatience. "Aella, don't make me regret marrying you."

She stared at his face and bit her lip until it bled.

Regret?

He had probably regretted it long ago.

A second later, shame burned through her. She spun around and fled, humiliated and broken.

Tyrone watched her leave in despair. His chest clenched tight.

Raine burst into tears. "If Aella really leaves you one day, I'll buy milkshakes for the whole town!"

With that, she ran after Aella.

Tyrone stood at the fitting room door and stood there silently for over a minute before finally opening the door.

Zera stepped out, startled by his expression.

Guilt flickered across her face. "Tyrone, why won't you let me meet your wife? The more you hide me, the worse it looks."

Tyrone rubbed his temples, exhausted. "She has a bad temper. And with Raine's fiery temper, I don't want you to get hurt."

4/5

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[1,373 words]

Chapter 8 Don't Tell Anyone

Tyrone's protection made Zera feel safe,

She urged him to hurry after Aella. “Tyrone, I don’t want those shoes. Go find your wife and explain to her.”

Tyrone stayed calm. “Raine’s with her. She’ll be fine. I’ll take you back to the hospital.”

He had the staff wrap the shoes Zera had tried on, then led her out of the mall.

The driver had worked with the Winters for a long time. When he saw Tyrone came out, he wiped his brow. “Mrs. Winter just ran off here in tears.”

“Drive, it’s fine.” Tyrone said, opening the car door and helping Zera in.

Zera handed Tyrone a bottle of water. “Tyrone, here.”

He didn’t take it.

Zera watched Tyrone out of the corner of her eye. He looked calm, but his gaze was fixed and far away, like he’d drifted off.

She cleared her throat and called his name again. He blinked and snapped back.

Guilt and worry showed on her face. She looked at him and begged, “Tyrone, can you promise me—please don’t tell anyone about my son and me.”

Tyrone frowned in confusion. “What do you mean?”

Her voice caught, and her eyes reddened. She said, “Your grandfather used you to intimidate me back then. He forced me to break up with you and made me go abroad and marry so you’d give up on us.

“I could never forget you. I stayed in that marriage, and I was abused. He forced me to have a child. I sank into deep depression.

“Sometimes I wanted to disappear and end my life quietly, but I couldn’t leave my son.

“Maybe fate had shown some mercy. A little over a year ago he overdosed and died. My son and I were finally free.

“I was all alone overseas. I missed home. I missed my parents. I missed you. That’s why I brought my son back in secret.

“Tyrone, I’m afraid that your grandfather might hurt us if he finds out. I’m begging you—don’t tell your family I returned. I’m terrified.”

Tyrone nodded, and Zera went on. "I really don't want to relive those terrible memories. I'm afraid people will point fingers at the two of us. I'm begging you-until I'm well, please don't say a word about my son's past. Not to your family. Not to your wife. Okay?"

1/4

Zera's emotions were all over the place. At one point, she even whispered about taking her life. Tyrone felt sorry for her and pulled her into his arms to comfort her.

"Zera, don't say that. Everything you've gone through is because of me. I won't let anyone know what happened to you and your son. I'll take full responsibility for both of you."

Hearing his promise, Zera broke into tears, then forced a smile. "Don't worry, I'll get better soon. I won't let you keep worrying about me."

Tyrone took her back to the hospital, making sure she had her lunch, before returning to the office.

His phone showed dozens of missed calls from Raine and the rest of the family. After a moment of hesitation, he finally returned Raine's call.

As soon as the line connected, Tyrone said calmly, "Has Aella caused enough trouble yet?"

On the other end, Raine's voice cracked with sobs; she yelled at him, "Aella's gone missing! Mom and I are still out looking for her!"

The call ended abruptly. Tyrone froze for a second, then walked to the floor-to-ceiling window.

He lit a cigarette, his face still calm. In his mind, those two troublemakers had probably teamed up to trick him again.

Noel Frost, his assistant, stepped into the office. "Mr. Winter, will the 2:30 p.m. meeting start on time?"

Tyrone answered with a quiet grunt.

Noel had been with him for years. Behind his boyish face was a strict, disciplined man-smooth in business, skilled in combat when needed, and utterly loyal. Noel was his right-hand man.

After work, Tyrone left the office right on time.

His usually obedient driver, a veteran behind the wheel, asked something unusual. "Mr. Tyrone, should I take you home or to Ms. Caldwell's place?"

Tyrone hesitated, then said, "Home."

For the first time that day, the driver's lips curved into a smile.

Tyrone leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes.

He had thought about staying away for a few days, letting Aella cool off.

But after running into her earlier, she'd no doubt make a scene.

By now, she had probably smashed up the house enough to vent her anger.

If she could calm down, then maybe it was time to talk.

When Tyrone returned home, Aella wasn't there.

2/4

He acted as he always did—showered, changed into pajamas, and went into his study to work.

After nine, Virginia and Raine showed up.

Virginia had been searching for her daughter-in-law all day, frantic enough that blisters formed at the corners of her mouth. When she saw him sitting there, working like nothing had happened, she nearly fainted from anger.

Tyrone spoke first and comforted her. "Don't worry, Mom. She'll be fine."

Tyrone knew exactly how dramatic Aella could be.

Once, he gave her a birthday gift a day late.

She was so angry she disappeared on him.

When he finally found her, she was soaking in a hot tub, sipping wine, and enjoying a top-notch massage.

She knew how to live well. She loved herself first.

Even if she drove everyone else crazy, she always came out fine.

Virginia couldn't hold back her anger. She threw a cup of water right in Tyrone's face, her voice shaking.

"Tyrone, I raised you for 30 years. I've always been proud of you. And now I realize—you're just like your father. Cold-blooded. Heartless!"

Tyrone stayed calm. "Mom, you're being too harsh."

Tears welled in Virginia's eyes. "Aella is your wife. That girl has loved you since she was little. And now, instead of working things out, you give her the silent treatment. Do you really want this to end in divorce?"

Tyrone's tone was steady. "We won't divorce. I know where the line is."

Raine gave him a thumbs-up. "Oh, right. You think just because Aella loves you, she'll never leave. But don't forget—the more someone loves you, the less they'll forgive betrayal."

"Shut your mouth," Tyrone snapped.

Raine clamped her lips together, fuming but silent.

Virginia and Raine left together, while Tyrone lit a cigarette.

At three in the morning, he called Noel. "Don't come to the office these next few days. Go keep watch at the hospital. If you see my wife show up, call me."

He reminded, "And remember—my mother-in-law just had heart surgery. She needs quiet. Don't disturb her."

On the other end, Noel glanced at the clock in disbelief.

It was three in the morning, and his boss sent him to keep watch at the hospital!

3/4

Did Mr. Winter's insomnia flare up again?

Three days passed. Still no word from Aella.

Virginia and Raine filed a police report and alerted the Reids.

Tyrone refused to let them do this.

He was sure Aella was safe. In a few days, she'd come home on her own.

Ralph and Edwin sided with him.

After all, a missing daughter-in-law wasn't something they wanted in the news.

And besides, the Reids had gone bankrupt years ago. Aella brought no benefit to the family. Not worth the trouble.

Time slipped by. Soon it was Miriam's discharge day.

Tyrone sent Noel to pick her up, while he went to handle Zera's release paperwork.

At nine o'clock, Noel saw Aella walk into the hospital, perfectly fine to discharge her mother. He quickly called Tyrone.

Tyrone, busy packing Zera's things, barely reacted.

He simply gave Noel the day off. "Go home and get some rest."

As for Aella-he didn't need to say a word.

She'd return home on her own.

Tyrone carried Zera's bags into the elevator, shielding her carefully so no one would bump into her.

On the other side, Aella waited with her parents for the elevator.

When the doors opened, her eyes landed on Tyrone.

He was holding Zera close, protecting her the same way he once shielded her back in the mall.

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A Message On Whatsapp 9

[1,396 words]

Chapter 9 She Won't Divorce Me

After days apart, they met again. No words, only a silent look,

In the next second, Aella turned away.

These days she had been hiding in a run-down motel. She cried until she slept, ate until she threw up, then slept again, only to wake and cry all over.

Through all this, Tyrone never called, never sent a single text.

After suffering for days, feeling like she had died and coming back alive repeatedly for a couple of days, she thought she had grown stronger.

