

Until You're Mine / Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 102:

Honestly, when those first test results came in, she had considered terminating the pregnancy. But her resolve wavered the moment she saw the small, flickering heartbeat on the ultrasound. She knew she couldn't give her baby up.

Strength had always been Laretta's hallmark—she never needed a husband, but she knew she wanted this baby. Confidence in her ability to raise a child on her own never wavered.

Yet, her father had been unyielding, issuing threats of disowning her if she refused to end the pregnancy. Presented with that stark choice, she had walked away from the Gomez family without a backward glance.

Those memories brought a sting to her eyes as she looked lovingly at her son, tears silently slipping down her cheeks. Her hand reached out, fingers gently curling around his tiny one. She regretted not ever reaching out to her family in the past five years, but she didn't regret keeping her son.

Calvin's words echoed in her mind, giving her the strength to exhale deeply and finally press the call button to her father's number.

Ringling filled her ears—uncertainty creeping in, she almost wavered and hung up, her finger trembling above the screen. But before she could act, the call connected.

"Hello?" That familiar voice crackled through the line, wearier and rougher with age.

Laretta's throat clenched, hot tears streaming down her face. A shaky hand covered her mouth, muffling the sobs that threatened to escape. Somehow, her father, Aldred Gomez, sensed it was her. "Laretta? Is that you?"

Background noises filtered in—another voice, gentle and concerned,

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"Who's calling so late, dear? You need your rest. The operation is soon—just hang up if it's not important."

Lauretta's tears came harder, but she pressed her lips together, determined to stay silent and not let her heartbreak spill out. Aldred's voice came again, softer now, threaded with hope. "Lauretta, is that really you?"

Emotion overwhelmed Lauretta at last, and a sob slipped past her lips. Noise crackled on the other end—Lauretta's mother's voice rang out, trembling with shock and excitement. "Lauretta? Is it really you, sweetheart? Did our Lauretta finally call?"

Tears thickened Lauretta's voice as she struggled to answer. "Yes, it's me. I'm so sorry."

Regret weighed heavy in Aldred's reply. "No, Lauretta, I'm the one who owes you an apology." Sobs broke up Lauretta's words, but she insisted, "It wasn't your fault. I was being stubborn."

Urgency cut through as Lauretta's mother, Doris Gomez, jumped in, her question breathless. "Lauretta, where are you right now? Are you in Lorbridge?"

"No, I'm in Dorfield. Once Caspien gets better, we'll transfer him to a hospital in Lorbridge," Lauretta replied, wiping her cheeks.

Their surprise echoed down the line. "Caspien?"

"Yes," Lauretta replied gently. "My son's name is Caspien. Your grandson."

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Stunned silence lingered for a heartbeat as Aldred processed the news, his resistance already beginning to thaw.

Doris, however, wasted no time. "Tell me, Lauretta, what's wrong with Caspien? Is he alright?"

Lauretta offered a gentle reassurance. "Since the surgery, things have stabilized. There's no need to worry." A moment passed as she collected her thoughts before adding, "Dr. Emmett mentioned your condition, Dad. I heard you're scheduled for surgery soon, right?"

Confirmation came quickly from Doris. “That’s right.”

Aldred chimed in, downplaying the concern, “It’s nothing serious, really. I’ll be alright.”

Brows knitted, Laurretta disagreed, concern etched in her tone. “How can you say that? Even Dr. Emmett isn’t quite confident about the procedure.”

Aldred brushed off her anxiety. “There’s always some risk with surgery. That’s just how it is. But tell me—what exactly is going on with your son? I want the full story.”

Laurretta gave her parents a brief rundown of Caspien’s condition, making sure to mention Christina’s intervention in securing Calvin’s expertise. She didn’t leave out the fact that Calvin was originally supposed to travel over for Aldred’s surgery, but now that plan had to wait. Apologies spilled from her lips. “I’m sorry, Dad. Your operation is on hold because of us.”

Aldred’s voice softened, kind and understanding. “There’s no need to apologize, Laurretta. Your son is part of the family. That’s all that matters.”

A new question surfaced in Laurretta’s mind. “Dad, do you happen to know anyone who can find Woodfort?”

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Her inquiry took Aldred by surprise. “What brings this up now?”

