

# Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

## A Message On Whatsapp 21

[ 892 words ]

Chapter 21 Hysterical

Aella closed her laptop, stacked her books on the nightstand, and leaned back against her pillow. She sat quietly, waiting for Tyrone to come out of the bathroom.

Every time he came home, the first thing he did was take a shower. It had always been his routine.

At some point, it became hers too.

She liked his scent. She liked falling asleep in his arms.

In her happiest days, she once told him she loved him and begged him to hold her every night.

She even said if he didn't, she'd die of heartbreak.

But the night she discovered his affair, everything changed.

Since then, she had spent nearly every night alone, restless, and sleepless.

She hadn't died. She was still here.

See? Nobody in this world is truly indispensable.

Even though she had loved Tyrone so deeply, she could still endure the pain, stay awake through the nights, and prepare herself to walk away.

Tyrone came out of the bathroom in dark pajamas. Aella was sitting on the bed, staring blankly ahead.

His eyes fell on the stack of medical books on the nightstand. He reached over and flipped through a few

pages.

He sat on the edge of the bed, his voice unreadable. "Why are you back to reading medical texts all of a sudden?"

Aella didn't answer.

He reached out, tucking her long hair behind her ear. "Do you want me to find you an easier position?"

She shook her head. "My parents already moved out of the place downtown. They had it cleaned; the door code is still the same. They told me to let you know-you can take it back."

Tyrone showed little reaction. "Where did they move to?"

She didn't hide it. "By Riverside Drive, close to where my dad works."

Tyrone narrowed his eyes and said, "I'm the heir to Winter Group. And my in-laws live in the rundown place by the factory. Do you think that looks right?"

She looked up at him. "We don't want to owe you anything."

His voice dropped. "Hasn't your family already owed me plenty after all these years?"

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Chapter 21 Mystens00

Their eyes locked.

The air between them grew heavy and tense.

Aella finally looked away, her cheeks burning with shame,

There was nothing left to say. She brought this humiliation on herself.

Silence stretched between them until Tyrone sighed.

"As long as we stay married, you can use any of my resources and assets," he said.

Aella wasn't as steady as Tyrone,

She burst out, "I don't want to use your money, I want a divorce!"

Tyrone stared at her, calm and steady.

His voice never rose. "If you want a divorce, I can give you one anytime-as long as you can come up with one billion dollars."

Aella had a mental meltdown; she buried her face in her arm.

They'd known each other since they were kids. She had chased him for over 20 years and married him three years ago.

He was leaving her no room. He hurt her.

And he didn't show any pity.

He was ready to divorce her at a moment's notice.

She felt like her heart was being ripped out; she couldn't even cry.

Tyrone watched her reaction closely; the look in his eyes was complicated. "You saw Zera, didn't you?" he asked, testing her.

Aella lifted her head to meet his judgmental gaze.

Tyrone's voice hardened. "What did you tell her?"

She saw a flicker of pain in his eyes-but that pain wasn't for her. It was for Zera.

That stung.

Aella pushed herself up, shoved Tyrone hard, and raised her voice. "Tyrone, on what grounds are you questioning me-as my husband or as her lover?"

His brow tightened. "I told you not to see her."

Aella felt a tightness in her chest. "I have something better to do than seek her out," she snapped.

"Do you realize that she almost got hurt because of you?" Tyrone said.

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Aella let out a bitter laugh.

She had only run into Zera at the hospital and said hello.

She sank back down like someone had stolen all her strength. "So you dropped everything and flew back overnight because you were worried Zera might get hurt?"

Tyrone, clearly irritated, stood up.

He looked down at her from the bed. “Aella, I know what you’re like. Zera’s health is fragile. She also needs to take care of a child. I don’t want anything to happen to her again.”

Aella lost control. She grabbed a pillow and hurled it at him.

Then she climbed onto the bed and screamed, “Tyrone, you jerk!”

He bent and picked up the pillow.

Aella snatched a book from the nightstand and hurled it at him. “You cheated on me. You betrayed me. How can you stand there and act so concerned about her? How can you say such cruel things to me?”

Tyrone stayed calm and easily avoided the things she threw.

When she reached for her laptop, he stepped forward and stopped her. “Are you done?” he asked.

He took the laptop from her. Aella’s broke down.

She cried out loud, smashed things, and raged like someone losing their grip on the world. “Fine! Then protect them 24 hours a day. Every time I see her, I’ll hit her!”

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 22**

[ 922 words ]

Chapter 22 Make Peace

Aella screamed and cried, her voice breaking, “My family already went bankrupt! I don’t care if I lose everything-I’ll drag you down with me!

“Tyrone, I’m filing for divorce!

“I’ll let the world know you cheated and betrayed our marriage!

“And I’ll make sure everyone sees your beloved branded as a homewrecker forever!”

Her rage spun out of control. Tyrone stood at the side of the bed and grabbed her to prevent her from falling on the ground.

She fought to break free but couldn’t escape his arms. Then she bent her head and bit down hard on his shoulder.

Her whole body shook from the effort.

Tyrone felt the sharp pain but didn’t move.

When the metallic taste spread through her mouth, Aella finally let go.

“Enough,” Tyrone said softly. “Lie down. I’ll get you some water.”

He eased her onto the bed, poured a glass of water for her, and helped her rinse her mouth.

She had spent all her strength, and now she lay there numb.

Aella rinsed her mouth and lay back down. Her eyes shut, but the tears wouldn’t stop.

Since Tyrone’s affair, every fight has ended the same way.

He pushed her to the edge, then acted calm—either caring for her like it was an obligation, or just walking

away.

He never explained. His heart never ached for her and never showed guilt; he simply carried out his duty.

Tyrone cleaned up the mess, climbed into bed, and turned off the light.

