

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen Novel

Chapter 411 er 404 Someone New 411 + Pearle At two in the afternoon, Tyrone arrived at the small rental apartment where the Reids were living. Warren and Miriam welcomed him into the living room. Tyrone set down the metal case in his hand and pushed it toward them. "Warren, Miriam, I bought back your family's jewelry. It belongs to you again." The couple exchanged a surprised look. Miriam opened the case to check, and sure enough-it was their family's heirloom, the imperial emerald set. She closed the case, then gently pushed it back toward him. "Tyrone, we already sold it.

You paid to redeem it, so it's yours now. We can't take it back." READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [ovelFind.net](#) Tyrone hesitated, then asked quietly, "Warren, Miriam, can you tell me why Aella suddenly called off the engagement?" Seeing their hesitant faces, he added firmly, "Please. I want the truth." Warren sighed. "Tyrone, you come from a great family, and we've always liked you. But Aella's our only daughter-we've spoiled her. If she says she doesn't want to marry, we can't force her." Miriam spoke softly. "Aella didn't lie to you. The reason she gave us is the same one she gave you.

She just wants to focus on her career for now, and honestly, that's not a bad thing. She started her new job at Westside Hospital today." Tyrone lowered his gaze, hiding the emotion in his eyes. So Aella really went straight to the hospital to start work. Miriam continued, "Warren and I wanted her to stay home a bit longer, too. She only just graduated, after all." Tyrone said

earnestly, "Warren, Miriam, if you're worried about her, she can keep living here after the wedding. I'll fully support her career.

"I won't let her suffer, I promise." His words touched them deeply, but they still didn't want to decide for Aella. Warren sighed again. "Tyrone, Aella isn't your match. Let fate take its course." Miriam nodded. "We appreciate your kindness, but take the jewelry back for now. Whether it's returned or not-let Aella decide." Since Warren had made his stance clear, Tyrone could only nod. 1/3 10:06 Wed, Nov 5 Chapter 404 Someone New ๗๕® +3 Pearis "In that case," he said, "I'll keep it safe for now.

If you ever change your minds, I'll bring it right over." If even her parents wouldn't take it, there was no way Aella would. Still, he needed to test his suspicion one last time. Tyrone left their apartment with a heavy heart. Once inside his car, he lit a cigarette. After finishing it, he said to the driver, "Take me to West District." Over an hour later, the black Bentley stopped by the curb outside Westside Hospital. Through the car window, Tyrone spotted Aella walking toward the street with her classmate, Kayla. He hesitated but decided not to get out or disturb her.

Aella and Kayla stood on the sidewalk, waiting for another friend. Kayla said, "You're still so young. If you get married now, you'll be stuck serving your husband's family, dealing with all their drama, and then end up taking care of a baby. How would you ever have a life of your own?" Aella nodded seriously. "You're right. I've finally come to my senses." Kayla linked arms with her. "You've been head over heels for Mr. Tyrone all these years-like the most loyal simp ever.

What changed your mind?" Aella lowered her eyes and replied casually, "When you keep giving and never get anything back, you get tired. One day, I just woke up and realized I didn't want to keep torturing myself." Kayla took the chance to push further. "Yeah, Mr. Tyrone's handsome and powerful, but he's made you give up everything for him. That alone is enough reason not to marry him. A man like that will only ruin your life!" Aella nodded in agreement. "Don't worry.

If I ever marry again, it'll be someone who'll love me, care about me, and treat me right." protect She would never let her past life repeat itself. Kayla grinned. "Well, everyone says the fastest way to get over an ex is to find someone new. You said you're seeing someone, right? Who is he? When did it start? How long have you two been dating?" 2/3 10:06 Wed, Nov 5 Chapter 104 Someone New 季 A Pribris Aella smirked and turned the question around. "You first.

Tell me how things are going with your boyfriend, and then I'll tell you who my new guy is."