But when she saw Tyrone holding Zera close in the elevator, her heart nearly shattered.

At least her mother was finally out of the hospital.

That meant she could go ahead and divorce Tyrone without guilt.

Tyrone's eyes darkened as he studied Aella's frail figure.

In just a few days, how had she grown so thin, so worn?

More people stepped into the elevator. Tyrone withdrew his gaze and pulled Zera closer to his side.

Aella quickly blocked her parents. She told them the elevator was too crowded and didn't let them enter.

She went home with her parents and was not leaving the house in a hurry.

Warren stepped out to buy groceries for dinner.

Miriam took her daughter into the bedroom for a private talk. "Aella, tell me the truth," Miriam said gently. "Did you and Tyrone fight?"

No one knew a daughter better than her mother.

Miriam had seen the changes in Aella's face these past days.

Tears poured down Aella's cheeks, scaring Miriam. "Did Tyrone do something unforgivable to you?"

Miriam knew her daughter well.

She loved Tyrone more than she loved herself. Other than him being unfaithful, Miriam couldn't imagine anything else that would crush her daughter this way.

Aella didn't say a word. She just collapsed into Miriam's arms and cried her heart out.

As a woman, Miriam understood at once.

Her daughter cried, so she cried too.

1/4

When Aella had cried enough and was worn out, she pulled herself together and whispered, "Mom, the woman he's always loved is back. I want a divorce."

Miriam gently wiped away her daughter's tears. "No matter what you decide, your father and I will support you."

When they stepped out of the bedroom, Aella saw Warren standing by the door. His eyes were red, and his hands shook as he held the grocery bags.

A strong man, yet he looked broken as he muttered, "It's my fault. I wasn't capable enough."

If their family business hadn't gone under, he never would have let his daughter suffer.

But for years now, their family had relied on Tyrone's support.

There's a saying-when you take someone's money, you can't speak up against them.

He didn't even have the courage to demand justice for his daughter.

That night, Aella didn't go back home. She stayed with her parents instead.

When Tyrone returned to the house and saw she wasn't there, he wasn't surprised.

Aella had always been devoted to her family.

Her mom had just been discharged from the hospital, so it made sense she would want to spend more time there.

Tyrone made a quick call back to the estate, telling them Aella was with her parents so no one would worry.

When Virginia and Raine heard she had showed up, they rushed over right away-only to discover Aella wasn't there.

Tyrone explained, "Her mom got out of the hospital today. She stayed over with her parents."

Virginia's anger flared. She raised her hand to slap her son but stopped at the last second.

Her voice trembled. "Your mother-in-law just got out of the hospital. As her son-in-law, shouldn't you have been there to help?"

Tyrone didn't see the point. "Aella's parents are understanding. They won't blame me."

The Reids had gone bankrupt long ago and couldn't offer Tyrone any help in business.

But Aella's parents were kind and loving people. They never caused trouble for him, and that, at least, made things easier.

In the end, it was all within the limits he could accept.

Raine was fuming. "Tyrone, how can you do this? Aella went missing for days and finally came back. The least you could do is go see her and explain something. What kind of husband are you?"

2/4

Tyrone stayed calm. "Don't worry. She'll come home on her own."

Virginia nearly lost control. "You're the same as your father-cold and heartless. The only reason I didn't divorce him was because of you and your sister. I've regretted it for decades."

Her voice broke, but she pressed on. "But you're not as lucky as him. You and Aella don't have children. If she stops loving you, there's nothing tying her to you. Keep treating her coldly, and sooner or later, she'll leave you."

Tyrone's tone was firm, almost unshakable. "Mom, don't make it sound so serious. Aella won't divorce me."

He remembered her vows at their wedding as if they'd been carved in stone.

She vowed that she could give up her life, but she would never give up on him.

Raine rolled her eyes so hard it hurt.

Virginia stormed out of her son's villa and drove straight to the Reid residence to bring Aella back herself.

Miriam and Warren received her politely, but they refused to let Aella go..

Raine clung to Aella's hand, her voice soft and pleading. "Aella, my brother knows he was wrong. Come with us. I'll even let Mom slap him for you, so you'll feel better."

Aella had already made up her mind. She wanted a divorce.

At first, she hadn't wanted to alarm Tyrone's elders, but now that Virginia had shown up, she decided to tell her everything.

She pulled Raine down to sit beside her and spoke in a calm, steady voice.

Looking at Virginia, she said, "I've already decided. I'm divorcing Tyrone."

Virginia turned pale instantly.

Raine jumped to her feet, panicked. "Aella, I know Tyrone's a jerk, but you two have been together for years. Please don't throw it away on impulse."

Bitterness rose in Aella's chest.

Yes, they had been together for years. But it had always been one-sided.

Only her.

Aella's voice was firm. "I've already made up my mind. You don't need to talk me out of it."

Miriam's eyes were swollen from crying, but she didn't make things harder for Virginia. "We'll never forget what

your family has done for us all these years. But since Tyrone already has someone else in his heart, it's better for them to divorce now-before they have kids."

Virginia left the house without saying a word.

When she was young, she too had lived through her husband's betrayal. That kind of pain was worse than

3/4

death. She knew it better than anyone.

For the sake of her children and both families' interests, she forced herself to endure it.

After her husband was caught cheating, he immediately cut off the other woman. He never acknowledged the child born outside their marriage. He returned completely to his family.

But the coldness and lack of compassion in his bones never changed.

Winters' men were all the same. They were calculating, always chasing power and profit, and always cold and controlled.

That was the case with Edwin.

Her husband was no different.

And the son she gave birth to turned out the same way.

Virginia had watched Aella grow up. She was young, and Virginia wanted to see her happy.

As a woman, she felt she should let Aella go.

But as a mother, she couldn't bear to see her son's marriage fail.

With no other choice, Virginia went back to her son's villa.

She found him still awake and thought maybe there was hope. "Tomorrow's Saturday," she told him. "Bring a gift and come with me to Aella's parents' house. Apologize to Aella's parents, explain yourself, and bring Aella home."

Tyrone hadn't slept in days. His face showed how exhausted he was. "Mom, I'll handle things between Aella and me. You don't need to worry so much."

Raine stomped her foot in frustration. "Hey, Aella's about to divorce you!"

Tyrone's face froze for a moment, then went back to normal.

His voice was calm, yet it carried weight. "Raine, you're not a little girl anymore. You better stay quiet rather than running nonsense from that mouth of yours."

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A Message On Whatsapp 10

[1,323 words]

Chapter 10 Let's Divorce

Aella had stayed at her parents' house for two days.

She glanced at the calendar. It was already mid-June, right in the rainy season.

When she walked out of the neighborhood, a heavy shower had just ended.

The storm had washed all the color from the world, leaving everything gray.

The air was damp and heavy, so thick it felt like her chest could wring out water.

She waited until Monday morning, after Tyrone left for the office, then came home to pack her things.

He was the one who cheated, not her.

Still, she didn't know how to face him.

Whether they fought or stayed silent, the ending would be the same.

Better to leave each other a little dignity.

Back at the villa they had lived in for three years, Aella went straight upstairs.

The bedroom was the same as the day she left.

The grits Tyrone brought to her still sat on the nightstand. The quilt she had tossed back was still a mess.

Clearly, he hadn't stayed here over the past few days.

Her mind betrayed her, picturing Tyrone and Zera together. The thought stabbed at her heart.

She stepped into the walk-in closet and pulled out a suitcase.

Aella packed only the clothes she usually wore and some underwear.

Before she married Tyrone, her family had already gone bankrupt. For the past three years of marriage, Tyrone had supported her. Nothing in this house was bought with her money.

Her eyes stopped on a white T-shirt with graffiti designs.

She froze, then took it off the hanger.

That summer, the year she married Tyrone, she had secretly flown to the city where he was on a business trip. She had begged him to take her shopping, and they bought this matching couple set.

A college art student had painted the design by hand.

She remembered the art student asking what kind of design she wanted. Right then, she kissed Tyrone in front of everyone and laughed, "My husband's already handsome enough. Just make me look pretty, or else I won't be good enough to stand next to him."

1/4

When her shirt was finished, Tyrone said he had business to handle and refused to wait.

That's why his shirt stayed plain white, with nothing on it.

