

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 10:

“Katie!” Brendon cut her off in a panic, his hands clammy as dread crept up his spine. As much as he hated to believe it, the possibility that Christina was truly Rose gnawed at him. And if that were true, then Katie stepping up to challenge her would be nothing short of walking into disaster. With Dylan overseeing the match, any thought of bending the rules was pure fantasy.

Standing beside Brendon, Yolanda’s lips tightened in disappointment—she’d been counting on this clash to drive an irreparable wedge between Christina and the Dawson family. But Brendon’s intervention had pulled the brakes before things spiraled too far.

Katie flinched at Brendon’s shout, and as calm slowly descended upon her, the bravado drained from her face, replaced by a cold wash of dread. Her aim was mediocre at best, and even if Christina wasn’t Rose, the odds were stacked against her. Losing wouldn’t just bruise her ego—it would come with brutal consequences—losing one of her hands.

“Well, if everyone’s done making a scene, I’ll be heading out for dinner,” Christina said casually, as if nothing of significance had just unfolded. Tradition held that the top ten shooters would be treated to dine at the Morfort Restaurant, with family members and friends allowed to tag along.

Christina recalled that Davina had raved about trying the Morfort Restaurant’s signature dishes—she decided it was the perfect time to indulge together.

With no further objections, Christina shifted her attention to Dylan. “Thanks for stepping in earlier, Mr. Scott. Until next time.”

Without waiting for a reply, she pivoted and walked off, her confidence leaving a silent echo in the space.

Bitterness burned in Katie’s eyes as she watched Christina disappear into the crowd. Her stomach twisted tighter when Dylan glanced after Christina, feeding the green monster of jealousy raging inside her. In Katie’s mind, Christina wasn’t talented—she was just manipulative, skilled only in wrapping men around her finger.

Unable to contain her fury, Katie began scheming, her thoughts spinning like storm clouds gathering. Feigning clumsiness, she moved toward Dylan, letting herself stumble dramatically in his direction.

Just before impact, Dylan caught the motion and turned, his expression sharpening in annoyance. With instinctive grace, he stepped aside, avoiding her like a raindrop dodged on reflex.

Katie hadn’t counted on that. She hit the floor hard, her balance vanishing along with her pride. “Ahh!” she cried out, the pain twisting her features in an exaggerated grimace.

Yolanda rushed forward, alarmed. “Katie!” she screamed, quickly crouching to lift Katie up.

Katie hissed as she rose, her face contorted, teeth clenched against the sting. Crimson streaks marred her arm, blood trickling from fresh scrapes.

“Mr. Scott, was there really nothing you could’ve done to stop Katie from falling?” Yolanda’s voice carried a hint of reproach.

But Dylan’s turned ice-cold, and without a word, he turned his back and sauntered away.

Ralph couldn’t hold back a derisive chuckle. “Consider yourself lucky. The last woman who tried something with Dylan didn’t walk away unscathed.”

Ralph scoffed. As if no one could see through these shallow, tired games? Please—transparency had never looked more obvious. Scheming against Dylan had always been a dangerous gamble—those who tried rarely escaped unscathed.

Choosing not to waste another breath on them, Ralph pivoted and strode after Dylan, each step exuding purpose.

Ralph’s mind shifted to Christina. Compared to the theatrics of Yolanda and Katie, she was a refreshing presence—and remarkably skilled at shooting.

Now, with the prize of King’s treatment, Christina held something every major family desperately wanted. The elite were already circling, eager to negotiate and willing to pay dearly to claim the treatment opportunity. Should she decide to put it up for sale, her status would skyrocket, securing her a seat at the most exclusive tables. Right now, she was a highly sought-after figure.

But the real question lingered: who among them had the power or leverage to secure the treatment opportunity from Christina?

Ralph, of course, hoped Dylan would be the one to succeed—but what would Christina ask in return? The possibilities stirred a mix of anticipation and curiosity within him.

Meanwhile, back in the hallway, Katie clenched her jaw to suppress a cry, the pain from her injuries forcing her to turn to Brendon with desperation. “Brendon, what...”

Now?” she asked, her voice brittle. “Christina hates you too much to ever give us that treatment.”

Tears welled in Yolanda’s eyes as she looked up at Brendon, her voice catching with measured sorrow. “Maybe it’s time to let go. I don’t care how long I have left—as long as I can spend it with you, that’s enough for me.”

Brendon felt his chest tighten at her words. He gripped her hand. “You’ll be alright, Yolanda. I swear I’ll find a way to make Christina give it to us willingly.”

Tears glimmered as Yolanda’s voice trembled with curiosity. “But how? What could possibly change her mind?”