He reached for her, tried to hold her in his arm, but Aella pushed him away without thinking.

His body froze. Then he rolled over and gave her his back.

That small gesture touched a raw nerve again, but Aella stayed quiet, biting her lip hard and drowning in hurt.

Three years of marriage. After each fight, there was nothing left to say.

Even while lying on the same bed, Aella knew Tyrone's heart was miles away from hers.

His silence, his lack of explanation, stood like a wall that kept pushing them farther and farther apart.

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When Aella woke the next morning, Tyrone was already gone.

She got herself ready in a hurry and went to the hospital.

She threw herself into work and talked with coworkers. To her surprise, it didn't hurt as much when she

kept busy.

After work that evening, Aella unexpectedly ran into Daniel Hill, the senior Samuel had introduced to her.

"Hi, Daniel," she greeted politely.

Daniel wore a sharp, casual suit, his gold-rimmed glasses giving him a polished look. Handsome and refined, he smiled with warmth. "I heard you live on Petal Lane. I'm heading that way for some errands. Want a ride?"

Aella quickly shook her head. "Thanks, Daniel, but I drove here."

Samuel had told her Daniel was the youngest medical PhD holder at Smeina.

The Hills came from a long line of doctors, with private hospitals spread across the world. Though young, Daniel already carried the weight of a billion-dollar family fortune.

As Aella walked out of the outpatient building, she accidentally spotted Tyrone.

Thinking of the look of concern he had given her the night before made her chest ache.

He must be at the hospital for Zera.

Her heart sank, but she kept her composure as she passed by him.

Yesterday, in a storm of rage, she had shouted about divorce and burning everything down with him. Those were angry words, not real threats.

Even if she didn't care about herself, she had to think about her parents and her younger brother.

Tyrone had her trapped in the one place he knew she couldn't fight back. All she could do was act out when no one else was around. Other than that, there was nothing she could do.

Tyrone watched her walk past, then calmly followed.

He caught her wrist and pulled her closer.

"Aella," he said, "a fight is a fight. Don't forget we're still husband and wife."

Aella yanked her hand free. "Your first love is waiting for you. Go to her."

Tyrone glanced back at the hospital building, then looked at Aella again.

Taking her hand, he led her toward the street. "I came to pick you up to visit your parents together."

At that, Aella stopped in her tracks.

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She knew this gesture was his way of making peace.

Every time she was upset, he would either buy her jewelry, give her parents expensive gifts, or accompany her to visit her parents.

But lowering his pride, apologizing, or explaining?

That was impossible.

Expressionless, she rejected, "Don't bother. My parents aren't worth your effort."

To Tyrone, the words sounded more like spite than truth.

He squeezed her hand tighter. "I already called Miriam. She made your favorite fish, and I'll have a couple drinks with Warren."

Aella hated how he always decided first and told her later. But she also didn't want her parents waiting for nothing. She swallowed her frustration and said nothing more.

As they walked, passersby glanced at them with envy. Aella looked at Tyrone at her side.

Dressed in a tailored black business suit, striking and confident, he drew attention everywhere he went.

She had grown up revolving around him, long accustomed to the jealous stares.

Once, she had been proud of it.

All she could feel now was numbness.

“Tyrone,” Miriam said with a smile as she took in the heap of luxury items, “you don’t have to bring anything when you come here for dinner.”

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## A Message On Whatsapp 23

[ 874 words ]

### Chapter 23 Silent Tension at the Dinner Table

After the driver carried the last two cases of wine into the living room and left, Tyrone finally spoke. “Miriam, you and Warren should move back into the city. This place is a bit far out from the city center, and now that Aella’s working again, it’ll be harder for her to visit you here.”

Warren cut him off as he set the last dish on the table. “Let’s eat!”

Sitting beside Tyrone, Aella noticed how uneasy he looked.

She reached for his plate and removed the utensils. “You go ahead and take care of your work. I’ll head back later on my own.”

Aella didn’t say it outright, but Tyrone understood. He wasn’t upset.

Instead, he picked up his fork and set a piece of fish on her plate. “It’s fine. We’ll head back together after dinner.”

Across the table, Miriam and Warren exchanged worried glances.

They knew better than anyone how much their daughter adored Tyrone.

Every time she came home for dinner, she would be practically glued to his side.

If Tyrone was too busy to stay, she'd throw a fit until he promised he would return later to pick her up.

But now their daughter ate calmly, acting distant. She didn't stick to him and even told him to go take care of his own business.

The older couple locked eyes and fell into silence.

Aella noticed their expressions and quickly tried to cover it.

She placed food on Tyrone's plate with a warm smile, making sure she looked cheerful so her parents wouldn't worry.

Tyrone calmly ate what she gave him.

He had grown up in privilege, living the life of someone who never lacked anything.

The old, cramped house and the simple environment were far from what he was used to.

Still, he was a man of good manners.

No matter how out of place he felt, he never let it show in front of the elders.

He stood up and poured Warren a glass of wine. "I heard this one's lovely light. Try it out. If you like it, I'll bring more next time."

Warren gave Tyrone full respect. "You're already so busy with work. Don't worry about us. Since you're here, eat more while you can."

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Tyrone seemed more at ease in front of Aella's parents.

But during the meal, he brought it up again-asking them to move back into the city.

In the past, whatever Tyrone suggested, they always agreed.

To them, their son-in-law was their pride, someone they bragged about everywhere they went.

This time, though, even after he asked twice, they didn't give in.

Aella understood. Her parents had their doubts.

She had told them it was only a misunderstanding, that Tyrone hadn't cheated.

But rumors don't start for no reason, and her parents couldn't help but worry.

Tyrone was a man who knew when to stop.

After mentioning it twice without an answer, he didn't press again.