Aella opened his closet, pulled the plain white T-shirt from the bottom drawer, and tossed it into the trash along with hers.

Three years. No matter how much she begged or teased, Tyrone never wore it. Not even once.

She froze for a moment, then picked up her phone and called in a cleaning crew.

The 6,000-square-foot villa was cleaned top to bottom.

Every trace of her was wiped away.

One of the cleaners hesitated, unable to stand it any longer. "Ma'am, should we throw away the wedding photos too?"

Aella answered with one word. "Yes."

By late afternoon, she paid the cleaners and told them to take the trash with them.

Looking around at the wide, spotless rooms, she finally felt like she could breathe again.

She set her suitcase by the foyer and sent Tyrone a message on WhatsApp.

When Tyrone saw it, he didn't reply right away.

Since she had calmed down and come home on her own, he decided to let the past few days slide, like nothing had ever happened.

Noel came in. "Boss, the car is ready."

"Cancel tonight's meeting," Tyrone said.

"Yes, boss." Noel didn't dare ask more.

When his wife was missing, Tyrone hadn't gone looking for her, leaving Noel stuck at the hospital for days.

But now that Mrs. Winter was back, the boss canceled everything to rush home. Turns out, he did care after all.

At the entrance of the office building, Tyrone was about to get into his car when Zera ran up to him through the pouring rain.

He opened the door and let her inside. "Why aren't you home? What are you doing out here?"

In the back seat, Zera grabbed his sleeve, her voice steady. "Tyrone, I've been thinking. I should just leave."

His face darkened. "Don't be ridiculous."

Zera's eyes showed worry. "Your wife is furious. If you don't make peace with her, she'll never forgive you."

2/4

She paused for a moment, then went on, "You know... what I've been through these past years is the deepest pain in my heart. I don't want people talking behind my back."

"Maybe this is my fate," Zera said. "We come from different worlds. Even if I love you enough to die for you, your family will never respect me. I don't want to be a burden to you. I'd rather fend for myself than be targeted by your wife."

When she finished, Zera pushed the door open and stepped out into the rain.

Tyrone jumped out of the car and caught her, his eyes full of concern. "What kind of nonsense are you talking about? As long as I'm here, no one will speak against you. No matter what happens, I'll never abandon you."

He forced her back into the car.

She sobbed and tried to get out. "I'd rather die with my son than have your wife call me greedy or call me a homewrecker," she wailed.

Tyrone soothed her again. "Zera, trust me. I won't tell her anything about you or your boy for her to use against you. I promise."

Her crying slowed.

Half believing him, she asked, "What if you don't explain and she asks for a divorce?"

Tyrone's voice was steady. "Don't worry. She won't."

There would be a scene, sure.

But divorce? Unlikely.

Zera's tear-streaked face finally forced a small smile.

She wiped her tears, ignored Tyrone as he reached for her, opened the door, and climbed out.

"Don't

worry about me. Go home and calm her down. I'll be fine."

Then she ran into the rain.

Tyrone watched her go, uneasy, and told the driver to follow her at a distance.

The driver hesitated, then spoke up. "But Mrs. Winter is still waiting at home."

Tyrone's eyes stayed fixed on the direction where Zera had run off. "She can wait. If Zera gets soaked in the rain, she'll get sick."

The driver swallowed the rest of his words and did as he was told.

More than two hours later, Tyrone finally returned to the villa he shared with Aella.

It was almost 8 p.m.

By then, three full hours had passed since Aella had texted him.

3/4

At the front door, Tyrone spotted the suitcase. His eyes darkened.

But when his gaze moved to the living room-the lights on, the TV flickering, and Aella sitting quietly on the sofa-his expression slowly eased.

He tossed his coat onto the couch and sat down beside her. Setting a small box on the coffee table, he said, "Your favorite chocolate truffles."

He studied her face. She had lost weight. She must not have been eating well. "Did you have dinner?"

Aella blinked. Her eyes dropped to the box on the table.

In three years of marriage, this was the first time Tyrone had brought her food.

Her lips moved. "I'm not hungry."

Tyrone leaned closer to kiss her lips. His deep voice carried a hint of suggestion. "If you're not hungry, then let's go upstairs."

Aella turned her head away to avoid his breath and ignored the suggestion he made.

For three years, Tyrone's way of making peace had always been the same-taking her to bed.

And she used to give in.

No matter how angry she was, she would spend one night with him, and it would all fade away.

But now, he was no longer clean.

She refused to sleep with him.

Reaching into her bag, Aella pulled out the divorce papers she had prepared, along with a pen. She placed them on the coffee table.

Her voice was calm but steady. "Tyrone, I want a divorce."

4/4

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A Message On Whatsapp 11

[902 words]

Chapter 11 The Divorce Papers

Tyrone picked up the divorce papers and flipped through them.

He looked at Aella once, then closed the folder and set it back down.

Tyrone fixed his eyes on Aella. His tone was calm as always. "So, you've got the nerve to bring up divorce. Impressive."

Aella rose slowly.

She had loved him for years, but now she only wanted to part amicably.

Her eyes dropped to the

papers.

She tried her best to keep herself steady. "You've helped my family a lot these years. If we divorce, I'll walk away with nothing. Everything you own is tied to Winter Group, and you can't afford a scandal. If needed, I'll hold a press conference, take the blame, and clear the name for her and her son."

Tyrone leaned forward, his elbows on his knees.

He rubbed his forehead, tired. "Go on."

Aella's eyes were empty, her expression hollow. "I've signed the papers. Whenever you have time, we can finalize it."

Right in front of him, she removed her wedding ring.

Tyrone reached out and caught Aella's hand, stopping her from taking off the wedding ring.

He rose slowly, his eyes locked on her face.

“Aella,” he said, his voice steady, “things between me and Zera aren’t what you think.”

Aella yanked her hand free. Days of anger and humiliation churned inside her.

Her eyes were red as she glared at him. She forced out the words one by one. “Then what is going on between you two?”

Her voice shook as she pressed on. “You drove through a storm in the middle of the night to pick her up from the airport. You’d left home for over a month. Don’t tell me you two never hugged, never kissed, and never ended up in bed. Don’t tell me that child isn’t yours.”

Tyrone’s expression darkened. “You say you love me, but you don’t even trust me?”

“Trust?”

Her knees wobbled, and she staggered back.

She shoved him hard, her voice rising. “On our third anniversary, I made a candlelight dinner. I bought you a gift. But my husband rented out the Bayline, setting off fireworks with his first love and her son. And you ask me about trust?”

1/3

His gaze grew heavy. “Raine told you this?”

Aella’s tears spilled before she could stop them.

At last, he had admitted it.

Her voice trembled. “Since the day I married you, I learned to wash clothes, cook meals, tie your ties, and keep the house. I learned everything I could. I did everything I could, just so I wouldn’t fall short of you.”

Her sobs broke loose. “I asked you once to make me chocolate truffles, just once, and you brushed me off with money. But for that mother and son, you personally baked a blueberry birthday cake for them.”

Tyrone only stood there, silent, watching her vent out her feelings.

That night, when she asked him to make chocolate truffles for her, she had only been testing him.

The calmer Tyrone looked, the more unbearable it was for Aella. “You used to never stay out all night. But for them, you forgot our anniversary. For them, you walked out of

the house at three in the morning. The gift you gave me for our third anniversary-you gave her the exact same one!"

Tyrone frowned.

So that bracelet wasn't lost by accident.

Aella had thrown it away.

She must have seen him with Zera at the hospital.

Her voice rose until she was shouting. "You gave up your limits for that woman! You skipped work to take her shopping. And when I caught you, you drove me away just to protect her!"

Aella's chest burned like she couldn't breathe.

She grabbed her hair with both hands. "These past few days I've been gone, I cried myself to sleep in a cheap motel. Woke up and cried again. I thought my world had collapsed. And my husband didn't even care where I was!"

"Aella!"

Tyrone reached for her, trying to pull her close.

But Aella shoved him away, her voice raw and broken.

"Tyrone, what am I to you? If you loved her so much, why did you marry me?"

He caught her wrists and pulled her back against him.

"Aella, I wasn't careful enough. I'll make sure this doesn't happen again."

That one sentence shattered her completely.

Not careful enough?

2/3

He got caught cheating, and all he could say was he wasn't careful enough.

