

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife Is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 1 A Divorce And A New Start

"Let's end this marriage."

That single sentence was all it took to plunge Christina Jones into a woman unwanted by a wealthy family. Three years of loyalty to her husband, Brendon Dawson, had bought her nothing but heartbreak.

On the day that should have marked a joyful third anniversary, Christina had gone to Brendon's office, eager to invite him out to celebrate. Stepping inside, her eyes fell immediately on an ornate necklace gleaming atop his desk. She had believed the necklace was meant for her.

However, Brendon noticed her stare and snapped the jewelry box shut with a careless hand. "Yolanda's come back. This is her present," he explained, his words sharp and cool, making sure there was no room left for misunderstanding.

Everything became painfully clear in that instant. Christina dropped her gaze, thick-rimmed glasses doing little to mask the ache and disappointment swimming in her eyes.

Brendon's old flame, Yolanda Mitchell, had returned and reclaimed her place in his heart. Meanwhile, Christina realized that after three years at Brendon's side, she'd never really belonged there-never held his love, always on the outside, now set aside like something worn out and unnecessary.

Irritation creased Brendon's brow, his patience fraying as he watched Christina stand silently, shoulders slumped. "I'll make sure you're compensated. Let's get this over with and move on. Don't kid yourself into thinking you belong where you never did," he said, his voice cold and final.

Honestly, Brendon had never found fault with Christina's appearance, figure, or way of managing the household. The thing was, she simply bored him. In his eyes, she was flavorless-a meal that left him unsatisfied, easy to set aside. Efficiency in the home didn't make her the woman he longed for.

Christina's silence only deepened the lines in Brendon's forehead. His tone grew cold. "You've got three days to make up your mind. Don't test my patience-I won't wait forever."

Without a flicker of hesitation, Christina replied, "No need for more time. I'll sign right now." She calmly picked up the pen and wrote her name on the divorce papers.

Together, they went through the motions at court, and soon every legal formality was behind them.

Walking out, Christina felt a heavy ache in her chest, yet a strange sense of freedom crept in as well.

The hope of ever reaching Brendon's heart was gone-she would no longer waste her life in a one-sided relationship. From now on, there'd be no more oscillating between hope and heartbreak, no more self-inflicted wounds from loving a man who couldn't love her back. Lingering pain had felt like dying by a thousand tiny cuts; best to finish it all at once. Now, at last, it was done-irrevocably finished.

A sudden ring from Brendon's phone broke into Christina's reverie. He answered, worry quickly sharpening his features. "What? Yolanda's been hospitalized? I'm on my way!"

With no farewell, Brendon rushed to his car and sped away, never pausing to offer Christina a ride or even a second glance.

Whenever Yolanda was involved, Brendon would abandon everything, swept up in thoughts of her alone.

As soon as Brendon disappeared, a sleek black-and-red Bugatti rolled to a stop right in front of Christina.

Out hopped Davina Morris, Christina's closest friend, sporting a bold outfit and a wide, mischievous grin. "Freedom looks good on you, Christina. Congratulations on finally escaping that mess."

With a flick of her wrist, Davina tossed the keys to Christina, eyes twinkling. "How about something a little crazy tonight?"

Catching the car keys with effortless charm, Christina simply walked over and sat behind the wheel. "Hop in," she said, no hesitation in her voice.

Davina wasted no time in settling into the passenger seat. With a stomp on the accelerator, Christina left the courthouse-and the past-far behind.

The Bugatti tore down Azure Highway, the engine's roar mixing exhilaration with a sense of release.

"We really ought to hit a bar to celebrate. If you hadn't held me back, I would've uncorked a bottle and doused that jerk with it right then and there," Davina said, her indignation bubbling over.

"You pick the place. But first, I need a stop at the salon," Christina answered, her calm belying her need for a bit of reckless fun.

Davina shot her a side glance. "Three years off the radar, and people are still searching for you. When are you going to reclaim your crown and turn the medical world upside down again?"

A shrug was all Christina offered. "Haven't made any plans yet," she replied, voice cool and detached.

A sharp, almost mocking laugh slipped from Davina. "Word is, your ex is tearing up the city trying to track the legendary doctor King down, desperate to save his precious sweetheart. Imagine his face if he ever learns you're actually King."

Not a word left Christina's lips. She just stared ahead, her expression unreadable.

.....

Meanwhile, Brendon's car raced through traffic, his nerves raw with worry. He dialed his secretary mid-drive. "Still no progress on King's whereabouts?"

King's reputation echoed around the globe, a healer wrapped in legend and secrecy, vanished without a trace for three years. All attempts to locate King had led nowhere. The doctor's true identity remained a puzzle-no one had ever seen King's face, nor even confirmed their gender.

The secretary's voice crackled through the line. "We've contacted everyone we know, Mr. Dawson, but King is still missing."

Brendon's brow furrowed. "Don't stop until you find King. I don't care what it takes!"

"We'll keep at it!"

Restlessness gnawed at Brendon as he pulled into the hospital's parking lot and bolted toward the entrance. No matter how high the price, he wouldn't stop searching for King-Yolanda's life depended on it.