After dinner, Aella and Tyrone left together.

Tyrone quietly left behind the bank card they had returned.

When Miriam found it, she slipped it back into Aella's hand, telling her to take it home.

On the way back, Aella handed the card to Tyrone. "My parents won't take this. You should keep it," she said.

Tyrone had been drinking. His eyes lingered on Aella with a hazy, suggestive look.

He studied her delicate face, then caught her hand and pulled her closer.

Just then, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

They locked eyes. Aella pulled her hand back while Tyrone reached into his pocket.

Before he could answer, the caller hung up.

Then his phone buzzed again and again with message alerts.

Aella stared at him, fists clenched tight at her sides.

She felt like she was sick, broken inside.

Every time his phone rang-whether a call or a text-if he hesitated even for a second, she lost control of herself, ready to explode.

Tyrone shut the screen off and slid the phone back into his pocket.

The desire in his eyes vanished with it. He stayed silent.

With the driver sitting up front, Aella forced herself to hold back her questions.

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The ride was heavy with silence until Tyrone dropped her at home.

He got out first and opened her door.

Raine pulled up with a box of things he bought for Aella and stepped out from another car.

When she saw Tyrone and Aella coming home together, her face lit up, thinking they had patched things

But Tyrone had no plans to go inside. He said, "You two talk. I've got something to take care of."

At those words, Aella's face drained of color.

She grabbed the edge of his suit and burst out, "You're going to see her, aren't you?"

Tyrone frowned and forced her hand off his suit.

"Aella, don't do this."

He didn't deny it. That was as good as an answer.

The emotions she had been suppressing all night exploded.

She reached for his phone, but before her fingers touched his pocket, Tyrone caught her wrist.

He slid an arm around her shoulder, guiding her toward the door. "Enough," he said firmly. "You've got work tomorrow."

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## A Message On Whatsapp 24

[ 923 words ]

## Chapter 24 On the Edge

Aella shoved Tyrone away, her hair a mess, her voice sharp and wild. "Tyrone, if you dare walk out that door, I'll kill myself!"

Tyrone bent down, lifted her into his arms, and carried her inside.

He couldn't let her scream at the front door.

If reporters caught it on camera, the headlines would be a disaster.

Raine, shaken by what she saw, rushed in after them.

Tyrone set Aella on the sofa. She jumped up, grabbed a throw pillow, and hurled it at him. She looked like she was losing her mind.

Tyrone bent down, picked up the pillow, walked over, and set it down.

He turned to Raine. "Stay here and keep an eye on her."

That meant no matter how Aella acted out, he was leaving tonight.

When she heard him insist on leaving, Aella went into a daze.

"Arghhh!"

She slumped onto the sofa, powerless, and let out a sharp scream.

Raine, terrified, rushed forward and wrapped her arms around Aella.

She turned to Tyrone and berated, "Aella loves you so much, and you've driven her to this. Don't you feel anything?" She cried.

"Shut up." Tyrone's eyes warned her.

"Stay here and watch her. If anything happens to Aella, I'll hold you responsible."

Raine wanted to challenge him.

But Tyrone had always dominated her for her whole life, and he controlled her pocket money.

She couldn't risk it.

Tyrone glanced at Aella, exhausted, and began to turn away.

Aella shoved Raine aside, grabbed a small fruit knife from the fruit tray, and ran to the doorway.

She planted herself in front of the living room door to block him.

Tyrone stopped his pace.

Aella pressed the knife to her throat. Her lips trembled as she said, "Tyrone, give me your phone. If you

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don't, I'll prove it-I'll die."

She looked like a gambler all in on one final bet.

Aella wouldn't accept her defeat.

She wanted to bet that she still had a place in his heart.

Aella wanted to end it-wanted to see the ugly messages in his phone with her eyes.

She wanted to sever the last, fragile thread of love she had left for him.

Her eyes were wide, waiting for his decisive blow.

The room grew heavy with tension.

Tyrone's phone buzzed again and again, each vibration fraying the silence.

Raine stood beside them, helpless and unsure what to do.

She knew there were problems between the couple, but she hadn't imagined it had gotten this serious.

She'd never seen Aella lose control and lash out at her brother.

Tyrone stood before Aella; his gaze was complicated as he fixed it on the fruit knife in her hand.

He took a careful step forward. When the blade in her hand trembled, he stopped.

Tyrone didn't cave in and Aella backed her phone. His voice was cold and sharp. "Your life is your own. If you want to end it, no one can stop you."

His words cut like a knife, cruel and showing no hint of emotion.

Aella's eyes locked on him, full of despair.

Her lips moved, but no sound came out.

Raine stared at her brother, wide-eyed. She couldn't believe what she saw. "Tyrone, can't you see how broken she is? Can't you say something kind for once?"

Tyrone shot his sister a warning glare, forcing her to keep quiet.

He stepped closer to Aella, testing the space between them.

"Aella," he said, "before you do anything, think about your parents. They gave you everything so you could grow up safe and cared for. Now your dad's still working at the factory as a consultant, even at his age. Your mom just got out of the hospital. And your little brother's taking his SATs next year."

His voice stayed hard. "If you die, the only ones you'll hurt are your family. You won't hurt me. You won't hurt anyone else."

Aella shut her eyes. She had given up all hopes.

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Chapter 24 Un the cage

Tyrone seized the moment, ripping the kitchen knife from her hand and pulling her into his arms.

The fruit knife clattered to the floor.

Her heart shattered with it.

She let him hug her in his embrace like a lifeless shell.

Tears wouldn't come. Words failed her.

Her whole body shook.

Tyrone held her tight-one arm locked around her waist, the other pressing the back of her head against his chest.

He kissed her forehead and comforted her, "Stop overthinking things. Just get some sleep. You'll be okay."