She pushed him away with all her strength and turned to leave.

Tyrone grabbed her arm and pulled her back, feeling her body trembling. He held her tight against his

chest.

But in her mind, the image of him shielding that other woman flashed again, filling her with disgust.

She struggled hard, shoving at him. “Don’t touch me! You make me sick!”

Tyrone’s calm expression finally cracked. His face darkened.

He tightened his grip to hug her tight and refused to let her go.

“Aella, I’m not as filthy as you think.”

She couldn’t stand the closeness, couldn’t stand the smell of another woman’s perfume on him.

She couldn’t break free. All she could do was cry and beg him. “Tyrone, please ... I can’t handle this. I can’t share my husband with other women. I can’t stand touching anything that feels dirty. Please don’t touch me! You make me sick!”

10

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3/3

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A Message On Whatsapp 12

[920 words]

Chapter 12 Money Talks

Tyrone never thought Aella would react this strongly.

He held her tight, refusing to let go, trying to calm her. “Aella, don’t do this. It’s not what you think.”

“Blarragh!”

Aella gagged.

Tyrone quickly carried her into the bathroom. She leaned over the toilet, retching.

He watched her reaction with a complicated look in his eyes.

Tyrone had been careful every time with Aella. There was no way she could be pregnant.

But she had always wanted a child with him.

Who knew what she might have done behind his back?

Just in case, Tyrone ordered a pregnancy test from the local pharmacy and had it delivered. He handed it to her.

“Go take it.”

Aella took the test from his hand.

So it was true-he never wanted her to carry his child.

He was always so cautious, so guarded, terrified she might get pregnant.

A few minutes later, she came out of the bathroom and shoved the test kit back at him. “Don’t worry. Even if by accident I got pregnant, I’d take care of it. I’d never fight your first love’s son over money.”

Tyrone glanced at the test, then locked his eyes on her face, his brows pulling tight. “So you really don’t want to have a child with me?”

She wasn’t pregnant.

That sickness earlier-it wasn’t nausea. It was disgusting.

Aella found the whole situation was full of irony.

The truth was, he was the one who didn’t want children.

‘Let me know when you’ve got time,’ she said flatly, heading straight for the door without looking back.

Tyrone tossed the test kit into the trash and blocked her way. “It’s pouring outside, and it’s the middle of the night. Where are you going?”

Aella's face was numb as she glared at Tyrone. She bit out each word like it cost her everything. "As long as I can divorce you, I don't care where I go."

1/3

Their eyes locked. "Are you sure?" Tyrone asked.

"I'm sure!" she snapped.

The suffering of these past weeks had been like living in hell.

The heartbreak of being betrayed by the man she loved had pushed her to the edge of madness.

If she stayed any longer, it would destroy her.

Tyrone let out a sharp breath, a sound that carried a strange, mocking edge.

Aella froze. "What do you mean by that?"

Tyrone's eyes darkened. His voice was calm but cold. "Aella, do you really think you can divorce me?"

She stood rooted to the spot, stunned.

Tyrone shut the front door and pulled the suitcase out of Aella's hands. He grabbed her wrist and started leading her toward the living room.

Aella yanked her hand back. "What did you mean by what you just said?"

He grabbed her hand again. "Let's talk upstairs."

She yanked her hand free. "I'm not staying here!"

Tyrone's voice was calm as he reminded her, "Aella, we're still married."

Her emotions were hanging by a thread. She shoved him hard and bolted for the door.

Tyrone caught her around the waist, hoisted her up, and carried her upstairs despite her struggling.

Aella fought him all the way, but Tyrone carried her back to the bedroom.

He set her down on the bed, sweat beading on his forehead from the struggle. "You need to calm down. I need to take a shower," he said.

Before stepping into the bathroom, Tyrone changed the door code so she couldn't get out.

Aella sat alone, trapped, waiting for him.

She listened to the steady rush of water from the bathroom. All the strength drained from her body.

It had always been this way between them.

People called it a fight, but in truth, it was always her yelling, her breaking apart, while Tyrone stayed calm.

His voice never rose. His words never wavered.

He told her she couldn't leave him-money made sure of that.

2/3

mirror.

Tyrone fixed the pillows and blanket, then walked over and called out for her.

He reached for her hand and saw the wedding ring lying on the vanity table.

Without asking, he picked it up and slid it back on her finger.

She tried to pull it off again, but he caught her wrist.

"Aella, marriage isn't a game. You chose to marry me. Divorce isn't just up to you."

Her eyes hardened, and she went all out. "I'm divorcing you. I don't care how much my family owes you. I'll pay it all back."

He let go of her wrist and moved a few steps back, settling at the foot of the bed.

His gaze pinned her, his tone sharp with contempt. "And how could you manage that?"

Their eyes met each other. The question cut her deeply.

She had married him right after college, promising to be a stay-at-home wife.

For years, he had supported her, her parents, and her younger brother.

She had no income of her own, no way to repay the debt.

Tyrone stood and came closer, bracing one hand on the vanity and the other on the chair back, boxing her

“Aella, since you can’t see the truth, let me spell it out.”

His voice slowed, deliberate. “When your family went bankrupt, I paid off over 970 million dollars in debt. I bought your parents and brother a downtown penthouse worth more than 11 million. Every month, I’ve been wiring your parents a 100,000 dollars. And your brother’s private school? That alone costs me over a million each month.”

3/3

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[907 words]

Chapter 13 A Transaction Called Marriage

Tyrone paused for a moment before continuing. “Of course, that doesn’t include you.”

Aella felt her chest tighten, as if something was choking her. She was in such pain that she could barely breathe. Forcing herself to stay calm, she looked at him, her eyes filled with hurt.

“Tyrone,” she said, “when you married me, you helped my family. You gained a good reputation from it. We never signed a prenup. You cheated, and I gave you respect by walking away with nothing. I didn’t even touch our shared property. What more do you want from me?”

Tyrone didn’t bother to hide his intentions. “I’m a businessman. I never married you out of charity. The reason I didn’t ask for a prenup is because I knew you couldn’t take anything away from me.”

His voice was cold and heartless.

Aella couldn’t argue with that.

So this was it-when a marriage reached its end, all that was left were calculations and interests.

Holding back her tears, she took out a notepad and pen from her bag, ready to write an IOU.

Her voice trembled as she said, "Fine. You tell me. With interest, how much do I owe you?"

Tyrone pulled the pen from her hand. "When I paid off your family's debts, I paid with real money. A piece of paper won't cover it."

Aella felt cornered.

She never thought Tyrone would push her like this.

With tears streaming down her face, she cried out, "What do you want from me?"

Tyrone straightened up, all business. "If you want a divorce, fine. Considering you've been married to me for three years, I'll give you a discount. Paid me one billion dollars. Cash only."

Aella's eyes burned red. "I can't do that right now."

He placed his hands firmly on her shoulders, softening his voice. "Then don't get a divorce and play your part as my wife well. Stop overthinking."

Aella shoved him away, her emotions spilling over. "I can't do that too!"

Tyrone released her, his tone sharp and cold.

"The money I spent on your family was to keep this marriage steady. If you can't give me stability, then pay me back. You can't have it both ways."

She stared blankly at the man she had loved for so many years.

So this was it-her marriage was nothing but a business transaction in his eyes.

1/3

Tyrone said, "Before you decide, think it through. Your mom just came home after heart surgery. The follow-up care and medical bills won't be cheap. If I take back that house, where will your parents live?"

"And your brother-his teacher called me last week. He's still one of the top students in his grade, a math prodigy. If he leaves that private school, his future won't be the same."

Aella stood there, numb, showing no reaction.

He knew exactly how to control her.

If she told her parents she was divorcing him and he demanded the house and money back, she knew their nature. They'd move out without hesitation.

Even if it meant selling their blood or borrowing from loan sharks, they would sacrifice everything just to give her freedom.

Clyde had always admired Tyrone and thought of him like his older brother.

With his stubborn personality, if he ever found out Tyrone had cornered her, Clyde'd probably drop out of school. He'd rather ruin his own future than drag her down.

Tyrone knew her too well.

He knew her family too well.

When Aella fell silent, Tyrone bent down and lifted her onto the bed.

He said quietly, "Aella, if you want a divorce, I'll agree. But until the day we sign the papers, you're still my wife. And as my wife, you'll keep your duties. Understand?"