“Chloe was sick. King agreed to treat her, but one key ingredient of the prescription, Woodfort, was still missing.” Laurretta then shared how Christina had managed to get the chance of receiving King’s treatment and strike a deal with the Scott family. “Miss Jones reached out to me for help tracking down Woodfort. If we manage to find some, King might consider taking on your surgery.”

A thoughtful pause settled over Aldred before he finally spoke. “So the young woman who took first place at the shooting match is actually our family’s benefactor all along.”

A confirming nod was Laurretta’s response. “That’s right. Please, if you catch any news about Woodfort, tell me immediately. I owe Miss Jones a great deal for everything she’s done.”

An unexpected revelation slipped from Aldred’s lips. “I know who possesses Woodfort.”

Eager hope sparked in Laurretta’s voice as she asked, “Who is it?” She had expected it would take considerable time to stumble upon a lead, yet her father already had the answer.

A long, heavy sigh from Aldred drifted through the line, carrying a weight Laretta could feel.

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Chapter 104:

Laretta's instincts bristled with unease. "It's with the Norris family, isn't it?"

Aldred's reply came reluctantly. "Yes, it's with Dominic. Even though the engagement ended on peaceful terms, the fault was ours. You can't assume the Norris family harbors no resentment. Woodfort is exceptionally rare, and Dominic may refuse to part with it—especially after everything that's happened between us."

Determined not to trouble her parents further, Laretta assured them, "Don't worry. I'll handle it myself."

As soon as Laretta heard that Woodfort was with the Norris family, her resolve hardened—whatever it took, she would persuade Dominic to hand it over.

"Get some rest tonight. Once Caspien wakes in the morning, I'll video call so you can see him," Laretta said gently.

Morning arrived. Christina swung open her door to find Chloe waiting in her wheelchair, right outside.

A bright smile broke across Chloe's face. "You're up! I've been waiting for you," she said, stretching out her hands eagerly.

Stepping over, Christina clasped Chloe's hands, returning her smile. "I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long?"

Chloe shook her head, cheerfulness undimmed. "Not at all, I just got here. You came out right away!"

The truth was, Chloe had risen with the dawn and asked the staff to bring her to Christina's door. Out of consideration, she'd waited in silence, not wanting to disturb her friend's rest.

Guiding Chloe's wheelchair toward the elevator, Christina asked, "Where do you want to spend today?"

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Chloe took a moment to think, and then her eyes sparkled. "Can we go to the amusement park? I'd love that."

Christina didn't hesitate. "Absolutely, let's go," she replied warmly.

A wistful sigh slipped from Chloe as she murmured, "That's wonderful! It's just a pity I still can't see. I won't be able to watch you having fun..." Her long lashes drooped, a shadow of disappointment crossing her face.

Christina's grin was full of encouragement. "Who says you'll miss out? We'll bring a camera along and have someone snap photos all day. Once your sight comes back, you'll have plenty to look at."

That suggestion chased away Chloe's gloom, her eyes sparkling again. "What a great idea! Christina, you're so clever."

With a playful laugh, Christina teased, "We both have our clever moments."

Laughter bubbled up between them, Chloe's happiness so bright that it filled the room. "By the way, I had your favorite soup made for breakfast. Let's eat now and get an early start!"

"Sounds perfect," Christina responded, her smile widening.

Their morning meal was filled with laughter and warmth before they headed out together, Christina taking the driver's seat.

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Chapter 105:

Arriving at the amusement park, Christina made sure Chloe got to try every activity within reach, arranging for a photographer to capture every moment they shared.

Though amusement parks weren't usually her scene, Christina caught herself swept up in Chloe's delight—her friend's excitement proved infectious, turning every ride into something memorable.

Experiencing the day together, Christina realized that it made everything richer and brighter—sharing the fun was a world apart from enjoying it alone.

The afternoon arrived, painted in golden sunlight. Inside a high-end cafe reserved for the elite, quiet luxury filled the air.

Settled uneasily on a supple leather sofa near the towering windows, Laretta felt her nerves sharpen with every passing minute.

The sprawling city of Dorfield stretched out beneath her, vibrant and alive, but not even the dazzling skyline could hold her attention.