He stayed with her a while, consoled her, and then carried her upstairs.

Ignoring the nonstop buzz of his phone, Tyrone dampened a towel and gently wiped her face and hands. He smoothed her messy hair until it fell back into place.

When he was done, he pulled his sister out of the bedroom.

“Raine,” he ordered, “I’m not coming back tonight. Stay here with Aella. She’s not in a good place. Watch what you say. Don’t make it worse.”

Raine slipped back inside and closed the door softly.

Aella lay there, eyes shut, drowning in despair.

All she could do was cry.

Raine wasn’t good at comforting her. She sat beside her sister-in-law and cried too. “Aella, don’t cry. Tyrone’s just lost his way for now. He’ll come back around. He will.”

Aella turned over, her voice low. “I was trying to scare Tyrone. I’m fine. You can go home.”

She turned her back toward Raine and said no more.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 25**

[ 865 words ]

Chapter 25 You Don’t Stand a Chance

Aella was too busy fighting with Tyrone.

She almost forgot.

Only someone who was well loved had the right to throw tantrums.

Raine had a fiery temper.

She stayed with Aella for a while, then saw her lying quietly in bed, about to fall asleep.

Moving carefully, Raine slipped out, got into her car, and drove away.

She called Brad. He told her he had just left home and was heading to a charity auction where Tyrone was supposed to show up.

Raine drove straight to the Regal Hotel and blocked Brad at the entrance.

She was too cowardly to hit Tyrone.

However, she had no problem slapping Zera, the woman who ruined Aella's marriage.

Late at night, a silver sports car rolled to a stop in a street-side parking space.

As casual as ever, Brad stepped out, only to find Raine blocking his path. "Take me to Zera," Raine demanded.

Brad widened his narrow eyes in disbelief. "Are you kidding me? How am I supposed to know where that woman lives?"

Raine didn't buy it.

Tyrone she couldn't touch, but Brad? She could handle him. She marched into the middle of the street.

"If a car hits me," she shouted, "I'll tell my parents you pushed me!"

Brad dropped to his knees dramatically, grabbing her legs. "Fine! I'll take you."

Meanwhile, at Zera's place, she had her maid call Tyrone several times. He never came.

Just as she was about to text him, the doorbell rang.

A smile spread across Zera's face. She asked the maid to go back to her room and stay put.

After fixing her makeup in the mirror, she went to open the door.

She froze when she saw Raine and Brad standing there.

Zera caught the fury in Raine's eyes, and her smile disappeared.

After a moment of hesitation, she politely stepped aside. "Ms. Winter, what brings you here?"

Raine bent down and picked up a pair of men's slippers by the entryway.

She glanced at the size. They were Tyrone's.

The anger she had been holding back flared again.

She tossed the slippers to the floor with a sharp thud. "So this is the golden cage Tyrone built for you?" she sneered.

Zera quickly shook her head. "Ms. Winter, you've got it wrong. Tyrone and I are over."

Raine's heels clicked against the floor as she closed the distance. Without warning, she yanked one of Zera's earrings off.

Zera gasped in pain, covering her ear as she stumbled back.

Raine pointed at the earrings. "Those are the new collection of Dior-worth tens of thousands. Ms. Caldwell, did you buy them with your money, or did Tyrone buy them for you?"

Zera told the truth. "Tyrone gave them to me."

Raine grabbed Zera by the hair and dragged her close. "And that's your 'past' with him?"

Zera scrambled to explain, "Ms. Winter, it's not what you think. You've got the wrong idea."

Raine's face was full of disgust. "Zera, don't you know Tyrone is married? He has a wife. You keep calling and texting him at midnight-what are you trying to do?"

Zera's eyes flicked away. She hurried on, "Ms. Winter, men and women can be friends. Please don't assume the worst."

Raine ground her teeth. "Friends don't text a married man all night. If you're short on men, just say so. I could find you a few in a minute."

She shoved Brad in front of Zera.

Brad raised his hands. "Hey!"

Raine sneered, "One of the high society in Vleka, Brad is rich, good-looking, and ripped. If one man can't satisfy you, I can hire a group of gigolos to keep you happy. I'll make sure you thoroughly have your fun."

Brad said, "I don't want a divorcee."

Zera's face went pale, and she felt wronged. Tears pooled at the corners of her eyes.

She forcibly explained herself, "Ms. Winter, I don't know what I did to offend you. Please be merciful. There's really nothing between Tyrone and me."

Brad pulled Raine back a few steps. "Raine, she'll cast a spell on Tyrone-watch out," he warned.

Raine shoved him off and pointed at Zera. "Don't flatter yourself, bitch! Tyrone is realistic-he won't lower his standards. You don't come from a good family and lack any real skills. With just your looks, nobody in

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Tyrone's circle is willing to pay to sleep with you."

Zera bit her lip, her face pallid.

She hadn't expected that it wouldn't be the wife that confronted her, but Tyrone's sister.

Regardless, she couldn't fight back.

Raine stepped closer and spoke each word slowly. "If you plan to sleep your way up and use your body to climb the social ladder, find some other man. My brother is off-limits."

She added, "You couldn't marry my brother six years ago. Come back with a child now, and it still wouldn't make a difference."

The startled housemaid, who wasn't aware of the whole situation, stepped forward to shield Zera. "Why would you speak so harshly? Mr. Winter cares about Ms. Caldwell. If Mr. Winter finds out, he will kick you two out of the Vleka."

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## A Message On Whatsapp 26

[ 957 words ]

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter **26** Raine Gets Herself in Trouble

**Brad rubbed his** forehead.

**“Unbelievable.** Witch! You’re actually more arrogant than me!”

Raine lifted her hand and slapped Zera. Not once, but twice.

