

# Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

## A Message On Whatsapp 31

[ 939 words ]

Chapter 31 Make Do

Tyrone silently stared at Aella for a long time before finally getting up to take a shower.

The next morning, Aella woke up in his arms.

Disgusted, she pushed herself out of his embrace and reached for her phone.

It was already past eight. Thursday. Yet Tyrone hadn't gone to work.

She figured he must have come home late last night after looking after Zera.

As she set her phone down, Aella noticed something new on her left wrist—a bracelet.

Firushed,

It looked familiar. Then she remembered, it was the same piece she had seen at a charity auction just last week.

Startled, she reached to unclasp it.

But before she could, Tyrone wrapped his arms around her from behind, stopping her.

Aella struggled. His hold only tightened.

Her back pressed against his chest. A thin layer of their pajamas separated their skin, but the warmth between them was real.

Tyrone held her hands and admired the bracelet on her wrist.

His deep, husky morning voice sounded lazy and magnetic. "I bought this the night you tried to end your life," he said. "I went to that auction. This bracelet is one of a kind—there's no other like it in the world."

Aella turned her head to look at him.

So that night, he wasn't meeting Zera and her son. He had gone to buy this bracelet for her.

Their eyes met. Tyrone lowered his head and kissed the corner of her lips. The touch jolted Aella awake. She pushed him away immediately.

None of this changed the truth. He was already back with his first love. And that woman had given him a son.

Aella slipped into the bathroom to wash up. Tyrone followed.

At the double sink, her toothbrush was plain white. His was green.

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Chapter 31 Make Do

Her cup was disposable. His was an old coffee mug he usually kept in his study.

There were no matching towels, only disposable face wipes.

Finished

Tyrone glanced down. His slippers were the spare gray ones kept for guests. Aella wore her pair, bright yellow cartoon ones she had bought herself.

He stared into the mirror, at their reflection.

Ever since the night Aella had smashed everything in the house, their marriage had been reduced to this—two mismatched toothbrushes, a coffee mug and a throwaway cup, a pair of guest slippers and silly cartoon ones.

Two words summed it all up: make do.

Tyrone finished brushing his teeth and washing his face. He handed Aella a clean towel. "I'm not going to the office today," he said. "I'll go with you to the supermarket to pick up some supplies."

Aella pulled out a face wipe for herself and turned away. "I don't need anything. If you do, buy it yourself."

She only took two steps before Tyrone grabbed her by the waist.

In one swift move, he lifted her onto the bathroom counter.

He stood between her knees, blocking her from moving away.

Looking straight into her eyes, Tyrone asked quietly, "Look at us. Do we even seem like a married couple anymore?"

Aella met his intense gaze without flinching. "Isn't this what you wanted?" she said coldly. "A wife at home keeping up appearances, and your little adventures outside?"

Right then, Tyrone's phone buzzed on the counter.

He glanced at it, turned off the screen, and placed it face down again.

Aella sneered coldly, "Don't worry. I'll never look at your phone ever again."

Tyrone stared at her empty, numb expression. Slowly, he pulled her into his arms.

"Aella," he said softly, "can we stop doing this to each other?"

She closed her eyes to hide the hurt inside. Her voice was steady but heavy. "You're right. This isn't how a marriage should be."

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Chapter 31 Make Do

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Finished

If only she hadn't loved him so much back then. If only she hadn't insisted on marrying him against all reason. Maybe she wouldn't be in so much pain now.

Tyrone loosened his hold and brushed his fingers across her cheek.

She opened her eyes, meeting his gaze again.

"Aella," Tyrone said, his voice low and steady. "If I really cheated, I'd ask you to leave. I haven't explained myself because there's nothing to explain."

Aella

gave a cold smile. "You just haven't done it yet. You're scared I'll make a scene and destroy your perfect image."

Tyrone leaned in until their foreheads touched. "If I ever wanted to cheat," he said calmly, "I'd have the ability to clean up the mess. I never put myself in a losing position. You know that."

Aella looked down.

He wasn't wrong. Tyrone always planned three steps ahead, never acting without a backup plan.

Tyrone loosened his hold slightly, then looked down at her. "As long as you trust me," he said softly, "I promise our marriage will never fall apart."

Aella paused for a moment before replying, "You don't deserve my trust."

The air around them froze.

She pushed against him, her voice sharp. "If you have nothing else to say, let me go."

But Tyrone didn't move. He gripped her chin and pressed his lips to hers.

Aella struggled, clutching his shirt and shoulders, but his strong body held her tight. His kiss grew forceful, desperate.

Their breaths mingled. His was heavy and uneven.

When Aella felt his body tense against hers, panic shot through her. She bit his lower lip hard.

The metallic taste of blood filled both their mouths. Tyrone finally loosened his hold, his breath rough and shallow.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 32**

[ 1,045 words ]

## Once Cast Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

### Chapter 32 Hierarchy in the Winters

Finished

His chest rose and fell as he wiped the tears from the corner of Aella's eyes. He said quietly. "How long has it been since we... were together?"

Her gaze dropped to the blood on Tyrone's lower lip. "Isn't Zera enough for you?" she asked bitterly.

The heat in his eyes hadn't fully faded, but he forced himself to calm down. He pulled her nightgown strap back onto her shoulder, lifted her off the sink, and set her down.

"I need a shower," he muttered, then turned and disappeared into the bathroom.

Aella ordered takeout for herself. She changed her clothes and went downstairs.

They had been married for three years. Tyrone had always had a strong desire for intimacy.

Whenever he came home from business trips or she finished her cycle, he wouldn't stop until she was in tears, begging him to let up.

But since Zera and her son returned, Tyrone hadn't been home for more than a month.

Whenever he did come back, it was always followed by fights or long silences.

She knew better than anyone how often he needed that kind of intimacy.

Two months had passed, and he hadn't touched her. It could only mean he was getting satisfaction from Zera.

The food delivery arrived. Aella sat alone in the dining room, eating breakfast from a takeout box.

Tyrone walked in, dressed neatly for work. His eyes fell on the takeout box in front of her. "Mom called," he said flatly. "She wants us at the estate tonight."

Aella had never been much of a cook.

**But** over the years, she'd managed to learn a few simple meals.

Every time she cooked, she'd bring the dish straight to him, proud, waiting for him to taste it- even if she had to coax him into taking a bite.

But now, even though it was just the two of them at home, she ordered only for herself.

When Tyrone went upstairs to take a phone call, Aella quietly left the house.

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Chapter 32 Hierarchy in the Winters

She went back to visit her parents.

Finished

That evening, Tyrone came to pick her up. He even brought vitamins and supplements for her

parents.

Aella sat in the passenger seat with her eyes closed, pretending to rest. She didn't say a word. He didn't even try to talk to her either.

His eyes stayed glued to his phone screen the whole time, as if he were messaging someone.

The car rolled slowly through the gates of the estate. Aella followed Tyrone silently into the living room.

Edwin was there, along with Tyrone's parents and Raine.

When Raine saw Aella, she quickly stood up and whispered a warning to both of them. "Grandpa's mad. Be careful."

Aella heard Tyrone give a short, cold snort through his nose. She couldn't help but look up at him.

His jaw was clenched so tight it seemed it might crack, and the way he stared at Edwin was like he was looking at an enemy.

Aella quietly turned her gaze away.

She knew the history. Years ago, Edwin had broken him and Zera apart.

Zera left the country for six years and gave birth to Tyrone's son out of wedlock. To protect his reputation and keep the family name clean, Tyrone refused to divorce Aella.

To protect his reputation and the family's image, Tyrone refused to divorce.

But that choice made the woman he loved a side chick, and their son was labeled illegitimate.

No wonder Tyrone's hatred ran deep.

"Look at you," Ralph's voice cut through the silence. "The daughter-in-law of the Winters working as a lowly assistant in a hospital. What do you think outsiders will say about us?"

Aella snapped back to the moment. She opened her mouth to explain, but Tyrone spoke first, gripping her hand tightly.

"Dad, I'm the one who told Aella to take that job. If you have a problem, take it out on me."

Edwin slammed his cane against the floor, the sound echoing sharply. "Quit immediately. If you want to work, work in our company."

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Chapter 32 Hierarchy in the Winters

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Finished

Tyrone's reply was firm. "Aella studied medicine. What role could she possibly play in our company?"

"Then she doesn't have to do anything." Edwin snapped. "She can just sit there and look pretty."

Aella let out a quiet, bitter laugh in her heart.

So it wasn't just Tyrone who treated her like a trophy wife.

Even the elders saw her as nothing more than a faded heiress to be put on display.

Tyrone stood tall in the living room, refusing to back down. He spoke firmly, "All of you, please stay out of my marriage."

Edwin's face turned dark with fury. "Bring me the whip!"

Ralph pointed toward his son and roared at Justin, “What are you waiting for? Go!”

Justin hurried out without a word.

Virginia, realizing the situation had gone too far, tried to calm things down. “Edwin, they’re young. If they want to work hard, isn’t that a good thing? Maybe—”

“Shut your mouth!” Ralph barked, cutting her off.

“You’re a woman; what do

what do you know?”

Virginia fell silent immediately.

Aella stood there quietly, holding back the words she wanted to say.

She had been married into this family for three years. She knew exactly how the household worked.

Even though Edwin was old, he still ruled the family. His word was law—no one dared to question him.

Ralph, loyal to his father, never defied him and was harsh with Tyrone.

Virginia was the only one with a kind heart, but she had no real say in anything.

As for Tyrone and his sister Raine—they might have been powerful outside, but at home, they were obedient, disciplined, and always respectful to their elders.

Meanwhile, Aella, the fallen heiress of a once-wealthy family, had even less of a place.

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Chapter 32 Hierarchy in the Winters

Tyrone was the heir Edwin and Ralph had molded with their own hands.

In so many ways, he was just like them.

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## A Message On Whatsapp 33

[ 1,011 words ]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 33 Defiance

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If Tyrone hadn't cheated, he never would've let Aella go to work. He only allowed it to calm her down, afraid she would cause a scene.

Justin came over with a whip in his hand. He walked up to Tyrone and spoke with a shaking voice, "Mr. Tyrone, please just admit your mistake and apologize to Mr. Edwin."

He glanced sideways at Aella. Then he gently pushed her aside, took a step forward, and stood before Edwin.

"Hit him," Ralph ordered coldly. Keep going until he admits fault."

Justin had no choice. He gritted his teeth and raised the whip.

Aella turned her face away.

The sound of the whip cracking through the air echoed in the silent living room, followed by Tyrone's muffled groans of pain.

After several strikes, Virginia was the first to break. Tears filled her eyes. "Edwin, that's enough! Don't hurt him anymore."

Aella, who had been silent this whole time, finally spoke up. "Edwin, if you don't want me working and embarrassing the family, I might have a solution."

If she could use this chance to make Edwin agree to the divorce, that would be perfect.

Justin quickly lowered the whip and stepped back.

Aella's eyes lingered on Tyrone's torn and bleeding back. "If you'll allow me to divorce your grandson, then I—"

"Aella!" Tyrone snapped, grabbing her wrist before she could finish.

Edwin's sharp eyes moved back and forth between them. "You want a divorce?"

Tyrone quickly spoke up, "Grandpa, no. We don't."

Aella pulled her hand free and hesitated for a moment.

Before she could say anything, Tyrone grabbed her by the arm and pulled her close.

His face was pale, and his tone carried a warning. "At home, you can argue with me all you want, but keep it together before my family."

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Chapter 33 Defiance

Aella lowered her head and stayed quiet.

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Finished

Tyrone wasn't worried about her bringing up divorce. He was terrified she'd mention Zera and her child.

Virginia quickly stepped forward to smooth things over. "Edwin, that's enough. He's already been punished, and they both know they were wrong. Let Tyrone go upstairs, and Aella can clean his wounds. The shareholders' meeting is next Monday; we can't let Tyrone fall sick."

Edwin wasn't done with Aella. "You have one week to quit your job," he said sternly. "If you don't, I'll call the hospital director myself."

Aella's anger finally broke through. "I married into this family, not sold myself to it. I have every right to work if I want to."

Edwin let out a bitter laugh and tore open her old wounds. "When your family went bankrupt, your parents and brother were so poor they were nearly living in shelters. If Tyrone hadn't paid off your family's debts, do you think you'd be standing here today?"

Aella's voice was firm. "I owe your grandson. But I don't owe you."

Edwin's face darkened. "You'll admit it whether you like it or not. Everything Tyrone has comes from this family!"

She started to argue again, but Tyrone grabbed her and pulled her upstairs before she could say another word.

Upstairs in the main bedroom, Virginia set the first-aid kit on the table. "Tyrone's back is badly hurt. He might even run a fever tonight. You two should stay here at the estate so we can take care of him."

Aella didn't try to argue. She just helped him sit on the edge of the bed.

His injury had come from protecting her, after all. And with tomorrow being her day off, it didn't matter where she stayed.

Once Virginia and Raine left, Aella quietly closed the door and walked back to Tyrone. She stepped over to help Tyrone take off his jacket.

Tyrone's face darkened. He caught her hand midair, his grip firm.

"Why did you bring up divorce in front of Grandpa?" he asked coldly.

The sudden question froze her movements. After a pause, Aella spoke in a steady, calm voice.

"Because I want to give you and your family what you want."

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Chapter 33 Defiance

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Tyrone's eyes locked on hers for several seconds before he answered. "If that's really how you want to see it, then fine. But let me remind you, you don't get to decide whether we get a divorce."

Her reply was faint, almost an indifferent grunt. She slid his suit jacket off his shoulders.

She still owed him a billion dollars.

And as he always said, he was a businessman, and he never made deals that lost money.

If she couldn't pay him back, there was no way he'd just let her walk away.

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The air between them grew heavier with every second. Both of their faces were tight, cold, and unreadable.

Tyrone sat on the edge of the bed, eyes lowered, his expression so dark she couldn't tell what he was really thinking.

Aella stared at the angry welts across his back. Her brows tightened in pain for him.

It wasn't the first time he'd taken lashes for her. The first had been when he insisted on marrying her.

Back then, the elders didn't approve. They thought she was nothing more than a fallen rich girl with nothing left to offer. They said she'd hold him back, couldn't boost his career, and only drag him down.

And they were right. Every single thing they'd worried about came true over the next three years of their marriage.

But looking back now, Aella realized Tyrone hadn't married her out of love. It had been defiance.

Edwin had rejected Zera because of her family background. In rebellion, Tyrone had chosen a bride whose family had gone bankrupt just to defy his grandfather.

The more Aella thought about it, the angrier she became. Her chest tightened, and her heart burned with resentment. Without realizing it, her hand pressed the medicine against Tyrone's wound a little too hard.

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## **- A Message On Whatsapp 34**

### **A Message On Whatsapp 34**

[ 942 words ]

Chapter 34 The Night of Fire

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Tyrone's back throbbed with pain, and he hissed when Aella pressed too hard. Only then did she realize her hand had been too rough.

Just then, Justin knocked and entered the room. "You two haven't eaten dinner yet. Mrs. Winter told the kitchen to make you some soup. Better drink it while it's hot."

Aella put away the first-aid kit. She had no appetite. "I already ate," she said.

She had studied holistic medicine. Even with the chicken broth and seasoning, she could still smell the faint taste of herbs hidden inside.

Justin took a step closer. "Mrs. Winter's worried. Please, drink a little."

A servant brought in two bowls of soup. Tyrone took one and finished it in a single gulp.

Then he lifted the other bowl and held it out to Aella. "Mom made this for us. Drink a little."

Aella hesitated. Justin wouldn't leave, and Tyrone still stood there waiting.

After a pause, she took a few sips just to be polite.

Justin finally nodded with satisfaction and left the room with the maid. Aella helped Tyrone change into his pajamas, then went to take a shower.

A few minutes later, she stumbled out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, her face flushed.

She rushed to the bed and grabbed Tyrone's arm, trying to suppress the restlessness in her heart. "Get up. You need to drive me to the hospital—now."

If her guess was right, the soup had been spiked with something powerful.

Before she could finish, Tyrone yanked her into his arms. In an instant, she was pinned beneath him.

By the time she reacted, he was already beneath her.

She could feel the heat radiating from his skin. Her breath caught, and her vision blurred as she looked into his fiery eyes. "Tyrone, you need to calm down. They put something in the soup-"

Tyrone braced his arms on both sides of her, his eyes burning red with desire. His voice dropped, rough and low. "Aella, don't push me away."

The warm light filled the bedroom, wrapping everything in a hazy, intimate mood.

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Chapter 34 The Night of Fire

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**23**

Finished

Aella's long hair fanned out across the pillow. The medicine made her dizzy, her body soft and weak. Her beauty was intoxicating.

Tyrone's eyes drifted from her face down to the delicate line of her damp collarbone.

Desire stirred in his gaze. He couldn't hold back anymore. Tyrone leaned down and kissed her.

His lips moved from gentle to fierce, biting and then softening, like he was waiting for her to respond.

Aella pressed her hands weakly against his chest, but her strength was fading.

With the effect coursing through her body, her mind turned hazy, her thoughts tangled, impossible to control.

Tyrone had been holding back for over two months. That night, he finally lost control.

It was madness.

It was fire.

It lasted until dawn.

When Aella woke up again, it was already late morning.

Her whole body ached as she sat up. The memories of Tyrone's wildness from the night before made her heart tremble.

He hadn't used any protection, and they had been together the entire night. She needed to buy emergency birth control—fast.

He had already gone back *to* Zera. They even had a child together.

Even if she couldn't get a divorce yet, she refused to let herself end up carrying Tyrone's baby.

Aella quickly showered and changed before going downstairs.

Raine rushed toward her, clearly anxious. She grabbed Aella's arm and pulled her along. "Aella, thank goodness you're finally up! Grandpa and Dad just called Tyrone into the study again."

She glanced toward Virginia. "What happened?"

She wanted to ask what she had added to the soup last night but swallowed the words.

Virginia had always liked her and never wanted to see her and Tyrone divorce.

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20:46 Tue, Oct 7

Chapter 34 The Night of Fire

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Aella guessed that the woman had probably added something meant to help her get pregnant and strengthen her fragile marriage.

Virginia paced around nervously. "This morning, Justin came in a hurry. I don't know what he told Edwin and Ralph. After that, Ralph sent Justin upstairs to get Tyrone. It's been almost an hour. They're still in the study. Tyrone was just whipped last night—I'm so worried."

Aella hesitated, then tried to reassure them. "Don't panic. I'll go check."

Tyrone's back was still wounded. After what happened last night, she wasn't sure if the injury had opened up again.

If they hit him again, he'd probably end up in the hospital.

Feeling sorry for a man like him never led to anything good.

Virginia had treated her with an open heart all these years. Raine had always stood by her, protecting her in every way.

Aella couldn't let them keep worrying themselves sick.

She headed toward Edwin's study, only to be stopped in the hallway by two housemaids. "Mr. Edwin ordered that no one is allowed past this point," one of them said.

Aella's expression hardened. "Don't worry. If anything happens, I'll take responsibility."

When they still refused to move, her tone turned cold. Aella warned, "I might have a low place in this house, but I'm still a member of this family. If I want to fire you, it only takes one word."

The maids exchanged nervous glances and finally stepped aside.

Aella tiptoed *to* the door of Edwin's study.

She wasn't trying *to* eavesdrop. She just needed to make sure Tyrone wasn't being punished again.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 35**

[ 942 words ]

Chapter 35 That Child is Mine

The study door was soundproof. Aella stood outside and couldn't hear a thing.

She hesitated, then gathered her courage and pushed the door open just a crack.

The moment she did, Tyrone's furious voice burst out. "The woman I want to marry is Zera, not Aella!

"If it hadn't been for all of you interfering, Zera and I would've been together long ago. You ruined her, and you destroyed my happiness!"

Aella froze at the doorway, her mind buzzing so loud she could barely think.

She staggered back step after step until her shoulders hit the cold wall behind her.

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Bending over weakly, she struggled to breathe. The pain in her chest spread through her whole body.

He had held it in for so long. Now he had finally exploded.

He finally said what was buried deep inside.

He loved Zera. He wanted to marry Zera.

And he hated Edwin for tearing them apart, for robbing him of his happiness.

From the very beginning, she realized it had always been one-sided.

Aella closed her eyes in despair, as if her heart had been ripped in two.

Inside the study, Edwin sat behind his desk. Ralph and Justin stood on each side.

Across the wide desk, Tyrone faced Edwin.

His fists clenched at his sides, veins bulged on his forehead, and his bloodshot eyes locked on his grandfather. His face was dark with fury.

Ralph's expression was just as grim. "You're the only heir," he said coldly. "Everything you do affects our family's future. If your wife wants to work, she can work at our company. Otherwise, she needs to stay home, have a child, and take care of her husband. We don't raise freeloaders here."

Tyrone bit out each word. "Whether she works or not, whether she has kids or not, that's between us as husband and wife. It's none of your business."

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Chapter 35 That Child is Mine

Ralph was about to argue again, but Edwin stopped him with a gesture.

Edwin rose to his feet, Justin rushing to steady him.

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Finished

The old man walked slowly around the desk until he stood right in front of Tyrone. His tone was firm and threatening. "Six years ago, I made Zera disappear right under your nose. If I did it once, I can do it again—and this time, I'll make sure that woman and her child vanish from this world completely."

"Grandpa, don't push me!" "Tyrone warned," his voice trembling with rage.

Edwin's voice turned cold and dangerous. "You are the heir of the Winters. I won't let one woman and some unknown child destroy you or our company."

Tyrone met his gaze, his voice unwavering. "That child is mine."

The room fell silent after Tyrone's words.

Ralph stepped forward and slapped him hard across the face. "You ungrateful fool! What on earth are you trying to do?"

Tyrone staggered back a step and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth with his thumb. He said coldly, "Dad, didn't you have an illegitimate son years ago? Why are you acting so outraged now?"

