

# Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

## Message On Whatsapp 68

[ 843 words ]

Tyrone stopped for a second, then stretched his hand toward her again. "Aella, stop being angry. Come home with me."

She ripped her hand away, voice firm. "I can see how much you care for her in all the little things you do. You told me you feel responsible for Zera and her kid. They make you happy. If you divorce me, you can be with them. That's the best choice for everyone."

Their eyes locked. Tyrone could see the despair and sadness in her eyes.

A dull pain pressed in his chest. He stepped closer and took both of her hands.

"Aella," he said, "I admit it. When Zera came back, I was overwhelmed by seeing her again after so long. She and the kid were sick, so I took care of them day and night. She said I owed her a private Instagram post, so I posted one and showed her, but I deleted it a minute later. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to get the wrong idea."

He went on. "Yes, after she came back, there were nights I didn't come home. But I never touched her. Not then, not now, not ever."

Back in junior year, he'd been kidnapped, and Zera risked herself to save him.

After that, she pursued him, and he gave her a chance.

Over time, he found her honest, brave, gentle, and kind.

She was sweet and obedient, always trying to please him.

He truly liked her once and thought about marrying her.

But three years ago, when he chose Aella, he left all those feelings for Zera behind.

Life was full of things to handle. Love wasn't his whole world.

Aella's face stayed blank as she stared at him. "Real love is about giving, not owning. That just shows you love Zera more than you know."

His hands slid from her arms to her shoulders and held her there.

He stayed quiet for a long time.

Then, he said softly, "Aella, do you truly have to see it like this?"

She asked, "Tell me then. Did you ever love me? Even for a minute?"

1/3

18:14 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 68 I Don't Want to See You

They looked at each other in dead silence.

:

Tyrone lowered his eyes and let go of her shoulders.

Aella lifted her chin, holding back her tears.

She knew he didn't love her. But seeing him confirm it still broke her.

She turned and walked to the bedroom door.

With her back to him, she said, "Leave. I don't want to see you!"

He stared at her thin back, then stepped forward and hugged her from behind.

He didn't know what to say—he just wanted to hold her.

f

**59**

+6 Pearls

Resting his chin on her shoulder, he whispered, "Aella, how long will you keep fighting me?"

Aella struggled angrily. "I want a divorce!"

Tyrone spun her around. "That's not what

you said when you

married me."

She cried harder, her voice shaking with anger. "Can't I regret it?"

He loosened his grip. "You don't mean that. Don't say things you don't mean."

Aella wiped her cheeks and pulled free.

Her words came slowly and sharply. "Tyrone, you admitted you still have feelings for Zera. You don't love me. If we divorce, you three can be together. Isn't that what you want?"

Tyrone stood there, looking drained.

"Aella, we're adults. If you can accept Zera and Orson, you'll still be Mrs. Winter. I'll transfer everything to you. You'll keep the title and the rights of being my wife.

"Stop dreaming about some perfect love. Isn't it smarter to be practical?"

His calm words made her crack all over again.

He'd flown overseas chasing her, just to ask her to accept Zera and Orson.

Aella shoved him hard, her face twisted with anger. "In our three years of marriage, you kept records of every penny you spent on my family like it was business. That's your practical

action."

His chest went tight. He stepped closer and grabbed her wrists.

2/3

18:14 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 68! Don't Want to See You

He tried to say something, but the words just wouldn't come.

Her eyes were wet as she tried to pull away. "You call it practical, but you're cold and cruel to me while giving them all your love. How can you be so fake?!"

Tyrone ignored her struggle, one hand at her lower back, the other trying to calm her.

He quickly switched the subject. "It's been a week since we saw each other. Can we not argue about this right now?"

She pressed her palms to his chest, tears still falling, but her voice was more determined than

ever.

“Tyrone, I can’t accept my husband loving another woman or having a child with her. I can’t keep watching you cross the line for her and ignore my pain. I even sold the heirloom jewelry my grandma gave my mom to push through this divorce. That’s how serious I am.”

Send Gifts

Share to your friends

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

[ 834 words ]

Once Cast Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 69 Don’t Push It Too Far

+8 Pearls

Tyrone rubbed Aella’s back gently, trying to calm her. “Aella, I get that you’re upset. Come home with me tomorrow. Just tell me anything you want.”

Aella flailed, letting her anger take over. “I only want a divorce!”

He freed one hand, opened the bedroom door behind her, and then lifted her and carried her inside.

Setting her on the edge of the bed, he pressed her to sit down.

He squatted by her knees, meeting her gaze. “Aella, we’ve been married three years. Don’t you trust me at all?”

She turned her face away. “The second you lied to me for Zera and her kid, all trust was gone.”

Tyrone sighed and stood up, looking drained.

He took off his suit jacket and walked over. “Alright, we can drop this for tonight. Let’s rest and

talk tomorrow.”

Seeing that, Aella shot up. “Tyrone, don’t tell me you’re staying here!”

His expression darkened as he corrected her. “We’re married. Isn’t living together normal?”

She pointed at the bedroom door. “Go be with your first love. Don’t dirty my bed!”

Before she could finish, Tyrone wrapped an arm around her waist and lifted her.

“Either you get in bed and rest, or I carry you straight to the helicopter. Your choice,” he said calmly.

Aella lost control of her emotions and hit him. “If you force me, I swear I’ll die right here!”

Tyrone set her gently on the bed and pulled the blanket over her. “I know you’re angry. I’m not a total jerk—I won’t touch you.”

Intimacy was always about consent.

He wanted her badly, but he wasn’t about to force anything.

He switched off the bedside lamp and lay down next to her, wrapping her in his arms over the

blanket.

Resting his head against her, he muttered, “Stop struggling. Just let me sleep a little.”

1/3

18:14 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 69 Don’t Push It Too Far

+8 Presario

No matter how much Aella kicked or twisted, Tyrone kept his eyes closed in silence, holding her tightly.

Eventually, she got exhausted and gave up completely.

After three years sleeping together, they’d tried every position. There was nothing to be shy about.

She lay stiff, wide-eyed, too angry to even think about sleep.

Ever since she was young, every time they argued, Tyrone only had two ways to make up.

Either he'd sleep with her until she relented or buy her gifts.

Even now, with a divorce on her mind, he was acting the same.

He'd bring up the issue, then dodge it in the end.

The more Aella thought about it, the angrier she got. She tried to sit up.

Seeing Tyrone lying there, totally unbothered, she leaned over in the faint window light.

Watching him sleep so soundly only made her angrier.

The next morning, Aella woke up on the couch. She went to the bedroom bathroom to wash up and found Tyrone just stepping out, freshly showered.

She walked in coldly. "Since you're up, hurry and leave."

He stood at the sink, looking at her reflection. "Mrs. Townsend's 80th birthday banquet is the day after tomorrow. She personally invited you. You have to come home with me."

Aella turned off the faucet and grabbed a towel. "I have work. I don't have time."

Tyrone hesitated, then said, "If you truly want to work, I'll set up a hospital for you when we get back. Grandpa won't interfere again. I promise."

She rolled her eyes. "I'm done relying on you so that you can control me.

"Call me only when it's time to sign the divorce papers. You've got work and Zera and her kid to worry about. Stop wasting your time on me."

Tyrone's patience was running thin. "Aella, I'm bringing you home because I care about our marriage. Don't push it too far. I'm offering you a way out. You'd better take it."

Aella stood firm. "I won't follow you anymore. I don't need your help."

18:14 Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 60 Don't Push It Teo Far

She added, "Close the door when you leave."

Ignoring his attempts to stop her, she packed her things and left for work.

Her hospital was nearby, and she stayed busy all day, not even taking a break for lunch.

Tyrone texted her, but she ignored him. She knew he couldn't spend all day arguing anyway.

After work, as Aella left the hospital, she noticed a crowd of female coworkers gathered together.

Getting closer, she saw Tyrone in the middle.

He looked sharp in his suit, effortlessly chatting with them in fluent Tuspuyrian. He introduced himself as her husband.

When he spotted her, he moved through the group and reached for her bag.

Aella didn't cause a scene. She said goodbye to her coworkers and got in Tyrone's car.

Once they hit the overpass, she said she wanted to get out.

Send Gifts

匪

B

3/3

Share to your friends

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

[ 763 words ]

Chapter 70 Are You Serious?

民国

59

+

0.0 Pearto

Tyrone hesitated before stepping out of the car with Aella.

They faced each other on the overpass, looking down at the view below. She asked, "Why haven't you left?"

Tyrone took her wedding ring out of his pocket, grabbed her hand, and shoved it back onto her finger.

He locked eyes with her. "Stay here if you want to study, but I'm not divorcing you."

Aella yanked her hand free, ripped the ring off, and flung it over the railing with all her strength.

Tyrone's chest tightened as his pupils shrank.

He instinctively reached out and yelled, "Aella, don't!"

The diamond ring sparkled once in the night, then disappeared.

The moment it was gone, everything around them felt quiet.

Traffic rolled on below, lights flickering. Up on the overpass, they stood by the railing of the emergency lane, silent and staring at each other.

Snapping back, Tyrone grabbed her wrist again, his face dark. "Aella, that was our wedding ring!"

Aella tore herself loose, her voice cold and determined. "I want you gone from my life like that ring!"

Their eyes met. Tyrone froze, panic and shock flickering across his face.

His voice was low and tight. "Are you serious?"

Her face stayed blank as she drew a line between them. "We've known each other for over 20 years and been married for three. I'm done. I'm not being dramatic or unreasonable. I want a divorce."