The middle–aged maid hurried over, holding Zera as she stumbled backward.

Raine scanned the living room, her eyes landing back on Zera. “Since you’re spending Tyrone’s money. That means half of everything here belongs to my sister–in–law. **If** I help her take **back** her share, that’s only fair.”

Zera pressed a hand to her burning cheek and backed against the wall. “Ms. Winter, do whatever you want.”

Raine started smashing things. Anything in sight, she destroyed without hesitation.

Brad noticed Zera trying to record with her phone and stepped in. “Ms. Caldwell, sneaking around and stabbed someone in the back isn’t right.”

Zera quickly shut it off. “Mr. Keller, I was just scared. I didn’t mean anything by recording that video.”

When Raine turned toward Zera’s bedroom, Zera rushed to block her.

Raine shoved her aside and hurled a heavy metal hourglass straight at the crystal chandelier.

Glass shattered with a sharp crash.

Brad pulled Raine out of the way. Zera screamed, cut by flying shards, and collapsed onto the floor.

The maid screamed in panic and grabbed her phone to call the police,

Brad realized how serious things had become. He quickly sent a message to Tyrone.

After a moment of hesitation, he also sent one to Aella.

Late that night, Aella couldn’t hold herself together anymore.

The man she had loved since childhood—the husband she had chased for **so many years—had** looked her in the eye when she was ready to end her life. He told her calmly that **if she died**, it

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20:45 Tue, Oct 7

Chapter 26 Raine Gets Herself in Trouble

wouldn't affect him at all.

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She lay on the bed, lifeless, for what felt like forever.

Then she thought about her parents. Her younger brother.

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**24**

Finished

Shaking, she pushed herself up and swallowed more than ten milligrams of melatonin.

She turned off her phone, crawled back into bed, and wished for a good sleep.

Aella wanted to block out the storm of feelings that was eating her alive. She just wanted one night of peace.

When her family was in her prime, she saw only Tyrone.

When they lost everything, she still saw only Tyrone.

Now, she was broken into pieces; all she could think about was still him.

She hated herself for it.

And she was exhausted.

The next morning, her body clock woke her on time. Aella washed her face, brushed her teeth, and put on light makeup. She dressed neatly, looking as if nothing had happened.

She didn't have the luxury to nurse her wounds. Even if she could barely stand, she had to

stand tall.

Aella was no longer 17. Not the same little girl that would follow Tyrone around, begging him to buy her a hair tie.

She was no longer that girl who wore her heart on her sleeve, waiting by the door every night for him to come home.

From now on, she was herself.

Yesterday, Samuel told her a special patient would arrive today. Aella needed to be at her very best.

After finishing all the prep work for Samuel, she finally turned on her phone.

Missed calls and message alerts flooded the screen nonstop.

Most came in during the night—from Tyrone, Raine, and even Brad.

It wasn't until she read Brad's message that she realized Raine had gone to confront Zera last

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20:45 Tue, **Oct 7**

Chapter 26 Raine Gets Herself in Trouble

night.

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But healing never came from others. It always started from within.

No one could save her but herself.

Still worried, Aella dialed Raine's number.

Capital Hospital. Inpatient Ward.

24

Finished

Raine was in trouble. Tyrone was tearing into her while Brad leaned against the wall, enjoying the show.

Tyrone pointed at the door, his face dark. “Did Aella tell you to mess with Zera?”

Raine leaned back against the wall, unfazed. “Aella’s not that childish. She has something better to do.”

Tyrone’s eyes sharpened at his sister. He knew Raine too well.

She and Aella had grown up together.

Raine had a hot temper. Aella was clever and full of ideas.

Ever since they were kids, wherever Aella pointed, Raine struck.

Without Aella’s push, Raine would never have dared to stir up trouble with Zera.

Tyrone’s vein throbbed in rage. “Go apologize to Zera.”

Raine hunched her shoulders but refused to back down. “Not until you apologize to Aella first.”

He stared at his sister. Aella’s face flashed through his mind.

Of course the two of them stuck together—one stubborn, the other defiant.

Sweet as honey when they wanted, impossible to deal with when they didn’t.

Tyrone’s voice hardened when he spoke again, “Raine, if you don’t apologize, I’ll send you overseas. And you can stay there.”

Raine quickly slipped behind Brad, trying to hide. “If you send me away, I’ll tell everyone about

your affair!”

Tyrone’s chest rose and fell with anger. “If Aella ever divorces me, that’s on you.”

At that moment, a noise came from inside the room. Tyrone rushed in at once.

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20:45 Tue, **Oct 7**

Chapter 26 Raine Gets Herself in Trouble

Zera saw him enter, and she got visibly worked up.

24

Erushed

Fighting through the pain, she swung her legs off the bed and stepped barefoot onto the cold floor. She walked toward him, her face pale. "Tyrone, I want to talk to you," she said quietly.

He glanced at the maid, who immediately understood and slipped out, leaving the two of them alone.

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## A Message On Whatsapp 27

[ 894 words ]

Chapter 27 Wounds and Accusations

Finished

Tyrone helped Zera back onto the hospital bed. He pulled up a chair and sat beside her. "You're still hurt. Why did you get up?"

Zera's face was pale, though she fought hard not to cry.

"Tyrone," she whispered, "Raine only did that because she was standing up for your wife. Your wife must hate me now."

Tyrone frowned. "Don't worry. I'll make sure they apologize to you."

Zera studied his expression carefully.

"I didn't think Raine and your wife had such a huge misunderstanding about me. Raine called me a homewrecker, hit me, cursed me, and said I was spending your money. If

your sister hates me this much, how much worse must your wife feel? If she had been the one to show up last night, she might have killed me.”

The sympathy in Tyrone’s voice was visible.