Ralph raised his hand again, but Edwin stopped him. "If you claim the boy is yours," Edwin said coldly, "then prove it. Do a DNA test. I want the results."

Tyrone's voice was sharp with warning. "Grandpa, I know with one move of your hand you could make Zera and her son disappear without a trace. But hear me clearly, if anything happens to them, I'll bury the entire family and company with them."

Edwin's eyes narrowed, a flash of cruelty passing through. "Fine," he said. "If you can prove that child is yours, I'll spare them."

Some of the tension in Tyrone's body loosened. "I'll have the DNA results sent to you as soon as possible," he said, and turned to leave.

But the moment he opened the study door, he froze. Aella stood there. Her face was pale as a sheet, and her body was trembling.

Their eyes locked.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, silent and full of despair.

Tyrone's chest tightened.

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20:47 Tue, **Oct 7**

Chapter 35 That Child is Mine

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He rushed forward to steady her weak body, his voice trembling. "Let's go home."

But Aella yanked her hand free, darted past him, and stumbled into the study.

With a dull thud, she slumped before the chair in front of Edwin.

Tyrone's eyes widened in shock. "Aella, what are you doing?"

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She pushed away his hand as he tried to lift her. Clutching at Edwin's hand, her voice broke into a plea.

"Edwin, Ralph, please—let Tyrone be with that woman and her child. Please let us get a divorce!"

Tyrone's pupils shrank in disbelief. He yanked her up roughly. "Stop talking nonsense!"

But Aella struggled free in panic.

She shoved him away and quickly grabbed Edwin's hand again.

One hand held on to Edwin's hand, the other to Ralph's.

Her whole body shook as she spoke through her tears. "I know my family went bankrupt and you've spent a lot of money helping us. I won't run from it. I'll sign a note of debt. I'll call my family here so they can sign it too. You can take my paycheck, my bank card—anything. I'll find a way to pay back every dollar you spent on us."

Tyrone's eyes locked on her pale face; his eyes turned red.

Then it hit him. She must have heard everything he said in that room. His chest heaved, and his body swayed violently. For a moment, he almost couldn't stay standing.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 36**

[ 891 words ]

## Once Cast Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

### Chapter 36 The Plea for Divorce

23

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Edwin looked down at Aella and asked coldly, "Do you really want to divorce Tyrone?"

Aella raised her hand like taking an oath. "Edwin, I swear, after the divorce I'll never say a single bad word about your family. If you like, you can hold a press conference. I'll take the blame. I'll say I cheated, that I ruined the marriage."

She pressed on through tears. "You don't have to worry. I'll walk away with nothing. I won't take a dime from Tyrone."

"Aella!" Tyrone grabbed her and pulled her

up again.

His eyes were red as he gripped her shoulders tightly. "Do you even know what you're saying?"

Aella nodded frantically.

Her hands clutched his shirt collar, her chin trembling uncontrollably. "Tyrone, please beg your grandfather with me. If we divorce, you three can finally be together like a real family."

Her voice broke as tears spilled down. "I swear, once it's over, I'll disappear. I'll never disturb your life again!"

Tyrone didn't argue. He just pulled her into his arms. "Aella, don't do this," he said softly.

She panicked and tried to break free, pushing against his chest.

Edwin's eyes shifted to his son.

Ralph spoke up, "Dad, I agree they should divorce."

Tyrone snapped his head around, glaring at his father. "This is my marriage. Who gave you the right to decide?"

Ralph's tone was firm. "Even if it's your marriage, I still have the final say. You two are getting divorced."

Tyrone held Aella tight against him to help her stand.

He looked at his grandfather and father and said, each word heavy, "I will never divorce her."

Aella slid down from his arms, sobbing. "Tyrone, I'm begging you. If you don't let me go, I'll

die!"

His chest tightened painfully. His eyes burned red. He scolded her in a low voice, "We're doing just fine. Stop saying that nonsense."

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Chapter 36 The Plea for Divorce

**23**

Finished

Aella collapsed in front of him, completely broken.

Her mind seemed to fall apart as she cried, "I know you've always loved Zera. You only married me out of anger. But now she's back. You even have a child together. Please, Tyrone, don't keep fighting your family just because of me."

She choked out the words, sobbing harder. "I'll give your happiness back to you. Please, for the sake of the twenty years I've loved you—let's just end this. Please divorce me."

Tyrone bent down and forcibly lifted her from the floor.

He turned away, unable to watch her falling apart. His voice was tight, restrained. "We'll talk about this at home."

Aella lost control completely, screaming and pushing him away. "I'm not going home with you! I want a divorce!"

Ignoring her struggles, Tyrone lifted her into his arms and stormed out of the study.

"What happened?" Virginia asked in shock.

In the living room, Virginia and Raine were waiting anxiously. They froze when they saw Tyrone storm out, face dark as thunder, holding Aella as she cried and screamed in his arms.

“Mom,” Tyrone said coldly, “we’re leaving.”

He gave Aella no chance to speak and carried her straight out the door.

Virginia sensed something was wrong and hurried into the study.

When Edwin saw her come in, he finally spoke. “You need to meet that woman,” he said coldly. “I don’t care if the child is Tyrone’s or not; he cannot divorce Aella.”

Virginia simply nodded, saying nothing.

She knew Edwin valued stability and reputation above everything.

Even if the child truly belonged to Tyrone, Edwin would never acknowledge it.

Ralph frowned. “Dad, Aella’s family had gone bankrupt. She’s been married to Tyrone for three years—no child, no career. She’s no different from that woman. We could arrange a new marriage for Tyrone, one that benefits the family.”

Edwin turned and sank back into his chair. “That woman comes from an ordinary background,” he said. She’s shallow and ambitious, unfit for our family. Even if that child is Tyrone’s, she won’t be accepted into my house.”

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Chapter 36 The Plea for Divorce

Finished

Virginia spoke up. “You’re refusing the divorce because you want Aella to be a shield. You want her there to stop Tyrone from bringing Zera and the child into this family. But that’s unfair to Aella.”

Ralph sneered. “Fair? She’s a fallen heiress who got lucky marrying Tyrone. That’s more than fair. She should be grateful.”

Edwin’s gaze sharpened. “Her family may have lost everything, but Aella grew up with the best education, the most polished manners, and access to elite circles. Her knowledge, her perspective, and her poise—they all surpass Zera’s. But Tyrone has spoiled her all these years. She’s lost her edge.”

He turned toward Virginia. “Until the situation with Zera and that child is dealt with, Aella must stay with Tyrone. As her mother-in-law, guide her. Don’t let her disgrace us or tarnish our family traditions.”

Virginia left the study with a heavy heart.

Unlike Edwin and her husband, she couldn't look at her son's marriage as a business, like trading pieces on a chessboard.

Virginia never imagined that the woman Tyrone loved, the one who disappeared six years ago, would come back with his child.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 37**

[ 1,005 words ]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 37 The Bitter Pill

**23**

Finished

Before Virginia could confirm if that child was truly her grandson, she decided not to meet Zera just yet.

She turned to her daughter. "Raine, Aella, and your brother are having marriage problems. Spend more time with her, talk to her, and help her through this."

Raine had been eavesdropping outside the study and heard everything. "Mom, I understand," she said quietly.

Back in her room, Raine couldn't calm down.

Her chest was tight with worry. She feared her brother might lose his mind, actually divorce Aella, and bring Zera and her kid into the family.

Unable to shake the worry, Raine called Aella.

The phone kept ringing in Aella's bag, but she didn't even look at it. She wasn't in the mood to talk.

From the moment they got into the car, Tyrone had held her in his arms. No matter how much she cried or struggled, he refused to let her go.

They fought the entire ride. Both of them looked drained and disheveled.

Through the window, Aella spotted a pharmacy sign on the street. A sudden thought hit her. "I need to use the restroom," she said.

Tyrone told the driver to pull over. He helped straighten her clothes and whispered, "I'll go with you."

They got out. He didn't let go of her hand.

At the entrance of the pharmacy, Aella stopped. "Don't worry," she said calmly. "For the sake of my family, I won't do anything foolish."

Tyrone's eyes stayed on her face for a long moment before he slowly released her hand.

Aella walked inside. She went straight to the counter and asked the clerk for emergency birth

control.

The staff took one look at her messy hair, red eyes, and pale face. The woman asked gently if she wanted her to call the police.

Aella thanked her, paid for the pills, and left.

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Chapter 37 The Bitter Pill

23

19 Finished

When she walked out, Tyrone's eyes went straight to the box in her hand. His expression darkened even more.

He didn't say a word. He just took her hand and led her back to the car.

The car rolled forward. The doors locked automatically.

Tyrone reached for the pills. "Give them to me," he ordered.

Aella pushed his hand away, tore open the box, and took the pills out. She threw the empty box at him.

She popped the pills into her mouth and swallowed them with the bottle of water he had just opened for her.

The next second, Tyrone clamped her jaw and forced his fingers down her throat, making her gag until she spat the pills back out.

His face was terrifying, shadowed with fury. Without saying a word, he took care of her—patting her back and handing her tissues and water.

Aella couldn't stop coughing and gagging. It took her a long time to finally catch her breath.

The moment she caught her breath, she threw herself at him, pounding his chest with her fists. "Tyrone, give me back my pills!"

He gripped Aella's wrists tightly, forcing her to meet his eyes. "Do you really not want to have a child with me?"

Last night, he hadn't used any protection. There was a high chance she could be pregnant.

Maybe, he thought, if they had a baby, it could shift her focus and ease her pain.

But Aella yanked her hands free, ignoring the sharp sting in her wrists. "Tyrone, I'm begging you—stop pretending! The woman you love has already given you a son. You treat them like your whole world. Don't stand here and put on this act with me! I can't take it anymore!"

Tyrone stared at her as she broke down, not knowing what to say.

His voice came out low and rough. "Aella, it's not what you think."

Her tears fell fast, but suddenly she laughed, the sound sharp and broken. "Not what I think?"

Then what is it?"

"You said the one you wanted to marry was Zera, not me. Did I hear that wrong?"

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Chapter 37 The Bitter Pill

Finished

“You said your grandpa broke you two apart, that you’re miserable with me. Did I hear that wrong too?”

“You admitted that the child is yours. Was that also my imagination?”

“And you told your grandpa and father you’d take full responsibility for Zera and her son, even if it meant using your family and the company to threaten them. Tyrone, tell me, was I wrong to hear that too?”

By the end, Aella was shaking uncontrollably, her voice breaking. “I don’t want this marriage. I don’t want a husband like you! I don’t want this!”

Tyrone pulled her into his arms, trying to calm her down, rubbing her back in desperation. “Aella, forget what you heard at the study. Forget it.”

“I can’t! I’ll never forget it! Not in this lifetime!” she screamed, thrashing in his hold.

She was alive, not a corpse.

She’d seen it with her own eyes and heard it with her own ears. How could she possibly forget?

When they got home, Tyrone carried Aella straight upstairs to the bedroom.

His phone kept vibrating, but he didn’t care. Holding her by the wrist with one hand, he reached for the phone with the other.

“I had a meeting this morning with Mr. Brown from Brown Group,” he said, trying to reason with her. “I already missed it. Don’t make a scene right now. Let me at least return his call.”

Aella lunged forward, snatched his phone, and smashed it hard against the wall. “If you want me to stop,” she shouted, “then buy me birth control!”

No matter what, she couldn't let herself carry Tyrone's child.

Tyrone stared at the phone lying by the wall, frozen for a few seconds. He didn't move to get it.

Instead, he stepped forward and grabbed Aella's wrists again.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 38**

[ 1,037 words ]

Chapter 38 Let Her Go

23

\*Finished

Tyrone tried to sound as gentle as he could. "Even with Zera and her son around, they won't affect your place in this family or our marriage."

Aella's face turned pale, almost frighteningly so.

Her voice was faint, as if it might vanish any second. "Tyrone, they've already destroyed our marriage."

She forced the words out, one after another. "If it weren't for them, even if my husband didn't love me, he wouldn't have missed our marriage anniversary."

"If it weren't for them, my husband wouldn't ignore me again and again while he played the part of a husband by another woman's hospital bed."

"If it weren't for them, my husband wouldn't humiliate me in front of my coworkers, stripping me of dignity."

“Aella!”

Tyrone cut her off, refusing to hear more.

He pulled her into his arms, holding her tight. “You have to trust me. I do have my responsibilities toward Zera and her child. But it’s not what you think.”

Aella broke down, sobbing hard, her whole body shaking.

“A person’s heart is only so big. You can’t fit too many people in it. You said it yourself—you have responsibilities for them, and you need to take care of them. Then let me go. Please. I’ll step aside for you.”

Her tears streamed down as she whispered, “You know I love you. But if you keep me trapped in this suffocating marriage, it’s going to kill me. It really will.”

Tyrone’s arms tightened around her. “No, Aella. As long as you stop overthinking, everything will be fine between us.”

But Aella was exhausted—*too* tired to fight, too tired to argue.

“You want me *to* stop overthinking? Then give me the pills. I’ll take them, and I won’t push anymore.”

After hesitating, Tyrone gave in. He bought her the birth control pills.

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Chapter 38 Let Her Go

**23**

Finished

If it helped her feel better, he’d agree to anything.

Having a baby wasn’t urgent to him anyway.

Aella swallowed the pills and lay back down. Her body finally stilled, her sobs fading into silence.

Tyrone tucked the blanket over her. “I called Raine. She’ll come stay with you. I need to step out for a while.”

Aella didn't answer. He stood up and was ready to leave.

She simply closed her eyes, whispering faintly, "The truth is, I knew back then. You didn't marry me out of love. I should never have fooled myself. That was my mistake."

Her words hit Tyrone like a blow. His whole body froze.

He turned and looked at her lying there, too still, too quiet. The panic and guilt in his eyes—he probably didn't even realize it himself.

Afraid her emotions might spiral again, Tyrone stayed until Raine arrived. Only then did he leave.

Noon, at a private room on the third floor of the Regal Club.

Brad stopped Tyrone from opening his third bottle of whiskey. "Once you show that DNA test result to your grandpa, real or fake, it'll be treated as the truth. Then that woman and her kid will push for a name, and I'd like to see how you handle that."

Tyrone leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. He looked completely drained.

His voice was low and full of frustration. "If I don't do this, with Grandpa's temper, he'll never let Zera and the boy live in peace. Zera's life was already ruined because of me. I can't let her or her son suffer again. This is my debt to her."

He paused for a moment, then added, "Besides, Zera isn't that kind of woman. I trust her. She promised me that once her health improves, she'll let me find a school far away for the boy. She won't disturb my life with Aella."

Brad didn't sugarcoat it. "Morality doesn't chain you. There are a dozen ways to make it up to her. But you chose the one way that hurts everyone." He looked Tyrone straight in the eye. "You still have feelings for Zera. You hate your grandpa for breaking you two apart. I get

that. But what I don't get is why you're willing to destroy Aella in the process."

Brad's words cut deeper. "If Aella has any fault, it's that she loves you too much. If you still can't let Zera go, then free Aella. Be the stepdad if you must, but stop dragging Aella down with you."

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Chapter 38 Let Her Go

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Tyrone's eyes darkened. "I'll take care of Zera and her son no matter what. But I'm not getting a

divorce."

Brad sighed. "Don't take this the wrong way, buddy, but you should let Aella go. I can't stand watching that girl suffer anymore."

Tyrone glanced at him, his tone sharp. "She's my wife. She doesn't need your pity.

Brad threw up his hands. "Dude, don't be so sure of yourself. Aella treats you like salvation, but you're pushing her into hell. She'll leave you sooner or later."

Tyrone tilted his head back and took a big gulp of whiskey. "The only reason she's acting out this much is because of what I said. She's loved me for years. She won't really leave."

Brad stared at him like he couldn't believe what he was hearing. "She won't leave you? What exactly is she holding on to?"

He listed them one by one. "Can't let go of the lies you told her about going on business trips when you were really visiting your first love and her kid?

"Can't let go of the fact that you gave your wife and your first love the same anniversary gift?

"Can't let go of the husband who doesn't come home at night?

"Or maybe she just can't let go of the man who left his sick wife alone to sit at another woman's hospital bed and play husband?"

Brad leaned closer, his voice hard. "Tell me, Tyrone—is she supposed to cling to the fact that you playing daddy to someone else's kid, using your joint money to buy your first love a mansion, a luxury car, a driver, and maids?"

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## A Message On Whatsapp 39

[ 972 words ]

Chapter 39 The Cost of Leaving

Tyrone had nothing left to say.

He just kept pouring one drink after another.

Finished

Brad shook his head and muttered, "Tyrone, you keep this up, and you're going to end up pushing through hell to win her back."

Right then, Tyrone's phone on the coffee table started buzzing.

He glanced at it, grabbed his jacket, and got ready to leave.

Brad stopped him. "Seriously? Aella's a wreck because of you, and you're still going to see Zera?"

Tyrone's voice was low. "She's being discharged this afternoon. I need to go. There are things I have to make clear."

Brad stared at him like he'd completely lost it. He went to look for Raine and Aella.

Raine had finally managed to coax Aella downstairs when Brad walked in.

Aella forced a tiny smile when she saw him.

Brad's heart ached. He ruffled her hair gently. "If you can't smile, don't. It looks worse when you fake it."

Her tears, which had just stopped, started falling again.

They had all grown up together. Aella and Raine were childhood friends; Aella and Tyrone had been promised to each other since they were kids.

Brad had been Tyrone's best friend since forever.

The four of them were like childhood friends.

Brad had protected Raine and Aella like little sisters. Aella had always seen him as another brother.

He had seen Aella chase Tyrone since they were kids and how she finally married him.

The three of them sat down on the couch, Aella in the middle.

Brad had come to talk sense into her, but one look at her tired, broken face nearly crushed him.

“Aella,” he said softly, “listen to me. If you can fight for your marriage, fight. But if you can’t win,

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Chapter 39 The Cost of Leaving

then walk away.”

Raine leaned back and shot Brad a warning look.

She also believed her brother didn’t deserve Aella. She wanted Aella free from the pain.

But still, Tyrone was her brother.

Some selfish part of her hoped Aella wouldn’t leave him.

Still, Raine knew this couldn’t go on.

Finished

She reached out and took Aella’s hand. “Aella, whatever you decide, I’ll stand with you. Even if you leave my brother, my family will never let that woman and her kid into our house.”

Aella looked at her gratefully, then pulled her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them.

Tyrone’s cruel words kept echoing in her head. They stabbed at her until she wanted nothing more than to disappear.

She whispered, “Brad, can you lend me a billion dollars? I’ll pay you back in installments once I start working again.”

Brad froze, completely stunned. “A billion? Why would you need that much to get divorced?”

Raine’s eyes nearly popped out. “Don’t tell me—”

Aella buried her face in her arms and muttered, “Back then, when my family went bankrupt, we owed a fortune. Tyrone paid off all our debts. He’s also been supporting my family all these years. I owe him that money.”

Raine’s jaw dropped. For a moment she thought Tyrone had demanded Aella pay him back, and her blood boiled.

If that were true, it would’ve been beyond cruel.

Brad’s sharp eyes studied Aella’s face.

He wasn’t as optimistic as Raine.

Brad spoke carefully. “Aella, you married Tyrone. Paying off your family’s debt was the right thing for him to do. Even if you get divorced, you don’t owe him anything. The years you’ve given him can’t be measured with money.”

Aella kept her head down, her voice flat, and her face empty. “I have to pay him back. Otherwise, he won’t let me divorce him.”

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Chapter 39 The Cost of Leaving

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**23**

Finished

She had already made it clear in Edwin’s study. There was nothing left to fear, nothing left to hide.

Brad finally understood.

No wonder Tyrone was so confident that there wouldn’t be a divorce. He was using money to trap Aella.

Brad had the money, but he couldn't lend it to her.

Tyrone clearly didn't want the marriage to end. Now that he had something to control Aella with, if Brad interfered, Tyrone would probably blow up his vacation resort overnight. Their families would end up turning against each other.

Brad's face showed his struggle.

Aella noticed and didn't want to make things harder for him. "Brad, I was just kidding. I know Tyrone's temper. I won't let you guys fall out over me. I'll figure the money out myself."

Brad felt guilty and tried to make up for it. "Have you eaten yet? There's a new restaurant downtown. Let me take you there."

Aella shook her head. "Raine, you go with Brad. I'm not hungry."

Raine crossed her arms. "If you're not eating, neither am I."

Brad tried again. "Alright then, how about I take you both out for a drive? Staying cooped up at home isn't good for you."

Aella thought about it for a moment and agreed.

She did need to get out, to shake off the thoughts that were about to drive her crazy.

After a quick wash, she changed into fresh clothes, slipped on a pair of flats, and followed Raine and Brad out the door.

That afternoon, Brad drove them to a big shopping mall downtown.

"Pick whatever you want," he said. "I'll pay for everything."

Aella forced a faint smile, grateful for the gesture.

The three took the glass elevator to the second floor. Brad left to buy them some water, while Raine pulled Aella toward the women's section.

"Aella, wait here a minute," Raine said with a grin. "I just need to grab some sanitary pads."

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Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

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## A Message On Whatsapp 40

[ 972 words ]

Chapter 40 The Breakdown

Aella nodded.

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Finished

She and Raine walked to the aisle that stored feminine products. While Raine started picking through items on one shelf, Aella moved to another aisle.

That's when she saw him.

Tyrone was there. He stood there, dressed in a sharp business suit, holding a pack of pads in one hand and his phone in the other.

Aella could hear his voice clearly.

“Zera, which brand do you usually use? Maybe I'll just grab a few for you.”

His tone was so gentle that it hurt.

The crisp suit he wore only made him look more like the perfect husband.

Aella's heart twisted. In three years of marriage, the only time she'd asked Tyrone to buy her pads. Back then, Tyrone hadn't even bought the pads himself. He told Aella to order them online-“Buy more so you don't have to worry about it later.”