She had grown up in a wealthy family. So, she witnessed countless women tolerate their husbands' affairs and even secret children for the sake of family, children, or money.

Virginia was among them.

But Aella wouldn't live that way.

1/3

18:14 Wed, **Oct 8**

Chapter 70 Are You Serious?

∴

59

+8 Pearis

Tyrone's chest felt heavy.

He said, shakingly, "Even if you're set on divorce, you have to come home first."

She had always traveled with servants, even in university. It was her first time going so far alone.

Tyrone couldn't relax.

Aella glared at him, her words sharp. "Don't think I don't see what you're doing. You're stalling the divorce and pushing me to go home because you're afraid Edwin will go after Zera and her kid. You're just doing this for your woman. Stop faking!"

His face went stiff. "Raine told you that?"

She said, "I did love you once, but I don't owe you. You don't get to use me."

Tyrone moved closer, gripping her shoulders.

They stared at each other. He tried to sound calm. "Don't listen to Raine's nonsense."

He'd promised Edwin not to divorce Aella for Zera and Orson.

Truth was, he'd never planned to divorce Aella anyway, so the promise cost him nothing.

Trying to change the subject and calm her down, Tyrone said, "You came all this way just to get a divorce. Did you even consider your parents? Your brother is still young and rebelling. Your parents aren't young anymore. Their health is poor. They need you."

Aella's anger cracked as she thought of her family. "You drove me to this!"

He shook his head. "I know why you ran. You wanted me to pick you over Zera and send them away. But you—"

Before he could finish, Aella flung her bag aside and swung herself over the railing.

“Aella!”

Tyrone’s heart nearly stopped when he saw how serious she was.

She clung to the railing. As he moved closer, she let one hand slip off. “Stay back!”

Tyrone froze, hands up.

Her eyes were red and swollen as she shouted, “I’m not putting on a show! I’m not making you choose, and I never wanted you to dump Zera! I don’t love you anymore! You disgust me! Got

2/3

**18:14** Wed, Oct 8

Chapter 70 Are You Serious?

it?!”

:

**59**

+8 Pearls

She broke down again, yelling, “Do you need me to jump for you to believe I want a divorce? I’m not faking this!”

Tyrone looked furious, but he didn’t dare move. “Okay, okay, I get it! I believe you!”

Aella was crying harder now, shoving at him. “Then leave! Sign the divorce of my life!”

and papers

stay out

He nodded. “Fine. I won’t stop you from staying here. Just don’t do anything stupid.”

Seeing him give in, Aella loosened up a bit.

But in the next second, Tyrone lunged forward, dragged her off the railing, and held her tightly.

Breathing hard, he ignored her struggling and snapped, “Do you even know how dangerous that was? What if you’d fallen?”

Send Gifts

M

Share to your friends

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

[ 637 words ]

## Chapter 14

Aug 18, 2025

The ring cracked with the sound of wooden staves striking. Dust rose in thin clouds, clinging to skin, to breath, to tension that hadn’t eased since dawn. Mira leaned against the outer steps, heart steady only in rhythm, not in peace. Her fingers itched to be back in the fight, but she couldn’t look away from the center of the ring where Tessian circled Bastian like a hawk that knew it had the crowd on its side.

They’d been matched for the last drill. No surprise. Tessian’s laugh had carried across the yard when the pairings were called. Mira hadn’t laughed. She hadn’t spoken at all. Just stepped back, towel slung over her shoulder, and watched.

Now she wished she hadn’t.

Tessian ducked low, faked a blow, and twisted her grip. It wasn’t an attack. It was a performance. Bastian blocked her with ease—grip firm, stance immovable—but that didn’t stop the way Tessian leaned in. And just like that, without hesitation, she kissed him.

Gasps flared around the ring like sparks. Mira didn’t move. But her throat closed anyway. Her stomach dropped like a stone. Every muscle in her body screamed to react, but she sat frozen on the steps, watching him—watching them.

Bastian didn’t kiss Tessian back. But he didn’t stop her either.

That was enough.

Mira stood up. Her legs felt like stone. She didn’t look at anyone as she walked off the steps and toward the edge of the yard. The crowd parted like it sensed a storm brewing

in her chest. She didn't wait to hear if he called her name. Didn't look over her shoulder. She already knew what she would see.

She made it halfway through the side corridor behind the barracks before she stopped, lungs tight and useless. Her hands curled into fists. She wasn't sure if the heat rising to her ears was from fury or heartbreak, and she hated that she couldn't tell the difference.

Footsteps followed. She heard them even before she wanted to.

"Mira."

She didn't turn around. "Don't."

He caught up anyway, breath ragged, voice too soft for the weight it carried. "Let me explain."

She spun. Her glare hit like a slap. "Explain what, exactly? That you were too shocked to push her off? That you're suddenly okay being used as a prop for someone else's game?"

"It wasn't what it looked like," Bastian snapped.

"That's your excuse? Really?" Her laugh was sharp. "You stood there like a statue while she staked her claim in front of everyone."

"I didn't ask for it."

"No," she said, stepping closer, "but you didn't stop it either."

His jaw clenched. "It was a sparring match."

"No. It was a spectacle. And you let her make it one."

"I wasn't thinking—"

"Clearly."

He tried again, voice lower now. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

She stared at him. Her eyes stung, but nothing fell. "You don't get to say that. Not when you stood there and let her kiss you like I never existed."

"It wasn't about you."

That did it. Her expression twisted, wounded and raw. "Everything is about me when it comes to her."

He opened his mouth, but she didn't let him speak.

"You think I haven't noticed?" she said, voice breaking into steel. "Every time she circles you, every time she talks about me like I'm the dirt she scrapes off her boots—you let her. And now you've handed her the weapon."

"She's nothing to me," Bastian said, low.

"She's something to me," Mira shot back. "She's the girl who kissed you while I watched. And you let her."

He didn't answer.

Mira's breath came fast. Her chest heaved like she'd just finished a fight, but there was no victory in this. Only smoke and splinters. Her pulse roared behind her ears, every word lodged in her throat scraping on the way out.

"You don't get to do this to me," she whispered, voice shaking.

Then she raised her hand and slapped him. Hard.

Share to your friends

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

[ 829 words ]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen.

Chapter 71 She'd Rather Die

:

+2 Pearls

Aella completely lost it, crying and thrashing in his arms. "If I can't get a divorce, I'd rather **die!**"

Tyrone froze for a moment, then hugged her tighter.

He didn't say a word, just closed his eyes and let her warmth sink in.

He finally believed it.

Aella truly wanted a divorce.

Without giving her a chance to protest, Tyrone drove her back to her apartment.

Later that night, outside her building.

Her eyes were red, and she stubbornly blocked him from coming upstairs. “Let me know when you’re ready to sign the papers.”

Tyrone’s eyes softened, worry flickering through them.

He grabbed her wrist to stop her. “Aella, I’ll give you space for now. But I’m not agreeing to a divorce.”

“Then we’ll do it through the courts.”

She yanked her hand free and walked straight into the elevator without looking back.

If they couldn’t separate peacefully, they might as well act like strangers.

The elevator doors closed slowly. Tyrone reached for her, then let his hand fall.

Noel, who had been waiting nearby, walked up cautiously. “Mr. Winter, the helicopter is ready. When do you and Mrs. Winter plan to leave?”

Tyrone stood silently outside the building, eyes fixed on the light shining from Aella’s window. After a while, he shut his eyes, completely drained.

He should’ve known this day was coming the moment Zera and Orson came back and he went to pick them up.

When he promised to take care of Zera and Orson forever and claim Orson as his own, his marriage to Aella was already slipping away.

Tyrone neither called Aella nor went upstairs to disturb her.

1/3

12:52 Thu, Oct 9

Chapter 71 She’d Rather Die

Instead, he stood out there for hours, chain-smoking.

**78**

+8 Pearls

After midnight, Noel showed up to talk him down. "Mr. Winter, you've got a signing event tomorrow morning."

Tyrone burned through his last cigarette, then pulled out his phone and sent Aella a quick text.

He glanced once at her dark window, then turned away. "Let's go."

The next morning, Tyrone was back in Vleka.

Virginia came herself to pick him up and drove him straight to the Winter Estate.

Dragging his tired body inside, Tyrone was met with Ralph's sharp voice. "Why didn't Aella come back with you?"

Too drained to argue, Tyrone lowered his eyes and brushed it off. "She's doing advanced studies. She can't return yet."

Ralph slammed his cup on the table with a loud crack. "She just leaves whenever she feels like it? Doesn't she care about her elders at all?"

Then, he snapped at the butler, "Justin, go to the Reids and tell her parents to set her straight."

Tyrone cut in quickly. "Dad, Aella went overseas to study. Why drag her parents into this?"

Virginia had already guessed what was happening when she saw her son arrive alone by helicopter.

She hadn't said anything earlier, but now she asked, "Tyrone, is Aella set on divorcing you?"

Keeping his face calm, Tyrone replied, "I agreed with her studying in Tuspuyria. I stayed at her apartment last night. Everything is fine. Don't overthink it."

From the corner, Raine blurted out, "Aella said she'd rather die than stay married to Tyrone."

After he shot her a warning glare, she hid behind their parents and kept quiet.

Ralph lost his temper. "She's nothing but a fallen heiress! Who does she think she is? If she wants out, let her have the divorce!"

Tyrone's expression turned cold. "I'm not divorcing her."

Virginia asked, "Why not? Are you waiting for her to file and drag it into the public eye?"

He rubbed his forehead, tired. "Why are you all pushing so hard for us to split?"