“Don’t be afraid, Zera. As long as I’m here, no one can hurt you or your son.”

Zera seized the moment, clutching his hand as tears finally spilled down her cheeks.

“It was selfish of me not to let you explain things to your wife, but I was terrified,” she said hurtfully.

“Six years ago, one word from your grandfather ruined our future. Even now, your grandfather and your parents could destroy me again.”

She said, “Your wife hates me so much. If she ever finds out what I went through these past six years, if she learns the truth about my son, she’ll tell everyone. Then your family will despise me even more and look down on me. If that happens, how could my son and I survive in this city? How could I ever face my family or my friends again? If I didn’t come to you, who else could I turn to?”

Tyrone spoke firmly, “Don’t worry. No one will ever know the truth about your child. I’ll take responsibility.”

He knew she had endured cruel suffering, forced to bear a child, while he married another woman—completely unaware of what she went through.

He owed her for that.

Zera went on. “Tyrone, I know my son and I have brought trouble to you and your wife. But I

1/3

Chapter 27 Wounds and Accusations

can’t shake this fear. I’m so uneasy. I’m scared...

Finished

Tyrone stood and gently patted her back, trying to calm her. “Don’t let your mind run wild. Just focus on taking care of yourself. Leave the rest to me.”

Zera jumped on the chance and tightened her grip on his hand. “The whole thing started because of me. I can’t keep hiding behind you. I want to apologize to your wife and your

sister. This city isn't that big—we'll run into each other again. I can't let them keep misunderstanding

me.”

Tyrone quietly pulled his hand away. “You're the one who's hurt. They're the ones who should apologize to you.”

Aella had been busy all morning. Time went by fast, but it felt full.

At noon, everyone else left to go home. The big break room was empty except for her.

She could have gone home too, but she didn't want to make the trip.

Quietly, she sat by the window and didn't touch the boxed lunch in front of her.

Tyrone pushed the door open. Aella only glanced at him, expressionless.

He sat across from her.

A table separated them. He looked at the untouched lunch, then at her small, delicate face.

She had put on makeup today and looked beautiful.

He liked her without makeup better—simple and pure, the kind of look that made him want to claim her.

Tyrone noticed how quiet she was; he remembered the scene from last night. Aella was holding a fruit knife at the door and begging him not to leave.

His gaze tightened with mixed feelings. He got up and walked over to her.

He reached for her arm and said, “You don't like the cafeteria food. I'll take you to a restaurant.”

Aella stayed in her chair, shifted away just a little to dodge his hand.

His hand hung in the air and then dropped.

He was quiet for a moment. Then, he pulled a chair next to hers and turned her body to face

her.

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## Chapter 27 Wounds and Accusations

Pred

“Aella, can we talk calmly?” he asked.

She turned her head slowly and looked at him numbly. “What do you want to talk about?” she asked.

She already knew why he had come.

Raine had just come to see her.

Aella had found out why Tyrone was here from her. To force Raine to apologize to Zera. Tyrone had threatened to send her abroad.

If he could be that cruel to his sister, what kindness could Aella expect from him?

Tyrone fixed his eyes steadily at her. “Zera’s in the hospital,” he said. “Raine hit her.”

Aella answered without thinking. “If you’re calling the police, arrest me,” she said.

It all started because of her.

She couldn’t keep letting Raine fight her battles.

Tyrone reached out and tried to take her hand. “I wouldn’t call the police, but I need you to apologize to Zera,” he said.

Aella pulled her hand back, expressionless. She lifted her chin and met his eyes. “Tyrone,” she said, “you might as well kill me.”

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# A Message On Whatsapp 28

[ 863 words ]

Chapter 28 A Wife's Stand

Finishers

Even though Aella thought she was ready, hearing Tyrone say those words still hurt like a knife in her chest.

She stood to leave, but Tyrone grabbed her wrist. "Wasn't it you who told Raine to cause trouble for Zera?"

So that's what this was about—he had come to accuse her.

Aella's anger rose like a flame. She forced herself to stay calm, not wanting to start a scene in public.

Finally, she admitted, "Yes, I told Raine to go."

Raine had only done it to stand up for her.

But Tyrone cherished Zera so much; of course he would be furious.

Aella didn't want Raine dragged into this mess, but apologizing?

That was impossible.

They stared at each other.

Tyrone's eyes stayed fixed on her face.

He said quietly, "Since you admit it, go apologize to Zera."

Aella's eyes burned red with grievance.

She stood firm, her voice steady. "Tyrone, I don't care how much you love her. You married me. As long as we're still husband and wife, you and your first love are in the wrong. That child of yours is still illegitimate. And now you want me, your wife, to apologize to her? Do you even hear yourself?"

Tyrone's gaze darkened. He wasn't happy with her words. "Aella, that sounds harsh. Zera isn't a homewrecker."

Aella laughed bitterly. "Right. The one who isn't loved is the real homewrecker, isn't it?" Tyrone was silent.

The next second, Aella's face went cold. "I'm the other woman, aren't I?"

Tyrone rubbed his temples, exhausted by the whole situation. He stepped closer and comforted her, "Aella, that's not what I meant."

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Chapter 28 A Wife's Stand

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23

#Finished

She backed away, avoiding his hand.

She looked him in the eye and asked, "Tyrone, if you love her that much, why not just divorce me and marry her? I could leave with nothing. I'll even sign an IOU and am willing to step aside for the two of you."

Tyrone's face darkened, his stare locked on her with an unreadable weight.

"For now, I don't plan to remove you from your place as Mrs. Winter."

For now?

The words hit Aella's heart like a blow.

They sounded so cold. So official.

As she stood there silently, Tyrone kept going.

"Zera emotions aren't stable right now. If you apologize, it will calm her down. Otherwise, she'll stay scared."