In the end, it was his female assistant who bought them and dropped them off at their house.

And now, after everything that had happened between them, after all the shouting, crying, and heartbreak, Tyrone actually left her alone at home.

He called his sister to watch her while he rushed out just to buy pads for Zera.

Aella's vision went black. She nearly collapsed.

"Aella!"

Raine ran over just in time to catch her.

Hearing his name, Tyrone turned around, and his eyes met Aella's. Her gaze was empty, full of pain and despair.

He dropped what he was holding and walked toward her.

"Tyrone!" Raine snapped. "What are you doing?!"

He shot her a warning look, then stepped closer to Aella, his tone careful. "Why did you come

out?"

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Chapter 40 The Breakdown

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Finished

Before his hand could even touch her sleeve, she screamed and jerked away. "Don't touch me!"

Tyrone didn't dare push her further when she was worked up.

Aella wrapped her arms around herself, backing away like someone cornered and terrified.

She stared at him as if he were a stranger. Aella felt like she couldn't breathe, as if the man in front of her had just crushed the last piece of her heart.

She couldn't stay there another second.

Aella shoved him aside and ran away.

Tyrone's chest tightened as he saw Aella running toward the glass elevator. His heart dropped, and he rushed after her.

"Aella!" he shouted.

He caught up and blocked her at the elevator doors. "Where do you want *to* go? I'll take you," he pleaded.

But she had lost all control. Her emotions were spiraling.

Ignoring the stares of strangers around them, she twisted and fought, her voice breaking through the store. "Help me!"

That single cry shattered Tyrone's breath. His chest ached as if something had caved in.

Raine finally reached them, panting, her heels clicking on the floor. She pulled Aella close, shielding her. "Tyrone, let her go!" she snapped. "Can't you see she doesn't want you touching her?"

Brad walked over with a bottle of water in his hand. He froze at the scene. "Tyrone, aren't you...

?"

He glanced at the aisle behind Tyrone, the section stacked with women's products. He put down his water bottle, scratching his head in frustration.

When Aella saw Brad, it was like seeing a lifeline, Tears spilled down her face as she pleaded, "Brad, please get me out of here!"

Brad dropped his shopping bag and rushed over to help her. Tyrone wouldn't let go.

He shoved Brad aside with one hand and wrapped his arm around Aella's waist. "I'll take her

home."

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Chapter 40 The Breakdown

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23

Finished

Furious, Brad shoved him back and grabbed for Aella. “Can’t you see she doesn’t want to see you?”

Raine was so anxious that she was nearly crying. She pushed at her brother. “Aella had a panic attack because of you! Can’t you just let her go?”

The chaos closed in. Aella couldn’t take it anymore.

She struggled with every ounce of strength she had, breaking free of both Tyrone and Brad.

But the moment she freed herself, she lost her balance.

Tyrone realized what was happening, but he was a second too late. “Aella!”

People around them gasped and screamed as Aella tumbled down the escalator.

She was rushed to the ER.

By some miracle, two men had been on the escalator below and managed to catch her, breaking the fall.

Aella ended up with only bruises and scrapes.

Her body wasn’t badly hurt, but her mind was shattered. Blow after blow had left her on the edge of collapse.

Worried, Tyrone told the doctor to keep her under observation for twelve hours.

Now Aella sat on the hospital bed, bandages on her elbows and knees. Tyrone, Brad, and Raine surrounded her—Tyrone by her side, Brad at the foot of the bed, and Raine on the other side.

The room felt heavy, airless. Raine cleared her throat but didn’t dare speak.

If it had been her, she would’ve already cut Tyrone into pieces.

Brad gripped the railing at the end of the bed, his eyes flicking between Tyrone and Aella. For once, the guy who always ran his mouth was silent.

All this over a package of sanitary pads.

And this time, Tyrone had gone too far.

He sat down next to Aella, staring at her pale face. He hesitated, searching for words—but nothing came.

Finally, he said quietly, "Rest for now. I'll get you something to eat."

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Chapter 40 The Breakdown

As he stood, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

He glanced at the caller ID, then instinctively looked at Aella.

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Her teeth pressed into her lower lip. She was trembling from holding everything in, but she didn't say a single word.

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## **A Message On Whatsapp 41**

[ 980 words ]

Chapter 41 Dad, I Want to Go Home

Finished

Tyrone leaned close to his sister and whispered, "Stay with Aella. Don't let her out of your sight.

Then he walked out of the hospital room with Brad.

In the hallway, Brad stepped in front of him. “Tyrone, what’s wrong with you? You just admitted to your family that you’re the father of Zera’s kid. Aella hasn’t even recovered from that, and now she catches you buying pads for Zera?”

Brad’s voice rose with frustration. “Are you serious? Out of all the women in the world, you act like Zera’s the only woman in the world who has a period! Why are you making such a big deal out of it?”

Tyrone’s chest tightened. He tried to hold back his irritation. “She called me halfway, said it was urgent, and asked me to grab her some. I agreed without thinking.”

Brad glared at him. “Right, you just ‘agree’ without thinking. She asks you to pick her up at the airport, and you agree. She cries and says no one cares for her; you agree. She begs you to keep her son’s identity secret, and you agree. You say yes to everything she wants. But when it comes to Aella, you suddenly start fighting over every little thing. Why?”

Tyrone frowned. “When have I ever nitpicked Aella over everything?”

Brad didn’t back down. “Didn’t you pressure her with money? Don’t play dumb.”

Tyrone’s jaw tightened. His eyes went cold. The air between them turned heavy.

Brad pressed harder. “She asked to borrow a billion dollars from me just so she could divorce you. Do you think she’d ask if you hadn’t pushed her that far?”

Tyrone looked back at the hospital room door. His hand gripped his phone so tight his knuckles turned white.

Inside the room, Aella’s emotions crashed over her.

She couldn’t shake the words Tyrone had shouted in the study.

He had stood in front of his family and told them firmly. The woman he loved. The woman he wanted was Zera, not her.

He claimed his family had destroyed his happiness. He said that child was his blood. He also stated he had to take responsibility for Zera and her son.

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23

Chapter 41 Dad, I Want to Go Home

Aella buried her head in her hands. The pain was unbearable.

Before she married, people warned her marriage was a grave.

She always laughed and told them that, "If it's with Tyrone, it'll be home."

But now, looking back, she realized how naive she had been.

Finished

This marriage didn't just bury her youth. It buried her pride, her dignity, and her self-worth.

All she ever wanted was a simple marriage. A happy life between two people.

A husband who didn't have to be perfect, but one who was loyal in body and heart, a man who belonged only to her.

Tyrone wasn't that man anymore. His heart was tainted.

His body was tainted too.

No matter how much she once loved him, she didn't want it anymore.

Aella was crying as she picked up her phone and called her father.

When Warren answered, she held back her sobs. "Dad, I want to come home."

On the other end, Warren asked only one question. "Where are you right now, sweetheart?" She gave him the address. He hung up without another word.

Raine realized Aella was serious this time.

She quickly called her mom and begged her to come too.

Raine sat on the edge of the bed, holding Aella's trembling hands. Her voice was careful. "Aella, do you regret marrying my brother?"

Aella's lashes shook as tears welled up again.

She answered, "Yes. I regret it. And I can't face what it's turned into."

Outside the door, Tyrone's hand trembled around the handle,

It was the first time he had ever heard the word regret come out of Aella's mouth.

Brad noticed Tyrone's shaken look. Without a word, he reached over and pushed the hospital room door open.

Tyrone walked to the bed, his deep eyes locked on Aella.

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Chapter 41 Dad, I Want to Go Home

Finished

Raine rushed over, anxious. "Aella already called her parents. I told Mom too. She's on her way."

Tyrone hesitated, then sat on the edge of the bed. He leaned forward, bracing one hand beside Aella's shoulder.

Looking straight into her eyes, he said softly, "I know you're angry. But whatever's between us, we should handle it ourselves. Let's not make the older folks worry, okay?"

Aella sat there, eyes lowered, silent. She just waited for her father to come and take her home.

Since the day that woman and her child returned and Tyrone started picking them up from the airport at midnight, disappearing for weeks, Aella had lost count of how many times she had cried and how many times she had fought.

She had fallen sick, gotten hurt, fainted, broken down, and even threatened to end her life ...

Nothing moved him. Nothing changed his decision or their ending.

Her love for Tyrone had finally grown into something different. It was no longer about holding on—it was about letting go.

About setting him free and setting herself free.

Aella stayed silent. The quiet made Tyrone uneasy.

He turned to Brad and Raine. "Give us a minute," he said. "I want to talk to Aella alone."

Brad and Raine exchanged a quick look and started toward the door. But before they could leave, the door swung open from the outside.

Aella's parents stepped into the room.

Tyrone stood up at once. "Hi, Warren and Miriam."

Warren, trying to keep things polite with others present, forced a calm smile. "We heard Aella was hurt. So we came to see her."

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Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

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## A Message On Whatsapp 42

[ 1,083 words ]

Chapter 42 The Choice to Leave

23

Finished

Tyrone turned to look at Aella, guilt flashing in his eyes. "It's my fault. I didn't take good care of

Aella."

Miriam stood by the bed, carefully checking the bruises and cuts on her daughter's body.

Aella's chin trembled as she bit her lip, trying to hold back tears.

Miriam knew her daughter well. Since childhood, Aella only looked like this when she was truly hurt.

Her heart was broken. Tears filled her eyes. "Sweetheart, what happened to you? How did you get hurt?"

The pain inside Aella was unbearable.

Like a little girl again, she threw her arms around her mother and sobbed, "Mom, hold me."

Her crying filled the quiet hospital room, echoing in everyone's ears, heavy with despair. Tyrone stood at the bedside, unable to watch.

Tyrone stood frozen by the bed, watching Aella cry in her mother's arms. He couldn't even look at her for long. He turned his face away.

Just then, Virginia rushed in after getting her daughter's call. She stopped in the doorway,

taking in the scene.

After greeting Warren, she pushed her son aside and went straight to the bed. "Aella," she asked softly, "tell me what happened. How did you get hurt?"

Aella wiped her tears. "I'm fine. I just slipped in the mall and scraped my skin a little."

Virginia finally let out a breath of relief.

Aella slid off the bed and took Miriam's hand. Looking at both her parents, she said softly, "I want to go

home."

She knew she couldn't come up with a billion dollars to get out of this marriage.

But she also couldn't keep living like this.

Her life was falling apart. She couldn't work and couldn't think straight.

She had to get out and break free from this marriage.

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Chapter 42 The Choice to Leave

Aella's words were polite, but everyone in the room knew what she really meant.

She didn't just want to go home.

Aella wanted to move out, separate from Tyrone, and get a divorce.

## 23

Finished

Virginia tried to persuade her. "Aella, if your current place isn't convenient, you can move to Bluchaven. It's closer to your hospital too."

Aella shook her head and said, "Thank you, Virginia. But I want to go home and stay with my parents."

Tyrone stood there, stunned. He walked up to her and said quietly, "Okay, you can stay with them for a few days. I'll come get you later."

Aella didn't argue.

Right now, she just needed to go home. Separation from Tyrone was the first step.

Miriam helped her daughter out of the room. Tyrone followed, but Warren blocked his way.

"Virginia," Warren said calmly, "we'll take our daughter home now."

Virginia understood he was saving them the dignity. Warren only said half of his words.

She didn't have the power to stop them. All she could do was follow them to the hospital entrance.

When Tyrone saw Warren ordered a rideshare, he stepped forward and stopped them. "Dad, let me drive you home."

Warren's eyes no longer held the pride they once had for Tyrone.

His voice was calm but final. "No need. You go handle your own business."

Tyrone froze for a second. Realizing there was no point in insisting, he walked toward Aella.

Gently, he tried to reach for her arm. "Aella, it's really hot outside. If you don't want to ride with me, I can ask the driver to take you home."

Aella didn't even look at him. She stepped back and leaned closer to her mother instead, quietly avoiding his touch.

Tyrone's hand hung in the air for a moment before he let it drop. He turned to Miriam, his voice low and uncertain. "Miriam ...

Miriam looked at him with eyes full of disappointment and restrained anger. She didn't need

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Chapter 42 The Choice to Leave

to say a word; her silence said it all.

Tyrone lowered his head, taking a shaky step back.

(23)

Finished

Raine stepped forward carefully, her tone soft and nervous. "Maybe Brad can drive you guys home."

A rideshare car slowly pulled up by the curb. Warren opened the door and let his wife and daughter get in first before taking the front passenger seat himself.

Tyrone stood frozen on the sidewalk, watching the car merge into traffic. His chest tightened, like something was wrapped around his heart, making it hard to breathe.

Virginia's face turned pale with anger. "They say sons take after their mothers. I've put up with your

father for years for the sake of you and your sister. I never lost my head over anything else. So tell me, how did I end up raising a son like you?"

Once Virginia and Raine left, Brad grabbed Tyrone by the arm and shoved him into his car.

The air conditioning was running strong. Tyrone rolled down the window and lit a cigarette.

Brad pulled out of the hospital parking lot and stopped under the shade of a tree. “So, you still want to buy those pads? If you do, I’ll take you to the store right now.”

Tyrone shot him a cold glare sharp enough to cut.

Brad shrugged. “See? You didn’t deliver them, and guess what—Zera survived just fine. Her blood doesn’t end on the street. The world didn’t end.”

Tyrone leaned back, closing his eyes. Exhaustion weighed on him like a stone.

Meanwhile, Aella sat quietly in her parents’ car. She had always been a good daughter. She never told her parents the bad things—only the good. But today was different.

Today she had asked them to pick her up because she was ready to admit the truth—that Tyrone had betrayed her.

Her parents adored her. If they knew the truth, there would be no way they’d let her go that house again.

back to

When they got home, her mom busied herself cleaning up Aella’s room, while her dad headed out to buy groceries.

Aella tried to keep her emotions in check. She helped tidy up and set the table.

By evening, the kitchen smelled warm and comforting. Warren stood at the stove while Aella and her mother sat just outside, sorting vegetables.

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Chapter 42 The Choice to Leave

Finished

After hesitating for a long time, Aella finally spoke. Her voice was calm but trembling. “I’m planning to separate from Tyrone.”

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[ 1,018 words ]

## Chapter 43 Ticket to Freedom

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Warren was cooking when he heard his daughter's words. His head dropped even lower.

Miriam had already guessed what was coming. "Tell me the truth. Is Tyrone seeing someone else?"

Aella held back her tears, but her eyes reddened again. "His first love came back. She had a son with him. He's keeping them outside."

A loud clang echoed from the kitchen. Warren slammed down the pan and shut off the stove.

He stormed out, his voice shaking with anger. "Our family may be broke, but we don't deserve this kind of humiliation."

Miriam didn't hesitate. "Aella, you have to listen to me and your dad. Once a man cheats, you can't keep him."

Aella looked at them with pain in her eyes. He struggled with the word, "Tyrone already agreed to the divorce. But he wants us to pay him a billion dollars."

The hand holding Warren's spatula trembled uncontrollably.

Miriam's heart ached. She grabbed Aella's hand and said softly, "Silly child, why didn't you tell

us sooner?"

Aella broke down, crying. "Dad, Mom, don't worry. I'll find a way. I'll end this marriage no matter what."

Warren looked at his wife. This proud man couldn't hold back the tears in his eyes.

Miriam let go of Aella, stood up silently, and went to the bedroom.

A few minutes later, she came out carrying a black case with a lock.

She placed it on the table and opened it.

Inside was a set of jewelry, glowing emerald gemstones surrounded by diamonds. It was clearly worth a fortune. The shine almost hurt Aella's eyes. She recognized it instantly.

"This jewelry set has been passed down in my family for four generations," Miriam said. "When our family went bankrupt, your dad and I sold everything we owned to pay off our debts. This was the only thing I couldn't part with. I wanted to save it for you and Clyde, make sure you'd be secure in the future."

Miriam went on, "When Tyrone helped us pay those debts, your father and I offered him this as

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Chapter 43 Ticket to Freedom

Finished

repayment. He refused it back then. But now that he's asking for the money, we'll return it properly. This set is worth over a billion. Sell it and pay him back. I support you getting the

divorce."

Jewelry worth a billion dollars?

Aella felt like someone trapped in hell had suddenly seen a ray of light. With a thud, she collapsed before her parents, sobbing so hard she could barely breathe.

"Dad, Mom, I've been so wrong!"

When she was young, she gave up her love for the violin because of Tyrone. She even changed her major for him.

After they married, her whole life revolved around Tyrone. She quit her job, cooked for him, and studied medical formulas and essential oils to help him sleep.

She did everything for him, except save a way out for herself.

For years, she had neglected her parents. And now, she had to sell her mother's family heirloom just to buy her freedom.

She felt like an unfilial daughter.

But this was the only path left for us to regain her freedom.

“I swear! I’ll earn enough money one day to buy this back!”

She would sell it as soon as possible. Aella was determined to end this marriage.

After days of pain and struggle, Aella finally felt a spark of hope.

Just like her parents said—divorce wasn’t the end of the world.

She washed her face, pulled herself together, and forced herself to smile again. When she stepped outside to take out the trash, she noticed Clyde’s backpack lying by the door.

Aella checked every floor of the house, but her brother was nowhere to be found.

Something didn’t feel right. She grabbed his backpack and turned to her parents. “Clyde must’ve overheard our conversation.”

Miriam quickly put down the dish she was washing and helped her husband untie his apron. “That stubborn kid—he better not do anything reckless.”

A few minutes later, Aella and her parents rushed out the door.

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Chapter 43 Ticket to Freedom

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The Reids had fallen on hard times for years. Life had changed them, not only in the way they lived but also in the way they thought.

To Tyrone, when he chose to admit it, they were the in-laws of a wealthy family.

But when he refused, they were nothing more than ordinary people—powerless, with no say in anything that happened to them.

Without power or influence, they couldn’t fight back. Whatever happened, they could only take the blow.

It was past seven in the evening when Clyde stormed into Tyrone and Aella's villa.

Tyrone was talking to Brad in the living room while Raine got up to answer the door.

When she saw Clyde charging in, she froze for a second, then glanced behind him. "Clyde, did you come here by yourself?"

He didn't reply. Clyde marched straight into the living room, grabbed a glass of wine from the coffee table, and threw it right at Tyrone.

Raine screamed. Before anyone could react, Aella snatched the bottle from the table. She slammed it down with a loud crash and leaped onto the coffee table. She was ready to smash it over Tyrone's head.

Brad lunged forward, wrapping his arms around Clyde and yanking the broken bottle from his grip. "Hey, kid—this is not how we handle it!"

Clyde was tall and lean, dressed in a white T-shirt and casual pants. The red-and-black earbuds looped around his ear, making him look every bit the rebellious young man he was.

His face was flushed with anger, his voice trembling as he pointed at Tyrone. "My sister loved you so much! How could you betray her?"

Tyrone dropped the tissue in his hand. He stood up and slowly walked toward Clyde. Without saying a word, he reached out to fix Clyde's tangled earphone wire.

Clyde jerked his head away, glaring fiercely. "Don't touch me!"

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[ 1,000 words ]

Chapter 44 Separation

Tyrone let out a long sigh. "Does Aella know you came to see me?"

Finished

Brad held Clyde back by the arm, but the boy still kicked at Tyrone with fury. “You don’t even deserve to say my sister’s name! I’d rather sell my blood than let my sister stay married to you. I’ll pay you back and make sure my sister divorces you!”

Tyrone frowned, exhausted. He said each word slowly, “Clyde, I’ll always be your brother-in-law. I’m not divorcing Aella.”

He told Brad to let go of Clyde, then stepped forward and grabbed Clyde’s arm. “Come on. I’ll take you home.”

The next second, Clyde swung his leg sideways in a powerful kick aimed at Tyrone’s head. Tyrone turned just in time, raising an arm to block the blow.

He locked Clyde by the shoulders so the boy couldn’t move. “I know you’re good at kickboxing,” he said coldly, “but if you want to beat me, you’ll need a few more years of training.”

“Tyrone, you jerk!”

Aella burst into the room just as Tyrone had Clyde pinned. She rushed over and shoved Tyrone hard, pulling Clyde behind her.

Tyrone instantly released him.

Aella shoved him hard and pulled Clyde behind her.

She quickly checked him over. “Clyde, are you

hurt?”

The tall, strong boy stood protectively in front of his sister, his voice both stubborn and fierce. “Aella, when I grow up, I’ll help you to teach him a lesson.”

Their parents came in and quickly pulled both kids toward the door.

Tyrone watched Aella leave with her family, his chest tightening until he could hardly breathe.

He stepped forward and caught her wrist. “Aella—”

Aella looked up at him. “Tyrone, I’ll be staying with my parents for now. I’ll repay every dollar I owe you and end this marriage. If you have any concerns, think them through. When the time comes, tell me, and I’ll do my best to cooperate.”

He froze, staring at her determined face, then slowly let go.

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## Chapter 44 Separation

Raine, desperate to clear her name, rushed to speak. "Aella, Tyrone's the one who messed not me. You won't cut me off too, will you?"

Aella

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up,

gave her a gentle but firm look. "Raine, even if Tyrone and I get divorced, you'll still be my best friend for life."

She turned, leading Clyde and her parents out. Before leaving, she gave Brad a polite nod. "Brad, Tyrone, we'll be going now."

Brad and Raine escorted them to the door.

When Aella was gone, Raine glared at Tyrone. She grabbed her bag and stormed out too.

Once everyone had left, Brad couldn't help but turn to Tyrone. "Aella sounded serious. You think she's found a way to get the money?"

Tyrone sank onto the couch, tired. He poured himself a drink. "Her mom has a jewelry set worth billions," he said quietly.

"Aella's parents have spoiled her since the day she was born. Of course she went *to* them."