213

**12:52 Thu, Oct 9**

Chapter 71 She'd Rather Die

**78**

+8 Pearls

Edwin, silent until now, finally said, "Tyrone, you're the only heir. Whatever you do affects the family and the company. You should think bigger."

His tone was firm. "End the marriage before the scandal spreads. And keep Zera and her kid away from here!"

Tyrone straightened his back stiffly. "I'll deal with my business. Don't get involved!"

Then, he spun around and walked away.

Edwin's gaze turned sharp. "A bad wife can wreck a whole family line. Zera brings nothing to the table and doesn't belong here. Even if Tyrone divorces Aella, Zera and her kid will never be part of us!"

Ralph nodded. "Dad is right."

Virginia rose to her feet. "I know what to do."

By lunch, she was knocking on Zera's door.

Noticing the bodyguards standing with Virginia, Zera shifted nervously and stepped back. "Virginia, what brings you here?"

Virginia corrected her, "Call me Mrs. Winter."

Zera lowered her head in embarrassment.

It reminded her of the time she'd called Aella "Dr. Reid," and Aella had coldly made her switch to "Mrs. Winter" back then too.

Send Gifts

Share to your friends

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

[ 796 words ]

Chapter 72 Can We Leave Now?

**78**

+8 Pearls

Virginia's heels clicked across the living room floor. "Ms. Caldwell, be honest. What in this place did you actually buy with your money?"

Zera still remembered how, during their first meeting, Virginia had secretly recorded her.

So, she asked cautiously, "Did you come here for something?"

Standing tall in the middle of the room, Virginia's voice dripped with elegance. "Nothing serious. I was nearby, so I figured I'd help my daughter-in-law take back a few things."

Zera's fake smile slipped away.

When the door creaked open behind her, she quickly nudged Orson forward. "Go on, Orson, say hello to your grandma."

He said softly, "Grandma."

Virginia's eyes narrowed in disgust. "Ms. Caldwell, I've told you before. Our family doesn't accept this child!"

Zera protectively pulled Orson into her arms, her tone still polite though firm. "Mrs. Winter, whether you admit it or not, Orson is your grandson. I'll raise him well. When he grows up, he'll treat you with respect."

Virginia's eyes hardened with a frosty glare. "Let's just hope he actually makes it to adulthood."

Zera's breath caught, her body tense as she met Virginia's stare.

Virginia bent down and picked up a cartoon mug from the table. "So, Ms. Caldwell, is this mug a Winter's or a Caldwell's?"

Zera looked away nervously. "Tyrone bought it for Orson."

Right after Zera finished, Virginia released the mug.

It shattered against the floor.

Virginia's voice was soft, almost lazy. "Even a simple mug had to come from my son. Looks like nothing here truly belongs to you."

Zera lowered her head, unable to meet Virginia's eyes.

Tyrone hadn't divorced Aella yet, and Zera had no claim to his money.

1/3

12:52 Thu, Oct 9

Chapter 72 Can We Leave Now?

**78**

+8 Pearls

Virginia signaled the bodyguards, then gave Zera a disgusted look. "Since you've got a child, I'll be generous. Pack your things and leave in 30 minutes."

Zera's eyes widened in disbelief. "Mrs. Winter, how can you be this cruel?"

Virginia replied, "I'm already being polite. If my son ever officially ends things with his wife, then you'll see what cruelty looks like."

Virginia's glare rattled Zera so much that her hand froze mid-reach for her phone and slowly fell back.

Tyrone's feelings toward her were still unclear, and he hadn't ended things with Aella.

She couldn't risk angering Virginia now.

Biting back her pride, she led Orson to the bedroom to pack.

Thirty minutes later, she came back dragging a suitcase, but the bodyguards stopped her.

One of them rifled through the suitcase, while another said, "Ms. Caldwell, the designer bag on your shoulder should stay here."

Zera looked over at Virginia, then reluctantly handed the designer bag over.

The guard dumped everything from her designer bag into a black trash bag and shoved it back at her.

Biting her lip in shame, Zera took the trash bag, wishing she could just disappear.

Once they were done checking the suitcase, they returned it to her.

With teary eyes, she glanced at Virginia. "Mrs. Winter, can we leave now?"

Virginia carefully set down the plant she was holding and walked over slowly.

Her gaze fell on the trash bag in Zera's hands, her words sharp and cutting. "Smart people know that changing their circle can change their lives. But if you want to rise with the best, you'd better be extraordinary."

Virginia paused, looking Zera up and down. "Ms. Caldwell, what do you even bring to the table?"

With that, she shot Zera a scornful look before turning to walk away.

Zera watched Virginia's proud, regal figure, her whole body shaking as she tried not to lose it.

From what Virginia just said, it sounded like Tyrone and Aella were splitting up.

2/3

12:52 **Thu, Oct 9**

Chapter 72 Can We Leave Now?

She needed to grab such an opportunity to marry him and become his wife.

One day, she'd make that old woman eat her words.

After 3 p.m., at Tyrone and Aella's villa.

**78**

+8 Pearls

Noel and Justin were busy leading the crew, hauling valuables from the main bedroom and study down to the waiting cars.

In the yard, Brad joked with Tyrone, "Aella doesn't think the house is dirty—she thinks you're the problem. Why even bother moving out?"

“If you don’t come clean, she’ll never forgive you. You might as well wait for her to file for divorce.”

Tyrone stood there in a sharp black suit, his expression unreadable. “I let her go overseas to study to cool her off. I’m not letting her be the one to file for divorce.”

Right as he said that, he spotted Zera stepping out of a cab, her face streaked with tears.

Send Gifts

10

Share to your friends

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

[ 826 words ]

Chapter 73 New Residence

+8 Pearls

Zera tried greeting Brad, but he just turned his back. He started picking at the leaves on a tree, pretending she didn’t exist.

She felt quite awkward.

Noticing everyone busy hauling stuff in the yard, she walked over carefully. “Tyrone, what’s going on here?”

Tyrone dodged the question. “Why are you here?”

Zera glanced at Brad in hesitation and stayed quiet.

“You two talk. I’m out,” Brad said flatly, clearly not interested in her, and walked away.

Tyrone gave an order. “Justin, we’ll finish moving tomorrow.”

Justin caught on and waved for everyone to leave. Noel went ahead to wait in the car.

Once the others were gone, Tyrone and Zera headed into the living room.

Only then did she finally say, “Your mom came to see me earlier.”

Tyrone stood by the tall window in black pants and a white shirt with black cuffs. His sleeves were rolled to his elbows, his hands tucked in his pockets.

His gaze was fixed on the burnt rubble outside in the garden, his face unreadable.

Zera hesitated at his silence. Her eyes wavered uncertainly.

She said tentatively, “Your mom kicked me and Orson out. She even warned me that if you ever divorce your wife, she’ll make sure I pay for it. What am I supposed to do?”

Tyrone turned at last, his tone calm. “Don’t worry. I’m not divorcing Aella. My mom won’t hurt you.”

Zera’s expression tightened with frustration when she heard the same excuse again.

She unconsciously clenched her hands as she glanced around the living room. “Tyrone, it’s already hard on my mom living with my brother and my sister-in-law. Now that Orson and I have moved back, my sister-in-law is upset. This place is empty anyway. Could we stay for a while?”

Tyrone shook his head. “This villa belongs to me and Aella. Even if no one is living here, it’s not for you.”

1/3

15 ལྷ་གཞན་ལྷ་ལྷ་

12:52 **Thu, Oct 9**

Chapter 73 New Residence

78

+8 Pearls

Zera dropped her gaze awkwardly. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have asked. Forget it.”

He walked closer and studied her for a while.

His voice turned firm. “Zera, I know you’ve suffered a lot because of me. You’ve given up a lot. Raising a kid alone isn’t simple. I get that.”

He went on, “But you’ve also seen how my family looks at you. If things keep dragging out like this, it’ll only hurt everyone.”

After a pause, he said, "Tell me what you want. I'll give you money. Take Orson and start over somewhere new. That would be best for all of us."

Zera froze, staring at him in disbelief. Then, her legs gave out as she sank into the couch.

She thought Aella being away meant her chance had finally come.

Instead, Tyrone just wanted to pay her off and send her away from Vleka.

Before she could stop herself, tears poured out. "Tyrone, I left my family for six years because of you. I just came back. Are you truly telling me to leave them again?"

Tyrone replied steadily, "Then bring your family with you. I'll make sure you never have to worry about money for the rest of your life."

She shot to her feet, her voice trembling but soft.

"Yes, I've been sick and couldn't work. I did accept your help. But once I get better, I'll earn my money. I never wanted your fortune, and I never wanted to break your marriage apart. Please, don't be so heartless."

Tyrone's expression was complicated. "If you stay, then I have to tell Aella the truth about Orson. I can't let her keep thinking he's mine."

Zera staggered back, her steps unsteady.

Her voice cracked as she demanded, "So you'll tell her Orson isn't yours. And then what?"

She was obviously agitated. "She might go around saying that I failed to marry rich six years ago and got forced abroad. She might tell everyone I was abused for years, had a child from rape, and came back after my husband died expecting you to step in!

"Your family will find out he's not your son, and just like before, they'll crush me and Orson again!

"If that's what you're planning, you might as well just kill me now!"

213

12:52 Thu, Oct 9

Chapter 73 New Residence

Before Tyrone could speak, she bolted from the living room in tears.

4733

48 Pearls

She'd spent six years plotting her way back into his life. There was no way she'd leave now.

That night, Tyrone moved into a luxury apartment at Bluehaven Residences.