Just then, a white sedan honked and pulled up beside them. Laughing and teasing each other, the two girls got in and drove off. Moments later, the black Bentley's window lowered slightly.

Tyrone sat inside, replaying every word of their conversation in his head. His fingers brushed absently against the fabric of his suit pants, the tension in his body hard to hide. Things like this don't happen overnight-it takes time to build up. He could almost convince himself now.

Aella hadn't come back from another life. He'd imagined it. Her sudden decision to call off the engagement must've come from her friends' influence. She probably resented Ralph and Edwin, felt disappointed in him, and, with her friends pushing her, she decided to walk away. But when he remembered Kayla's words-"The fastest way to forget an ex is to find someone new"-a restless unease settled deep in Tyrone's chest. 158 Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion.

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chapter 412

It didn't matter whether Aella liked someone else or not-Tyrone had no plans to give her up. That evening, Aella met two college friends who were visiting from out of town. She reserved a booth on the first floor of the Regal Club.. While waiting for them, she ran into Brad. The moment she saw him, she remembered how he and Clyde had tricked her into going to the Winters' private airport last time. Brad pretended not to see her and tried to slip away, but Aella grabbed his collar and shoved him back into the seat.

She knelt on the couch, pinning him down, and smacked him across the face again and again.

"Finally caught you, huh?" Aella didn't hold back at all. "It was bad enough you lied to me for your buddy, but you even used my brother! You've got no conscience!" Brad covered his head and face. "Okay, okay, I was wrong! I swear it won't happen again!" Only when he begged for mercy did Aella stop hitting him. Brad quickly pulled out his phone, using the camera as a mirror to fix his messy hair. "I've told you a hundred times-don't hit a guy in the face! Or the head!"

Aella straightened his jacket.

"Well, I'd hit your butt instead, but you wouldn't let me." Just then, a middle-aged man dressed way too "sexy" for his age walked past. Aella and Brad both gave him a look, then turned back to each other and started whispering and laughing. A moment later, Aella waved to her two friends from across the room. Brad took the chance to leave. Not far away, Tyrone stood in the shadows, his face dark, watching the scene. His sharp eyes moved between Aella and Brad again and again. Treat her right? Care about her? Someone mysterious? Tyrone's chest tightened with a heavy, bitter feeling.

气 About ten minutes later, Tyrone was upstairs in a private room with a few friends when Brad walked in. This chapter is updated by Find1Novel.net Brad came straight over, patted his shoulder, and asked, "When'd you get here?" Tyrone turned his head slightly, holding his glass, and stared at Brad in silence. Brad frowned, confused. "Dude, what's with that look?" Tyrone said quietly, "Are you really my friend?" The whole room went still. Brad glanced around awkwardly, then looked back at Tyrone. "What the hell are you talking about? You sound crazy." Tyrone shook his head.

"It's nothing." Everyone relaxed after that. When the others left, Tyrone didn't. Brad noticed and stayed behind, too. Once they were alone, Tyrone suddenly asked, "Why haven't you gotten engaged yet?" Brad leaned against the bar, giving him a wary look. "Even my grandma doesn't pressure me about that. You think you can?" Tyrone pressed again. "Is there someone you like?" Brad froze, glancing nervously at the door before clutching his chest like his secret had been exposed. How the hell did he notice? I hid it so well! Tyrone sat quietly on the couch, studying Brad's shifting eyes.

Brad looked guilty as hell. Tyrone's expression darkened. When they stepped out of the club, they happened to see Aella walking her two friends to their car. Tyrone pushed Brad aside and went over to her. The faint smell of alcohol hit him as he spoke. "You've been drinking. It's not safe to walk home. I'll get a cab for you." Aella glanced at him, then looked toward Brad. Brad could tell something was seriously off with Tyrone tonight. He grabbed Aella's arm and whispered, "I'll take you home.

