

## ONCE CAST-OFF WIFE, NOW UNTOUCHABLE QUEEN

### 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.

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. For original chapters go to

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?"

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.

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.