He lived on the 9th floor, and Brad was on the 13th.

Brad strolled around Tyrone's new home. "Even if you make this place look exactly like your villa and hang up her wedding dress, Aella still won't care."

Tyrone ignored Brad's sarcasm, carefully lining up the toiletries he'd bought for two in the bathroom.

Send Gifts

\*19

Share to your friends

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

[ 790 words ]

## Chapter 16

Aug 19, 2025

They weren't ready. Not really. But readiness had never mattered much at Caerborn. When the horn blew at dawn and the mission scroll was shoved into Mira's hands, she didn't even have time to blink before Liorith was saddled and snorting at the gates.

"A rogue wurm?" she repeated, scanning the map in disbelief. "How does something that big just escape?"

Bastian adjusted the strap on Vharok's saddle without looking at her. His expression was flat, unreadable. "Same way everything else breaks out of this place. It stops listening."

"I didn't think we'd be the ones chasing it," she muttered.

“We’re bonded now.” His voice was clipped and cold. “No more drills. This is what comes next.”

No instructors. No backup. Just them. Mira mounted Liorith with stiff fingers and a twisting stomach. For the first time, Caerborn’s walls stayed behind. The cliffs below gave way to jagged canyons and wild wind. She’d never flown past the perimeter. The sky out here felt heavier, like it knew how easily it could swallow them.

The trail led through a shattered gorge, the rocks scorched black by old fire, the ground split with clawed craters and dried blood. It didn’t feel like a hunt. It felt like a warning.

“Something’s off,” Mira said, eyes narrowing at the tracks below. “They’re layered. Different sizes. Different weight.”

“This was supposed to be a lone wyrm,” Bastian muttered. “But the signs—”

“There’s more than one,” she finished.

His jaw locked. “Ambush.”

They didn’t have time to get ready.

The sky exploded. Shadows dropped from the cliffs, wings spread like shrouds. Not one rogue. A clutch. Twisted, malformed dragons—wild eyes, melted scales, jaws frothing with rage. They weren’t flying. They were falling. And Mira’s stomach dropped with them.

“Break off!” Bastian shouted, but the first wyrm was already on them, barreling toward Liorith’s flank. She shrieked and spun, wings slicing the air. Mira held on with all she had, knuckles white against the reins.

“Behind you!” she yelled. Vharok twisted, flame spraying wide as he caught another beast midair. Smoke clogged the canyon. Screams—human and not—echoed off the stone.

“They’re circling us!” Mira shouted. “We need to climb!”

“Go—go now!” Bastian barked, but the cliffs trembled before she could act. Another wyrm hit the ledge above, claws digging deep. The rocks cracked, a rumble starting low, rising fast.

The entire outcrop began to fall.

Liorith shrieked and twisted her body beneath Mira, but the impact had already thrown her. The saddle bucked. Mira’s body spun, slammed against the ledge, and slid hard to the edge. Her breath vanished like it had been stolen.

Stone split beside her ear. She tasted blood. Heard nothing but her pulse.

“Get up,” she muttered, forcing her arms to move. “Move, Mira—now—”

The ridge cracked again. A massive chunk of rock—twice her size—broke loose and began to tip. Mira’s eyes widened. She crawled backward, knees slipping on dust-slick stone. The shadow swallowed the light.

“Liorith!” she screamed, coughing through the smoke. “Liorith, please!”

She didn’t know if the scream was heard, didn’t know if her dragon could reach her in time. Her voice felt small, useless, drowned by chaos.

Then—something warm, solid, human—closed around her hand.

She looked up, blinking through the ash.

It wasn’t Liorith.

It was Bastian.

His hand was wrapped around hers, arm straining, jaw clenched with effort. His entire body braced against the falling ridge. His eyes found hers through the dust, and for one terrifying second, neither of them breathed.

“Hold on,” he growled, voice ragged. “Don’t you dare let go.”

Mira gritted her teeth and anchored herself to the one steady thing in the storm—his grip. His fingers tightened. His boots scraped. Rocks tumbled around them, some bouncing off his shoulder, others missing by inches.

“I told you,” she gasped, voice shaking, “this was insane—”

“Stop talking,” he bit out. “Move.”

He yanked, and she surged forward, her elbow slamming into his chest as the ledge behind them collapsed into the canyon. The sound was deafening—rock hitting rock, wings shrieking in the distance, one wrym’s howl echoing like death.

Mira sprawled against him, panting, chest heaving. His arm wrapped around her back without hesitation. She was trembling. So was he. His heart thundered where their ribs met.

For a second, she forgot the dragons. The canyon. Even the pain in her shoulder.

“You came back for me,” she whispered.

“You screamed,” he said, still breathless. “What was I supposed to do? Fly away?”

She stared up at him, something hot rising in her throat. Her lips parted, but the sound never made it out.

Liorith dove from above with a furious cry, landing nearby and flaring her wings wide to shield them. Vharok followed, landing with a snarl and a puff of smoke that curled like warning.

“Behind us,” Bastian said quickly, adjusting his stance. “One of them’s not down yet.”

Mira reached for her weapon, muscles still shaking. “We finish this. Together.”

Share to your friends

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

[ 825 words ]

Once Cast-Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 74 Suicide

:

+8 Pearls

Brad leaned on the doorframe. “Tyrone, no woman’s gonna be okay with her husband keeping his ex’s kid around. If you want things to work with Acla, you’ve got to be honest with her.”

When Tyrone didn’t answer, Brad pushed harder. “Don’t tell me you softened after Zera just cried a little?”

Tyrone sounded frustrated. “This isn’t about me being softened. If Grandpa figures out Orson isn’t mine, he’ll go after Zera and Orson just like he did six years ago. He won’t hold back.”

Brad frowned. “Why her, though? Out of everyone, why does your grandpa only go after her? Ever think about that?”

Tyrone didn’t answer.

Brad spelled it out. “Because she’s not good for you. She could wreck your life and blow up your family.”

“She’s not like that,” Tyrone snapped.

He tried to defend her. “She’s been sick for a long time. She came back partly because she missed her family and partly because of her kid. It wasn’t about me. She only wants to bring him up in a familiar place.

“She broke up with me so my future wouldn’t get ruined. Grandpa forced her out of the country and made her marry someone else. She’s been through hell these past six years and never once came to me for help. She’s given up a lot. Now she’s back, just trying to get help for her kid. I can’t ignore that.”

Brad shot back, “And Aella is supposed to endure all of this?”

Thinking about Aella made Tyrone’s eyes flicker.

He stayed silent for a while before saying, “Aella has had an easy life. Since we married, I’ve never let her suffer or feel wronged. I’ve always treated her well.

“But Zera is different. She’s always sensible. She grew up in an ordinary family. She went through a lot just to be with me and gave up her own happiness. I can’t just watch her suffer.”

Just then, Tyrone’s phone buzzed on the bathroom sink.

He glanced at the unknown number and hit decline.

Right after that, Brad’s phone rang.

1/3

**12:52 Thu, Oct 9**

Chapter 74 Suicide

They exchanged glances before Brad picked up.

Later that night, at Capital Hospital.

#78

48 Pearls

By the time Tyrone and Brad arrived, Zera had already been moved into a ward.

She was lying on the bed. When Tyrone came in, she shoved the nurse away.

She ripped the IV out of her arm and burst into tears as she got up. “Why’d you save me? You should’ve just let me die!”

Tyrone sent the nurse out and carefully set Zera back on the bed. “Why would you try to kill yourself? Did you even think about what this would do to Orson?”

Zera’s voice was firm. “I already sent Orson to an orphanage. He won’t be a burden to you anymore. I’m done living like this. Just leave me alone!”

He held her injured hand to stop her from moving.

“Zera, you’re all Orson has. Don’t throw your life away like this.”

Hearing his words, Zera broke down.

“Tyrone, your grandpa threatened me back then. He said if I stayed with you, he’d kick you out with nothing and hand everything to your half-brother.

“For your future, I forced myself to leave you. But that wasn’t enough for him. He even sent me overseas and made me marry someone else.”

Her voice shook as she sobbed.

“I was beaten for six years. I lost babies because of it. Orson was born because that man forced himself on me. And even then, I stayed away because I was scared of dragging you down.

“Tyrone, everything I did was my choice. Coming back was my last resort. I never meant to ruin your marriage.

“I’m just scared. If your grandpa finds out Orson isn’t your son, he’ll do what he did before. He might send us off or make me marry another monster. I’d rather die than live like that!”

She suddenly dropped to her knees.

Tyrone’s face darkened as he tried to pull her up, but Zera clung to his leg.

Looking up at him, she pleaded, “Tyrone, for everything we once had, for everything I gave up for you, please don’t tell your wife who Orson’s real father is.”

2/3

12:52 Thu, **Oct 9**

Chapter 74 Suicide

He just stood there, his eyes darting around.

Seeing his hesitation, Zera panicked. She stayed on her knees, crying harder.

78J

+8 Pearls

“Tyrone, your grandpa tore my life apart just to break us up. Everything I’ve suffered is because of you. My life is already ruined. I just want a fresh start with Orson. Please, have some mercy. Don’t tell anyone about his real father!”

As she spoke, she tried to bow to him.

His face turned grim. He grabbed her arm and forced her to stand.

Send Gifts

◦

📧

Share to your friends

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

[ 853 words ]

Chapter 75 I Also Hope She’ll Divorce You

Tyrone stayed silent for a long time.

Finally, he muttered, “Fine, I promise. I won’t say anything.”