Her parents, heartbroken by how much she had suffered, gave her the jewelry set as a bargaining chip for divorce.

Otherwise, there was no way she could have spoken so firmly about paying the money back and ending their marriage.

Brad leaned against the cabinet, watching from a short distance. "Aella's already decided to divorce you. Aren't you going to explain yourself?"

Tyrone's voice was steady but heavy. "Years ago, my grandfather went behind my back and threatened Zera. He forced her to leave the country and marry someone else. That destroyed any chance I had with her. Zera left silently for my sake—so I could still have a future, so I could inherit everything. She hid the truth for six years. In those years, she suffered more than I can even imagine. If she hadn't run out of options, she never would've come back to find me."

He looked down. "If I come clean about Zera and the child, my grandpa would never allow them near me again. For the sake of the company reputation, he'd do anything to erase them from my life. The only way my grandpa and my dad will look the other way is if I prove that Zera's child is mine. That's the only protection for her and her son."

Brad frowned, frustration spilling over. "Why not set them up in another city? Keep them safe but away from here?"

Tyrone rubbed his temples, his face tight with exhaustion. "I tried. She refused to go. Her mom and her brother didn't want to leave either. I offered money, but she wouldn't take it."

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#### Chapter 44 Separation

Brad blurted out. "She'll take your gifts but not your money. She says she doesn't want to disturb your marriage with Aella, yet she refuses to leave? Come on, Tyrone. That's not innocent—she's doing this on purpose."

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Tyrone lowered his head, looking completely worn out. "She's been through too many terrible things. She's scared of my grandpa. I understand that."

Brad felt his blood boil. "What now? You're giving up on Aella and divorcing her?"

Tyrone blurted out, "I won't divorce her."

He knew Aella couldn't accept what he'd done.

It made sense she would bring up divorce in her anger.

He'd let her stay with her parents for a while, giving her time to calm down and accept his decision.

She'd loved him for over twenty years and had been married to him for three. She couldn't just walk away from that.

Their marriage had been good. He wasn't going to let her go.

The next morning, Aella went to work as usual.

Her mood had been terrible for weeks, and she had lost a lot of weight.

Even with makeup, she still looked pale and worn out.

After helping Samuel with a patient, Aella headed toward the therapy room. On the way, she ran into Daniel again.

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[ 866 words ]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 45 The Auction Plan

Finished

His family run private hospitals all over the world. Daniel wasn't one of their doctors, but he often came by for consultations on tough cases. That's how Aella usually ran into him.

Daniel took one look at her and noticed the weariness on her face. "Working as Mr. Black's assistant must be pretty stressful, huh?"

Aella gave a polite smile, hesitated for a moment, then asked, "Daniel, you know many people. Do you happen to know anyone from an auction house?"

Daniel pushed his glasses up his nose. "Are you looking to buy or sell?"

"I have a jewelry set," Aella answered. "I'd like to get it appraised by a reliable auction company. If the price is right, I want to sell it."

Daniel nodded. "I know a jewelry appraiser at Crownworth Auctions. I'm meeting him after work. Why don't you come along? I'll introduce you."

Excitement brought color back to Aella's cheeks. "Thank you, Daniel. I'll see you after work."

Having a clear goal made her feel alive again.

Once she sold the jewelry, she could finally divorce Tyrone and free herself from this miserable life.

Sure, she could've asked Raine or Brad for help—but they were too close to Tyrone.

She didn't want any complications.

When work ended that evening, Aella walked out of the hospital lobby.

She didn't see Daniel's car first—she saw Tyrone.

He was walking toward her from the steps. Her expression turned cold at the sight of him.

Tyrone stopped in front of her, his voice calm and gentle. "I made a reservation at your favorite restaurant. Tell your parents not to wait up. I'll take you home after dinner."

Aella stepped aside to put some space between them. "Tyrone, having dinner with you only for you to ditch me halfway to meet your first love—I've experienced that once. That's enough for a lifetime."

His gaze locked on her, dark and complicated. He reached for her hand.

Aella quickly stepped back, slipped past him, and walked straight to Daniel's car.

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Chapter 45 The Auction Plan

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Finished

Tyrone stood frozen, watching her leave with another man. His chest tightened painfully.

A moment later, Zera walked out of the hospital, moving very cautiously.

When she reached him, she saw the dark, stormy look on his face and felt a pang of guilt.

“Tyrone,” she said quietly, “maybe I should talk to your wife. It’s easier for women to understand each other.”

Tyrone finally looked at her.

He shook his head. “No need. You don’t know her temper.”

Zera saw he wouldn’t allow it and quietly let it go.

Her voice trembled with hurt. “I’m sorry. I just want to forget the past and start over. If it were only me, I’d rather die than ever bother you again. But I’m a mother. The child is innocent. You understand that, don’t you?”

Tyrone saw how helpless she looked, and his tone softened. “I know it hasn’t been easy for you two. You’ve sacrificed a lot for me and suffered more than you should have. You’re a victim, but so is my wife. Your pain wasn’t caused by her, but her pain was caused by both of us.”

Zera nodded quickly, crying harder. “I know. I really do. It’s my fault. My son and I have been such a burden to you.”

Tyrone frowned slightly and said firmly, “You don’t need to say things like that to me. You’re not a burden. What you’ve gone through—this is a debt I owe you. But I’ll say this again: without my permission, don’t show up in front of my wife.”

Zera nodded again and again. “Don’t worry, I’ll do whatever you say.”

Then, her tone shifted, cautious and probing. “Since you faked that DNA test and your family already believes this child is yours, could you maybe ... add his name to your paperwork? It would make school enrollment easier, and it would ease your family’s doubts.”

Tyrone’s face hardened. “Zera, I may feel guilty toward you, but I still have boundaries.”

Without another word, he turned and left, his mind in turmoil.

She followed him to his car, watching as he climbed in and drove off without once looking back.

His wife was already at the breaking point, yet he still refused to divorce.

Their marriage must be stronger than she thought.

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Chapter 45 The Auction Plan

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Finished

Six years ago, when they first fell in love, she had moved after move, yet Tyrone never crossed the line with her.

Even now, after her return, her hints and tests failed. He still refused to pass that line.

She had been gone for six years and even had a child with her ex-husband. It was natural for Tyrone's feelings for her to fade.

But on the day she came back, one phone call from her had made Tyrone drop everything- leave his wife-and spend an entire month taking care of her and her son.

These days, he granted her every request.

Zera could tell Tyrone still had feelings for her.

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[ 995 words ]

Chapter 46 No Hope

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Until Tyrone got divorced, she couldn't show her feelings. Zera told herself she had to take a step back and use her child as leverage.

As long as she held on, one day Tyrone would come back to her.

Zera had it all planned out in her mind.

The next day at noon, while Tyrone was out, Aella returned to their villa.

She had left the hospital in such a rush that she didn't have time to pack her things.

Aella packed a small suitcase and threw away everything she didn't need anymore.

When she opened a grocery bag in the bathroom, she found everyday items: matching toothbrushes in different colors, two mouthwash cups, towels, and slippers.

Aella stared at them for a moment before putting them back in the bag.

Tyrone must've bought these before taking her back to the estate that night.

After that, she heard the things he said in his study. They started fighting over divorce. He never even got the chance to use them.

A bitter smile tugged at her lips.

She walked into the study and saw a folder lying on the desk. It was the paternity test report.

Father: Tyrone Winter. Son: Orson Caldwell.

Probability of paternity: 99.999%.

The relationship between father and son was confirmed. At the bottom, the official seal of the lab.

Aella's hands shook as she picked up the report. It felt as heavy as a mountain. Her body went weak, her fingers trembling.

Orson. A cute bear cub.

Even the name showed how much they cherish the boy. He was the proof of their love story.

Aella held back her tears and heart-wrenching pain. She forced herself to stay calm. She took out her phone and snapped a picture of the report.

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Chapter 46 No Hope

Then she pulled out the newly revised divorce papers.

She placed both documents side by side on Tyrone's desk.

3

Finished

That night, after his shower, Tyrone walked into the study wearing his pajamas. The divorce papers caught his eye immediately.

He reached for the DNA report. His fingertips brushed against the small wrinkles on the paper -traces left behind by her tears after they had dried.

Sitting down at the desk, Tyrone imagined the moment Aella saw that report. His chest tightened painfully.

He flipped through the divorce papers, and a line in the attached agreement made him stop.

He tilted his head back, drew in a long breath, and went to pour himself a drink.

Late into the night, he paced around the study with a glass of whiskey in hand. Tyrone was wide awake, unable to calm his mind.

She was really going to do it. Out of spite, she was willing to sell her mother's heirloom that had been in her family for generations—just to end their marriage.

Close to midnight, Tyrone called Noel.

“Keep an eye on my wife's schedule the next few days,” he ordered quietly. “Especially if she goes near an auction house.”

When Tyrone returned to the bedroom to rest, he finally noticed the trash can. Inside were things Aella had thrown away.

His expression darkened with rage. He walked over, crouched down, and silently began pulling things out one by one.

A toothbrush. A cup. A hair tie. Makeup product. A photo frame from the nightstand.

Tyrone suddenly remembered her wedding vows.

Aella had once said she could give up her life, but she'd never give up on him.

A dull ache spread through his chest.

Tyrone braced himself against the doorframe, leaning forward until his forehead pressed against his hand. His voice was low and hoarse, filled with exhaustion. "Aella, you don't trust me

at all."

His voice was hoarse and full of weariness.

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**20:48 Tue, Oct 7**

Chapter 46 No Hope

23

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He couldn't sleep.

Changing into fresh clothes, he grabbed the DNA report and his car keys and drove out into the night.

At one in the morning, he parked outside the old apartment complex where Aella's parents now lived. The building had been part of a relocation project, a far cry from luxury.

He rolled down the window, lit a cigarette, and stared at a fourth-floor window across the street.

One hand held the cigarette. The other clutched the DNA report. The paper in his hand crumpled slightly as he gripped it tighter—his gaze flickering with conflict, torn between choices he couldn't make.

Just then, Brad opened the car door and got into the

passenger seat.

Following Tyrone's gaze, he looked toward the building. "You can't just throw Zera and her son aside for Aella. And you're too scared to tell Aella that the paternity test is fake. So what's the point of being here?"

Tyrone pulled his gaze away without saying a word. He flicked the ash off his cigarette. "Aella's just angry right now."

Brad scoffed. "You really think once she cools down she'll be okay with you living happily ever after with Zera and the kid?"

"I'll explain—at least part of it," Tyrone muttered.

Brad stared at him, speechless.

He thought Tyrone was insane, and not just a little.

After Brad left, Tyrone didn't drive away.

As dawn broke, he sent Aella a text message.

Then he turned the car around and headed back to the estate.

Edwin, who always got up early for his morning exercise, was surprised to see Tyrone home so

soon.

He asked Justin to wake everyone up.

In the living room, Tyrone placed the DNA report on the coffee table. "Orson is my biological son," he said firmly. "If you don't believe it, I'll do another test right here in front of everyone."

3/4

Finished

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Chapter 46 No Hope

Virginia picked up the report. The blood drained from her face, and she nearly fainted.

Raine sneakily shot Tyrone a quick, sharp glare before hurrying to catch her mother.

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

[ 953 words ]

Chapter 47 Zera's Plan

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**23**

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Tyrone stood before Edwin, his eyes filled with determination. He said firmly, "I've proven that the boy is mine. If either of you dares to go after him or his mother again, I'll list him as my son on every legal document, bring them both to our home, and make our relationship public. I'll give them their place in this family."

Ralph's face turned pale with anger. "And what about Aella? Don't forget, you're still married. If people find out you've got a child outside of your marriage, it'll be a huge scandal."

Tyrone answered firmly. "I'll take care of them on the outside. I'll never reveal the boy's identity, and I won't divorce Aella."

Edwin slowly stood up, his expression unreadable. "Even if I agree to leave them alone, do you really think Aella will?"

"Aella is kind," Tyrone said quietly. "She'll understand."

Edwin hesitated, then finally gave in. "Since the boy is your blood, he's technically part of the family. You can support them financially. You can visit them. But you must never give them a name or title."

Tyrone's tone sharpened. "Only if you promise not to harm them."

Edwin's voice deepened. "If you can make sure Aella won't embarrass the family with a scandal or push for divorce, then I'll stay out of it."

With that, Tyrone left the estate.

He believed Aella loved him too much to walk away. Even after learning about Zera and the child, she had only argued with him at home, never embarrassed him in public.

She still protected his reputation.

That was her way of leaving room for the two of them.

Her anger, her tears—it was all her way of pushing him to explain, to apologize, to come back to their family.

Tyrone was sure she would never actually go through with a divorce.

Leaving the estate, he headed straight for his office.

That morning, Aella woke up and saw a message from him asking to meet that evening.

She didn't reply.

1/3

Chapter 47 Zera's Plan

4 (23)

Finished

Around noon, Daniel called to tell her that the jewelry she sent to the auction house would be appraised in a week.

She had already waited through days of torment—one more week wouldn't matter.

Not long after, Miriam showed up with lunch for her daughter. "Aella, since you and Tyrone are already planning to divorce, your father and I think it's best if we transfer Clyde to a regular high school."

Aella refused right away. "Mom, you said it yourself. That jewelry set is worth over a billion! Clyde's about to start his senior year in high school. Even if I return a billion to Tyrone, the rest will be enough to get Clyde through graduation. Our family had lost our wealth; my marriage with Tyrone is over. Right now, nothing matters more than Clyde's education."

In the break room, Miriam slowly unpacked the lunch boxes one by one. "You're right. We'll just take it one step at a time."

Aella stepped closer and wrapped her arms around her mother. "Mom, trust me," she choked up. "I'll get that jewelry set back, no matter what."

Her nose burned as tears welled up. “I loved Tyrone for so many years. I was married to him for three. I gave up my violin, gave up job offers, and gave up everything for him, and look what it *got* me.”

Her voice trembled, breaking mid-sentence. “From now on, I’ll never expect anything from love or marriage again. I’ll work as hard as I can to make money so you and Dad can live a good life.”

Outside the break room, Tyrone stood by the door holding a lunchbox.

He froze when he saw Aella crying in her mother’s arms like a helpless child. His eyes filled with pain he couldn’t hide.

He tilted his head back, took a deep breath, and then knocked on the door.

But instead of going in, he set the lunch down and walked away.

At the hospital entrance, he ran into Zera again.

She explained softly, “The doctor said yesterday that my depression might be coming back, so I booked a mental health checkup for this afternoon.”

Her eyes caught the lunch bag in his hand. She tried to sound casual. “Have you eaten yet? Why don’t we go to that little restaurant by the university? I haven’t been there in years. I miss it.”

Tyrone’s tone was distant and distracted. “Maybe another day. I’ve got something to do this

2/3

**20:49 Tue, Oct 7**

Chapter 47 Zera’s Plan

afternoon.”

He left quickly. Zera bit her lip, holding back her urge to stop him.

She could feel it; Tyrone was colder now, distant.

He must’ve realized that her return had shaken his marriage.

**22**

Finished

As the heir of Winter Group, his marriage was public. For the sake of his family name and the company, he couldn't risk a divorce scandal or rumors of cheating.

Still, she had prepared for this long ago. From the moment they met again, she had used his guilt to make him promise to take responsibility for her and her son.

Zera never doubted Tyrone's character.

He wasn't the type to break his word. Once he promised, he'd follow through.

And now, she thought with a faint smile, she hadn't even done anything yet, but Tyrone's wife was already falling apart.

Once her son started school in September and she settled down in Vleka, she'd have plenty of reasons to see Tyrone again.

And when that time came, Zera didn't believe for a second that his wife would be able to hold it together.

Send Gifts

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

[ 973 words ]

Chapter 48 A Bitter Meeting

"Excuse me, are you Ms. Caldwell?"

The polite question snapped Zera out of her thoughts.

**22**

Finished

She turned to see a middle-aged man standing in front of her, his expression calm but guarded. "Do I know you?" she asked warily.

The man clasped his hands neatly in front of him. He bowed slightly and said, “Justin Garraway. I’m the butler for the Winters. Mrs. Winter is at the café across the street. She’d like to meet with you.”

The moment Zera realized this man was the butler from the Winter Estate, her tone changed completely. “Thank you, Justin. Please, lead the way.”

As she followed him across the street, excitement rushed through her chest.

Six years ago, the elders looked down on her. They refused to meet her.

She had tried to see Virginia several times, hoping the woman would let her and Tyrone be together. But every time, Virginia sent the servants to dismiss her.

Now things were different. Tyrone must have shown them the fake DNA report.

That old hag sudden request to meet could only mean one thing—she wanted to see her grandson, or maybe win favor with them. Why else would Virginia suddenly want to meet?

Inside the café, Justin pointed her toward a table. Virginia sat there, stirring her coffee with an elegant hand, every gesture polished, every detail screaming wealth.

Even doing something as simple as stirring her coffee, the woman radiated elegance.

Zera quickly straightened herself, walking over with as much grace as she could. “Hello, my name is Zera Caldwell.”

Virginia didn’t look up. She stirred her coffee slowly, eyes fixed on the swirling liquid. “Have a seat.”

Zera sat. The waiter handed her a menu, and Virginia gestured for her to order whatever she liked.

Zera glanced at the menu, but she couldn’t make sense of a single word.

When she didn’t move, Virginia gave a light laugh and tapped her temple. “Oh, my memory. Ms. Caldwell, you studied dance, didn’t you? You probably don’t read Gleisic.”

1/3

**20:49 Tue, Oct 7**

Chapter 48 A Bitter Meeting

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Zera **felt** uneasy but forced a polite smile. “You’re right, Mrs. Winter. I’m **just a simple girl** from an ordinary family. I never learned Gleisic.”

She handed the menu to the waiter. “Just a glass of juice, please.”

The waiter replied kindly, “Juice is complimentary, ma’am. Would you like it freshly squeezed or chilled? What flavor?”

Zera’s hand tightened under the table. “No, thank you. Just a glass of water is fine.”

This old hag hadn’t even started the conversation, but she already made her feel small.

So much for the gossip that Virginia was weak or soft. Clearly, she was sharp.

The waiter brought her a glass of water and quietly left.

Zera took a breath and asked, “May I ask why you wanted to see me?”

Virginia set down her silver spoon, finally meeting Zera’s eyes. Her voice was calm but cold. “Even if that child is Tyrone’s,” she said, “we don’t accept him.”

Zera’s heart sank hard.

Her hand tightened around the glass without her even realizing it. “Virginia,” she said, trying to sound calm, “Tyrone and I truly love each other. Now we even have a child together. Why won’t you just let us be?”

Virginia leaned forward, resting her elbows on the table, her hands gently supporting her chin.

She looked elegant and composed as she spoke softly, “Because you’re not worthy.”

Zera’s face changed instantly. “Why not?”

Virginia smiled faintly. “That’s like asking why this restaurant, even though it’s in Vleka, serves only a menu written in Gleisic but not Estran or our local language.”

Sweat dampened Zera’s palms. “I honestly don’t understand.”

Virginia’s tone stayed patient, almost gentle. “This menu is designed to filter customers. Just like some private clubs require proof of wealth before you can even walk in.”

Zera finally understood.

The old hag wasn't talking about food. She was mocking her background, making it clear she would never truly belong in their world. Mocking her for being out of place. Even if Zera forced her way into this circle of wealth, she'd always be the joke.

2/3

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Chapter 48 A Bitter Meeting

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22

Finished

Still, she pressed on. "Tyrone is your son. Don't you want him to be happy?"

Virginia set her hands down and leaned back in her chair. "Ms. Caldwell, in life, you can't have everything. Years ago, when you took 60 million from Edwin and left the country, you lost the right to be my daughter-in-law. Even if my son ever gets divorced, you and your child will never set foot in my house."

Zera's eyes flickered nervously. "I only did that for Tyrone's future. If Edwin had truly disowned him and handed the family inheritance to an illegitimate child, Tyrone would've had nothing. He would've had to start from scratch. You wouldn't have wanted that either."

Virginia rose to her feet. "Save that story for Tyrone. I only came today to warn you of something."

Zera quickly rose to her feet. "Please go ahead."

Virginia looked her dead in the eye. "If my son and his wife stay together, we elders can overlook your existence. But if their marriage ends because of you and your child ... " Her tone turned icy. "I'll be the first to destroy you."

With that, Virginia grabbed her bag and walked away.

Zera stood frozen for a long time. When she finally came to her senses, she rushed after her to the door.

She cried out, "We're both women. Why make things so hard for me? Tyrone and I already have a child. If you ever do anything to hurt us, he will never stand by and let it happen!"

Send Gifts

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

[ 1,053 words ]

Chapter 49 The Lost Recording

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The driver opened the car door. Virginia turned back and looked at Zera. “If that **day ever** comes,” she said coldly, “I’d love to see whether he would turn on his mother for you.”

Zera froze. She hadn’t expected that, after Tyrone showed the DNA report to his family, they still refused to accept her and her son.

On top of that, Virginia actually had the nerve to threaten her.

Zera watched Virginia step into the car and leave. Tears spilled over as she grabbed her phone and called Tyrone.

That evening, Tyrone returned to the estate.

Virginia and Raine were in the living room arranging flowers.

“Mom,” Tyrone asked as he walked in, “why did you go to see Zera?”

Virginia didn’t look up from her work. “And what did she tell you this time?”

Tyrone hesitated. He said nothing.

Raine spoke with a mocking tone. “Let me guess. That woman called you again, crying her out?”

eyes

Tyrone sat down on the couch, staring at the messy bouquet soaking in the water bucket. His chest tightened with frustration. “Mom, I’ve made myself clear,” he said. “My life is my business. Can you please stop interfering?”

Virginia wiped her hands. She opened the drawer of the coffee table and threw a small voice recorder at him.

Her expression was serious—stricter than he’d ever seen before. “You better pay full attention. Listen to what’s on that recorder before you say another word.”

