

ONCE CAST-OFF WIFE, NOW UNTOUCHABLE QUEEN

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. Check latest chapters at find@novel.net

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.

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.

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.

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.

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. Read complete version only at Find★Novel.net

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?”

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.

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."

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 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.

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.”

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. UPDATE FROM [find\[Novel\].net](http://find[Novel].net)

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?”