**78**

+8 Pearls

He gave in again. Zera wiped her face and forced a small smile. “Don’t worry. I’ll try not to bother you anymore. I won’t let your wife think the wrong thing about us.”

Tyrone nodded without much thought. “You should rest. I’m stepping out for a bit.”

He opened the door and slipped out of the ward.

Brad had been standing right outside the whole time, listening.

He dragged Tyrone around the corner. "You seriously don't see she's doing this on purpose?"

Tyrone answered, "She's given up too much for me. I can't just shut her out."

Brad shot back, "So what, you're gonna divorce Aella now?"

"I'm not divorcing Aella," Tyrone said flatly.

He didn't want to talk anymore and started heading toward the doctor's office.

Brad followed him. "Tyrone, you've already lost the villa and the wedding ring for Zera and her kid. The next thing you'll lose is Aella!"

Tyrone spun around and snapped, "Shut it. Don't disturb the patients."

He kept walking, but Brad wouldn't stop. "Hit a nerve, huh? You just don't want to hear the truth."

Tyrone stopped again, turning back.

Brad said, "Your sister found out you were here looking after Zera. She flew abroad to spill everything to Aella."

Tyrone frowned, annoyed. "Why didn't you stop her?"

Brad shrugged. "Honestly, I also hope Aella will divorce you."

Tyrone was speechless.

The next day at noon, in Tuspuyria.

1/3

12:53 Thu, **Oct 9**

Chapter 751 Also Hope She'll Divorce You

Raine left her hotel and grabbed a cab to Aella's hospital.

478

**78**

+8 Pearls

When Aella got Raine's call, she rushed outside to meet her. They hugged and spun each other around, laughing.

Aella picked a restaurant and treated Raine to lunch.

They chatted while eating, but the light mood gradually turned somber.

Aella knew Raine couldn't hold things in.

Noticing Raine's hesitation, Aella cut straight to the point. "You came all the way here to see me. Is there anything you want to tell me?"

Raine finally blurted out, "Aella, you won't believe this. Mom took Zera's house, and Zera actually tried to kill herself. Tyrone is taking care of her at the hospital again."

Aella gently set down her fork and knife, lowering her gaze to hide her emotions.

It still hurt to hear Tyrone and Zera mentioned, but at least she could stay composed now.

She told Raine, "From now on, don't bring them up to me anymore."

After the meal, Aella told Raine to head home. "Thanksgiving is just a little over a month away. When I'm back, we'll meet again."

For the next month, Aella left everything about the divorce to her lawyer and drowned herself in work and study.

The day before Thanksgiving, she called her parents, booked her flight, and flew back to Vleka that evening.

After work, Tyrone drove by himself to the entrance of Aella's parents' neighborhood.

He pulled into a temporary spot on the roadside, unfastened his seatbelt, and fixed his eyes on the divorce papers lying on the passenger seat.

Since that trip to Tuspuyria to bring Aella back—when she threw away her ring and rejected him—they'd barely talked.

Their last conversation was still frozen on the message he'd sent her before leaving.

He thought they just needed space.

He never expected she'd hire a lawyer and go straight for divorce.

2/3

12:53 Thu, Oct 9

Chapter 75 1 Also Hope Shell Divorce You

Through the windshield, he saw a cab pull up.

48 Pearls

Aella stepped out in a beige belted dress made for early fall. The wind tossed her long hair around, and she looked so striking that he couldn't look away.

Tyrone just stood there, staring at her like it had been forever, his throat tightening.

His eyes flicked to the divorce papers, then he opened the door and got out.

After more than a month apart, they stood on opposite sides of the car, saying nothing.

Aella saw him, but she had no desire to talk.

She turned her head and walked toward the gate.

Tyrone reached out to stop her, softening his voice unconsciously. "Why didn't you tell me you were back? I would've picked you up at the airport."

Aella stepped back slightly and lifted her gaze, locking eyes with him.

She pulled her hand away, as cool and distant as ever. "You should've gotten the divorce papers. If you have a problem with them, take it up with my lawyer."

Tyrone's expression was complicated and unreadable. "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. I'll pick you up in the evening. We'll have dinner at the Winter Estate."

He was clearly avoiding the divorce talk. Aella's face went even colder.

She glanced at the teenager running out of the gate and said firmly, "That won't be necessary."

Tyrone, calm until now, finally showed some irritation.

He stepped forward, about to grab her arm, but Clyde rushed over and pulled Aella aside first.

Send Gifts

Share to your friends

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

[ 691 words ]

## Chapter 17

Aug 19, 2025

The ground didn't stop shaking.

Mira couldn't tell if it was the canyon itself or her own body, trembling and unsteady. Smoke rose around them in thick, angry curls. One wyrm still circled, wings tattered but burning with rage. Bastian didn't hesitate. He stepped in front of her like a wall, his eyes dark with something Mira had never seen before.

He inhaled.

Vharok bared his teeth, and the air around them crackled like lightning catching its breath.

Then Bastian roared.

Not a shout. Not a command. A sound ripped from the very center of him, ancient and wild. His hands clenched, fire spilling from his fingertips—blue and silver, laced with stormlight. It struck the cliffs with a force that shattered stone. The rogue wyrm shrieked once, then vanished into dust and sky.

Mira blinked, barely holding herself upright. "What...was that?"

"Stormfire," Bastian said, panting. "It's not supposed to be used like that."

"You think?" Her voice was slurred with pain, but the sarcasm was still alive.

"You're hurt." He didn't wait for permission. He stepped close, scooped her up with both arms, and ignored the way she winced. "There's shelter up the ridge. Hold on."

She did.

Sort of.

The world tilted with every step. Her shoulder throbbed, ribs aching from the fall, dust still caked in her mouth. Liorith flew overhead, trailing them like a silent guard, her wings

stretched wide and glowing. Vharok growled from behind, his massive tail dragging trenches in the dirt.

They reached the cave just as Mira's head dropped against his shoulder.

It was small and narrow, barely more than a hollow in the rocks, but the fire they lit filled it with gold. Shadows danced across the walls. The air was still, heavy with soot and breath. Mira curled against the cool stone, eyes fluttering half-shut.

Bastian stood over her, hands flexing at his sides.

"You should sit," she said weakly.

He didn't move.

Then, quietly, like it hurt to say it—"I nearly lost you."

Mira's gaze softened. "You didn't."

"I almost did," he snapped. "If I'd been slower—if you'd landed harder—if I'd hesitated—"

"But you didn't." She pulled herself upright with a groan. "You found me. You caught me. You burned the sky down."

"That's not the point," he muttered.

She tilted her head. "Then what is?"

He turned away, hand braced against the wall. "I can't think straight when you're in danger."

Mira blinked.

"I was built to be cold. Calculated. No weakness, no cracks. And then you—chaotic, fierce, infuriating—you scream and it shatters everything. Even my breath."

Silence followed, but it didn't feel empty.

Bastian looked back at her, jaw tight. "I need you. That's the worst part. Not your strength. Not your dragon. You."

Her breath caught.

He stepped forward slowly, as if afraid the cave itself might collapse from the weight of what he'd said.

“I don’t know how to be this,” he added, voice low. “Not with anyone. Not even myself.”

Mira didn’t answer with words.

She lifted one shaky hand and touched his cheek, soft and open. Her fingers brushed the edge of his jaw, rough with dirt and heat. He leaned into it.

His eyes closed.

And for the first time, the boy who was always ice became something else—ash, smoke, the soft ember glow of someone finally letting go.

She pulled him closer.

Just the press of her palm to his skin, and the way he sighed like something inside him had stopped breaking.

He slid down beside her. The cave floor was hard, but neither of them moved. They stayed like that—shoulders touching, foreheads nearly aligned, breathing in sync.

Mira tucked her legs beneath her. Her body ached, her mind buzzed, but his warmth was steady. His presence a strange kind of balm.

“Bastian,” she whispered.

He didn’t open his eyes. “I know.”

The fire crackled, low and lazy. Outside, the wind howled across the cliffs, but inside the cave, it was all heartbeat and hush.

He stretched out beside her, arm slipping behind her back. Mira shifted, letting her weight fall into him. He didn’t tense this time. He welcomed it.

Minutes passed. Maybe hours. Neither of them measured time anymore.

The mission could wait. The dragons could rest.

Right now, it was just Mira and the boy who claimed he was heartless, letting her fingers curl into his shirt as they drifted into sleep.

Share to your friends

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

[ 773 words ]

## Chapter 76 Tell Me What You Want

77

+8 Pearls

Clyde shot Tyrone a sharp glare, then flashed Aella a wide grin. “Aella, Dad and Mom asked me to come get you.”

Aella didn't even glance at Tyrone. She just handed her suitcase to Clyde. “Let's go.”

Clyde took it with one hand and looped his other arm through hers. The two of them walked into the apartment complex together.

Tyrone didn't move. His arm dropped to his side as he stared after them until they disappeared through the gate.

That same night, on the third floor of the Regal Club.

Tyrone opened the door and spotted Raine. His expression darkened. “Why aren't you home this late?”

She hid behind Brad. “Grandpa told me to let you know tomorrow is Thanksgiving. He wants you to bring Aella to the Winter Estate for dinner.”

Tyrone just nodded without looking at her.

Raine dragged her feet, but Brad snatched her bag and pulled her toward the exit. “Tyrone, hang on. I'll walk your sister out.”

After they left, Zera knocked and came in.

Tyrone squinted when he saw her.

She quickly explained, “Don't get the wrong idea. I just saw you here and thought I'd before leaving.”

say

hi

He gave a short nod, clearly in no mood.