Before Tyrone could reply, Virginia continued, “I’ve decided. If you really want to divorce Aella, I won’t stop you.”

She reached into her bag, pulled out a bank card, and tossed it on the table.

“The debts you once paid for her family? I covered those for Aella. That money came from my dowry, not a single dollar from this family. Sign the divorce papers and let her go.”

Tyrone’s face darkened. He pushed the card back onto the table but picked up the recorder.

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22

Finished

Chapter 49 The Lost Recording

“Mom,” he said tightly, “what kind of mother pushes her son to divorce?”

Raine jumped in, her tone sharp. “Since that woman and her kid came back, everything you’ve done has been about forcing Aella to pay off debts and step aside for that homewrecker, hasn’t it?”

Tyrone looked at his mother, then at his sister. He said nothing, his face stormy, and walked out of the estate.

Late that night, Tyrone drove back to the villa he shared with Aella.

He checked his phone. The message he had sent that morning was still unanswered. It was midnight now.

They had known each other since childhood. He had given Aella her very first cell phone.

He still remembered how happy she was, throwing her arms around him and planting a kiss on

his cheek.

Tyrone'd acted annoyed, warning her to behave, but she'd just laughed and set a special ringtone for his messages.

From that day on, she always texted back right away.

Now, for the first time, he knew what it felt like to wait, and it was torture.

He reached into his pocket and realized the voice recorder was still in his car.

As he went downstairs to get it, his phone rang. It was Zera. Her voice trembled through the line. "Tyrone, my son's running a high fever. The small clinic nearby won't take him in. Can you please help me get him to a hospital?"

Tyrone didn't waste a second. "Don't worry. I'm on my way."

By the time Orson's fever finally went down, it was already two or three in the morning.

In the hospital *room*, Zera looked worn out and guilty. She gently pushed Tyrone toward the door. "You should *go* home and get some rest. I only called you tonight because I didn't know what else *to* do. Please *go* explain things to your wife so she doesn't misunderstand again."

Tyrone didn't tell her the truth—that Aella had already moved out and was staying with her

parents.

When he got back *to* the car, he searched for the voice recorder, but it was nowhere to be found.

He picked up his phone, ready to call Zera, then stopped himself. Then he put the phone

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Chapter 49 The Lost Recording

down.

He must have dropped it while helping her in the rush.

22

Finished

Her child had been burning up with fever, and she'd been in tears all night. There was no way she took it.

But inside the hospital room, Zera was deleting every file from the recorder as quickly as she could.

Once she was sure it was empty, she carefully wrapped the recorder in a tissue and tossed it into the trash.

Tyrone hadn't had the chance to hear what was on it. He didn't know about the six million dollars she'd secretly taken from Edwin six years ago.

If he had known, he wouldn't have rushed over in silence without a single question.

She smirked to herself. A dog that bites doesn't bark.

Virginia had more bite than Zera had expected.

The next morning, Tyrone stopped by the hospital around the time Aella would normally arrive for work. He was told she had gone on a week-long exchange program in Judshire and hadn't even bothered to tell him.

A heavy weight pressed against his chest.

He hesitated for a moment, then walked down the hall toward Orson's room and checked on them.

When he quietly opened the hospital room door, the little boy was still asleep, his cheeks pale. Zera was resting her head on the side of the bed, holding her son's tiny hand.

Tyrone didn't step inside.

Zera didn't come from a wealthy family. She had no big ambitions, no hidden motives. Everything she did was for her child.

If Aella ever became a mother herself, she would probably understand Zera's struggle.

Walking back down the hallway, Tyrone pulled out his phone and called his assistant. "Noel," he said, his voice low and firm, "cancel all my appointments for the next few days. Move the Judshire trip to this morning. Let me know when everything's ready."

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Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

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

[ 931 words ]

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Chapter 50 The Happy Reunion

**22**

Finished

Zera lingered by the doorway of the hospital room, waiting until Tyrone finally left before daring to step out into the hall.

Why did he suddenly cancel everything and rush off early to Judshire on business?

Her thoughts spun until she noticed one of Aella's coworkers walking by.

Zera remembered, this was the same girl she'd seen with Aella the day she went looking for her.

Zera stopped her. "Hi, excuse me. Is Dr. Reid working today? I need to talk to her."

The woman replied, "Dr. Reid's away in Judshire for a training program. She won't be back until next week."

When the woman left, Zera clenched her hands tight.

Aella was divorcing Tyrone. So why would he still travel to Judshire to see her?

Could it be that, after all these years, he had actually fallen for that woman?

No. That couldn't happen.

She couldn't let that happen.

That evening, in the housekeeping department of a downtown hotel in Judshire, Tyrone knocked on a door.

When Aella opened it, she froze in surprise.

"What are you doing here?"

"Business trip," Tyrone said casually. "Heard you were here, so I came to say

Aella gave a curt nod and started to close the door.

Tyrone braced his hand on the frame and pushed his way inside.

hi."

He looked around the modest room, frowning, "I booked a suite upstairs. Come stay there with

me."

Aella crossed her arms, leaning against the dresser. "Mr. Winter, take some time to sign the divorce papers instead of saying nonsense."

Tyrone's eyes darkened. "This place isn't suitable for you. Come upstairs so we can talk

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Chapter 50 The Happy Reunion

properly."

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"There's nothing to talk about," Aella said calmly. "Other than the divorce."

Finished

Tyrone took his time. "I called Prunella. Told her you were here. She's on her way. She cares so much about you. Don't you want to see her?"

Aella expression slowly turned stiff.

Prunella Slater. The name alone tugged at her heart. She had grown up next door to Aella's family, a family friend and a gifted violinist.

Aella had learned her very first notes from her. Prunella was half mentor.

Aella had even planned to visit her before leaving Judshire.

She never imagined Tyrone would invite her here first.

"Prunella!"

Aella straightened her clothes and followed Tyrone upstairs to his suite. When she saw Prunella, her eyes lit up. She rushed forward and hugged her warmly.

She held Aella's hand and led her to the couch. Tyrone poured juice for both women and sat across from them.

Prunella was well-known, a public figure. Though middle-aged, she dressed with taste and carried herself with effortless grace.

Looking at Tyrone and Aella, she sighed again and again. "What a pity," she said softly. "If you two bring a baby to see me that would make me the happiest woman alive."

Tyrone looked at Aella and said calmly, "When we have a baby, you'll be the first to know."

Prunella smiled. "You've been married three years. It's about time you had a child."

Tyrone's eyes never left Aella. "You're right. I'll do my best."

Aella almost laughed at how fake he sounded.

Still, she didn't want to ruin the mood by bringing up divorce again in front of Prunella.

She smiled and changed the subject. "Prunella, when are you going back to Vleka? You have to

tell me.”

Prunella had only carved out a short visit from her busy schedule. She stood up, checking her watch. “Don’t worry. When my next tour takes me to Vleka, I’ll stay with you guys for a few

2/3

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Chapter 50 The Happy Reunion

days.”

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Ten minutes later, Tyrone and Aella walked her to the elevator.

As the doors slid shut, Aella shook off Tyrone’s hand from her shoulder.

Tyrone caught her wrist before she could step inside. “Aella, we need to talk.”

Aella tried to pull away, but his grip only tightened.

(22)

Finished

His gaze stayed locked on her face. “Are you walking in,” he asked quietly, “or should I carry you?”

Aella glanced around and forced his hand off. “Let go of me. I’ll walk.”

They went back to the suite. Tyrone shut the door behind them.

Aella stood before the couch, her expression cold. She said evenly, “I want a divorce. It’s not anger, it’s not a tantrum—I truly want to end this. You’ve read the divorce papers. I’ll pay you back the money within a month. After that, there’s nothing left to say between us.”

Tyrone stepped closer, his face stunned as he stared at her. “Don’t tell me you’re selling your mother’s jewelry?”

Aella turned her face away. “That’s my business. It has nothing to do with you.”

Tyrone frowned. "That jewelry means everything to your mother. How could you even think about selling it just to divorce me?"

Hearing him mention it, Aella's eyes turned red. "If I don't sell that and pay you back, would

still agree to divorce me?"

you

Their eyes met. Tyrone said nothing.

Aella pushed past him and walked to the window, staring out at the dark night sky. "That jewelry does mean the world to my mom," she said quietly. "But between that and her daughter's happiness, she'd rather give it up."

Tyrone hesitated, then took a step back. "We can stay as we are for now. Give ourselves time to cool off. But you can't sell that jewelry."

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[ 933 words ]

Chapter 51 You Make Me Sick!

18 Pearls

Aella turned to face Tyrone, her voice trembling but firm. "Forget the jewelry," she said slowly. "As long as I can divorce you, my parents would sell their blood or kidneys if they had to!"

Tyrone's hand tightened against the back of the couch. His chest rose and fell, heavy with emotion.

No one knew better than him how much her parents loved her.

Step by step, he closed the distance and gripped her shoulders.

“Aella, tell me. What do I have to do so you won’t leave me?”

Aella shook her head. “Tyrone, it’s too late. Every time I think about you running back to the woman you loved and the son you now have with her—I can’t take it.”

She looked him in the eye. “There’s no way out for us except divorce.”

Tyrone couldn’t control himself—he pulled her into his arms, holding her tight, refusing to let her go.

“Aella, I know this isn’t fair. But if you can accept Zera and her son, I’ll transfer everything I own

to you.”

She struggled, but his grip only locked harder. “Tyrone, even if you did that,” she said, her voice shaking, “I can’t stop you from giving them money or treating them well. You’ll still be good to them.”

She looked up at him, her eyes cold but clear. “I’m not that naive little girl anymore, the one who believed everything you said. You can’t fool me again.”

Tyrone tightened his hold on her, desperate to keep the moment.

He murmured, “Aella, I’m not lying. Tell me a number. I’ll give Zera and her kid a payout that, I’ll only help them when necessary. I won’t spend another dollar on them without te dub you. I promise.”

Aella finally broke free from his arms.

She stepped back toward the couch, keeping her distance. “Tyrone, don’t you understand?” she cried. “This isn’t about money!”

She cherished loyalty when it came to love.

But Tyrone had betrayed that.

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**18:11** Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 51 You Make Me Sick!

1. 4.

**59**

48 Pearls

She couldn't stomach betrayal. Even if it tore her apart, she couldn't take him back.

Her voice cracked with pain. She was losing it.

"I can't accept a husband who betrayed me. I can't accept a husband who still loves his first love. And I definitely can't accept a husband who has a child with another woman!

"Tyrone, I feel sick. Just thinking of you with them makes me want to throw up. I can't get close to you anymore."

The cold determination in Aella's eyes made Tyrone's heart race.

He wanted to explain, but no words would come.

Tyrone walked up to her and tried to calm her down. "Aella," he said softly, "Zera and her child exist—I can't change that. But you're my wife. You're the only one. I'll never divorce you for them."

Their eyes met. Tyrone leaned down to kiss her, but Aella turned her head away.

He didn't stop. Pulling her roughly into his arms, he forced another kiss.

Aella struggled trying to escape from his grip, but Tyrone pushed her down onto the couch.

His kiss was fast and desperate—like he was trying desperately to prove something.

In the chaos, his phone slipped out of his pocket. The vibrating phone landed beside them. When Aella's hand brushed against it, the call accidentally went through. Neither of them noticed.

"Aella," Tyrone whispered between his kisses, his voice hoarse with desire, "let's have a baby.

Aella's muffled protests and the sound of their tangled breathing reached the other end of the line. Zera froze, too shocked to react.

"Tyrone, are you there?" Zera's voice trembled.

"Orson is burning up again. He's crying nonstop, and I can't calm him down. Could you please come?"

The raw tension in the suite shattered with the sound of Zera's sobbing voice.

Tyrone instantly pulled away from Aella. He sat up and helped her sit upright on the couch.

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Chapter 51 You Make Me Sick!

59

+8 Pearls

He picked up the phone, his tone suddenly gentle. "Zera, don't cry. Tell me what happened, slowly."

Aella grabbed her shirt and started walking toward the door.

Tyrone reached out to stop her.

Zera's weeping continued through the phone, pulling at every nerve.

Aella turned around and met his eyes. Her voice was cold, each word sharp as glass. "I've known you for over twenty years, and I've never found you this disgusting."

With that, she stormed out and slammed the door behind her.

The loud bang echoed through the suite.

On the other end, Zera's sobbing stopped.

"I'm sorry," she said in a panic. "I didn't know you were with your wife. Don't come. I'll handle it myself."

Then she hung up.

The next morning, Aella woke up and saw Tyrone's message.

He had checked out early.

She took a deep breath, forcing herself to shake off the frustration that lingered in her chest. Work was the only thing she could control now.

A week passed quickly.

The moment she returned to Vleka, she received a call from the auction house—the appraisal for her mother’s jewelry was complete.

After discussing it with her parents, Aella set a minimum reserve price of 1.5 billion dollars and entrusted Crownworth Auction House with the sale.

With that money, she could finally divorce Tyrone and walk away from her miserable marriage.

It would be enough to keep Clyde in his private school and help her parents live a better life.

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

[ 1,006 words ]

## Chapter 52 The Passing Years

### Are Pearts

From now on, her only goal was to make money. Before her parents passed away, she would buy back that jewelry set no matter what it took.

The next morning, she went to work as usual. As soon as she arrived, the hospital director called her into the office.

“Mrs. Winter,” he said politely, avoiding her eyes. “I’m afraid we have to ask for your resignation.”

Aella didn’t argue. She stayed polite, thanked him, and walked out with her heart sinking.

She knew who was behind this. Edwin had already warned her: if she didn’t quit in a week, he would make the call himself.

It seemed he hadn’t waited that long.

When Aella stepped out of the office and reached the elevator, fate decided to play another cruel joke.

She paused her steps.

Tyrone was standing there with Zera and the child. He carried the little boy in his arms, while Zera leaned close against him.

To anyone else, they looked like a happy family of three.

Even though Aella had already decided to walk away, the sight tore through her chest.

Her eyes met Tyrone's. Tyrone's face changed. His body tensed.

He hurriedly set the child down and started toward her, as if drawn by instinct.

Before he could take another step, Zera grabbed his arm. She said softly, "Your wife, probably doesn't want to see us. Orson still has a fever. Can you take us upstairs now? You can come back and explain to her later."

The elevator doors slid open. Tyrone looked back at Aella one last time, hesitation flickering across his face.

He picked up the child and stepped inside with Zera.

As the doors slowly closed, Aella turned around. Her heart shattered into pieces until it was too small to gather.

1/4

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Chapter 52 The Passing Years

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59

+8 Pearls.

Inside the elevator, Tyrone held the boy tight. Watching Aella's fading figure through the closing doors made his chest ache so badly he could hardly breathe.

He had planned to talk things out with her when he got back from Judshire. He wanted her to move back to the villa.

But Zera's late-night call had ruined that chance.

After just a week apart, Aella had to see him with Zera and their child in a hospital elevator.

At the hospital floor, Tyrone stopped outside the patient room. "Call the doctor if you need anything," he said. "I'm leaving now."

Zera stood in the doorway, watching him walk away panickedly. Her lips pressed together so hard they turned white.

She had known it all along.

If she hadn't called him that night, she would never have found out the truth. Tyrone didn't actually want a divorce.

He wasn't going to give up on Aella. Worse, he wanted another child with her to save their marriage.

Zera's eyes darkened. She couldn't let things go the way Tyrone wanted. She needed to make Aella walk away on her own.

Otherwise, she'd never have a chance.

Tyrone went to Aella's department but couldn't find her there. When he called, she actually picked up.

Aella was standing in the small garden behind the hospital, by a narrow stream. She looked and saw Tyrone running toward her.

up

They had grown up together. Since they were kids, she had run into his arms countless times.

When she was happy, she ran to him smiling.

When she was sad, she ran to him crying.

No matter what, she never stopped running toward him.

Even when he scolded her, rejected her, or warned her to stay away, Aella still felt happy that he was by her side.

"Aella." Tyrone stopped in front of her.

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Chapter 52 The Passing Years

59

+8 Pearls

He saw tears fall from the corners of her eyes. Tyrone reached out to wipe them away.

Aella turned her head to avoid his touch. Only then did she realize she was crying again—so uselessly, so helplessly.

Tyrone held her shoulders, staring straight into her face. “Let’s sit somewhere and talk,” he said.

Aella broke free from his hands and gave a faint, bitter smile. “I’m fine. I just suddenly thought of my childhood,” she said.

She had made up her mind. It was time to talk, time to make him sign the divorce papers.

They stood side by side by the stream. Aella looked down at the rippling water while Tyrone’s eyes stayed on her.

He still remembered the day she learned to walk. Her parents had brought her to his house, their faces glowing with pride.

The living room was full of adults cheering the little girl on as she took her first steps.

But Aella ignored them all. She wobbled forward, giggling as she threw herself into his arms, calling his name in baby talk.

She had always been like that—always running to him, hugging him, holding him close.

This girl never hid her feelings, never cared about what anyone thought.

This changed when he lied about a business trip and spent an entire month with Zera and her son. After that, she never hugged him again.

Tyrone’s voice was low, filled with nostalgia.

“Aella,” he said, “I don’t want to explain what happened with Zera and her kid. But we’ve been married three years. Even if you’ve lost faith in me, can you at least give us some time to cool down before you

talk about divorce?”

Aella met his eyes calmly. “When I first found out about your affair, I lost my cold,” she said quietly.

“I couldn’t sleep for nights. I couldn’t stop my thoughts. I cried, I screamed, and I even thought about ending my life.”

Tyrone’s throat tightened. He swallowed hard and carefully reached for her hand.

But Aella stepped aside.

3/4

18:11 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 52 The Passing Years

His hand hung in the air for a moment, then slowly dropped to his side.

59

+8 Pearls

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

[ 947 words ]

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 53 Your Jewelry Didn’t Sell

**59**

+8 Pearls:

Aella lifted her head slightly and looked into Tyrone’s eyes. “When I was dying inside, you thought I was being dramatic. You thought I was acting out. Every time you looked at me like it didn’t matter, it hurt worse than death.”

Tyrone felt her pain hit him full force. He wanted to pull her into his arms, but his feet felt like they were weighed down with lead.

Aella turned to face him completely.”

She locked her gaze on his and spoke slowly, word by word. “Do you remember the day we came back from our honeymoon and went to the estate together?”

Tyrone’s throat tightened. “I remember,” he said hoarsely.

“I heard what you said to your father that day,” Aella told him.

Tyrone’s eyes flickered in guilt. He muttered her name, “Aella ...

She repeated his words back to him. “You said helping my family after we went bankrupt would give you both fame and fortune.”

Tyrone stepped forward and grabbed her shoulders. “Aella, stop-”

But she didn’t. Instead she continued, “You said marrying me was just a business decision, that you settled for me because you had no better choice.”

Tears finally rolled down Aella’s face.

Tyrone pulled her into his arms, his heart twisting painfully until it hurt to breathe.

Aella didn’t resist. She leaned quietly against his chest and spoke in a muffled voice. “From that day on, I stopped acting spoiled. I never dared to misbehave. I tried so hard to please you, watching every move I made in front of your family. I was scared you’d hate me. Scared you’d leave me.”

She looked up at him with red eyes. “Tyrone, I haven’t been that proud, spoiled heiress for a long time. Didn’t you ever notice?”

The hospital garden was quiet that morning.

A few people walked by and couldn’t help but glance at the beautiful couple.

Tyrone in his tailored suit, holding Aella in her white dress. From the outside, they looked perfect together.

1/3

18:12 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 53 Your Jewelry Didn’t Sell

43 59

+8 Pearls

But anyone who got close would see the sorrow in his eyes and the tear stains on her face.

Their marriage was the same. Perfect on the outside. Broken on the inside.

Aella slipped out of his arms.

She wiped her face dry and looked at him. "It was this three-year loveless marriage that killed who I used to be. I don't blame you. I don't even hate you. It was my choice."

Tyrone stood frozen, lips pressed tight, staring at her pale, fragile face.

Aella spoke gently and persuaded him. "Your true love is back. You have a son now. You've found your happiness. I've also found a way to pay you back the money. Let's just end this peacefully. Please, let's get divorced."

Their eyes met, both filled with tears.

Tyrone's veins stood out on his forehead as he forced himself to stay calm. His fists clenched at

his sides.

He said quietly, "Aella, "I've been helping Zera and her son lately, but I never touched her."

Aella shook her head, tears streaming uncontrollably down her face. "But you still have a son together," she choked out. "That's something you can never erase."

Tyrone stumbled back a step, pale and shaken.

It took him a long moment before he found his voice again.

"Divorce isn't an option. I know you're hurting and can't accept this right now. If you need space, stay with your parents until we sort things out."

Aella's voice rose as her emotions spiraled. "I don't want to keep dragging this on! One phone call from Edwin, and I lost my job. I just want to live my life. I don't want anything more to do with you or your family!"

Tyrone stepped forward and gently steadied her trembling body.

Speaking as softly as he could, he said, "If you agree not to divorce, I promise your job will be safe. I'll transfer all my assets to your name—if you want, I'll even write a will."

Aella shook her head again. "I can lose my job, I can live without money—but I must get a divorce."

Tyrone's hand fell from her shoulder. The warmth drained from his face, replaced by a cold, distant expression.

2/3

18:12 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 53 Your Jewelry Didn't Sell

His voice hardened. "Then there's nothing more to talk about."

He turned and walked away, not looking back once.

Aella stood by the stream, watching him leave until he disappeared from sight. Tears blurred her vision as anger burned through her chest.

Her chest ached so badly she could hardly breathe.

She had tried to end things peacefully—but he didn't care.

Even now, when everything was falling apart, he still wanted to use her as a cover, a decoration -a shield to keep his "perfect husband" image intact.

In the days that followed, the hospital director asked her to take some time off, clearly trying to force her resignation.