Aella lay on her back, staring up at him. "I don't understand."

Tyrone sat on the edge of the bed and held her hand. His thumb brushed over the wedding ring on her finger.

"Aella," he said, "as long as our marriage is still standing, you need to remember who you are. Don't say things you shouldn't. Don't do things you shouldn't."

Her eyes filled with hurt. "You're not planning to acknowledge that woman and her child, are you?"

His face hardened. "You are not allowed to ask anything about Zera. You're not allowed to see her, bother her, or cause a scene with me about her. Pretend she doesn't exist. Can you do that?"

Aella's heart had shattered into pieces.

In that moment, she knew the truth-she had no right to say no to Tyrone.

He used money to trap her.

Tyrone ordered her to stay away from that mother and child. He banned her from making trouble. He banned her from arguing with him.

And if a scandal ever broke out, she would still have to step in as his wife, clean up the mess, and protect

2/3

3/3

his reputation.

Aella lay motionless on the bed, her eyes empty as she stared at the ceiling.

She had heard bits and pieces about Tyrone and Zera before.

The story was always the same. Tyrone's elders had disapproved of Zera because her family background was modest. They had torn the couple apart by force.

Tyrone couldn't marry Zera, so he kept her and the child outside.

He refused to divorce her. All he wanted was to pressure her into playing along-into covering for him.

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A Message On Whatsapp 14

[926 words]

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Chapter 14 No Way Out

Aella felt weak all over. She whispered, "Tyrone, I don't have the money to pay you back. I can't meet your demands. Is there any other way for me?"

Tyrone lay beside her, pulled the blanket over her, and said softly, "No."

His gesture was gentle, but his refusal was firm.

He switched off the lamp and wrapped his arms around her through the blanket. "Get some sleep," he said. "This weekend I'll go with you to visit your parents."

But Aella couldn't sleep.

This side of him had deceived her for years.

He looked like a respectful son-in-law who cared for her parents, but every move was about control and advantage.

She had been suffering for days, hoping she could finally divorce him.

Instead, he tightened his grip to manipulate her.

To him, she was replaceable, small, and unimportant.

But Zera and her child-he treated them like treasures.

She opened her eyes in the dark. Through the crack in the curtains, a sliver of light traced Tyrone's sharp, handsome features.

Her mind drifted back to childhood.

At her first birthday party, so many toys were laid out for her.

Relatives crowded around, urging her to pick something.

She ignored them all and grabbed Tyrone's finger instead.

Virginia laughed and told Tyrone to give her a kiss.

He leaned forward and kissed her on the lips.

Their parents joked that Aella's first kiss was gone.

Virginia had joked that the two families should set up an arranged match.

Their parents agreed, turning it into a formal engagement between her and Tyrone.

Aella's feelings for Tyrone had always been plain to see. She never hides her feelings.

His coldness toward her was just as obvious.

Yet somehow, the two of them still ended up together. Even more surprising, they managed to keep a loveless marriage going for three years. That was a miracle in itself.

Aella stayed awake until morning, staring into the dark.

When Tyrone woke, he saw her lying there without a trace of life in her eyes. She looked as if breathing was the only thing keeping her body alive,

He pulled his gaze away, got out of bed, and went into the bathroom.

She didn't bring up divorce again. She didn't fight with him anymore. To Tyrone, it seemed like she had finally thought it through.

Tyrone stepped out of the walk-in closet, dressed and ready to leave, when he noticed the wedding photo was missing from the bedroom wall.

He frowned and asked, "Where's the picture?"

"I threw it away," Aella said.

She had tossed it yesterday, along with everything.

He hadn't noticed until now, and even then, he only realized the wedding photo was gone.

The photos that once meant everything to her had never mattered to him at all.

Tyrone said casually, "It's fine. I'll just have the studio send another one."

If she had thrown one away, chances were she had thrown them all.

Maybe it was just her way of letting off steam.

That's better than holding it inside.

He started to leave, but Aella swung her legs off the bed. "Tyrone, I want to get a job."

Tyrone was right-she couldn't have it both ways.

She had married him, and he had carried her family through the storm, taking on all their debts.

He gave her marriage, respect, and comfort. In return, she was expected to tolerate his cheating.

Their marriage was nothing more than a business deal.

And if it was a deal, she had the right to negotiate her terms.

Tyrone glanced back at her.

“Alright. That’s fine. Better to keep yourself busy than spend all day overthinking.”

“I want to move out,” Aella said.

The step he was about to take froze in place. He turned and faced her directly. “No. That’s not happening.”

2/3

me and betrayed me, yet you refuse to let me go. My heart hurts. I need time to breathe. I’m moving out. I

need to cool off.”

Even if she couldn’t divorce him now, she had to try.

Tyrone stepped in front of her. His hands came to her shoulders and pushed her down so she sat on the edge of the bed.

He sat on the nightstand and looked into her dull, tired eyes.

“Aella,” he said, “Winter Group is a public company. My marriage is public. Everything we do affects the company’s future.”

He was calm and sharp. “As long as we aren’t divorced, you must live here.”

Aella shot back, “You claim you did everything for the company. You keep a woman on the side; aren’t you worried that your scandal will hurt the company reputation?”

Tyrone didn’t flinch. “If the company has a problem because of me, I will take full responsibility. Could you do that?”

Silence fell.

She already owed Tyrone a billion dollars before the divorce. If her actions rocked the stock price, she couldn’t bear the fallout.

Tyrone reached out. He tucked her hair behind her ear and softened his voice. “The staff from the estate made you grits. Raine will bring it over soon. Eat your breakfast and get some rest.”

He left for the office. Aella lay still like a corpse.

Her crying and hysteria did not move him. They did not win him over or make him compromise.

She felt like she might die from hopelessness.

He thought she was being dramatic and making a scene.

After all these years, she never expected Tyrone to be so cruel and heartless.

B

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A Message On Whatsapp 15

[940 words]

Chapter 15 Stripped of Choices

Tyrone had taken everything from her, even the right to break down.

By nine in the morning, Virginia and Raine showed up with breakfast. They sat with her for a while, trying to comfort her.

Aella never mentioned how Tyrone had pressed her about money.

Virginia had always loved her like her own, but Tyrone was still her son.

At the end of the day, she didn't want her son to get divorced.

Raine could be trusted, but she couldn't keep her mouth shut.

If Aella told her Tyrone demanded billions just to agree to a divorce, Raine would make sure the whole world knew.

That was the last thing Aella wanted.

By noon, Aella drove back to her parents' house.

When they learned she wasn't leaving Tyrone, they didn't smile with relief. They only looked worried.

Miriam pulled her into a bedroom and lowered her voice. "Did Tyrone give you a hard time?"

Aella swallowed her pain. She couldn't tell her parents the truth.

She forced a smile and said, "He explained it. It was just a misunderstanding. He didn't cheat."

Miriam patted her chest and finally let out a long breath. "Good. As long as he didn't cheat, that's all that

matters."

She took Aella by the hand and walked her back out. "Yesterday, your dad and I decided. Your uncle's family is moving out of town, and the house will be empty anyway. We're going to move in there. And here-

Miriam pulled a bank card from her pocket. "This card has all the money Tyrone has sent us over the years. Except for what we spent on hospital bills, the rest is untouched. Your dad found a small factory job out in the industrial park as a consultant. His paycheck is enough for us. So, take this card and return it to Tyrone."

Warren sat across from them, head bowed, silent the whole time.

Aella's guess was right.

She hadn't even spoken a word, but her parents were already preparing to move out and return the

money.

If they knew Tyrone was using money to pressure her, they'd be worried sick.

Warren stood up and pressed that card into his daughter's hand. "Listen to your mom. Give it back to him.

1/3

In a couple of days, your mother and I will move, and we'll return the house too."

Aella gripped the bank card tightly and didn't argue.

She knew sooner or later her parents would find out what was happening between her and Tyrone.

Better to be honest now.

Besides, she was their daughter-if she wasn't doing well, they would feel it no matter how much she tried to hide it.

I should give it back.

Even if it's just a little money, it's something.

She hesitated for a moment and asked, "Dad, I want to keep studying medicine. Could you introduce me to Mr. Black?"

When her parents heard she wanted to work again, they were both supportive.