Zera stepped closer, speaking carefully. “Tyrone, Orson has been going on and on about you. He's free tomorrow. Want to grab lunch together?”

Tyrone swirled his drink, sounding uninterested. "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. I've got to bring Aella back for the family dinner."

The moment she heard Aella's name, her smile faltered.

It lasted only a second before she forced her composure back.

She smiled. "It's nice your wife returned. I won't bother you."

1/3

12:53 Thu, **Oct 9**

Chapter 76 Tell Me What You Want

+8 Pearls

Then she left the room gracefully.

Out in the hallway, she stopped at the corner, leaning against the wall and breathing hard.

She planned to use Aella's absence to patch things up with Tyrone.

But Aella came back sooner than she thought.

Seeing Tyrone so distracted, Zera finally turned and left.

As long as he kept Orson a secret, there'd always be a wall between him and Aella. That meant Zera still had hope.

Meanwhile, at the Reid Residence.

Dinner was over, and everyone sat together. Aella was in the kitchen, washing dishes while chatting with her parents.

"Aella, phone for you."

Clyde handed it over, and she glanced at the unfamiliar number.

Hesitating, she wiped her hands and stepped into the living room to answer it.

When Zera's voice came through the line, Aella couldn't help but frown.

After the call, she made an excuse about taking out the trash and headed outside.

Zera was waiting and walked right up. “Ms. Reid, Tyrone told me you were back, so I came to see you.”

She held out a box of red velvet cupcakes and a fruit basket.

Aella

gave her a mocking look and didn't take them.

Tyrone had no problem staying away from home for a whole month for Zera, never once explaining.

But the second Aella came back, he ran to tell Zera.

If that's not love, what is?

Aella kept her cool. “I'm not taking your stuff. Just tell me what you want.”

They stood face-to-face on the roadside. Zera set the gifts down.

2/3

**12:53 Thu, Oct 9**

Chapter 76 Tell Me What You Want

77

+8 Pearls:

She studied Aella's flawless face, jealousy flickering in her eyes. “You came back for Thanksgiving, right? When do you plan to leave?”

Aella frowned. “That's none of your business. If you can't get to the point, I'm leaving.”

When Aella started to walk off, Zera blocked her way. “Ms. Reid, I know you're upset about me and Tyrone. But the more you scheme, the more he'll despise you.”

Aella pursed her lips, saying nothing.

Indeed, Tyrone and Zera were cut from the same cloth.

They were both so full of themselves.

Zera went on, “You let us move into your villa, redecorate it, left divorce papers and a bank card, and even gave me your wedding ring. You weren’t being generous—you were just trying to push Tyrone back to you. Isn’t that right?”

Aella held back her anger and shot back, “Zera, you’re wasting your time with me. You should be convincing Tyrone to divorce me so you can marry him with your kid.”

If it were the old her, she would’ve slapped Zera or cursed her out.

But after her family’s downfall and three loveless years with Tyrone, she’d lost those sharp edges.

Send Gifts



Share to your friends

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

[ 641 words ]

## Chapter 18

Aug 19, 2025

The gates of Caerborn didn’t welcome so much as swallow. As soon as Mira stepped off Liorith’s back, the air changed. Heavier. Sharper. Like the walls already knew what had happened beyond them—and were hungry for more.

Students stood near the stables, pretending not to stare. They whispered behind polished vambraces, smirks barely hidden behind mugs of steamroot tea. Mira kept walking. Head high. Shoulders squared. Her shoulder still ached from the canyon fall, but she didn’t limp.

She didn’t give them that satisfaction.

Bastian walked behind her, close but not touching. His jaw clenched, eyes narrowed like he wanted to blast fire at every passing sneer. But she didn’t look back at him. Not once. They hadn’t talked since the cave. What was there to say when silence had said everything?

By the time Mira reached her quarters, the rumor had already reached the walls ahead of her.

“She threw herself at him.”

“I heard she begged.”

“She probably used magic. Mudblood tricks.”

And the worst one, said with a mocking pout and faux sweetness: “He was lonely. She was... available.”

Tessan’s voice. Mira would’ve known it anywhere.

She didn’t bother turning around. Didn’t slap her. Not this time. Because now she knew something Tessan didn’t.

Tessan was loud.

Mira was wildfire.

Still, the mockery didn’t stop. Mira could feel it in the way people shifted when she entered. The sudden silences. The eyes that crawled over her like she was made of scandal and desperation. But for once, she didn’t shrink.

Let them talk.

Let them guess what really happened in that cave.

The next morning, combat lecture turned bloody. They’d been paired off for technique drills—Bastian with some first-year, Mira with a brick of a boy who refused to make eye contact. The hall buzzed with low conversation, most of it not about the actual weapons they were supposed to be handling.

Then someone said it.

Not a whisper this time. A full-volume drawl from the back row. “Wonder if Bastian taught her swordplay in the cave—or just let her handle his blade.”

Mira stilled.

The instructor—an older veteran with half a face and even less patience—kept talking, unaware or uncaring.

But Bastian heard it.

He didn’t hesitate. He tossed his practice blade across the room like it weighed nothing, marched up the aisle, and hauled the boy out of his seat by the collar.

“Say her name again,” Bastian growled, “and I’ll break your jaw.”

The boy blinked, caught between terror and disbelief. “It was a joke—”

“That goes for instructors, too,” Bastian barked, eyes slicing toward the front.

The instructor dropped his chalk.

Silence fell like a guillotine.

No one breathed. Mira didn’t move. Her pulse thundered, but she didn’t speak. Bastian’s voice rang in every corner of the room, echoing louder than any blade.

He let go of the boy, who slumped back into his seat like a puppet cut from its strings. Bastian turned, his expression unreadable again, and stalked out. No one stopped him.

Mira stared down at her palms, red from gripping her dagger too tightly.

Later, in the corridor, Tessen leaned against a column like she’d been waiting for applause.

“How noble,” she drawled. “Defending your little pet. Is this the part where you kiss her again in front of everyone, or just torch the next person who points out what she is?”

Mira stepped closer, calm as stone. “You’re still talking.”

Tessen didn’t flinch. Her smile sharpened.

“You think he sees you?” Tessen’s voice lowered to a hiss. “He doesn’t. He sees a distraction. A mistake. Something he’ll regret the second this trial ends.”

“Funny,” Mira said flatly. “He didn’t sound regretful.”

Tessen’s nostrils flared.

“I warned you before,” she said, voice tightening. “You don’t belong here. You’re a mudblood with a dragon too good for you and a boy too confused to see straight.”

Mira didn’t answer. She turned, ready to walk away.

But Tessen leaned in, one last barb twisting off her tongue.

“If no one else will end this mudblood bond,” she hissed, “I will.”

Share to your friends

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

[ 803 words ]

Once Cast–Off Wife, Now Untouchable Queen

Chapter 77 He Only Believes Her

+8 Pearis

The once–spoiled, headstrong heiress from the Reids in Vleka was long gone. Now, she was scarred, battered, and hypersensitive.

Facing Aella, Zera suddenly felt small. She lifted her chin on purpose, trying to look calm and graceful.

She sneered. “Tyrone has a strong sense of responsibility. He won’t divorce you partly because of his family, partly out of pity.”

Then, she sighed. “I get why he’s stuck. I won’t pressure him for a divorce, but he’s always loved me. His heart is with me and our son. All you’ll ever have is that empty title of wife.”

“Shut up!”

Clyde suddenly appeared and kicked Zera hard into the street.

“Ah!”

“Clyde!”

The squeal of brakes filled the air, followed by Zera’s scream and Aella’s panicked shout for Clyde to stop.

A car hit Zera, tossing her several feet away. She lay on the ground, crying for help.

The driver jumped out to check on her, quickly grabbing his phone to call the police.

Zera clutched his pants, begging, “Please, don’t call the cops. He’s just a teenager, still in high school. If he gets a record, it’ll ruin his future.”

The driver thought she was kind for worrying about Clyde, then called for the ambulance.

Aella was at a loss for words. Clyde had started it. If Zera wanted to press charges, her brother would be stuck with a record.

She calmed Clyde down, telling him to go home and talk to their parents. Then, she followed the ambulance to the hospital to make sure Zera was checked out.

Later, when Zera was settled in her ward, Clyde showed up anyway, worried.

But right as he walked in, Tyrone arrived as well.

Tyrone brushed past the Reid siblings without a glance and went straight to Zera's bed.

1/3

12:53 Thu, **Oct 9**

Chapter 77 He Only Believes Her

When she saw him, Zera tried to sit up and collapsed into his arms, sobbing.

He instinctively glanced at Aella.

She just turned her head away.

Tyrone carefully pushed Zera back. "Calm down. Tell me what happened."

๗๓

77

+8 Pearls

Zera dabbed at her tears and glanced at Aella and Clyde. "Tyrone, I'm sorry. I only came because I heard your wife was back. I wanted to apologize and ask her to live well with you."

"That's bullshit!" Clyde exploded.

"Clyde, enough. Go home first," Aella said quickly.

His eyes burned with fury. "Aella, she deserves to be beaten!"

She held him back tightly, afraid he'd lose control again.

Zera seized the moment. "Tyrone, I'm not lying. I even brought fruit and cupcakes for her. The driver saw it."

Tyrone looked to the driver, who immediately confirmed it. “This lady is telling the truth. She begged me not to call the police because she didn’t want the boy to get a record. Otherwise, I’d have called right away!”

Before the Reid siblings could explain, Zera pointed at Clyde. “He attacked me out of nowhere and kicked me into the street. He wanted me dead!”