A few days later, while Aella was home talking with her parents, the auction house called. "Your jewelry didn't sell," the

agent

"What?" Aella's face went pale.

said.

She and her parents were equally stunned. "How could that happen?" they blurted out almost in unison.

After hanging up, Aella's hands trembled. She asked anxiously, "I didn't even set the reserve price that high. How could it not sell?"

Miriam exchanged a worried glance with her husband before saying quietly, "Could it be someone's working behind the scenes, stopping potential buyers from bidding?"

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3/3

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

[ 961 words ]

Chapter 54 Third Wheel

It had to be Tyrone.

Aella grabbed her phone and called him right away. He didn't answer.

She picked up her bag, ready to rush out, but her parents stopped her.

Warren tried to reason with her. "Even if it is him, what can you really do by going to him?"

Aella's body went limp as she sank into the couch, drained of all strength.

59

Pearle

Miriam sat beside her and comforted her. "Don't lose hope, sweetheart. Try another auction house."

That afternoon, Aella met with Daniel.

When Daniel learned the jewelry hadn't sold at auction, he was surprised.

"I didn't expect that," he admitted. After a moment, he added, "I'm heading to Tuspuylia tomorrow for an academic conference. I'll give you an address. Go see Craig Hudson—he's a jewelry expert. He has a wide network of wealthy clients. Maybe he can help you sell your

collection."

Aella thanked him over and over, not sure what else to say.

Daniel adjusted his glasses and asked carefully, "I heard you're leaving your job?"

Aella froze, torn about how to answer.

Daniel spoke openly. "I've always been interested in the sleep disorder field you specialize in. If you'd like, I'd love to invite you to join our private hospital in Vleka."

He paused before continuing. "Our hospital is internationally connected. You'd have a bigger platform for your expertise. And I can guarantee that no one would interfere with your work there."

She felt sincerity in his words.

Aella didn't turn him down. "Thank you, Daniel. If I ever need help, I'll reach out."

The next morning, Aella loaded several gift cards with cash and followed Daniel's directions to find Craig.

Her top priority now was to sell the jewelry and have enough cash ready.

1/3

18:12 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 54 Third Wheel

If Tyrone refused to agree to the divorce, she'd go to court no matter the cost.

When Aella arrived at Building 7, she unexpectedly ran into Zera.

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48 Pearlo

She looked at the building behind Zera, then looked down at the address on her phone, and frowned.

Aella couldn't believe it. Craig lived in the same condominium as Zera.

The moment Zera saw her, she messaged Tyrone.

She'd been worrying about how to approach Aella. Now, she felt like fate had handed her the perfect excuse.

When Tyrone showed up later, she could simply say it wasn't her fault.

“Dr. Reid, what a coincidence,” Zera greeted, deliberately calling her by her professional title.

Aella stopped walking and shot back, her tone sharp, “Ms. Caldwell, please call me Mrs. Winter.”

If Zera could somehow convince Tyrone to divorce her, she’d thank her for it.

The jab hit Zera hard. Her expression twisted ever so slightly.

When Aella turned to leave, Zera blocked her path with an outstretched arm. “Dr. Reid,” she said, pretending to sound gentle, “I’ll be honest with you. Even though I left Tyrone for six years, he and I never really stopped being in touch.”

Aella shot back, “If that’s true, why didn’t you come back to stop him when he married me?”

Zera brushed back her perfectly styled hair and gave a smug smile. “I’m sure you already know, we have a son together. Tyrone loves both of us very much. He only married you because his family forced him to. For him, marriage was just another duty, something he had to get through. I understand the pressure he was under.”

“If you understand,” Aella asked coldly, “why come back now?”

Zera smiled again, proud and confident. “Because Tyrone said he couldn’t stand the thought of us living abroad any longer. He missed us too much. He begged me to come home with our

son.”

Aella already knew Tyrone loved Zera deeply.

But hearing it straight from her lips still tore her apart inside.

Seeing the pain in Aella’s face, Zera spoke in a tone full of fake sympathy. “Tyrone told me he can’t give you love or a child. The only thing he can give you is the title of his legal wife. He said

2/3

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Chapter 54 Third Wheel

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59

+8 Pearls

the only reason he hasn't divorced you yet is because he pities you and he doesn't want to make things ugly for the family."

Aella stood still, trying with all her strength to keep her composure.

Zera tilted her head, her eyes gleaming with challenge even as she spoke with fake innocence. "Look, we're both women. I don't want to make this harder than it already is. But please, think about the child. He needs his father. He needs a real family. I hope you'll step aside."

Aella kept her dignity, her voice steady. "If Tyrone truly loves you and your son, I'm sure he'll give you both what you deserve. There's no need to rush, Ms. Caldwell."

She turned and headed toward the building.

Suddenly, Zera grabbed her arm and hissed under her breath, "It doesn't matter how hard you try to hold onto that position. Tyrone loves me. You're the one standing between us—you're the real third wheel here!"

Aella tried to shake her off, but Zera only tightened her grip. Her voice dropped lower, sharp with provocation. "The night I came back, Tyrone and I already slept together. You have no idea how much he wanted me. He said every time he was with you in bed, he was really thinking about me."

Smack!

Aella yanked her arm free and slapped Zera hard across the face.

She already knew Tyrone wasn't faithful.

With the way Zera provoked her, Aella couldn't hold it in anymore.

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19

18:12 Wed, Oct 8

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

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[ 996 words ]

Zera screamed as she fell hard to the floor.

The next second, Tyrone rushed over.

“Zera!”

+2 Pearls

He dropped to his knees, checking the scrape on her leg before carefully helping her up.

Zera burst into tears and threw herself into his arms. “Tyrone, I’m sorry. I didn’t move out of the way fast enough.”

Tyrone held her steady, his face tightening with anger as he turned to Aella. “I already warned you, Aella. Don’t cause trouble for Zera.”

Aella lost control. “If you have a problem with your eyes, go see a doctor! Whether I picked on her or not—she knows, I know, and God knows!”

They stared at each other. The hurt in Aella’s gaze froze Tyrone, stealing his words.

Zera peeked up at him from his arms.

In his eyes, she saw that Tyrone’s heart was aching for Aella.

“Tyrone, my leg hurts,” she whimpered, crying harder. “Can you take me upstairs, please?”

She sobbed, leaning into him.

Tyrone bent down and scooped Zera into his arms. Before stepping into the elevator, he looked back at Aella. Then he carried Zera away right in front of her.

Aella stood frozen, watching Tyrone hold the woman he loved right in front of her.

The ache in her chest was sharp and raw, but she ignored the stabbing pain in her chest. Rolling up her sleeve, she saw deep red marks on her arm where Zera’s nails had dug into her skin.

Wiping her tears, she fixed her makeup. Then she went upstairs to see Craig.

She had made up her mind. She would sell the jewelry and get her divorce.

Not another minute of waiting.

Meanwhile, Tyrone sat Zera down on the couch while the maid hurried over with first aid supplies.

1/3

18:12 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 55 Last Warning

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49

+9 Pearls

Zera sat on the couch, still crying hard. "Tyrone, I didn't think your wife would come here. She told me this house belongs to you two. She said I have to move out and give it back to her."

She choked on her sobs. "No matter how I explained, she wouldn't believe me. She called me a homewrecker. She said she worked so hard to marry you, and she'll never divorce you. She said she'd make sure Orson stays a bastard for the rest of his life."

"I only tried to explain," Zera said between tears. "I told her you and I are over—that I came back only for my child, not to ruin your marriage. But she didn't listen. She hit me and threatened to make me and my son disappear forever."

Zera noticed Tyrone's mind had drifted off.

She stood up and grabbed his arm, tears streaming down her face. "I'm so scared. What will happen to me and my child?"

Snapping back to reality, Tyrone gently pulled his arm free without showing emotion. "Don't worry. As long as I'm here, you and your son will always have a place in this city."

After calming Zera for a while, he left in a hurry.

He was sure now. Aella would never really leave him.

All her mixed signals—one moment soft, the next harsh—and the act of selling her mother’s jewelry to push for a divorce were just ways to test him.

That night, a little after eight, Aella sat in her room, staring blankly at the walls.

Her phone buzzed nonstop on the bed.

When she saw Tyrone’s name flash across the screen, she hung up without hesitation.

A second later, a text message popped up.

Tyrone wrote, “You have five minutes. If you don’t come down, I’ll come up.”

Hearing the TV playing in the living room, Aella hesitated for a moment before getting up to change.

Ever since she’d moved back to her parents’ house, they’d treated her with such care—no complaints, no blame.

But she knew in her heart how much it weighed on them.

She couldn’t let Tyrone show up and make things worse.

2/3

18:12 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 55 Last Warning

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**\$9**

15 Pearls

Aella told them she was going downstairs to grab a drink, then crossed the street to the parking

lot.

Tyrone rolled down his car window. “Get in.”

After a brief pause, Aella walked around the front of the car and got into the passenger seat. “Say what you need to say. Make it quick.”

Tyrone’s eyes locked on her cold, distant expression.

His question came out as an accusation. “You want a divorce, right? Then why are you still going after Zera?”

Aella didn't even want to argue. “As long as you divorce me, I promise I won't bother her again.”

Tyrone's jaw tightened. “And if I don't?”

Aella met his gaze, voice firm. “Then whatever I do to her and her son will be my right.”

Tyrone's expression darkened. His voice grew colder. His former gentle stance was gone; he turned strong and commanding. “They might be weaker than you, but they have me behind them. No matter what happens, I'll take full responsibility for them.”

He paused for a moment, then added, “But your parents, they're just ordinary people. Who do they have behind them? You?”

His words stabbed straight through her chest—cold and cruel.

They'd grown up together for over twenty years, and yet he was threatening her and her parents for another woman.

Tyrone gave his final warning. “This is the last time I'll say it. Don't mess with Zera again, or you'll face the consequences.”

Aella tilted her head up slightly, refusing to let her tears fall.

Her voice trembled but stayed strong. “If you divorce me, I swear I'll never bother them again.”

Tyrone grabbed her wrist tightly, his tone full of authority. “Stop using divorce to test me. I know you don't really want it. I can tolerate your tantrums for now, but you'll have to accept them. You'll have to live peacefully with them.”

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3/3

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[ 968 words ]

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Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 56 New Start

+8 Pearls

Tyrone's eyes stayed locked on Aella's face. He carefully studied her expression. He said coldly, "I'm leaving for Mudrus tomorrow on a week-long business trip. When I come back, I expect you to have moved back into our villa and remembered your place."

His indifference cut through her like a blade.

Aella pushed him away and snapped, "Why should I? You're the one who betrayed this marriage! Why do I have to put up with this?"

Tyrone grabbed her wrists tightly. "Because you're my wife. Whether you like it or not, that's who you are."

Aella lost control and shouted, "I don't want to be your wife! I don't want you! I want a divorce! Do you understand that? I want a divorce. Do you hear me? A divorce!"

Tyrone stayed calm, his words sharp. "Without my approval, no auction house in Vleka will sell your jewelry. And no hospital will ever hire you again."

Her fists pounded his chest, her voice shaking. "You're a monster!"

Tyrone didn't flinch. "I know you don't really want a divorce. But even if you did, I told you before, this is a marriage you can't walk away from."

His tone was icy, emotionless, and final.

Their eyes met. Aella's despair slowly hardened into hatred.

Unable to free herself, she suddenly leaned forward and bit his shoulder hard.

Tyrone groaned in pain, but he didn't let go. Instead, he held her tighter.

For nearly half a minute, the luxury car fell into complete silence.

When the taste of blood filled her mouth, Aella finally released him.

Her lips were stained red, her eyes brimming with tears.

She glared at him with hatred burning bright.

The words spilled out, bitter and broken; she spoke slowly, "The day I married you, I swore that I would rather die than give you up."

Her lips shook as she added, "Now I regret it. Even if it destroys me, I'll still leave you."

1/3

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Chapter 56 New Start

She opened the car door and walked away without looking back.

**\$59**

+8 Pearls

Inside the car, Tyrone touched his throbbing shoulder. Through the window, he watched her sobbing as she crossed the street.

It was the second time he had heard her say the word "regret."

He hated it before, when she used death to test and threaten him. Now, he hated this word even

more.

Feeling restless and angry, Tyrone started the car and drove toward the Regal Club.

Brad leaned closer and reminded his buddy out of kindness, "Maybe Aella isn't threatening you. Maybe she really wants a divorce. You're just too sure of yourself to see it."

Tyrone sounded certain. "She went to see Zera today. Called her a homewrecker, threatened to take back the house, and told her to get out of Vleka with her kid. She doesn't want a divorce. She's just acting out."

Brad went quiet.

He didn't say it out loud, but he knew Aella was no longer the glamorous, spoiled heiress she

once was.

But deep down, her pride was still there. It wasn't likely for her to lower herself by picking fights with Zera.

"Even if she did go see her," Brad said finally, "that's because you two pushed her too far. Aella's not wrong here."

Tyrone rubbed his temples, looking tired. "I'll be out of the country this week. Keep an eye on things for me. I don't want Aella looking for trouble with Zera again."

Brad rolled his eyes. "Why don't you just take Zera and her kid with you then?"

Tyrone frowned.

Brad shrugged. "Or better yet, finish Aella off. That would solve everything."

Tyrone shot him a sharp look.

Brad raised his hands. "Okay, then maybe you die instead. That way both of them will stop fighting."

Ignoring him, Tyrone walked toward the door.

At the doorway, he stopped. "Aella lost her job. I'm worried she'll go argue with my grandpa. I'll

2/3

18:12 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 56 New Start

have Raine spend more time with her. If anything happens, call me right away."

Three days after Tyrone left, Aella finally sold her jewelry.

20

+8 Pearls

The buyer even signed an agreement: if they ever wanted to sell it again, Aella had the first right to buy it back.

As soon as the 1.5 billion hit her account, Aella invited Daniel to dinner to thank him.

Over dinner, Daniel asked, “Have you thought about what to do next?”

Aella asked hesitantly, “I heard your family has private hospitals all over the world. Can I work at the one in Tuspuyria? I know it’s the birthplace of sound–bowl healing. I want to study that while I’m there.”

Daniel saw through her request but didn’t call her out. “One call from me, and you can go anytime. The only question is—when do you want to leave?”

“In three days,” Aella said.

“Good,” Daniel replied. “I’ll set everything up tonight. The hospital will cover all your expenses.”

After they parted ways, Aella stopped by the grocery store. She bought a cart full of food and went home to cook a big dinner herself.

That evening, her father came home from work, and Clyde was home for the weekend. Aella sat with her family, laughing and talking through dinner, pretending everything was normal.

When she looked at her parents’ graying hair, her chest tightened. She didn’t want to leave them, but she had no choice.

If she wanted to buy back her mother’s jewelry, she had to make something of herself first.

After dinner, the three of them gathered in the living room, chatting under the warm light.

Send Gifts

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3/3

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

Chapter 57 The Farewell Gifts

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+8 Pearts

Aella pulled out two bank cards and handed one to her mother. “The jewelry has already been sold. I split the 1.5 million dollars between these two cards. I’m keeping a billion to settle things with Tyrone and end the marriage. The rest is for you.”

Her head lowered, she hesitated for a long time before finally whispering, “I’ve decided to go overseas to study for a while. I’ll come back as soon as I can.”

Her parents exchanged a heavy glance, too heartbroken to speak.

At last, Miriam broke the silence. “Go. You’re still young. Do whatever you want to do. Don’t worry about us.”

Behind her, Clyde stood in his bedroom doorway. His eyes were red, fingers gripping the edge of the door. He pressed his lips together, staring at his sister without saying a word.

Aella knew that no matter what she decided, her parents would always support her.

That night, she went into Clyde’s room.

He sat curled up in his beanbag chair, silently playing a video game. Aella walked over, ruffled his short hair, and gently took off his headphones.

Her voice was full of warmth and sadness. “Clyde, while I’m away, help Mom and Dad out more on weekends, okay? When I get back, I’ll bring you a gift.”

Clyde quit the game and asked in a sulky tone, “You’re leaving because of my brother-in-law, aren’t you?”

Even now, he still thought of Tyrone as his brother-in-law, just like Aella couldn’t fully erase Tyrone from her heart.

Aella shook her head. “No, I’m doing this for myself and our family. It has nothing to do with him.”

Her words sounded firm, but deep down, she knew that part of her reason for leaving was Tyrone.

She didn’t want to see him again.

Nor did she want to hear anything about him or Zera and their child.

After making sure everything at home was settled, Aella met Virginia and Raine the next day for lunch.

1/3

18:12 **Wed**, Oct 8

Chapter 57 The Farewell Gifts

She wouldn't be back until the end of the year.

Virginia had treated her like her daughter since she was little.

Raine was even closer with her.

Aella felt it was only right to treat them to a meal before she left.

**€59**

+8 Pearls

Virginia gracefully held her knife and fork, but her eyes never left Aella's face. She asked gently, "Tell me honestly, has Tyrone been hurting you again?"

Aella lowered her eyes.

After thinking for a moment, she spoke calmly to Virginia. "Tyrone is on a business trip. He hasn't done anything to me."

Raine sat quietly, barely touching her food. She glanced at the gift Aella had brought her, unease creeping into her heart.

She looked at Aella and asked softly, "Are you planning to divorce my brother?"

Later, after parting ways with Virginia and Raine, Aella returned to the villa she once shared with Tyrone.

She called a moving company and spent the entire afternoon tearing the place apart—literally.

Furniture, decorations, and belongings were torn out and dumped into the garden until it looked like a junkyard. But Aella never ordered them to be hauled away.

As evening fell, Zera arrived at the villa with her son.

She stood at the doorway, staring at the gutted house, unease flickering in her eyes. “Mrs. Winter,” she asked cautiously, “why did you call us here? Is this some kind of payback for what I said in front of Tyrone that day?”

She couldn’t help thinking of that day, how she had stirred things up in front of Tyrone. Was this woman trying to get revenge now?

Aella stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, gazing at the mountain of debris outside. Her voice was calm. “Ms. Caldwell,” she said. “I’ll step aside. I’ll let you and Tyrone be together.”

Zera’s eyes flickered, doubt showing through. “Mrs. Winter, if you truly meant that, you would have done it long ago. Why now?”

For a moment, she didn’t know how to respond.

Aella turned, her gaze sweeping across the empty villa. “I grew up with Tyrone,” she said quietly.

2/3

18:12 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 57 The Farewell Gifts

“I admit—I loved him deeply. But unfortunately, he loves you.”

\$8 Pearls

Zera pressed down the excitement rising in her chest and asked carefully, “Ms. Reid, are you really willing to let us be together?”

Aella nodded firmly. “I’ve known Tyrone for over twenty years. He’s never lied to anyone- except when it came to you. He lied to me. He stayed away for a month without explaining a word, all for you.”

Zera’s eyes flickered with guilt. She lowered her gaze and murmured, “I’m sorry. I tried to persuade Tyrone to go home, but he hadn’t seen me for so long, he just ...”

She left the sentence hanging, twisting the knife deeper.

Aella let out a self-deprecating laugh and pushed down her discomfort. “Ms. Caldwell, you don’t need to hide it. Tyrone never kept his feelings for you from me.”

She looked straight at Zera. “He told me himself that the woman he wanted to marry was you. After you left, he said he was never happy again. He only married me because he was pressured, because I was the second choice.”

Zera pressed both hands over her chest, feeling her heart race wildly.

She had known it all along—Tyrone still loved her.

Aella’s eyes shifted toward the garden, where little Orson was happily playing. “I’ve made peace with it,” she said softly. “You and Tyrone love each other, and you already have a child. I should’ve let you be together long ago.”

Zera grabbed Aella’s hand, her voice trembling with joy. “Ms. Reid, thank you. finally letting us be together.”

Thank you

for

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

[ 986 words ]

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 58 Burning the Past

+8 Pearls

Aella quietly pulled her hand back. “This house belongs to me and Tyrone,” she said. “His expensive stuff in the main bedroom closet and study—I didn’t touch those. But everything else that could be torn down, I tore down.”

She looked straight at Zera. “I already hired a remodeling company. *You* can choose whatever style you like. I’ll cover the cost. Consider it my wedding gift to you and Tyrone.”

Then another thought came to her. “As for your child, I don’t have much to give. I cleared out the music room upstairs and asked the designer to make it into a kid’s room. Think of it **as** my gift for him.”

Zera was thrilled. She quickly pulled her son over. "Orson, say thank you to Aella."

The little boy, innocent and polite, said in a crisp voice, "Thank you, Aella."

Aella patted his head, her eyes soft with envy. "Such a sweet child. No wonder Tyrone protects him like his life depends on it."

Zera's eyes flickered. She hurriedly sent her son away before speaking again.

"Ms. Reid," she began carefully, "this is all my fault. Tyrone and I are the ones who hurt you. He's been struggling a lot because of us. Things are hard for him. I don't know how to help him. Thank you for stepping aside for us."

Aella shook her head.

There was no right or wrong.

Only love and not being love.

..

She had fought for him and tried to win him back.

But all of it, every fight, every wound, had shown her one truth: Tyrone didn't love her. He never truly belonged to her.

"I put in a rush order," Aella said evenly. "The team will arrive tomorrow morning. Pick your design quickly and move in before Tyrone comes back from his business trip."

Zera still couldn't believe it. "Ms. Reid, are you serious?"

Aella didn't answer.

She just turned and walked into the garden. In front of her was a pile of junk, the remains of the moments she shared with Tyrone.

1/3

18:12 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 58 Burning the Past

Memories flashed before her eyes. Childhood moments. Teenage years. Marriage.

She slowly crouched down and lit a small teddy bear with a lighter.

Aella couldn't even remember when Tyrone had given it to her.

59

+2 Pearls

Her mother once told her it was the day they played in the Winter Estate's garden. She had begged Tyrone to push her on the swing after school, but he ignored her.