I actually need to talk to you about something." Aella cleared her throat and said to Tyrone, "It's fine, Tyrone. You go ahead. Brad's taking me home." Tyrone's face turned even darker as he

watched them lean close, whispering to each other before getting into a cab together. Around midnight, Brad was humming a tune as he got off the elevator-until he froze. Tyrone was standing right outside his house, wearing dark pajamas, staring straight ahead. Brad nearly jumped out of his skin. "Jesus, what are you doing here in the middle of the night? Are you insane?" Tyrone's voice was low.

"Couldn't sleep. Thought I'd have a drink with you." Brad sighed and opened the door. They walked in one after another. Brad grabbed a bottle of whiskey and sat in the living room. "The wedding's canceled. Why'd you even move in here?" Tyrone didn't answer. His eyes scanned the whole place slowly, like a radar sweeping for signs of life. Brad frowned. "What are you doing, man? Ghost hunting?" They locked eyes for a few seconds before Tyrone sat down. Taking the glass Brad handed him, Tyrone said calmly, "I'm thinking about sending Raine abroad for a few years.

What do you think?" Brad blinked. "What? She's doing fine at Vleka University. Why would you send her overseas all of a sudden?" Tyrone looked up at him. "Aunt Lara wants to introduce her to a nice young man. If she studies abroad, they'll have a chance to get to know each other." Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.

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change. A single response is enough to redraw expectations and test the ground under key relationships.

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Chapter 406 Daniel?

Brad frowned, curious. "Raine's only 20. Isn't her mom rushing things a little?" Tyrone explained calmly, "Outstanding young men don't stay single for long. Getting Raine introduced early isn't a bad idea." Brad had nothing to say to that. When he stayed quiet, Tyrone sighed and stood up. "Honestly, I thought you and Raine were the most likely pair. You two are always hanging out together. Guess I was wrong." In his last life, Brad had liked Raine. But this time, even Aella's feelings had changed. Tyrone wasn't sure of anything anymore. Brad walked him to the door, still sulking.

As soon as Tyrone stepped outside, Brad muttered, "Man, I was just waiting for Raine to graduate before I went for it. What's your hurry?" Tyrone suddenly stopped walking. When Brad looked up and met Tyrone's eerie smile, he instinctively took two steps back. Tyrone patted his shoulder. "Good luck. I believe in you." Brad blinked in confusion. As Tyrone left, his mood lightened. If it isn't Brad... then who could it be? Aella did know a lot of people, but she was only 20-something, just out of college.

She had sold that family jewelry, then somehow landed a job at Westside Hospital right after. All of that-Tyrone knew-was thanks to Daniel helping her behind the scenes. Kind-hearted. Keeps his feelings secret. Mysterious identity. Could it be Daniel? A few days later, Virginia brought Tyrone and Raine to visit an elder at the hospital. In the hallway, they ran into Aella and Daniel. 1/4 Tyrone stopped walking. He saw Aella in a white lab coat, her hair tied up in a ponytail, walking beside Daniel. His dark eyes locked on her carefully done makeup. Aella never wore makeup when they were kids.

Now she was trying to impress someone-he was sure of it. Raine smiled and waved. "Hey, Aella!" Aella and Daniel both came over politely. Because Tyrone's stare felt so sharp, Aella

decided to greet him first. "Hi, Tyrone." Virginia glanced back at Tyrone, then sighed. "Aella, I actually have some errands nearby. How about we grab lunch together later?" For more chapters visit findnovel.net Since Virginia was the elder-and she said it right in front of Daniel-Aella couldn't refuse. At noon, Aella arrived at the restaurant only to find Tyrone there alone. She sighed quietly.

It felt like everyone in the world was trying to push her back toward Tyrone. Anyone who knew she was the one who called off the wedding thought she was heartless or fake. Tyrone finally looked up from his phone when he saw her hesitating a few steps away. He stood, met her halfway, took the bag from her hands, and pulled out her chair like a gentleman. Aella stayed standing. "Where's Virginia and Raine?" Tyrone's deep gaze locked onto her face. "You said it yourself-we grew up together.