Hot-headed as ever, Clyde couldn’t stand it. He shoved Aella aside and lunged at Zera. “I’ll kill you!”

Tyrone shot up and caught Clyde’s swinging fist easily.

Zera screamed and ducked behind Tyrone.

Holding Clyde’s arm in a steel grip, Tyrone said coldly, “Clyde, apologize.”

Clyde’s forehead veins stood out, his teeth clenched as he doubled over. “Let me go!”

Aella rushed to pry Tyrone’s hand off. “Tyrone, let go of Clyde!”

The whole ward turned into chaos.

Zera lowered her head to hide her smirk.

When she looked up again, she pretended to persuade Tyrone. “Tyrone, don’t get so worked up

2/3

12:53 Thu, **Oct 9**

Chapter 77 He Only Believes Her

over me. It’s just a bruise—nothing serious. Let him go.”

Tyrone had one hand on Clyde’s wrist and the other on Aella’s shoulder.

+8 Pearls:

He moved her slightly in front of him. “Aella, I get that you want to protect your brother, but there’s a line. He screwed up—he needs to apologize!”

She struggled against him. “Your precious woman started this! Clyde was just defending himself!”

Tyrone countered, “Zera brought you fruit and cupcakes. She was trying to make peace. How is that wrong?”

Aella shot back, “So just because your mistress acts nice, I’m supposed to accept it? Are you even listening to yourself?”

He answered calmly, “Zera only did that to stop the driver from calling the cops.”

Aella stared at him. “If I told you she planned all of this, would you believe me?”

Without thinking, Tyrone said, “Zera wouldn’t do something like that.”

Her eyes were red, but she stubbornly held back her tears. “If you’ve already decided to trust her, why even ask me anything?”

Send Gifts

Share to your friends

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

[ 798 words ]

Chapter 78 I’ll Make Him Pay

They locked eyes for a moment, but Tyrone was the first to look away.

Aella snapped, “If you’ve got nothing to say, then just shut up.”

She stumbled back a few steps from his push.

Seeing Tyrone shove Aella, Clyde instantly burned with rage.

+8 Pearls

Ignoring the sharp pain in his wrist, he jerked free from Tyrone’s grip and heard a sickening pop as his joint dislocated.

Tyrone froze in shock and immediately let go.

Clyde clutched his arm, his face twisted in pain, nearly collapsing.

“Clyde!”

Both Tyrone and Aella rushed over. She cried and shoved him away.

She held Clyde's arm with tears in her eyes. "Don't be scared, Clyde. I'll get you to a doctor."

Clyde's face was pale from the pain, but his eyes were red with fury. "Aella, when I grow up, I swear I'll make him pay for this!"

Aella finally broke down, tears streaming uncontrollably.

Seeing her so wrecked, Tyrone felt a sharp pain twist in his chest.

He stepped closer, his voice softening unconsciously.

"Aella, don't away."

cry. It's my

fault. I didn't control my strength. I'll get the best doctor for Clyde right

She clutched Clyde's arm and looked up at Tyrone, tears pouring down like a broken dam.

Her lips quivered as she tried to say something, then burst into a bitter, self-mocking laugh.

The more she laughed, the harder she cried.

Tyrone's chest tightened, like something was squeezing it.

Aella said nothing else. She simply helped Clyde out of the ward.

If Tyrone was going to believe Zera and ignore her, then there was nothing left to fight for.

1/3

**12:53 Thu, Oct 9**

Chapter 78 I'll Make Him Pay

€77

+8 Pearls

He followed them toward the door. "Aella, let me take you to Dr. Zimmer. He's in the ER."

Just then, Zera doubled over, clutching her stomach. "Tyrone, it hurts so much."

He released Aella's hand and rushed back to Zera's side, helping her sit up gently.

He glanced toward the door. "Zera's not feeling well. I'll call a doctor for her first. Clyde's hand is probably just dislocated. Take him to the ER. I'll catch up soon."

Clyde kicked the door angrily. "We never want to see you again!"

Aella gripped his aching, trembling arm and didn't look back. Swallowing her pain, she helped him out.

About half an hour later, she came out of the ER with Clyde. Their parents, worried sick, were waiting.

She handed him over. "Dad, Mom, take Clyde home. I'll pay the bill and get his medicine."

Miriam looked worried. "We'll wait by the entrance."

After grabbing Clyde's medicine, Aella paused by Zera's ward. She watched Tyrone carefully talk to the doctor about Zera's condition, staying quiet.

When Tyrone noticed her, he quickly came out. "What did the doctor say about Clyde's hand?"

Aella kept her head down and walked past him.

Inside the ward, she placed a stack of medical forms in front of Zera. "My brother hurt you; your man hurt my brother. We're even."

Tyrone felt a strange tightness in his chest.

Zera glanced at him, then quickly spoke. "Mrs. Winter, please don't say that. You're misunderstanding me and Tyrone."

Aella glanced over, then turned and left.

In the hallway, Tyrone grabbed her wrist. "Aella, we need to talk."

She shook his hand off and tried to leave. He didn't let go and pulled her into a corner, searching her face for any sign of emotion.

"Aella, we're married. What did you mean by what you said to Zera?"

Aella stopped. "You give all your love and trust to Zera, and now you two have a kid. For the

2/3

12:53 Thu, **Oct 9**

Chapter 78 I'll Make Him Pay

+8 Pearls

woman you love, you hurt my brother right in front of me. What kind of marriage is this?"

Tyrone held her hand. "Zera is just kind. She hates conflict. She only came to make peace with you."

Aella sneered. "You want your wife and your side chick to get along? Tyrone, do you hear yourself?"

They stared at each other silently for a moment.

Then, he said, "You're my wife. Zera is just my past. I saw the security footage tonight, and there was a witness. I didn't wrongly accuse Clyde."

Aella held back her anger, her gaze on Tyrone growing colder. The witnesses came afterward, and the surveillance footage was reviewed later.

Earlier, Tyrone had gone straight to Zera in the ward. He ignored Aella and Clyde, just listening to Zera's side of the story.

Seeing Aella stay silent, he tried to explain. "I'm responsible for Clyde's injury. I lost control. None of this is Zera's fault. Don't take it out on her."

Send Gifts

M

Share to your friends

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

[ 664 words ]

**Chapter 19**

Aug 19, 2025

It started with the wind the next day—cooperative, for once. The kind that didn't fight every turn, didn't bite through leather and skin, didn't shove them off course just for the fun of it. Mira leaned into Liorith's glide, letting the silver wings slice the air in smooth arcs as if the sky had finally decided to welcome her instead of test her.

Across from her, Bastian and Vharok cut through the clouds with the same fluid ease.

There was no tension between them, no jarring pauses or misread signals. Their dragons soared like a single body with two hearts, wings beating in time, fire pulsing through the sky like breath. It wasn't just flight—it was dance, power, and trust.

Below, the instructors clustered near the edge of the cliffs, their heads tilted skyward, mouths moving quickly. Mira didn't need to hear the words to know they were impressed. She felt it in the way their eyes tracked her every move. For once, it wasn't because they doubted her—it was because they couldn't look away.

The cadets were watching too.

Not whispering. Not sneering. Watching.

When the dragons landed on the high ridge, Liorith touched down first, her claws barely skimming the rock. Vharok followed close behind, his descent measured—like he was trying not to show he respected her lead, but couldn't quite help it.

Mira swung down from the saddle, her braid snapping in the wind. She turned just in time to see Bastian already walking toward her.

He stopped beside her, shoulder brushing hers, but didn't say anything.

"They're still staring," she muttered, eyes fixed ahead.

Bastian didn't mind. "Let them. They've got nothing better to do."

Mira's mouth twitched. "Probably hoping we screw it up. Big fall, lots of drama."

He shrugged. "Then we don't give them the show."

It wasn't flashy. It wasn't flirty. It was just him—quiet, steady, choosing her side like it was obvious.

And for once, Mira didn't shift away. She didn't tug her jacket tighter or shift her stance to cover her body. Today, she wore what the rest of them did—tight gear meant for speed and strength—and she didn't shrink inside it.

Let them look. She had nothing to hide.

Bastian noticed. She could feel it.

He simply looked—like she was worthy of being seen, not just tolerated. And when she laughed at something Liorith muttered in her mind, his lips curved too.

Their next spar was different.

Not because they were trying to impress anyone, but because they didn't have to anymore. Mira stepped into the ring without hesitation. Bastian followed without question. Their blades met in the center, clanging once—then again—before slipping into a rhythm so sharp, so clean, it silenced the yard.

Mira ducked. Bastian pivoted.

She struck high. He blocked low.

No falters. No wasted movement. Their bodies knew what to do before their minds caught up. Even the instructors didn't interrupt, too caught in the precision of it. When she locked his blade and flipped them both with a twist of her hips, he let it happen—hit the ground and laughed.

The sound startled her more than the move.

She reached out, offering a hand.

"You're getting slow," she said, breathless.

"You're getting cocky." He smirked, taking her hand. "I like it."

She pulled him up, and he didn't let go right away. Their hands stayed clasped a beat longer than needed. Long enough for the tension to shift again—not into danger, but into something warmer. Something with promise.

They stood close.

"Think they'll give us extra points for style?" she asked.

"Probably just more bruises."

Mira grinned, still high on adrenaline, still flushed from the fight. But Bastian didn't look like he wanted to fight anymore. He stepped in, just enough for her to feel the heat of him.

“When this is over,” he said, voice low, eyes locked on hers, “when the final Skybrand exam is done—”

She didn’t move.

“I’m yours.”