The tenderness in his voice burned Aella's heart like fire.

The more it hurt, the colder she became.

She said calmly, "If you want me, your useless lawful wife, to apologize to her, fine. But I'll do it at a press conference, in front of reporters, for everyone to see. You want that, Mr. Winter?"

Mr. *Winter*.

Tyrone's jaw tightened. He hated the way she called him. "Aella, I'm your husband."

Aella turned her head away. "From the moment your first love and her kid came back, and you ran through the rain to pick them up from the airport, you stopped being my husband."

Tyrone's voice grew colder. "Aella, you know I hate being threatened."

Her emotions slipped past her control, and her eyes filled with tears. "If you won't agree to a press conference, then I'll do it another way. I'll walk out there in front of every doctor and nurse and apologize to her. I'll say it loud and clear—that 1, Mrs. Winter, smashed the homewrecker's home and sent her to the hospital out of jealousy, and now my husband is forcing me to apologize."

She marched toward the door. Tyrone caught her by the waist, pulling her against him.

He didn't let go right away.

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Chapter 28 A Wife's Stand

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"Aella, I'm trying to talk nicely to you," he said. "Do you have to blow up every time?"

A knock sounded at the door. Tyrone lowered his voice. "We'll deal with the apology later. You still have work this afternoon. Go home early and get some rest."

He held her for a while before releasing her. "I'll grab you something to eat. Calm down."

He cut the argument off before she completely unraveled.

When Tyrone left, Aella collapsed on the desk, drained.

He hadn't stopped because he cared about her or her feelings.

He was protecting Zera, his pride, and his family's reputation.

If she had broken down in public—if the hospital staff found out about the affair, about Zera staying here—he'd have the most to lose.

It took Aella a long time to steady herself.

Tyrone rushed back to drop off her lunch, then left again.

She dumped the meal straight into the trash once he was gone.

By 5:30 p.m., she clocked out on time.

Samuel didn't have the night shift, working his usual three days—on, two days—off schedule. Aella planned to visit her parents on her day off tomorrow.

Just as she stepped into the hospital lobby with a coworker, Zera blocked her path.

"Dr. Reid, can I have a few minutes?" Zera asked.

She didn't address Aella as Mrs. Winter in front of colleagues but chose the safer, professional title instead.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 29**

[ 912 words ]

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23

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 29 The Public Apology

Aella didn't want any private talk with Zera.

Finished

She pulled her female colleague to a stop and said, “Ms. Caldwell, if you have something to say. say it here.”

Zera decided to apologize right in front of Aella’s coworker.

“I just found out you’re off tomorrow, so I rushed over to apologize today,” she explained. Aella’s eyes scanned her up and down.

She certainly carried herself like a dancer—tall and graceful—but her features didn’t quite balance out.

Since Aella stayed silent, Zera kept going. “Dr. Reid, I know Raine came after me because of you. Still, it all started with me, so I’d like to officially apologize to you. Let’s not bring this up again.”

She paused, then added, “I just returned to the country. I don’t have many friends here, but I’d really like to be friends with you.”

Aella’s expression remained cold. “Ms. Caldwell, making a single friend in this city with someone like Tyrone is worth more than a thousand others. You don’t need to waste your effort on me.”

She started to leave, but Zera caught her sleeve. “No, Dr. Reid, you’ve got it all wrong about me and Tyrone-”

Aella yanked her arm free, annoyed.

The next second, Zera stumbled and fell to the ground with a loud thud.

People nearby hurried over to watch.

“Zera!”

Tyrone came running with a hospital bill in hand. He dropped to her side, checking her in a panic.

Zera winced, tears streaming down her cheeks as she clutched her knee. “Tyrone, I just wanted to apologize to Dr. Reid. I didn’t think she’d be so upset.”

In front of everyone, Tyrone scooped her into his arms.

1/3

20:46 Tue, **Oct 7**

## Chapter 29 The Public Apology

Finished

His cold eyes locked on Aella. “And you call yourself a doctor? Zera’s already in poor health. How could you push her?”

Aella didn’t even bother to defend herself.

This felt like one of those stupid scenes from a soap opera; only now it was happening to her.

Her gaze fixed on Zera in Tyrone’s arms.

With a flat expression, she warned, “Tyrone, your woman threw herself in my way. Pushing her was me being polite. I should’ve slapped her and shown her who’s queen.”

Zera noticed the strange looks from the crowd and quickly spoke up. “Tyrone, my leg hurts so badly. Please, take me back to my room.”

Tyrone said nothing more. He turned and carried her off.

Aella’s coworker couldn’t hold back anymore. “Aella, were those two just now a couple? Why would they treat you like that?”

Aella forced herself to pull it together. She answered quietly, “They’re husband and wife.”

Tyrone, walking a few steps ahead with Zera in his arms, froze at those words.

He turned, eyes fixed on Aella as she walked away.

All this time, she’d been mad at him over Zera. She had thrown tantrums, avoided him, and

refused to listen.

But he hadn’t expected her to calmly tell others that he and Zera were married.

Zera, sensing the shift, sneakily glanced up at Tyrone.

His face looked steady, but his body was stiff. She could feel it.

“Tyrone?”

She called his name several times before he finally snapped out of it.

After he escorted Zera back to her hospital room, Brad pulled him aside.

They ended up in the park behind the hospital.

Tyrone stood by the creek, lit a cigarette, and asked flatly, "What do you want to say?"

He and Brad had known each other since they were kids. If Brad had dragged him out here, he definitely had something serious to say.

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Chapter 29 The Public Apology

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Brad started carefully. "Let me be clear. I'm just telling you the facts. I'm not taking sides."

Tyrone flicked his cigarette ash with sharp fingers. "Go ahead."