Now that my mom and Raine aren't here, you can't even have lunch with me alone?" With him saying that, Aella couldn't exactly argue. She sat across from him calmly. After ordering, she handed him the menu. Tyrone didn't take it. "I'll have whatever you're having." 2/4 Aella hesitated, then set the menu down beside him. "How would I know what you like to eat?" Tyrone was notoriously picky. In her last life, she had tried to impress him by cooking for him herself-and ended up making a complete fool of herself. She wasn't about to repeat that mistake. She didn't even want to order for him now.

Tyrone stared straight at her for a few seconds, then turned to the waiter. "I'll have the same thing she ordered." While they ate, Tyrone asked, "How's your internship at the hospital going?" Aella's eyes lit up at the topic. "It's been great! Daniel's been mentoring me, and I've learned a lot." The second she mentioned Daniel, Tyrone's expression froze. His hand tightened around his

knife and fork. His gaze fixed on her. Aella felt a chill run down her spine. His face looked dark and tense, and the way he gripped his utensils was downright scary.

She cleared her throat, then picked up a piece of fruit and dropped it onto his plate. "Here. Have some fruit." Tyrone silently put his knife and fork down, staring at the fruit for a long moment.

Then he asked slowly, "Do you really know Daniel that well?" Aella frowned. "What do you mean by that?" Tyrone lowered his eyes. "When he was a kid, he was kind of chubby. Probably runs in the family." Aella stared at him, confused. She frowned, thinking it over, but couldn't figure out what he was getting at. Finally, she pointed at her own head. "Tyrone, could you speak a little clearly?"

I'm not that smart-I can't keep up with you." 3/4 Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold. The scene settles without resolving, and the residue of its choices leads straight into what follows. Even if the characters don't notice it yet, the direction has shifted. What remains is a sense of momentum-quiet, but unmistakable. Expect loyalties to be tested and withheld truths to find a voice.

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Chapter 407 Just Postponed Tyrone's face was dark, and he clearly had no appetite. "If you can't think straight, then go home and take your time." Aella didn't say a word. They both sat through lunch, each lost in their own thoughts. When they walked out of the restaurant, Aella pointed across the street. "Go ahead with your work. I'll walk back." Tyrone gestured in the same direction. "My car's parked by the hospital entrance. Let's walk back together." Aella pressed her lips together but ended up walking with him anyway.

When they reached the parking lot in front of the outpatient building, Tyrone stopped. "Aella, come sit in my car for a minute. I need to talk to you." Aella was getting impatient. "I need to clock in soon. If you've got something to say, say it now. If not, I'm leaving." Something about Tyrone felt off today, almost like he wasn't himself. His tall frame cast a shadow over her as he said, "I bought back the jewelry set you sold at the auction. It's in my trunk." Aella's eyes widened in surprise. "But I already paid you back.

Why would you buy that set again?" Tyrone said quietly, "I bought it to give it back to you." "I don't want it!" she blurted out. She couldn't forget what happened before. "Since you paid for it, it's yours now," she said firmly. "When I have enough money, I'll buy it back from you. Just don't raise the price." Tyrone's eyes darkened as he stared at her. "I'll keep it safe for now," he

said. "If you ever want it, you can come get it from me." They locked eyes. 1/4 Aella knew exactly what he was trying to do. A set of jewelry and her freedom-she knew which one mattered more.

When she refused to take it, Tyrone didn't push her. He stepped closer. "I'm going on a business trip to Mudrus for a few days. The herbs and incense you made for me are running out. Can you make more?" Aella hesitated, then said, "Come to the hospital tomorrow and register. I'll give them to you then." Tyrone shook his head. "No need for that. Just make them, and I'll pick them up from you. No paperwork." Seeing her still hesitate, he added, "Didn't you always say we grew up together and that you see me as a brother?" Aella frowned. "Yeah, I did." Tyrone sighed.