Her eyes darted around the room. Every so often, she tapped her phone to check the time, worry pinching her brow. A thought crept in, unwelcome but persistent—had Dominic decided not to show up after all?

Persistence had finally paid off for Laretta—she'd secured Dominic's contact details and reached out, setting this meeting in motion. For a moment, anxiety gnawed at her. Maybe Dominic still resented their broken engagement and would stand her up.

But then, movement by the entrance caught her attention—a tall, broad-shouldered man appeared, his cold expression and commanding presence unmistakable as he strode her way, lips drawn into a tight line. Could this be Dominic?

Fleeting memories flickered through Laretta's mind—glimpses of Dominic as a kid, round-faced and soft, so different from the imposing figure approaching now.

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In her memory, Dominic had been a bit pudgy—nothing like this dashing man. The man stopped just a step away, eyes locked on hers with a sharp intensity. Not a word left his lips.

Gathering her nerves, Laretta said, “Are you Dominic?”

His clipped response confirmed her guess. “Yes.”

Recovering quickly from her surprise, Laretta offered a warm smile and motioned to the chair. “Please, have a seat.”

Honestly, she was mildly shocked. This commanding, tall figure was actually Dominic. Time had worked wonders on him. The transformation from the chubby boy she once knew to this striking man was nothing short of astonishing.

Across the table, Dominic wasted no time. “What do you need from me, Ms. Gomez?” His tone was brisk, every trace of warmth absent. Every movement spoke of confidence as he sat down, posture flawless and presence quietly powerful.

“No need to rush. Why not have some coffee first?” Laretta said with a gentle smile. She planned to ease them into the discussion, hoping a bit of casual conversation would soften the mood and open a path to negotiation.

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Chapter 106:

But Dominic cut through her suggestion, his tone sharp. “I don’t drink coffee.” His eyes never wavered. “If you have business, get to it.”

A faint crack appeared in Laretta’s cheerful facade as she carefully placed her cup back on the table. Taking a steady breath, she said, “Alright, I’ll be direct... I’ve heard you have Woodfort. Is that true?”

The question drew a frown from Dominic. So this was the real reason for her invitation—a request for Woodfort, not some discussion about old ties. Though the matter itself wasn’t significant, slight displeasure prickled at him. Until now, he’d thought she’d called him here to revisit their long-canceled engagement.

His voice held a chill. “Suppose I am. What of it?”

Hope surged inside Laretta, lighting up her expression. Dominic’s reply left no doubt—he did have what she needed. Doing her best to mask her excitement, she leaned forward. “Would you consider selling it to me? I’d like to buy it.”

“I have no intention of selling it,” Dominic said, his voice growing even colder.

Awkwardness crept in, but Laretta held her ground. “Is this about my calling off the engagement? If you’re still upset about how things ended five years ago, I’ll apologize. I mean it—I’ll do whatever it takes to make it up to you...”

Dominic didn’t so much as blink. “And what exactly could you offer to make it up to me?” His face betrayed nothing.

Feeling hopeful, Laretta responded, “Name your terms, and I’ll do my best. Anything within reason and my principles, I’ll agree to.”

He shut down her offer with chilling finality. “However you want to make up for the past, that’s your concern. I’m not selling Woodfort.”

The abruptness of his answer left Laretta momentarily stunned. “So there’s really nothing I could do to convince you?”

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“That’s right,” Dominic answered, gaze unwavering and cold as stone.

Her frustration built, but she pressed forward, desperation creeping into her smile. “Please reconsider. Someone’s life hangs in the balance. Could you just sell me Woodfort for the sake of—”

Indifference colored Dominic’s reply. “Why should that concern me?”

Exasperation welled up inside her, and she bit down on her lower lip. “It involves the Scott family. Would you at least consider—”

He cut her off, his voice flat. “No.”

Without warning, Dominic rose to his feet, his features set in unyielding frost. “If we’re finished here, Ms. Gomez, I’ll be on my way.” Pivoting on his heel, he strode off, the matter closed in his mind.

A wave of panic swept over Laretta, and she scrambled to her feet, desperate to catch up. But in her rush, she lost her balance, stumbling forward awkwardly.

A startled yelp slipped from her lips. “Ah!”

Just then, Dominic turned around, catching sight of her fall—and on pure reflex, he lunged, steadying her before she hit the floor.

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