She'd cried all the way to their elders to complain. Tyrone bought her that teddy bear to make her stop.

The flames spread fast. Within moments, the bear was gone.

Aella stood, stepping back as she watched the fire grow, consuming everything in the pile.

The crackling sounds filled the night air.

The bright blaze lit up the dark sky, and her heart felt like it was burning with it.

When the flames died down, there was nothing left but ashes.

Behind her, Zera stood watching. She couldn't hide the smirk tugging at her lips.

She hadn't even needed to lift a finger. Aella had walked away on her own.

It couldn't have been easier.

And once she and her son moved in, no one was ever going to kick her out again.

Aella took a divorce agreement and a bank card out of her purse.

She handed them to Zera. "Find a way to get Tyrone to sign this," she said calmly. "And tell him —there's a billion dollars on this card. The day he goes with me to sign the divorce papers, I'll give him the password."

Zera clutched the papers and card tightly, her hands trembling with excitement.

She hadn't expected Aella to be so wealthy. She was able to pull out a billion dollars that easily.

Aella lifted her left hand and stared blankly at the wedding ring on her finger.

She'd worn it for three years and had never taken it off.

Aella could still remember the day Tyrone put that ring on her finger. How she cried like a fool.

2/3

18:12 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 58 Burning the Past

Tyrone had smiled and told her, "If you like it, then keep it on. Don't take it off."

She had sobbed and promised him, "Unless I die, I'll never take it off."

Now, thinking back, she realized how naïve and ridiculous she'd been.

Zera's gaze stayed fixed on the diamond ring on Aella's finger.

48 Pearlsh

Six years ago, if it hadn't been for those three old fools meddling in everything, that ring should have been hers.

She should've been Mrs. Winter and the future lady of the household.

Aella stood there for a long time and did not move a muscle.

Zera took a careful step forward and asked softly, "Since Tyrone doesn't love you anymore, that wedding ring means nothing to you. Could you give it back to me?"

Aella looked up and met the spark of excitement in Zera's eyes.

Without saying a word, she took off the ring and gently slipped it onto Zera's finger.

Her eyes turned red as she whispered, "I'm giving Tyrone back to you."

Then she added, "Ms. Caldwell, don't tell him about this yet. Let him finish his business trip in peace. When he's back in three days, you and your son can give him the surprise."

Aella didn't even remember how she made it home that night.

She lay quietly on her bed, staring blankly at the ceiling.

From the moment Zera and her son returned, she had gone from resentment to madness to complete despair.

She had tried everything just to end this marriage.

But Tyrone never once tried to fix the problem; he only tried to get rid of her.

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19

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[ 908 words ]

Chapter 59 Erase

After loving Tyrone for so many years, it wasn't easy for Aella to pull him completely out of *her* heart.

But keeping this marriage alive had already lost its meaning.

She only hoped that her decision to step away could let everyone keep their dignity.

The next morning, Aella was half-asleep when her phone started ringing.

"Aella, did you just remodel your house?"

Hearing Raine's voice jolted her awake.

Aella sat up straight. "You went to my place?" she asked carefully.

When Raine explained that she had only noticed workers unloading building supplies, Aella quietly let out a sigh of relief.

Last night, before leaving, she had already warned Zera.

That woman wouldn't be foolish enough to let the Winters discover she had moved into Aella and Tyrone's villa before Tyrone returned.

At the villa, Raine hung up the phone.

Brad stopped one of the workers and double-checked, "You're sure the person who hired you is Aella?"

The worker pulled out the renovation contract and pointed at the signature in the corner. "Without the homeowner's approval, we couldn't even start the job."

Brad finally believed it when he saw the signature.

He pulled Raine toward the car. "This doesn't feel right. I have to call Tyrone right now."

Brad dialed, and the call was answered quickly.

"Aella had your villa, the one you two lived in for three years, completely redone. Did you know about this?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line.

Then Tyrone's calm voice came through. "She probably just wants to redo the place and move back in."

1/4

18:13 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 59 Erase

659

+8 Ridarie

Before his business trip, he had told Aella some harsh things. She must have taken it to heart.

Without his approval, no auction house in Vleka would ever accept her jewelry for sale.

If she couldn't raise the money, she couldn't divorce him.

Now that he was gone for a while, maybe she had finally thought it through.

Tyrone's tone stayed even. "That house belongs to both of us. She can do whatever she wants with it."

After hanging up, Tyrone poured himself a glass of wine.

Wearing a white shirt and black slacks, his long fingers lightly tapped the glass as he stood tall before the floor-to-ceiling window, looking out over the foreign city's night skyline.

After a moment's hesitation, he opened Aella's WhatsApp chat.

The last message was still the one he'd sent her the night before his trip.

He stared at the screen, a strange wave of frustration tightening in his chest.

In the past, whenever Tyrone traveled for work, Aella rarely called him.

But her messages never stopped—morning to night, one after another.

Ever since Zera and her son came back, Aella had stopped texting altogether.

Even when she decided to remodel the house and moved back, she didn't bother to tell him.

After a short hesitation, Tyrone dialed her number.

When she finally answered, the tension in his face eased a little. "I heard the house is being remodeled," he said.

Aella's voice was unusually calm. "The main bedroom and your study upstairs have password locks. You keep a lot of valuables there. I didn't touch them."

Her quiet tone, her obedience—it reminded him of how she used to sound. Tyrone's voice softened too.

He even gave a little ground. "Don't worry about work for now. Don't go see Grandpa yourself. We'll deal with it when I get back."

"No need," Aella replied flatly. "I already quit."

2/1

18:13 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 59 Erase

**59**

+8 Pearls

Tyrone's grip on the phone tightened.

After a short pause, he comforted her gently, "That's fine. You're my wife. You don't need to work that hard anyway. When I'm back, I'll give you my secondary card."

Aella's tone stayed flat, emotionless. "We'll talk about it when you're back."

She didn't reject the offer, and that made Tyrone's lips curve slightly. "Do you want me to bring you any gift?"

In three years of marriage, he had offered her the card several times, but she always refused.

Now, with Zera and her son around, maybe Aella finally felt a sense of threat. Maybe she had started caring about his wealth.

But Aella's answer was plain and cold. "My mom's waiting to have dinner with me. If there's nothing else, I'll hang up."

"Alright," Tyrone said quietly.

A little before four that afternoon, at the entrance of Vleka International Airport.

Aella had just finished her call with Daniel when she spotted Zera walking straight toward her.

Her brows furrowed instantly.

Zera, on the other hand, looked delighted. "Ms. Reid, I heard your flight's at four. I came to see you off," she said with a bright smile.

Aella muttered a polite, "Thanks."

Zera stepped closer. Her smile slowly faded, replaced by a cautious look.

"Ms. Reid, even if you didn't step aside, Tyrone would divorce you eventually. Since you've chosen to let go, I hope you can do it completely."

Aella's expression hardened. "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Zera met her gaze. "I hope that once you leave the country, you'll never come back."

Aella suddenly laughed. Coldness and indifference.

She stepped forward, closing the space between them. "Ms. Caldwell, don't forget—Tyrone and I are still legally married. So stop acting like everything is yours."

18:13 Wed, Oct 8

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

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

[ 925 words ]

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 60 None of Your Business

46 49)

59

+ Pearls

Zera’s eyes flickered uneasily. “You’re backing out, aren’t you?”

Aella’s voice was steady, her words sharp. “Zera Cladwell, what I do, where I go, and when I come back—none of that is your business. If you have what it takes, go convince Tyrone to divorce me. Stop wasting your time on me.”

Before leaving, Aella gave her a cold, challenging look.

When she first found out Tyrone had gotten back together with Zera and they even had a child, it nearly destroyed her.

From that day on, she decided she would live for herself.

She would work hard, earn back the money, and buy back her mother’s jewelry. She would make sure her parents could live out their old age in peace. She’d set a good example for Clyde.

As for everyone else—none of them mattered anymore.

Zera stood at the doorway, watching Aella walk away without looking back. She couldn’t hide the jealousy burning in her chest.

Aella was younger, prettier, and had a natural elegance Zera could never fake.

Even though Zera was dressed head to toe in designer clothes, she still looked plain next to Aella.

The Reids might have gone bankrupt, but Aella had been raised in luxury all her life. That effortless grace and quiet confidence radiated from her was something Zera could never reach, no matter how hard she tried.

By the next evening, Tyrone had returned from his trip.

As the driver started the Bentley, he spoke respectfully, "Mr. Tyrone, Mr. Edwin asked. stop by the estate as soon as you landed."

you to

Sitting in the back seat, Tyrone turned his head and looked at the gift he'd brought for Aella. "No. Take me home," he said.

Before boarding the plane, he had texted Aella.

By now, she should be home waiting for him.

The car had just pulled out of the airport when his phone rang.

1/3

18:13 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 60 None of Your Business

After answering, Tyrone told the driver, "Head to Clyde's school first."

**59**

+2 Pearls

When he'd helped Clyde enroll, he had written down his number as the emergency contact since Aella's parents were elderly.

Now, the school had called to say Clyde had gotten into a fight with another student. They couldn't reach Aella, so they called him instead.

In the school's disciplinary office, several school leaders already stood waiting. They rushed up and welcomed Tyrone when he walked in.

A middle-aged man quickly stepped forward, speaking respectfully. “Mr. Winter, we’re so sorry to trouble you, but the other child’s parents are refusing to settle this peacefully.”

This was a private academy for wealthy families. The principal couldn’t offend anyone.

Tyrone nodded politely, then walked straight to Clyde.

He looked him over and saw a bruise forming at the corner of the boy’s mouth. His expression darkened. “Did you get hurt anywhere else?”

Clyde slapped his hand away and snapped, “Go away! You don’t get to meddle in my business!”

Then he turned his back on him.

Those school leaders stood on the side; none of them dared to interrupt.

One of them quickly stepped forward to explain the situation. “After our investigation, we found that Clyde got into a fight with another student during recess. It’s been confirmed that Clyde threw the first punch. However, he refused to explain himself or apologize to the other boy.”

Tyrone listened quietly without giving a response.

He walked over to Clyde and placed one hand on the boy’s shoulder. He pressed down gently but firmly, forcing Clyde to look him in the eye.

“Tell me,” Tyrone repeated, “do you have any other injuries?”

Clyde twisted his neck, grabbed Tyrone’s wrist, and yanked his shoulder free with force.

Tyrone’s assistant wiped the sweat from his forehead when he saw this.

If Tyrone hadn’t reacted fast enough to block that swing, he’d probably be showing up at the office tomorrow with a black eye.

Tyrone gave Noel a look. Understanding immediately, Noel guided the school leaders into the

272

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Chapter 60 None of Your Business

next office, closing the door behind them.

Now, only Tyrone and Clyde were left in the room.

Tyrone's face hardened. "Why won't you explain yourself?"

Clyde glared at him fiercely and started to walk away.

⌘

49 Pearl

Tyrone grabbed his shoulder again, stopping him.

Clyde's eyes burned red as he fought back. Even though Tyrone stayed mostly on defense, Clyde was no match for him. Within moments, Tyrone had the boy pinned to the chair.

"I told you to learn kickboxing to protect yourself," Tyrone chided him coldly, "not to start fights."

"Let me go!" Clyde shouted, struggling against him. "You jerk! I want a rematch! I'll fight you!"

The vein in Tyrone's temple pulsed. "Watch your tone! I'm your brother-in-law!"

Clyde's eyes filled with tears of anger. "You had a kid with another woman and made my sister

brother-in-law!" cry! You're not my

Tyrone's expression darkened. He slowly released Clyde.

Clyde stood up, rolling his shoulders, ready to fight him for real this time.

Tyrone took a deep breath and spoke again, his tone calmer. "Clyde, what happened between me and Aella is between husband and wife. As long as Aella and I aren't divorced, I'm still her husband. That gives me the right to discipline you."

He paused, looking directly at Clyde. "Now tell me. Why did you fight your classmate?"

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

[ 929 words ]

## Chapter 61 Surprise

Clyde wasn't buying any of Tyrone's authority.

59

+8 Pearls

"My sister doesn't want you anymore. You're not my brother-in-law, so you've got no right to boss me around!"

Tyrone stared at him for a long time, saying nothing. The air between them turned heavy, two stubborn faces locked in a silent standoff.

Finally, Tyrone spoke. "You're coming home with me. I'll have Aella tell you herself whether I'm still your brother-in-law."

"Never! You bastard! I'll never talk to you again in my life!" Clyde shouted.

He kicked a chair over before storming out of the office. Clyde even shoved Tyrone aside as he ran out the door.

Tyrone braced one hand on the edge of an office desk, his face dark with anger.

Noel stepped in carefully and reported, "Mr. Winter, the school handled it already. The homeroom teacher and the dean are talking to Mr. Clyde now. Maybe you should head home for now. They'll update you later tonight."

Tyrone took a breath and reminded, "Tell the school to go easy on him. He's probably hitting a rebellious phase. Tell them to be patient with him and choose their words carefully."

Noel nodded quickly, not daring to say what he was really thinking.

*That kid isn't just rebellious; he's out for blood.*

When Tyrone went back to his car, his phone rang again.

When he saw the caller ID, he rubbed his temples tiredly before answering.

“Tyrone!” Zera’s voice was filled with excitement. “Where are you now? I made dinner for you

11

Before she could finish, Tyrone cut her off. “Zera, don’t bother. My wife’s waiting for me at home. You should rest early.”

He ended the call.

At that same time, inside Tyrone and Aella’s villa-

Zera stood in front of the mirror, holding her phone and staring at her reflection in a revealing

1/4

**18:13 Wed, Oct 8**

Chapter 61 Surprise

silk nightgown.

∴

She pulled her young son close. “Orson, do you want Tyrone to be your daddy?”

Orson clapped his hands happily. “Of course, Mommy!”

43 Pearls

Zera smiled slyly and pulled him close. “Then when Tyrone comes home, call him Daddy, okay? If he agrees, that means you have a dad from now on.”

Orson ran downstairs, grinning ear to ear. Zera’s lips curled in satisfaction.

Like the owner of the house, she glided down the staircase in her seductive outfit, every step slow and deliberate.

Her face was glowing with smug triumph.

At eight that night, the black Bentley slowly rolled through the

Tyrone glanced at the time.

gates.

It took him a few hours to deal with Clyde's trouble at school. By the time he reached home, it was already past seven.

He grabbed the gift he'd brought for Aella and got out of the car.

Warm light spilled from the open living room door, softening his usual sharp expression.

Aella was probably home, waiting with dinner ready.

She'd always had great taste. He was even a little excited to see how the house looked after the remodel.

Taking his suitcase from Noel, he said, "You guys head home and get some rest. I've got it from here."

Tyrone set the suitcase down in the living room.

He stood in the entryway, frowning as he looked around. The shoe cabinet was scuffed, the bronze door handles looked old-fashioned, and the sleek glass-marble wall had been replaced with an arched, carved wooden doorway.

He remembered Aella had always loved a clean, modern luxury style.

Why would she turn the place into this foreign soft cream look that neither of them likes?

2/4

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Chapter 61 Surprise

So she was still mad at him.

Remodeling the house like this was probably her way of getting back at him.

650

+ Pearls

Then his gaze fell on a pair of matching slippers by the floor—men's and women's. His tense brows eased slightly.

Forget it.

As long as she'd come back home, that was enough for him.

He looked at the gift in his hand. Tyrone changed into the slippers and headed toward the living room.

But just then, Zera appeared behind him. She wore a revealing silk nightgown, her son at her side. "Tyrone, you're finally home," she said softly.

Hearing her voice, Tyrone abruptly spun around.

Little Orson ran toward him, hugging his leg and calling out cheerfully, "Daddy!"

The sight of them made Tyrone's pupils tighten sharply. "What are you doing here?!"

His reaction was so strong that he accidentally knocked the child.

Orson fell and started crying. The sound grated on Tyrone's nerves. He stormed into the living

room.

Zera hadn't expected such a strong reaction.

Eyes red, she lifted her son from the ground and whispered shakily, "Tyrone, please don't do this."

Tyrone took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down. "Sorry. I didn't mean to."

Trying to ease the tension, Zera changed the topic. "You must be exhausted after that long flight. Go wash up and have some dinner. We can talk about everything else tomorrow."

But Tyrone's tone was cold and sharp. "Where is she?"

Aella was too proud.

Even though he forced her to accept the reality, she would never live peacefully under the same

roof as Zera.

And she would never allow Zera and her son to move into their villa.

3/4

18:13 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 51 Surprise

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She couldn't keep the truth hidden. Zera finally admitted, "Don't be mad. It was Ms. Reid who asked us to move in. She's not here."

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[ 975 words ]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 62 Burn It All Down

(39

Before Zera could finish, Tyrone cut her off, his voice sharp and deliberate. "Please call her Mrs: Winter!"

Zera's eyes flickered with unwillingness, but she forced a calm tone. "I'm sorry, Tyrone. She asked me to call her that," she explained.

Then she continued carefully, "A few days ago, she called me and told me to bring my son here. She said she'd divorce you and let us be together. She even hired a renovation team and told me to redesign the villa—so we could live here as a family."

Tyrone froze in the middle of the living room, his body trembling slightly.

So the renovation wasn't because Aella had come around. It wasn't because she planned to move back in.

She did it to bring Zera and her son here, forcing him to make a choice.

Zera noticed how dark Tyrone's face had turned and gently nudged her son.

Orson glanced at his mother, then cautiously walked toward Tyrone.

*He raised his small hands, asking for a hug.*

*"Daddy, Aella is so nice. She made a room for me—with a ship model and Transformers!"*

Daddy?

*Aella?*

Tyrone's mind went blank. His head buzzed. He nearly lost it.

He pushed Orson away, his face cold and hard. "Orson, I'm not your dad."

The boy stumbled back, startled. "But Mommy said—"

Before he could finish, Zera hurried to cover his mouth and pull him close.

Tyrone's glare pinned Zera in place. He gave her a judgmental look. "I've told you before. I will never be Orson's father."

Zera lowered her head, pretending to be remorseful. "I'm sorry. He's just craving a father's love. Please don't take it to heart. I'll make sure he never calls you that again."

She silently breathed a sigh of relief. Good thing she had let the boy test him out.

1/3

18:13 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 62 Burn It All Down

If she'd said it herself, Tyrone wouldn't have just let it slide.

Without another word, Tyrone stormed upstairs.

He opened the door to the music room—only to find it turned into a child's bedroom.

Leaning against the wall, he closed his eyes wearily.

存

59

+8 Pearls

When he heard movement at the door, he didn't turn. "The two violins that used to be in this room. Where are they?"

Zera stayed by the door, afraid to enter. "Mrs. Winter burned them."

Tyrone's eyes snapped open. "Burned?"

Zera nodded nervously. “Not just the violins. She burned a lot of things that day—in the garden.”

Before she could finish, Tyrone was already rushing out to the hallway.

Zera held Orson’s hand and slowly followed him to the garden.

In the garden, the ruins from that fire still lay untouched. Aella had left them there on purpose -for Tyrone to see when he came home. To make sure he knew there was no going back.

Tyrone stood beside the pile of ashes, frozen. His breath caught when he saw what lay among the ruins a violin, charred beyond recognition.

That violin had been Aella’s eighteenth birthday gift from him.

He could still see that night vividly. Aella wore a white cocktail dress and a diamond tiara. It was the first time she’d worn makeup, her beauty glowing under the chandelier light.

Holding her father’s arm, she walked gracefully down the grand staircase, stunning everyone in the room.

But when her eyes found him, her smile outshone everything else. She broke free from her father, ran straight to him, and tugged on his arm with a playful grin. “Tyrone, where’s my gift?”

When he handed her the violin, she beamed and leaned into his chest, teasing and sweet.

She told him she’d only ever play for him.

Later, he found out that she had secretly changed her college plans from music to medicine- just so she could help treat his insomnia. She’d given up more than ten years of rigorous violin practice for him.

2/3

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Chapter 62 Burn It All Down

That violin had always sat safely in her music room, her most treasured thing

And now she’d burned it without a second thought.

Tyrone felt as if all the strength in his body had been sucked away.

His knees gave out, and he collapsed beside the wreckage.

LD

PU Pearls

It wasn't just the house that had burned. It felt like Aella had set fire to his heart and left nothing but ash.

Still, he searched through the rubble, desperate.

He found a teddy bear with only one leg left, a music box reduced to just its base, and the charred frames of wedding photos—before the vows and after.

She had burned every trace of their time together.

Zera quietly sent her son upstairs, then walked toward Tyrone carefully.

She said softly, "Your wife burned everything that tied you two together. She's made mind. There's no point in holding on anymore. You should just agree to the divorce."

up her

Tyrone pushed himself unsteadily to his feet. He pulled out his phone, called his driver, and asked him to come.

When he hung up, his voice was calm. When the call ended, he turned to Zera. "Pack your things. The driver will take you and your son home."

Zera's heart sank. Even now, after all this, he still refused to let Aella

1. go.

She spoke gently, testing him. "It's late. Orson's tired. Can we just stay till morning?"

Tyrone didn't even look at her. He walked straight toward the living room. "This is and my home," he said flatly. "You and your son shouldn't be here."

my

wife's

Zera followed quickly, unwilling to give up. "Your wife burned everything you had! She's done with you. Why are you still holding on?"

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2/3

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[ 974 words ]

Tyrone stopped and turned around. His face darkened, eyes locked on Zera.

P

**859**

+8 Pearls

His face was dark, his eyes locked on Zera. "You knew exactly why my wife misunderstood," he said slowly. "So why did you agree to move in?"

Zera stepped back, hurt flashing across her face. "Are you blaming me?"

Tyrone looked away, exhausted. "Zera, when you came back with the child, I lost my head for a while. I lied to my wife and told her I was on a business trip. I stayed by your bedside for a month to take care of you and your son."

He paused, then said firmly, "But I never once thought about divorcing her. Not then, not now,

not ever."