"I haven't been sleeping well, and I've had splitting headaches all day. Shouldn't a sister feel a little sorry for her brother?" Aella couldn't even argue. She knew Tyrone was sharp and cold, but she didn't expect him to twist her own words like that. In the end, she agreed to let him come by the next morning to pick up the medicine. The next day, Tyrone showed up right on time-and even brought a bag of dried fruit and veggie chips that his mom, Virginia, had made. When he ran into Daniel, he stopped and greeted him politely. "Mr.

Hill, thanks for taking care of my fiancée." Daniel gave him a puzzled look. "Mr. Winter, didn't you and Aella call off the engagement?" Tyrone corrected him with a faint smile. "Not called off-just postponed." Daniel nodded, pretending to understand. When Aella stepped out of the elevator, Tyrone walked over right away. As Daniel walked off, Aella looked after him and asked, "What were you two talking about?" Tyrone lifted the bag in his hand. "My mom made these dried snacks for you. I saw Mr. Hill and 2/4 Google search find*~*novel.net offered him some." Aella led him to the break room.

"He didn't mean to refuse you. He just doesn't eat snacks at all." Tyrone tightened his grip on the bag. "You seem to know him pretty well." "Of course I do," Aella said without hesitation. Her eyes lit up when she said it, and the sight made Tyrone's chest tighten. Her eyes He stepped closer, just about to speak-when someone called from the hallway, "Dr. Reid! Dr. Hill wants to see you in his office." "Got it!" Aella replied, taking the bag from Tyrone's hand. She handed him the medicine she'd prepared earlier.

"Here, this is for you," she said quickly, then rushed out before he could say another word.

Tyrone stood alone in the break room for a long time, staring at the door she had just left. Ever since he got a second chance at life, it felt like everyone else had changed. But maybe it was just him. A few days later, in the afternoon, Edwin sat in the living room of the Winter Estate with Ralph and Virginia. Their faces were serious. The butler reported the investigation results. "Zera and Shirley never left Tuspuyria. Mr. Tyrone is still on his business trip in Mudrus.

They haven't met." Edwin nodded in approval. "As long as Tyrone's not married, we can't let our guard down." Ralph added quickly, "You're right, Dad. Our heir can't marry a woman like Zera!" Virginia sat beside Ralph, uneasy. Tyrone's refusal to get married-or even engaged-might not be because of Zera. Edwin turned to her. "When Tyrone gets back, arrange for Mrs. and Ms. Guinevere to visit us. And make sure you stay close to them from now on." Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion.

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Chapter 408 Buy It Edwin's meaning was clear. Virginia nodded. "I'll try." But just because she agreed didn't mean she planned to do exactly what he said. Vivienne was young but calculating. Her ambition matched any ambitious man's. A woman like that might fit well in business-but not in marriage. Besides, Virginia could tell Tyrone had been unusually attentive toward Aella lately. As his mother, of course, she noticed.

Updates are released by FundNovel.net When Tyrone returned from his business trip, Virginia followed Edwin's instructions and invited Jasmine and Vivienne to the Winter Estate as guests. Edwin also told the butler to personally pick Tyrone up from the airport. That evening, the butler entered the living room with his head lowered. "Mr. Edwin, about Mr. Tyrone ... " Seeing him hesitate, Virginia spoke up in front of Jasmine and Vivienne. "There's no one here but family.

Just say it." The butler lowered his voice even more. "Mrs. Winter, after landing, Mr. Tyrone went straight to Ms.

Reid's house." Virginia shot Jasmine and Vivienne an apologetic look. Ralph's face darkened.

"Go bring that brat back here right now!" The butler looked torn but said nothing. Vivienne stepped in to ease the tension. "Mr. Ralph, it's already such an honor for my mother and me to be invited here. If Mr. Tyrone has business to handle, that's perfectly fine. He doesn't have to rush back." She spoke politely, but her expression was stiff. Tyrone knew she was visiting the Winter Estate, yet he had gone straight to Aella's place instead. His attitude toward her couldn't be clearer.