Originally, Aella had loved the violin.

Her biggest dream had been to become a violinist.

But at 18, she discovered Tyrone suffered from severe insomnia. Quietly, she changed her major to medicine.

After entering medical school, she asked her parents to help her transfer into holistic medicine.

After graduation, she married Tyrone and gave up her career.

Yet, for his sake, she never abandoned her research into sleep disorders.

She had cured Tyrone's insomnia and held master's degrees in both psychology and holistic medicine.

But she lacked clinical experience.

If she wanted to make real progress in the field of sleep disorders, she'd have to start from the very beginning.

That afternoon, Aella followed her dad to Capital Hospital and met Samuel Black again.

Samuel was a leading expert in holistic medicine of Smeina and a world-known specialist in sleep disorders.

Even after retirement, the hospital had hired him back at a high salary.

Aella had been a housewife for three years, far removed from her medical background.

She wanted to work as Samuel's assistant and rebuild her career.

Since her family had once helped Samuel's son, Samuel readily agreed to take her under his wing.

2/3

Samuel told Aella to complete a full checkup and get a health certificate, then come back the following Monday.

Before she left, he even introduced her to a senior colleague who could help her learn the hospital's

system.

At first, there wouldn't be much pay.

This field has a huge future because life is moving so fast, stress is building up, and more and more people are struggling with health problems-especially sleep.

If Aella worked hard and focused, she could make real progress.

When a person is busy chasing a goal, there's less time for sadness and overthinking.

Aella felt her mood a little lighter.

That evening, after dinner with her parents, she returned to the villa.

To her surprise, Tyrone was home.

She slipped off her shoes, and he stood up to pour her some water. "How's your mom doing? Is she recovering well?"

Aella took the glass he offered, then set it on the coffee table without drinking.

Tyrone was always close with her parents. He treated them as if they were his own.

He knew how to keep up appearances.

She pulled out the bank card her parents had given her and handed it to him. "This card has the money you've been sending them over the years. I checked the account at the bank. About 300,000 dollars is missing, but the rest is all here. My parents asked me to return it to you."

Tyrone grunted and took the card.

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

A Message On Whatsapp 16

[844 words]

Chapter 16 A Wound That Won't Heal

Aella stood up and said, "In a couple of days, my parents will move out. The condo downtown will be cleared and returned to you."

Tyrone sat on the couch, his long fingers turning the bank card over and over.

He looked up at her and grunted in agreement. He didn't argue.

Aella went upstairs, while Tyrone stayed where he was.

His thoughts drifted back to the past. When the Reids went bankrupt, he alone had covered more than 900 million in debts for them.

Even if Aella returned everything now, she could never repay that in her lifetime.

Later, he climbed the stairs. Aella was carrying a pillow and blanket, heading for the guest room.

Tyrone shut the bedroom door, walked up to her, and took the pillow and blanket from her arms.

He told her firmly, "As long as we're still married, you're sleeping in this bed."

Aella turned away, but Tyrone pulled her into his arms.

Their eyes locked. His voice softened. "Stop overthinking. Everything is fine."

The hurt in her eyes pulled him closer. He lowered his head and kissed her.

Aella turned her face in anger, refusing him. Tyrone pressed her down on the bed, sliding the pillow under her waist.

Just then, his phone rang.

He snatched the pillow away, rolled off the bed, and reached for the phone.

Aella struggled to sit up.

His quick move to silence the screen only fueled her suspicion.

She grabbed a pillow and hurled it at him. "Was that her calling?"

Tyrone's face darkened.

Aella rushed at him, trying to take the phone, but he held it out of reach.

The steady vibration rattled her nerves. She lost all reason and tugged at his shirt, trying to unbutton it.

He pushed her away. She broke down even more, clawing at his clothes.

"Didn't you want me? Why stop now?"

"Aella, that's enough!"

1/3

Chapter

He set the phone on the nightstand, lifted her off the floor, and laid her on the bed.

Holding her arms so she wouldn't lash out, he spoke calmly.

"You don't have to sleep in another room. I'll move out. When you have calmed down, I'll come back."

He let her go, picked up his phone, and walked into the dressing room.

Minutes later, he came out fully dressed. Without a glance back, he left the house.

Aella followed him into the hall. She heard his voice as he answered the call.

"Don't cry. I'm on my way."

"You want anything? Want me to bring you something to eat?"

Aella ran to the door, but Tyrone had already driven away.

She stood in the pouring rain, staring at the glow of his taillights, screaming his name until her voice broke.

Like a madwoman, she chased after his car.

Her strength gave out, and she collapsed in the wet street.

She had no way to fix the mess.

Aella couldn't end the relationship.

Worse, she couldn't control her emotions.

She felt like she was dying.

Late that night, in an upscale condominium complex downtown, Tyrone showed up at Zera's place with takeout and cold medicine.

Zera answered the door in a thin-strapped nightgown.

She noticed the gloom in Tyrone's eyes. She pressed a hand to her chest, coughed lightly, and took the bags from him.

"It's my

fault," she said softly. "Of all times, I had to come down with a fever tonight."

Tyrone pulled out a thermometer and handed it to her. "Check your temperature. If it's too high, I'll take you to the hospital."

Zera's voice was full of guilt. "I shouldn't have called you so late. Won't your wife be upset?"

2/3

Tyrone shook his head. "She won't."

"Maybe I should call her, just to explain-

He unpacked the food, laying out each box one by one. "Don't worry about her. She's asleep by now."

He glanced at the thermometer: 100.0°F.

Tyrone set it aside, his eyes flicking briefly over her nightgown. He draped a light blanket over her shoulders.

“I’ve got to go,” he said. “Eat something, then take the medicine.”

Zera clutched the blanket, her expression uneasy. “My son’s with my mom tonight. It’s pouring outside. Driving back isn’t safe. Why don’t you stay here for the night?”

Tyrone’s eyes darkened as he looked at Zera.

She quickly tried to explain. “It’s late. You have work in the morning. If you drive back and forth, you won’t get enough rest.”

Tyrone stopped and faced her directly. “Zera, don’t ever ask me to stay here again.”

Her face was full of innocence. “Why not? Back at the hospital, you stayed with me all night, and it was fine.”

The exhaustion in his expression could no longer be hidden.

“Zera,” he said quietly, “I stayed with you in the hospital because it was a public place and we weren’t alone. But this is your home. You’re a single woman, and I’m a married man. If I spend the night here, it won’t look good for you.”

(11)

3/3

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A Message On Whatsapp 17

[906 words]

Chapter 17 A Brewing Fire

Zera smiled softly. “It’s fine. You’re not an outsider.”

Tyrone’s tone grew heavier. “To you, I am an outsider.”

The smile faded from Zera’s face.

Tyrone’s voice stayed calm but firm; there was no room for argument.

Zera forced a mocking laugh. "After all these years, have we really grown this distant?"

Looking at her helpless expression, Tyrone sighed. "Zera, I know things haven't been easy for you. Tomorrow, I'll arrange a live-in maid for you. I'll also get you a car and a driver."

At the door, he turned back. "Do your best to avoid Aella. Don't show up in front of her on purpose."

Zera froze, and no word came out.

Tyrone's stance was strong. "You have to do this."

Aella loved him too much to tolerate even a speck of doubt.

If the two women crossed paths, Zera would be the one to suffer.

Zera snapped out of it and quickly nodded. "Don't worry, Tyrone. I'll listen to you."

But her mind kept racing.

What does that mean? She could tell Tyrone still had feelings for her.

Was it because she had been divorced that he wouldn't consider leaving Aella to marry her?

Zera couldn't help but let her imagination run wild.

Tyrone left Zera's place without worry.

Over an hour later, he sat inside a private bar in the city.

When the door opened, he poured two glasses of whiskey.

Brad Keller strolled in and dropped onto the couch across from him. He leaned back, legs crossed, his shoes resting carelessly on the edge of the coffee table. His whole posture screamed spoiled rich kid.

He fixed his sharp eyes on Tyrone, his good looks marked by his signature single-lid eyes. "So, trouble with your wife?"

Tyrone swirled his glass, sounding worn out. "I can't communicate with her."

Brad saw everything clearly, as an outsider. He cut straight to the point. "Zera came back to town for you. If you don't clear things up, Aella will leave you."