Time slowed. Mira could feel her pulse in her ears, in her fingertips, in the way her hand curled instinctively around the front of his shirt. Her voice came quieter, more certain than she expected.

“We’d better survive then.”

Share to your friends

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

[ 812 words ]

Chapter 79 He Doesn’t Need Your Concern

Tears welled up in Aella’s eyes. “With you always protecting her, do you think I’d dare?”

They locked eyes for a moment, and Tyrone’s gaze wavered.

+8 Pearls

He quickly looked down and tried to shift the topic. “How’s Clyde’s hand? I’ll check on him.”

go

with

you to

His attitude cut her deep.

Thinking about her brother’s strained expression and the hurt in his wrist, Aella felt a sharp ache in her chest.

Smack!

Without thinking, she slapped Tyrone across the face.

The sharp sound echoed through the scene, leaving a heavy silence behind.

Tyrone turned, staring at her in shock. Anger flickered in his eyes.

Her eyes were red as she snapped, “Clyde has always looked up to you and wanted to be close to you. But you hurt him for a woman! You don’t even deserve to be his brother-in-law.”

Aella stormed off. Tyrone didn’t try to stop her.

At home, she found Clyde looking pale and hurt, guilt eating away at her.

Leaving his room with tears, she told her parents, “Dad, Mom, this is all my fault.”

Miriam quietly wiped her tears, heart aching for her kids.

Warren looked dejected. He lowered his head, trying to comfort Aella. “Your brother is always hot-headed. Let him learn the hard way.”

Aella went back to her room and let the tears finally fall.

While crying, she grabbed her phone and messaged her lawyer, Patrick Johnson.

If Tyrone refused to sign the divorce papers, she was ready to fight in court.

Meanwhile, Tyrone settled into his new apartment at Bluehaven.

On the balcony, Brad stood next to Tyrone. They leaned on the railing, cigarettes in hand.

1/3

12:53 **Thu, Oct 9**

Chapter 79 He Doesn’t Need Your Concer

ณ

6773

+8 Pearls

When Brad heard what happened to Clyde, he gave Tyrone a thumbs-up. “You actually hit your brother-in-law? Man, you’ve got guts. Respect.”

Tyrone's expression darkened. "I didn't hit him. He tried to pull away and dislocated his wrist."

Brad rolled his eyes. "Zera knew Aella would misunderstand, but she went anyway. If I were Clyde, I'd have punched her too."

Tyrone shook his head. "Zera just wanted to make peace, convince Aella to come back and live with me. She meant no harm."

After a pause, he added, "Clyde has been spoiled. He's stubborn and protective. He'll even fight with me, so there's no way he'll go easy on Zera."

Brad stubbed out his cigarette, trying to talk some sense into Tyrone. "Look, the whole Reid family has a bad attitude—they're useless. Aella is spoiled and dramatic. Apart from her looks, she can't even compare to Zera. You'd better divorce her and send her far away."

Tyrone's face remained dark, but Brad didn't back down.

"Zera is a pure and kind angel. She doesn't have a selfish bone in her body. You'd be crazy not to marry her."

Tyrone leaned on the railing. "Trying to provoke me won't work. I'm not divorcing Aella."

Brad sighed. "Fine. Tomorrow is Juneteenth. If you're so confident, bring Aella home for the holiday first. Then tell me again you two are not getting divorced."

After Brad left, Tyrone stayed on the balcony, thinking.

He'd known Aella for over 20 years. She had never shown him any disrespect—not even jokingly.

Even during the month he stayed away because of Zera, she never laid a hand on him.

But tonight, she slapped him.

Tyrone rubbed the spot on his face where Aella had slapped him, feeling the sting.

All he could picture were her sharp, determined eyes.

He couldn't sleep and wandered around his apartment.

He didn't even know what he was looking for, or what he wanted.

He just couldn't stop pacing or calm down.

2/3

**12:53 Thu, Oct 9**

77)

Chapter 79 He Doesn't Need Your Concerns

The next day at noon, Juneteenth.

8 Pearls

Aella had just finished putting ointment on Clyde's wrist when Tyrone showed up carrying gifts.

Even though they were going through a divorce, they weren't officially separated yet.

Her parents were trying to keep things civil.

But after Tyrone had hurt their son for another woman last night, they weren't exactly welcoming him.

Miriam's anger flared. "You hurt my daughter for another woman, and now my son too? What are you even doing here?"

Warren made it clear he wanted Tyrone out. "We don't welcome people like you here. Just leave."

Tyrone stared at Aella's bedroom door, deep in thought.

"Warren, Miriam, I admit I was wrong last night. I just wanted to check on Clyde's hand."

Miriam's eyes were cold. "Clyde doesn't need your concern. Leave, now!"

Seeing how upset they were, Tyrone kept his tone calm. "I know you've got the wrong idea about me. But Aella and I aren't divorced yet. We're still legally married."

Send Gifts

Share to your friends

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

[ 893 words ]

## Chapter 20

Oct 7, 2025

The mountain baths were never silent, not even at night. Steam hissed from the stone cracks, swirling over the water in soft, pearly ribbons. Somewhere beyond the mist, wind moaned against the cavern walls like the mountain itself was exhaling.

Mira didn't mean to find him here. The overlook above the scorched arena was usually empty this time of day—too exposed, too quiet—but Bastian stood at the edge, arms folded, eyes on the sky like it held answers. Or warnings.

She paused in the shadow of the archway, heart pounding for no good reason. Tomorrow, the final exams would begin—three days, three trials, and only one shot at not dying. The Rise was more than a name. It was survival or failure. Bonded dragons had to fly the gauntlet, withstand direct combat, and scale the firestorm cliffs without falling. A single misstep could mean disqualification. Or worse.

She just needed air, a break, a place where her body wasn't being tested or whispered about. But when her boots echoed on the wet stone and she rounded the bend, there he was — Bastian, half-submerged in the largest pool, steam curling around his bare chest like it knew he was dangerous.

He didn't look surprised to see her. Just met her eyes with a calm so quiet it felt louder than shouting.

"I thought I'd be alone," she said.

"So did I," he replied, not moving. "You want me to leave?"

"No." Her cloak fell from her shoulders before she could think better. "I want you to stay."

She stepped into the water slowly, letting the heat crawl up her legs and thighs until it reached her ribs, until her lungs felt too full. The water closed around her.

He watched her. Not her body. Her. Like he could see through every layer she'd ever used to protect herself. She hated and loved it.

"You've been quiet since the last trial," she said.

"So have you."

"That's different."

“Is it?” His voice didn’t rise, but it struck low and clean. “You always look at me like you’re waiting for a reason not to.”

“Because I am.”

He moved toward her through the water. No splashing. Just slow, steady ripples like the heat had learned how to walk. “Then stop.”

Her chest rose once, hard. “You don’t make it easy.”

“I’m not supposed to.”

And then his hand was on her cheek — rough fingers, damp from the pool, brushing away a drop of steam that might’ve been a tear if she were weaker. She didn’t pull away. Her skin burned where he touched her, but not from heat.

“You said I ruin you,” she murmured. “But you ruin me too.”

“I know.”

That should’ve scared her. Instead, it anchored her.

Bastian’s mouth crushed into hers like he’d finally given in. Mira didn’t hesitate—she kissed him back just as hard. It wasn’t soft, wasn’t sweet. It was messy and desperate, like they’d both reached their limit.

She gasped when his hands found her waist, gripping tight. He lifted her easily, and her legs wrapped around him with instinct. Her body pressed against his—warm, wet, and aching for more. The heat of the spring clung to them, and it felt like there was no barrier left between them.

He kissed down her neck, slow and rough, then between the soft curves of her breasts, and she shivered.

“Tell me to stop,” he said, his breath ragged.

“Don’t you dare,” she whispered. “Touch me like you want to. I can take it.”

He groaned, pinning her against the rock wall, mouth back on hers. His fingers slid beneath her underwear, brushing over her slick folds, and she jerked against him.

“Damn, Mira...” His voice was rough in her ear. “You’re so ready.”

Her hips rolled into his hand. “Then stop teasing me.”

She yanked at his belt, her fingers impatient. He hissed when she freed him, her hand wrapping around him with firm, slow strokes.

“Mira,” he gasped, his forehead resting against hers. “You’re driving me insane.”

“Then lose it,” she murmured, guiding him toward her. “Lose it with me.”

He pressed into her in one deep thrust, both of them gasping. She was tight, her body gripping him perfectly, and he had to close his eyes to keep from finishing too fast.

“God—you feel so good,” he groaned.

Mira clutched his shoulders, rocking against him, her voice breathless. “I’ve wanted this for so long.”

He started moving, deep and steady, every thrust drawing a whimper from her throat. Her moans weren’t loud, but raw and real, her nails dragging down his back as she met every movement with her own.

“You’re everything,” he murmured against her neck. “All I’ve thought about.”

Her hands cupped his face, pulling him into another kiss—hot and open and completely unguarded.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered. “Please, Bastian—don’t stop.”

Her voice broke as he picked up the pace, his hand finding her clit again. She was already close, her body trembling around him.

“I’ve got you,” he said, his lips brushing her cheek.

Her body locked up around him, her head falling back as her climax hit, her mouth forming his name on a choked gasp. He held her tight as she shook, feeling every contraction around him, and it pushed him over the edge with a groan.

He buried himself deep, spilling into her, his arms locked around her body like he’d never let go.

They stayed like that—breathing hard, wet skin pressed close, the world narrowed down to each other.

“You okay?” he finally whispered.

She nodded against his shoulder. “More than okay.”

Share to your friends

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