"Aella's just upset with me." He continued. "She'll calm down soon. She won't divorce me."

Even if she truly wanted to, she didn't have a billion dollars. Without that, she couldn't.

Zera saw he wasn't backing down. She turned and walked into the living room.

Then she handed him a divorce agreement and a bank card..

Tyrone took them. He held the card, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

Zera spoke softly, careful with her words. "She asked me to give these to you. She said there's a billion dollars in that account. The day you sign the divorce papers, she'll give you the

password."

With a sharp sound, Tyrone threw both the card and the papers onto the coffee table. "The driver will be here soon," he said coldly. "Pack your things."

He sat down on the couch and lit a cigarette.

A billion dollars. So fast. She had raised that much money already.

She must have sold the jewelry off the books.

Zera hadn't expected him to kick her out even with the divorce papers in front of him.

Her fists tightened as she struggled to stay calm. "Tyrone," she whispered, hurt and unwilling to give up, "why can't you just admit that you still have feelings for me?"

Tyrone leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. He took a deep drag of smoke before answering.

1/3

18:13 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 63 The Line He Wouldn't Cross

"Zera," he said quietly, "whatever we had ended six years ago."

59

13+3 Pearls

The smoke curled between them, blurring the view. Tyrone's gaze stayed fixed on the divorce papers and the card lying on the table.

Zera stood in front of him, her eyes burning with unwillingness. "I know your parents and grandfather never accepted me. They put pressure on you, so you can't just divorce your wife and be with me."

Her tone softened, almost pleading. "Tyrone, I understand you. If this is how it has *to* be, then I'll accept it. But please, don't talk to me like that. It hurts to hear you be so heartless."

Tyrone crushed the cigarette in the ashtray and stood up. His voice steady and cold, “No one can stop me from doing what I want. The only reason I’m not divorcing her is because I don’t want to.”

He added, “My wife grew up spoiled. She can’t handle being hurt. If she storms out, if she talks about divorce, that’s between us as husband and wife.”

Tyrone’s eyes turned sharp. “I don’t need your understanding. Just take Orson and leave. That’s the best help you can give me.”

Zera stood there, frozen, unsure what to do next.

She had finally moved into the villa. There was no way she’d let herself be kicked out so easily.

Before Tyrone could say anything, her tears began to fall. She said pitifully, “We didn’t force our way in. Your wife offered this place to us. If you kick us out now and people find out, how am I supposed to hold my head up?”

Tyrone’s eyes looked even more tired. “This is the villa my wife and I share. Do you really think it’s appropriate for you to live here?”

Zera crossed her arms, her tone defensive. “You lied to your wife for me. You went a whole month without calling or texting her, and you didn’t think that was wrong. But now, just because I’ve moved in here on her invitation, suddenly it’s too much?”

Tyrone lowered his gaze, hiding the storm behind his eyes.

He couldn’t deny it. He had handled this wrongly.

Zera saw his silence and pressed harder, her voice steady.

“You’ve been married for three years. When your wife asked you to buy her sanitary pads, you refused. But when I called, you personally went to the store and picked out several brands for me to choose from.”

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18:13 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 63 The Line He Wouldn’t Cross

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FR–Pearls

She took a step closer, her voice soft but insistent. “You stood up to your grandfather for me. You told her that the woman you wanted to marry was me, not her.”

Her words grew sharper, pressing where it hurt. “You said it yourself—after losing me, you never felt happiness again. You only married her because she was the second—best choice. You settled for her, Tyrone. Isn’t that true?”

“Don’t tell me you don’t still have feelings for me. You can’t deny it, Tyrone.”

With every sentence, Tyrone’s heart sank lower and lower.

It felt like a mountain was crushing his chest, making it hard to breathe.

His voice came out low and strained. “These words... She told you that herself?”

Zera nodded quickly. “Of course. How else would I know any of this if it didn’t come from her?”

She carefully took another step forward and reached for his hand, her voice trembling with hope. “If your wife has already let go, if she’s willing to step aside, and if neither of us can forget each other, then why don’t we start over?”

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[ 898 words ]

Once Cast-off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 64 Mismatch Wedding Rings

Zera leaned closer, standing on tiptoe to kiss him.

Tyrone didn’t move. He just stood there, like he was testing something inside himself.

Right before her lips touched his, he suddenly pushed her away without thinking.

He turned around and said coldly, “The driver’s here. Pack up and take Orson home.”

Whether it was his mind or his body, both rejected Zera.

This time, he was certain.

Toward Zera, he felt guilt, maybe a sense of duty. But nothing more.

Zera stumbled back, almost losing her balance. Her face twisted in disbelief.

52

\* Pearle

“Tyrone, I’ve loved you for years. I gave up so much for you. How can you treat me like this?”

Tyrone turned around, his expression calm and distant.

“I know you’ve sacrificed a lot for me over these six years,” he said. “You’ve suffered too. That’s why I’ve tried to give you everything you asked for. I even faked a DNA report to protect you and your son. To protect your pride, I didn’t explain anything to my wife. I stayed by your side, ignored my wife, and left her heartbroken.”

He paused, then said firmly, “I’ll do my best to make it up to you and your son. But I’ll never destroy my marriage for it. Do you understand me?”

Zera broke down, tears streaming down her face. She lifted her left hand, shoving it toward him. “Take a look at this! Do you recognize this?”

His eyes locked on the ring on her finger. His face froze.

A wedding ring. In a flash, he lunged forward, grabbing her wrist and trying to pull it off. “Why are you wearing Aella’s wedding ring?”

Zera stepped back and hid her hand. “Because she took it off herself and gave it to me,” she said with a trembling smile. “Surprised?”

Tyrone’s face darkened. His eyes turned cold.

He grabbed her wrist and yanked the ring off.

Zera cried out from the pain. “Tyrone! She doesn’t want you anymore!”

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**18:13 Wed, Oct 8**

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## Chapter 64 Mismatch Wedding Rings

“Shut up!” Tyrone barked.

He took a tissue and wiped the ring again and again, his movements almost frantic.

Aella hated anyone touching her things. She was a clean freak.

She’d be disgusted if she knew.

His reaction made Zera snap.

She clawed at him, screaming, “I’m the one you love, not her! Open your eyes! Even your wedding rings don’t match!”

Tyrone pushed her away and slipped the ring into his pocket.

It was true. Their rings weren’t a pair.

He hadn’t even been there for the wedding planning. Aella had handled everything.

Their wedding rings were chosen by his assistant.

### Pearls

The assistant had asked whether he wanted a matching set or just regular diamond rings and what the price range was.

He’d only replied, “Whatever.”

Tyrone thought of the moment he slipped the wedding ring onto Aella’s finger. Her face had glowed with happiness. The memory struck him hard, like a blow to the chest.

Just then, the driver knocked on the door.

Tyrone pointed at Zera. “Pack her things and take them both home. Now.”

Without waiting for a response, he grabbed the divorce papers and the bank card from the table and stormed out.

Behind him, Zera’s voice broke into a desperate cry. “She’s gone! You won’t find her!”

But Tyrone didn’t slow down. If anything, his steps quickened.

Aella was at her parents' house. It was late, but she should still be awake.

No matter how angry or impulsive she was, she couldn't have given their villa to someone else -or handed their wedding ring to another woman.

This time, she had gone too far. He had to talk to her.

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18:13 **Wed, Oct 8**

Chapter 64 Mismatch Wedding Rings

He drove straight to their apartment.

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46

Pearls

When he arrived, he pulled out his phone and texted her, telling her to come downstairs.

While waiting, his heart refused to calm down.

He kept checking his phone again and again.

Minutes passed. There was no reply. No sign of Aella. Tyrone finally stepped out of the car and walked to the door.

Inside the house, Aella's parents had just finished a call with her. They were about *to go to bed* when a knock came.

When they saw Tyrone standing there, their faces stiffened.

Warren blocked the doorway and asked, "Tyrone, what are you doing here this late?"

Tyrone glanced past him into the living room. "I need to talk to Aella."

Warren and Miriam exchanged a quick look.

Miriam quietly said, "Aella went abroad for further studies. She's not home."

The news hit Tyrone like a punch. His face turned grim. "When? When did this happen?"

He couldn't believe it. His wife had gone overseas, and he hadn't even known.

Tyrone felt awful about this.

Miriam tugged on her husband's arm, signaling him to let Tyrone in. Once inside, she handed Tyrone a glass of water.

Warren's tone turned formal and distant. "Tyrone, it's been a long time since you last came here. Since Aella's not around, it's actually a good time. There are things we have been wanting to tell you."

Tyrone sat down across from them, his posture respectful, voice calm. "Whatever's on your mind, please say it. Don't hold back."

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[ 897 words ]

Chapter 65 Three Things She Left Behind

Warren let out a heavy sigh. "Tyrone, you're a wonderful kid. We owe a lot to you. We'll always remember everything you've done for our family."

Then his tone changed. "But Aella was spoiled growing up. She has a bad temper and always acts up. She doesn't deserve you. Since you already have someone you love and even have a child, Aella won't stand in your way anymore. Just get the divorce.

Tyrone's face froze.

He forced a smile, trying to explain. "Warren, there are things I really can't tell you right now. But believe me or not—I never wanted to divorce Aella."

He stood up and looked at them firmly. "Our marriage is between us. Please don't interfere. Let us figure it out ourselves."

Miriam's tone turned sharp. Her heart still ached for her daughter. "A real man keeps his word. You asked for a billion dollars, and we've gathered it for you. For the sake of that poor girl who's loved you since she was little, stop dragging her through this. Just sign the papers and let her go."

Tyrone didn't answer her question. Instead, he asked, "Miriam, please tell me—what country did Aella go to? What's her address?"

Miriam stood and turned her back to him. Miriam turned her back to him. "My daughter finally stopped crying. I won't let you hurt her again."

Warren got up and opened the door. "We've said everything we need to say. Go home and think about it. The sooner you finalize the divorce, the better."

Even though Aella's parents were furious about Tyrone's betrayal, they still kept their dignity. They didn't yell or curse, just held everything in.

Tyrone slowly stood, looking at Miriam's back.

After a long pause, he walked toward the door.

He stopped in front of Warren and said firmly, "I will not divorce Aella."

Then he stepped out. The door slammed shut behind him.

Tyrone stood outside, frozen. He didn't leave right away.

Ever since he was young, whenever he visited their house, Aella's parents would always treat him like family.

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18:14 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 65 Three Things She Left Behind

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Pearls

They would cook for him and fuss over him, and though they couldn't help much in his work, they always worried about him.

Even when Aella first mentioned divorce, her parents still invited him over for dinner and asked about his work,

But this time, for the first time, he could feel their coldness and distance.

When Tyrone got back to his car, he called Noel. "Check where Aella has been these past few days," he ordered quietly. "Find out where she is now."

Late at night, on the third floor of the Regal Club.

Brad pushed open the door to a private room. Tyrone was passed out on the couch, surrounded by empty bottles.

Brad walked over and checked if Tyrone was still breathing. He only relaxed when Tyrone shoved his hand away.

Tyrone sat up slowly and rubbed his temples, looking drained.

Brad dropped his usual laid-back attitude. "I just came from your house," he said. "Zera and her kid are gone. You look awful, man. Go home, sleep it off. You can deal with everything tomorrow. Aella just went abroad, not to another planet."

Tyrone didn't reply. He poured himself another drink.

Brad sighed. He'd tried to hold it in, but he couldn't anymore. "Listen, buddy. To divorce you, Aella sold her mom's family jewels. She remodeled your villa and invited Zera and her kid to live there. She gave Zera her wedding ring. Don't you get what that means?"

Tyrone lowered his head. His shoulders slumped like the weight of the world had just crashed on him.

Brad continued, "It means Aella's serious. She's not trying to make you jealous. She really wants this divorce."

"She doesn't," Tyrone said firmly.

"She's frustrated, that's all. Letting Zera move in and giving her the ring, she did that to push me into choosing her."

Brad stared at him with an expression that screamed, "You can't be serious." He opened his mouth but couldn't even find the words.

Later that night, Brad drove Tyrone home.

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Chapter 65 Three Things She Left Behind

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Standing in the entryway, Tyrone looked at the pair of slippers Zera had set out for him. He hesitated, then stepped past them without changing shoes.

Brad followed him into the living room. He took in the creamy décor with a grimace. “Not gonna lie,” Brad muttered, “Zera’s taste is terrible. If your grandma were still alive, she might’ve liked it—but Aella? Never.”

Tyrone gave him a cold look. “Don’t tell Raine that Aella went abroad.”

Brad’s eyes widened. “Your sister? You really think I can hide that from her?”

Tyrone didn’t answer. He just headed upstairs, moving like every step was a burden.

After a shower, he changed into his pajamas and walked into the study.

He sat on the couch, staring at the coffee table in front of him. There were only three things Aella had left behind: the divorce papers, a bank card, and her wedding ring.

That was it. The only pieces of her still in the house.

She had set fire to everything else.

Not even a single hair tie was left behind.

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## - Message On Whatsapp 66

[ 915 words ]

Once Cast Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 66 The Truth Revealed

The buzzing of the phone broke the silence. Tyrone picked it up.

Noel's voice came through the line. "Mrs. Winter left for Tuspuyria the day before you returned. She started working at a private hospital owned by The Hills in Tuspuyria. I just sent her new address to your phone."

Tyrone frowned. "Tuspuyria? Private hospital run by the Hills?"

"Yes, boss," Noel replied. "The Hills from the West District. Her referral came from Daniel Hill -the third son of the family."

The next morning, in Tyrone's office.

Noel knocked on the door and stepped in. "Mr. Winter, your grandfather sent the butler over. He said you must return to the estate today."

Tyrone signed the last page of a document in one smooth motion. "Book me a flight to Tuspuyria tonight."

That afternoon, at a restaurant near his office.

Tyrone sat across from Zera.

After the waiter served the food, Zera cautiously studied his expression.

She noticed how his eyes kept drifting toward his phone.

Her fingers tightened around her fork and knife. “Tyrone, I was wrong last night. I shouldn’t have agreed to your wife’s request to move into your villa.”

Tyrone kept his posture calm and elegant as he sliced into his steak. He only gave a faint, unreadable grunt.

Embarrassment flushed across Zera’s face. She gripped her fork harder and tried again.

She tried to swallow her pride. “This is all on me. You and your wife are fighting because of my mistake. No matter the cost, I’ll talk to her, explain everything, and bring her back.”

Tyrone’s knife stopped mid-cut.

He put down the utensils and looked at her. He spoke in a low but firm voice.

“If you truly don’t want me to divorce my wife, the best thing you can do is keep a distance.”

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18:14 **Wed, Oct 8**

Chapter 66 The Truth Revealed

His words hit her like a brick wall.

**£59**

48 Pearls

She forced a weak laugh. "I'm sorry, Tyrone. I can be slow sometimes. I didn't realize she did **all** that on purpose. I won't bother her. Please don't be upset."

She lowered her gaze, trying to explain herself. "You were out of the country, and she was so strong-willed. Whatever she said, my son and I had to follow. I didn't dare to upset her. I didn't think it through. I guess I was too naïve, only seeing the surface."

Tyrone's tone softened slightly. He comforted, "Don't blame yourself. I know Aella's temper very well."

He paused, then added, "Focus on taking care of your health. After summer break, I'll find a school for Orson. And don't worry about my marriage. I'll handle it."

Zera nodded quickly in gratitude, her eyes glistening. Her hands tightened so hard on the silverware that her knuckles turned white.

From what he said, Tyrone wasn't planning to get a divorce.

She knew she had to start with Aella and find a way to push that woman to leave Tyrone on her

own.

That evening, Tyrone finally returned to the estate.

Virginia walked to the door, then turned back. "Where's Aella? Why didn't she come back with you?"

Tyrone brushed it off lightly. "She went abroad to clear her head."

Ralph exploded on the spot. "In three days, it's Mrs. Townsend's 80th birthday. She personally asked to see her. And now she decides to 'clear her mind'? Ridiculous!"

Tyrone looked at his grandfather. “She lost her job at the hospital. She’s been upset. She’s not in the mood to entertain Mrs. Townsend.”

Edwin, sitting on the couch with his cane, frowned deeply. “I did that for the two of you. She’s the wife of the Winter Group’s CEO, and she goes to work as a hospital assistant? How embarrassing!”

Ralph barked, “Call Aella right now and tell her to come back immediately!”

Tyrone lowered his gaze and said nothing.

Virginia stepped in to ease the tension. “Mrs. Townsend asked for Aella by name. Have her come back for now. After the birthday party, she can travel wherever she wants.”

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Chapter 66 The Truth Revealed

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+8 Pearls

In their world, social events among the wealthy weren’t just parties—they were politics. These gatherings decided a family’s reputation and future.

This was why the elders had chosen Aella, the fallen heiress, over Zera, who came from an ordinary family.

Tyrone hid his feelings behind lowered eyes. “I’ll try to talk to her later and convince her to come back.”

Edwin's tone was stern. "Don't just try, Tyrone. She must come back."

Then a cold voice cut through the air. "She's not coming back! Aella already gave their house to Zera and her son!"

The sharp voice came from the doorway. Raine stormed in, her face full of anger.

Tyrone shut his eyes. He leaned back on the couch, his temples throbbing.

Virginia shot up from the couch. "Raine, what did you just say?"

Before Tyrone could stop her, Raine rushed out the truth in one breath. "After Tyrone cheated, go abroad Aella's been trying to divorce him. Tyrone demanded a billion dollars from her! Aella sold her heirloom to get the money. She even gave their villa to Zera and her kid. Aella didn't

to relax. She was forced out of the country by Tyrone and that woman!"

Tyrone jumped to his feet, eyes sharp with warning. "Shut your mouth!"

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[ 845 words ]

Once Cast off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 67 I'll Bring Her Back

\*\* Pearle

Raine shrank back behind Virginia. "Last night, Tyrone went to the Reid Residence looking for Aella, but they kicked him out! I'm not lying!"

Tyrone leaned back and took a deep breath.

Ralph's face darkened with anger. "You brat! You've turned our whole family upside down over some woman, and now you're even hiding things from us!"

Virginia sank onto the couch, clutching her chest. "Tyrone, even if you divorce Aella, don't even think about bringing Zera and her kid home!"

Edwin, who had stayed quiet until now, finally spoke, his tone sharp. "Tyrone, don't forget what you promised me. If Aella divorces you because of Zera and her kid, I swear I'll make them pay!"

Tyrone exhaled slowly, keeping his voice steady. "Don't worry. I'm not divorcing Aella."

Raine nearly exploded. "So you're still dragging about divorcing because of Zera and her kid! I'm telling Aella! She should never forgive you!"

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she stormed out of the living room.

Tyrone watched Raine march away, frowning.

Ralph reminded him, "No matter what, you need to bring Aella to Mrs. Townsend's birthday banquet in three days."

Virginia's eyes shifted between her family.

She said, "Tyrone, Aella ran off on her own to some faraway place. And as her husband, you didn't even go after her right away. What will you explain to her parents if something happens to her?"

Tyrone replied, "I booked a flight to Tuspuyria tonight. I'll bring her back tomorrow."

He'd been letting her slide on too much for far too long.

She actually had the nerve to leave the country without a word.

After leaving the Winter Estate, Tyrone went straight to the airport.

Four hours later, the plane landed. It was 9:30 p.m. local time in Tuspuyria.

A car was waiting and took Tyrone straight to Aella's dorm.

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18:14 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 67 P Bring Her Back

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He checked his watch—it was just 10:00 p.m. Aella should still be awake.

After confirming the address again, Tyrone knocked.

She opened the door.

Her first instinct when she saw him was to slam it shut.

But he was faster. Just as Aella tried to close it, he slipped inside.

After three years of marriage, they hadn't seen each other for a week. Now, they just stared at each other.

Aella felt uneasy under his gaze, keeping her face cold. “Why are you here?”

She’d already signed the divorce papers and left one billion in the account. Zera was eager to take her place, so she must’ve handed everything to him by now.

Aella and Tyrone had no reason to see each other again—except for that divorce certificate.

He looked around the small dorm room.

Then, he walked over, pulled a diamond necklace from his pocket, and said, “I got this for you on my trip. Let me put it on you.”

Aella raised her arm to block him and stepped back.

She said, “Tyrone, after three years of marriage, we’ve come to this. No need to keep pretending.”

Tyrone frowned slightly, then placed the necklace on the coffee table.

His voice was low and tired. “Aella, don’t get the wrong idea about me and Zera.”

Aella didn’t want to bring it up, but she couldn’t stand his fake act.

Hiding her pain, she accused, “Wrong idea? You lied and didn’t come home for a month. You even rented out Bayline for her and her kid, set up yachts and flowers, baked a blueberry cake yourself, and posted all that on Instagram. Was that all fake?”

Tyrone unlocked his phone, opened Instagram, and handed it to her. “Yes, I lied to you because of Zera and Orson, but only once. That post was on my Instagram for just a minute.”

When Zera returned to the country, he did feel something.

But he never thought about divorce.

2/3

18:14 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 67 Fil Bring Her Back

He realized his feelings for Zera weren’t the same as before.

420

Months had gone by, but hearing Tyrone admit it still made Aella's heart ache. "Even if it was only for a minute, it still happened."

Before Tyrone could reply, she went on. "I've been your wife for three years, but in a few months, you did more for Zera than you ever did for me."

He wanted to reply, but he stayed silent in the end.

Aella held back her tears. "Tyrone, after loving you for over 20 years, can't we just end this on good terms? Please?"

Tyrone moved toward her slowly, like each step was heavy. He reached for her hand, but she pulled back with a look of disgust.

He helplessly dropped his hand. Looking straight at her, he said, "Aella, I know you've got the wrong idea. I know you're upset about Zera and Orson. They're already out of the villa. From now on, I'll stay away from them. You don't have to worry anymore."

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