Chapter 17 A Brewing Fire

Tyrone's reply was calm, almost dismissive. "She won't divorce me."

Finished

In his mind, he was sure. Emotionally, Aella loved him and depended on him. She couldn't leave him.

Financially, he had spent millions on her family. She could never repay that debt in her lifetime.

On her own, she had no real independence. She married him and became a full-time wife immediately after graduating from college. She was out of touch with the working world.

She had grown up rich. After marrying him, Aella had lived a life of luxury—designer clothes, fine dining, and the best of everything. Even if she found a job, her paycheck wouldn't even cover her lifestyle.

Because of this, he wasn't worried she'd walk away.

But Aella had a stubborn streak. She would fight him. That was inevitable.

Brad didn't hold back and mercilessly tore into his lies. "I heard Aella's already talking divorce."

Tyrone raised a brow. "Raine told you that?"

Brad didn't deny it. "Man, you better watch yourself. If Aella leaves you, you'll never find another woman who loves you like she does."

Tyrone's tone was confident. "Relax. Even if you end up six feet under, you won't live to see me and Aella divorce."

Brad realized he couldn't change Tyrone's mind, so he switched the subject. "That Zera, though—she knows you're married and still keeps you from explaining. Isn't she clearly trying to break you two apart?"

Tyrone's face darkened. His tone turned serious. "Brad, don't talk bad about Zera."

Brad adjusted his posture and leaned forward. "I'm not badmouthing her. I'm telling the truth. The way she acts—it's obvious she's trying to drive a wedge between you and Aella."

Tyrone lit a cigarette. Smoke drifted around his face, blurring his eyes.

After a long silence, he said, “Zera came from nothing. She’s simple at heart. Years ago, for me to inherit the company smoothly, Grandpa forced her to marry someone overseas. She’s suffered so much for me. I owe her.”

He went on. “She’s been abused for years. Her health is bad. She battles severe depression. I have to take care of her.”

Brad gave a wry smile. “Just admit it—you still have feelings for her.”

Tyrone frowned. “Brad, she nearly ruined her whole life because of me. I have to take responsibility.”

He added, “Zera won’t allow me to explain things to Aella because she’s too sensitive, too proud. She’s worried Aella will use it against her, that outsiders will mock her, and that they will criticize her for doing all that to earn my sympathy or trying to climb her way up by wrecking my marriage.”

Brad pushed back. “So she forbids you from explaining to your wife, and yet she leans on you for everything. She drains your money, your time, your energy—even your marriage. If that’s not

2/3

manipulation, then what is?”

Tyrone shook his head. “It’s not the same. I’m willing to repay her. It’s my choice.”

Brad went on. “You feel guilty toward Zera. You think you’re responsible for her. You still care for her. But what about Aella? What did she ever do wrong?”

Tyrone sounded weary. “No one said she did.”

Brad snapped, “You agreed she did nothing wrong, but you never explained anything and won’t let her divorce you. With Aella’s temper, it’s a wonder she hasn’t felt suffocated by all this.”

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A Message On Whatsapp 18

[900 words]

3/3

Chapter 18 Fever in the Rain

Tyrone felt a heavy pressure in his chest, but he didn't think it was that serious. "I promised to let her work. That'll make her feel better," he said.

gave

Brad

him a look like he couldn't believe what he had heard. "So you're really not going to explain things to Aella? You think just because she's crazy in love with you, she deserves to carry all this pain?"

Tyrone clinked glasses with him, calm as ever. "It's not as bad as you put it."

Right then, Brad's phone rang.

On the other end, Raine's voice exploded through the line. "Brad Keller! Is Tyrone with you?"

Brad held the phone away from his ear. "Hey, brat! Watch your mouth. Show me some respect."

Raine shot back, "I'll call you whatever I want. Aella's in trouble-get Tyrone home now!"

It was still pouring when Brad drove Tyrone back.

By the time they arrived, the doctor had just left.

Tyrone rushed to the bedside. His eyes locked on Aella's face-pale, too pale.

In her sleep, her brow was furrowed, her lashes wet, like she was trapped in a nightmare.

He held her hand. It burned like fire.

When he left earlier, she was fine-angry, yes, but full of fight. How could she suddenly be this sick?

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed it.

Aella had always been strong. She could hold a plank for ten minutes without breaking a sweat.

Tyrone turned to his sister. "When did her fever start?"

Raine looked guilty. "I couldn't reach her by phone. I tried yours too. Mom got worried you two were fighting and sent me over. When I got here, she was lying out in the rain in the garden. I don't know how long she'd been there."

Brad nudged Tyrone with his elbow. "Did you argue with her before you left?"

Tyrone's face darkened. "You both should go."

Raine was worried about them. "Tyrone, she's already had fever medicine. The doctor said you need to help her cool down and check her temperature every hour. If it keeps going up, take her to the hospital."

Tyrone nodded.

Brad dragged Raine out of the master bedroom. "Come on, let's battle this out. Tell me, when did I ever do you wrong?"

1/3

Chapter 18 Fever in the Rain

Raine yanked him by the collar. "Brad, you know where Zera lives. Take me to her!"

Finished

At that, Brad suddenly felt everything he did was worth it. He slipped out of her grip and smoothly bolted downstairs.

In the master bedroom, Tyrone wore a white dress shirt and black slacks, his sleeves rolled up to show the strength in his forearms.

He checked Aella's temperature on schedule, helped her sip water, wiped her skin, and cooled her down with careful hands.

His calm focus made it look less like he was caring for his wife and more like he was carrying out a job.

“Tyrone.”

Aella’s hands moved weakly in the air.

Tyrone caught them and gently wiped her palms without even realizing how tender his touch was.

She called out his name even in her sleep-how could she ever really leave him?

Tonight, it was his mistake.

She had been too upset. He should have waited until she calmed down before leaving.

Her sickness dragged on for two or three days.

When she finally woke up, her head still felt heavy.

She had planned to meet a senior colleague, someone Samuel had introduced to her. Aella’s illness made her miss the appointment.

She needed to send an apology.

When she left the bedroom, she saw the study door wide open.

Inside, Tyrone was on the phone.

It was past ten on a weekday morning, and surprisingly, he hadn’t gone to work.

As he stepped out, he spotted Aella standing frozen in the hallway.

He walked over and reached out to feel her forehead.

Aella turned her head away.

Tyrone’s face darkened. “Aella, is this how a wife is supposed to treat her husband?”

Aella acted like she hadn’t heard him and walked toward the stairs.

She wanted to argue. She wanted to scream out all the bitterness in her heart.

But she didn’t have the strength.

2/3

And maybe she no longer had the right.

When she went back to the bedroom, neither of them brought up Tyrone's affair.

But aside from that topic, Aella realized she and Tyrone had almost nothing left to talk about.

She headed toward the walk-in closet, but Tyrone caught her wrist and pulled her closer.

"Why didn't you call me when you got sick? Do you know you were out for three days?"

Aella lifted her eyes to his, her calm tone almost eerie. "I didn't want to disturb you while you were with your other girlfriend."

If he didn't care about her, why would he care about her being sick?

There was a faint shadow of despair around her that Tyrone hated to see.

He paused, then switched topics. "This afternoon, I'm flying out on a business trip to Tuspuyria. The photo studio will be dropping off the photos. You-

"I'm busy."

Aella cut him off coldly and pulled her hand free.

Tyrone's voice carried frustration. "Aella, you've yelled, you've fought, and you've broken things. I expect you to stop now."

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

A Message On Whatsapp 19

[868 words]

Chapter 19 Testing Waters

Aella glanced at Tyrone, then went straight into the walk-in closet.

Not long after she left, Noel walked in. "Mr. Winter, it's time to head out."

Tyrone shook his head. "Push the schedule back two hours."

Noel glanced at the studio crew moving in and out of the room. He quietly stepped away.

That evening, Aella returned with a stack of medical books and notes.

She looked at the wedding portraits on the wall but felt nothing.

Tyrone was always good at appearances.

He would never let her ruin the image of a successful businessman with a perfect family.

Raine came by with a container of grits. When she saw the medical notes on Aella's desk, she was rather surprised. "Aella, are you sure you want to divorce Tyrone?"

Aella closed her book. "I'm planning to intern at the hospital."