Brad's tone turned firm. "That night, Zera told us herself—she came back to the country for you. And her maid? Even more arrogant than Raine. She threatened Raine, saying she'd call you and have you kick Raine out of the city."

Tyrone glanced back at Brad, his eyes darkening with something hard to read.

Brad pressed him. "Raine's your sister, your own blood. You can't turn your back on family just to stand with an outsider."

Tyrone's gaze grew heavier. "If it hadn't been for the older generation blocking me back then, I would've married Zera."

Brad gave a short laugh. "Tyrone, six years is more than enough to change a person. But Raine? You watched her grow up under your own roof. Don't tell me your sister is more scheming than Zera."

When Tyrone didn't answer, Brad pushed further. "Think about it. Zera dumped you with a single text message and left the country. Do you even know why she really broke it off with you?"

Tyrone's face darkened further, his expression almost frightening.

Brad didn't stop. "She claims she's had a miserable six years, that everything she's done was for you. But have you ever asked your grandfather if that's true? Do you even know if her story holds up?"

Tyrone's voice was low and firm. "I know my grandfather. He's capable of it."

Zera was terrified of Edwin.

If Tyrone confronted him and his grandfather retaliated against Zera and her child behind his back, Tyrone would never forgive himself.

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## A Message On Whatsapp 30

[ 861 words ]

Brad finally gave in. "At least admit it, Zera came back for you, didn't she?"

Finished

Tyrone corrected him. "Don't make this sound so complicated. Zera isn't a bad person. What we had between us is over."

Brad stared at him like he'd lost his mind. "You know she's your ex, and you're willing to play stepdad—keeping her and her kid under your roof? Raising another man's child?"

Tyrone's face darkened.

Brad pushed further. "What is this? Six years ago you didn't have enough fun with her, so now you're trying to make up for it?"

Tyrone shot him a sharp, warning look. "I don't cross lines with women. Not mentally, not physically. No matter what history I have with Zera, I won't touch her."

Brad clicked his tongue. "Funny. Raine told me Aella threatened to end her life, and you didn't even flinch. And you claim Zera is your past?"

Tyrone rubbed his temple.

His sister had a big mouth. She told everyone everything.

Brad pressed on, "You're always calling Aella dramatic and spoiled. But haven't you noticed? She's not the proud, untouchable heiress she once was."

Tyrone stayed silent.

Aella had changed after marrying him.

She had become clingier, softer, even gentle at times.

But deep down, he didn't believe her stubborn, reckless nature had truly disappeared.

When Tyrone returned to the hospital room, the maid was helping Zera with her meal.

He pulled out his phone and told her to open her payment app. After transferring her full month's salary, he said, "Starting tomorrow, we won't need you here."

The maid froze, baffled.

She stood by the bed, flustered. "Mr. Winter, Ms. Caldwell, if I did something wrong, please tell me. I'll change."

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Chapter 30 The Past Isn't Over

A

Finished

Tyrone lowered his eyes, hiding whatever he felt. "You're not suited for this job. Pack your things and go."

The maid turned to Zera for help, but Zera lowered her head, too afraid to speak up.

Tyrone was the one who hired the maid. If he wanted her gone, what could she say?

The truth was, Zera had been very happy with the maid. Just yesterday, she had mentioned it to Tyrone, and he had even promised to raise her pay next month.

Why fire her so suddenly?

Then it hit Zera—Raine.

That night when Raine came to cause trouble, the maid had stepped in and said something out of line.

Raine must have run to Tyrone with it. That was why he dismissed her.

Zera hadn't expected Tyrone to protect his family so fiercely.

From now on, she realized, she would need to find a way to get along with Raine.

Zera was smart enough not to ask questions, and Tyrone offered no explanation.

After the maid left, the hospital room fell into silence.

Tyrone seemed distracted, and Zera carefully spoke up. "Your wife is upset with you. She even told her coworkers that you and I are the real couple. Don't you think I should apologize to her properly?"

Tyrone's voice remained calm. "No. That's not necessary."

Zera tried again. "Your wife works at this hospital. If she sees you taking care of me, she'll be upset and cause another scene. Starting tomorrow, you shouldn't come. Just hire a nurse to look after me."

Tyrone didn't argue.

He said, "Zera, about what happened—I apologize on behalf of my sister and my wife. I'll have someone renovate your place. For now, stay here in the hospital."

Then Tyrone's tone hardened. "I know you've been wronged, but I'll say it again. Without my permission, you must not see my wife."

Zera rushed to explain. "Tyrone, I only wanted to apologize. I didn't mean anything else."

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**20:46 Tue, Oct 7**

Chapter 30 The Past Isn't Over

"Even an apology is not allowed," Tyrone said firmly.

As long as the two women didn't meet, there would be no new conflict.

Aella was proud. Unless someone provoked her, she wouldn't even notice Zera.

Zera was simple and quiet. If she stayed away from Aella, she wouldn't get hurt.

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Tyrone's voice left no room for doubt. Zera quickly gave in. "All right, Tyrone. I'll listen to you. From now on, I won't go near your wife."

After making sure Zera was settled, Tyrone finally went home. It was already past eight in the evening.

The house was dark and silent, as if no one lived there.

Dragging his tired body upstairs, he found the master bedroom door locked from the inside.

He stood at the door, his mind replaying Aella's words at the hospital.

She had told her coworker that he and Zera were husband and wife.

The thought weighed heavily on his chest. Frustrated, he turned to the study and smoked.

One cigarette after another.

It was late at night when he finally used his key to unlock the bedroom door.

He switched on the bedside lamp and sat beside Aella. Tyrone didn't wake her. Instead, he carefully slipped a diamond bracelet onto her wrist.

Then he brushed a stray lock of hair from her forehead and watched her sleep.

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