It looked like the idea of getting engaged to Tyrone was nothing more than wishful thinking. 1/3

After Jasmine and Vivienne left, Edwin slammed a glass on the floor in anger. "He's the heir of the Winter Group, yet he keeps chasing after a bankrupt woman! This is outrageous!" Ralph called Tyrone himself, demanding he comes home immediately. At that moment, Tyrone was sitting in Aella's living room when the call came. He left shortly after hanging up. Once he got into the car, Noel spoke carefully, "Mr. Winter, I thought you said you'd wait until Ms.

Reid got home?" Tyrone gripped the jewelry box tightly. "Take me back to the Winter Estate."

Noel quickly told the driver to start the car. Not long after Tyrone left, Aella returned from work.

When she walked into the living room and saw the expensive health supplements piled on the table, she frowned. "Dad, Mom, did we have guests today?" Warren and Miriam exchanged a look. Miriam sighed. "Tyrone dropped those off. We told him not to, but he insisted on leaving them." Since Tyrone was already gone and the things were there, Aella didn't press further.

She said, "Dad, Mom, this apartment is just temporary. My job keeps me busy, and I don't have much time, so you two should start house hunting. Look for one with a small yard or a terrace." Renting like this was never meant to be permanent. Clyde would be starting 9th grade next year, and she didn't want him staying in the dorm anymore. Plus, her parents were getting older. Warren loved tending flowers and birds, while Miriam enjoyed housekeeping. A smaller house with a yard would be perfect for them to enjoy their retirement.

By mid-October, while Aella was at work, Warren and Miriam called to say they'd found the right place. During her lunch break, Aella went with them to check it out. The house was in the heart of the city-a newly renovated duplex on the ground floor, with front and back yards. The price was even ten thousand dollars lower per square foot than the 213 market average. Aella frowned. Bargains like that usually meant trouble. She quietly pulled her parents aside. "Dad, Mom, something's off. We can't buy this one." Miriam tried to reassure her. "This is one of the best properties here.

Great location, brand- new, no one's ever lived in it, and no accidents or bad history. Don't overthink it." Aella shook her head. "Nothing good comes that cheap. Houses priced way below market value usually have hidden problems." "Don't say that!" Warren flicked her forehead lightly. "Tyrone talked to the developer and got us an insider price!" Aella blinked. "When did you even tell him we were buying a house?" Miriam explained, "Your dad and I had been looking for weeks without luck. Then we ran into Tyrone. We mentioned it, and he said he knew the developer here.

As soon as we came to see it, we loved it." Warren added, "The developer was going to give us the house for free because of Tyrone, but we refused. We just asked for a discount. We didn't

expect them to cut the price in half!" Aella didn't know what to say. Looking at her parents' excited faces, she finally gave in. "If you both like it, then buy it." No matter whose favor the discount came from, since it was the developer offering it, she couldn't object. Besides, Warren and Miriam had always treated Tyrone like their own son. It wasn't strange for him to help them out.

After they finalized the purchase, the three of them left the sales office, chatting happily. They decided to move in on the 20th of the month. Since moving day fell on a Friday, Aella requested the day off from work. Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold. The scene settles without resolving, and the residue of its choices leads straight into what follows. Even if the characters don't notice it yet, the direction has shifted.

What remains is a sense of momentum-quiet, but unmistakable. Expect loyalties to be tested and withheld truths to find a voice. Tension shown here will tighten and draw clear lines around what must be confronted. The next steps should feel both unsurprising and newly sharp. Which decision here will echo the farthest-and for whom? Who revealed more than they meant to, and who hid what matters most? If restraint defined today, what breaks it tomorrow? Unspoken rules, layered histories, and lived hierarchies shape how each act is understood.

The personal is inseparable from place, and that is what gives the smallest motion its size. With this chapter behind us, the story steps into fresh ground-charged, uncertain, and ready to test what was only hinted at before.