Raine's eyes softened and were full of reluctance. "You don't have to work yourself so hard. Tyrone may be a jerk, but he still takes good care of you. He even called me at lunch, asking me to come keep you company."

Aella lowered her head.

It was true-Tyrone had been generous with money toward her family.

But behind every dollar was a calculation, an investment.

She couldn't tell Raine the truth, that she hadn't divorced him because he was using money to trap her.

Tyrone was her brother anyway.

She forced a small smile and changed the topic. "Anyway, I'm just sitting at home doing nothing. Working will at least distract me. I'll do my health checkup in a couple of days, get my certificate, and start Monday."

Raine offered quickly, "I'll go with you for the check-up."

On the day of the check-up, Aella skipped breakfast.

Raine worried about her blood sugar, so she carried along the thermos of food Virginia had prepared that morning.

They spent more than an hour running through tests.

Finally done, Raine held a stack of papers as they stepped out of the elevator. "Aella, let's find a place for you to sit down and eat something."

1/3

Chapter 19 Testing waters

Just then, a little boy rushed past and bumped into her.

The test results and thermos fell to the ground.

The thermos rolled down the hall and stopped against a trash can.

Raine snapped, pointing after the boy. "Hey, you little rascal! Get back here!"

Aella reached out and stopped her. "Raine, let it go."

Not far away, Zera had just stepped out of the elevator. When she heard Raine's name, she froze.

Her eyes darted between the two women before finally settling on Aella.

She recognized her. Since returning to the country, she had secretly seen Aella once.

No wonder all her hints to Tyrone had failed-he had always kept his guard up and held a strict line with her.

Aella was both innocent and tempting, the kind of woman who could catch any man's attention.

Zera's expression didn't change as she walked toward them.

She deliberately ignored Aella standing beside Raine, bent down, and picked up the test result from the floor. She handed them back to Raine.

Testing the waters, Zera asked softly, "Miss, are you by any chance a Winters?"

Raine took the papers from her and glanced at Aella, noticing something was off.

Then she looked back at Zera. "You know me?" Raine asked.

Zera smiled as she lifted her left hand to brush back her hair, then glanced at Aella. "I just passed by and heard this lady call you Raine. A friend of mine has a little sister with the same name, so I asked without thinking."

The color drained from Aella's face.

The moment she first saw Zera, she had a faint guess from her figure and hairstyle.

Hearing her probe about Raine's last name, she wasn't sure yet.

But when she noticed the diamond bracelet on Zera's left wrist, she knew.

This woman standing in front of her was Tyrone's first love. The one he could never forget.

Aella froze, unable to react.

Raine studied Zera with sharp eyes. "Yeah, I'm Raine. Who are you?"

Zera turned to Aella, smiling politely. "I'm a friend of Tyrone's. My name is Zera Caldwell."

2/3

Zera Caldwell?

Raine's gaze darted back to Aella.

So this was the famous first love her brother carried in his heart?

From the look of her, this bitch wasn't much.

Compared to Aella, she fell short.

Aella's hands curled into fists at her sides.

The woman her husband was cheating with was right here.

And she couldn't do a thing.

If she exposed Zera now, Tyrone would rush to defend her.

Aella didn't have the billion dollars it would take to divorce him.

She couldn't handle the fallout.

If she caused a scene, the only one humiliated would be herself.

She forced down the storm inside and tried to hold her dignity.

Raine slipped her arm through Aella's and faced Zera. "This is my sister-in-law, Aella."

Zera looked straight at Aella, not avoiding her eyes.

Maybe Raine also sensed who she was, because she added firmly, "Tyrone loves Aella very much."

Zera reached out her hand politely. "Mrs. Winter, you're truly beautiful."

(11)

3/3

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A Message On Whatsapp 20

[901 words]

Chapter 20 The Truth Hurts

Aella forced a smile and managed a few words. "You're quite pretty yourself."

"Ms. Caldwell, the driver's here. Time to head home and rest," the maid said, carrying medicine and helping Zera out.

Zera nodded politely. "Mrs. Winter, Raine, I'll be leaving now."

Aella stood frozen, staring at Zera's back as she walked away.

Designer clothes, top brands, a maid, a driver, a car-Tyrone had given her everything.

Her chest tightened. The pain in her heart spread until she could hardly breathe.

The emotions she had buried came crashing back, and she collapsed onto a chair in the hallway.

Raine hurried over, worried. "Aella, why didn't you slap her?"

Tears filled Aella's eyes. Her lips trembled as she tried to speak. "I..."

But then she thought of Raine's hot temper and quickly shut her mouth.

Raine steadied her, set her bag aside, and then ran after Zera.

Aella was too slow to stop her, so she quickly rushed after Raine.

At the elevator, Raine blocked Zera's path.

Zera stopped. "Ms. Winter, is something wrong?"

Raine forced a smile, holding back her urge to slap her. "Ms. Caldwell, one look at your outfit and I can tell you came from money. Which family are you from? I'd love to be friends with someone like you."

Zera's nails dug into her palms.

Everything she wore, carried, and used came from Tyrone.

And six years ago, when she dated him, the Winters already knew her background.

Raine's question was a slap in the face.

Still, Zera stayed calm. "You must be joking, Ms. Winter. I'm just an ordinary girl from a regular family."

Raine crossed her arms, her tone sharp. "Then maybe you married into money. Which family did you marry into? Maybe I know them."

Zera's face stiffened. She glanced at Aella and finally admitted, "Ms. Winter, I'm not married."

Aella's body shook so hard. She almost fell.

Not married. Yet she had a five-year-old son.

1/3

Chapter 20 The Truth Hurts

Finished

That child could only be Tyrone's.

Raine gave Zera a thumbs-up. "I can tell you're really capable. Ms. Caldwell, what do you do for work? Let's be friends. I admire women like you-making your own money, living your own way. No leaning on men, no being anyone's burden."

Zera flushed with embarrassment. She sneaked a glance at Aella, then quickly looked away.

Lowering her head, she mumbled, "Mrs. Winter, I've got something to do. I'll be leaving now."

Before her words had even faded, she had already slipped into the elevator.

Raine was about to chase after her, but Aella stopped her.

Raine stomped her foot in frustration. "Aella, I didn't even get to slap her!"

Aella's face turned pale.

She pulled Raine to a quiet corner and whispered, "Raine, I know you're standing up for me. But even if

you

hit her, it won't change the fact that she and Tyrone are back together. Tyrone loves her, and he loves their child. If he finds out, he'll be furious. Please, don't make this worse."

Raine held Aella's hand, her eyes full of worry. "Aella, are you giving up on Tyrone?"

In the past, whenever another woman got close to Tyrone, Aella would be on high alert and treat it like a battlefield. She would do whatever it took to drive them away.

But now, the woman Tyrone cheated with stood right in front of her, and Aella hadn't even lifted a finger.

It was a clear sign that she had given up on her brother.

If she wasn't letting go, how could she stay this calm?

Aella didn't answer.

In her heart, she knew-it was Tyrone who had let go of her first.

Back home, afraid her mind would spiral, she buried herself in books.

If she really wanted a divorce, she needed to come up with a billion dollars.

Where on earth was she supposed to find that kind of money in a short time?

On Monday, she showed up at the hospital right on time to start her new job as Samuel's assistant.

Her first day was full of introductions. She met her new coworkers and got a clear picture of what she needed to work toward.

After work, Aella stopped by her parents' place.

The three-bedroom apartment was barely 1,000 square feet, but it felt warm and cozy.

2/3

She had dinner with them, chatted for a while, then headed back to the villa she shared with Tyrone.

Her study materials were there, and she needed to keep up her reading.

Otherwise, she would have stayed with her parents for a few days.

That night, she showered, slipped into pajamas, and sat in bed with her laptop..

Around ten, she heard the low rumble of a car engine outside.

Moments later, the bedroom door opened. Tyrone walked in, dressed in a dark business suit, his face

stormy.

Aella frowned at the sight of him.

He had told her he'd be away on a week-long business trip.

But only three days had passed.

Why is he suddenly back?

She didn't need to ask. The look on his face told her he had something on his mind.

Without a word, Tyrone glanced at her and headed straight into the bathroom.

The sound of rushing water filled the room. Aella stared at her book, but her eyes couldn't catch a single word.

3/3

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