

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

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 107:

As Lairetta tumbled into his arms, her faint, alluring scent made him freeze, his brows knitting. There was something hauntingly familiar about that fragrance...

Dominic's brow furrowed slightly. That faint, elegant scent tugged his mind backward—five years into the past.

Back then, during an overseas mission, he had been ambushed—wounded, dragged, and feverish. That night blurred into chaos and ended with a woman. When he came to, she was gone. No name. No trace. It felt like a dream—one that dissolved with the morning light. Between the injury, the fever, and the drugs in his veins, his memory had been a complete haze. Her face, her voice—everything was lost. All that lingered was her scent. That soft, refined fragrance that clung to her skin like a whisper.

He had searched for her ever since. Quietly. Desperately. But his efforts had always led to dead ends. He never expected to catch that similar scent on Lairetta.

Being steadied by Dominic, Lairetta looked up and locked eyes with him. His gaze was cold, yet deep—heavy with something unspoken, like a secret buried under years of silence.

She caught his scent—dark, clean, and undeniably masculine. It was dizzying, almost overwhelming. Her heart skipped a beat before she could stop it. Her face heated up. Realizing she was faltering, she quickly steadied herself and pushed him away, hoping he hadn't noticed.

But Dominic didn't even note her flush. His thoughts were somewhere else, trapped in that night five years ago. Her shove snapped him back to reality. His eyes sharpened, turning glacial as they fixed on her.

"Where were you five years ago?" he asked, his voice low and sudden.

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"Huh?" Lairetta blinked, thrown off by the sudden question.

He took a breath, reigning in his impatience. “Weren’t you abroad then? Which country?”

“Oh! Yeah, I was in Dravonia. I came back shortly after. That’s when... Well, we ended the engagement. Why are you asking?”

His eyes darkened, and the spark faded. “Nothing,” he muttered, his voice flat. He had spent the night with that mysterious woman in Malvren. Not Dravonia. It couldn’t have been Lauretta.

Lauretta, oblivious to his thoughts, wasn’t ready to let things go. “Are you absolutely sure you won’t sell the Woodfort?”

Dominic’s expression iced over. His entire demeanor shut down. “Not for sale,” he said coldly.

Her voice grew soft, almost pleading. “Come on. Just consider it. I really need it.”

He cut her off sharply. “Ms. Gomez, don’t waste your breath. I won’t sell it.”

Still, she followed him, throwing every argument she could think of. At first, he replied with short, clipped refusals. Then came silence. Complete and unforgiving. She kept pushing, her voice growing hoarse, while he remained a stone wall.

When he finally climbed into his car and slammed the accelerator, leaving her coughing in the dust, she snapped. She stomped her heel into the ground with a hiss of fury. “Bastard!”

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Dominic saw her tantrum in the rearview mirror. His face remained unreadable—cool and detached. But beneath that cold surface, something stirred within him.

That scent again. It wouldn’t leave him. And worse—when he held Lauretta, his body had reacted in ways it had no right to. His jaw clenched as he pressed harder on the gas.

Two days later, Christina had just wrapped up her nightly routine and was about to slip into the comfort of her bed when her phone rang.

Davina's name flashed on the screen. Christina answered immediately, already smiling, until she heard Davina's panicked voice shout through the line before she could speak. "Christina! Help!"

Christina's brows knitted together. "What's wrong?" she asked quickly.

"Come to Rockland—please! It's a best-of-three race, and I already lost the first round. If I lose again, I'm done for! You have to help me!" Davina's voice crackled with urgency.

Christina was already moving, heading to her wardrobe. "What are you doing at Rockland? Explain—clearly."

"I got into a stupid argument and ended up betting on a race," Davina said, frustration pouring through the line. "His driving was awful, so I figured I'd win easily. But then—ugh—he brought in someone else to race in his place!" There was a pause, followed by her furious voice. "If they can call for backup, so can I!"

Her tone shifted, softening into a desperate plea. "Please, Christina. If I lose this next round, it won't just be ten million gone—I'll have to kneel and apologize in front of everyone. But if you help me win, I'll give you all the winnings. Mine included. Twenty million in total. Please... I'm begging you."

She spoke with urgency and pleading as she tried to convince Christina to help her win the race.

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Christina didn't hesitate. "Alright. I'm on my way."

"I knew I could count on you! You're the absolute best! Love you forever!" Davina chirped. Losing money wasn't what scared her—she had plenty of that. But kneeling to those jerks? Never.

"Alright." Christina hung up and slid the casual clothes back into the wardrobe. She grabbed her racing suit, zipped it up, took her helmet, and walked out with determined steps.

Davina had her race car, so Christina didn't need her sports car. She headed out in her mini instead.

Rockland was packed—crowds of spectators swarmed the scene, buzzing with energy. Most had placed bets on the race.

Those who had wagered on Davina losing the first round were already celebrating, cashing in big.

Now, all eyes were on the upcoming second round—and more importantly, the mystery backup Davina had called in.

“Why hasn’t the race started yet?”

“They’re waiting on that woman’s reinforcements.”

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Chapter 109:

“Who do you think she called in?”

“With her skills, what kind of amazing backup could she possibly bring in? I’ve already put my money on her losing again. No way she handles the pressure.”

“Unless she called some top-tier driver... What if she brought in Darknight? He could crush Mr. Happer.”

“Please. And what if Mr. Happer brought in Skybreaker? If Skybreaker hadn’t retired, Darknight would’ve stayed second forever!”

As gossip filled the air, Davina returned to the main area after her call. Bruno Happer lounged nearby, one arm around a stunning woman, a cigar perched between his fingers. He spotted Davina and smirked, his eyes gleaming with disdain. “You might as well stop wasting your time,” he said, puffing smoke directly into her face. “Even if you win the next round, you’ll still lose the last one. Why not just kneel and apologize now and save yourself the embarrassment?”

He was smug—far too smug. That smugness came from a hidden ace he hadn’t revealed yet.

Davina scoffed, her lips curled in a cold smile. “We’ll see who’s laughing in the end.”

Bruno's lackey stepped forward, his tone sharp with mockery. "You don't know how lucky you are. If Mr. Happer wants to fuck you, take it as a compliment. He's Mr. Hubbard's cousin, you know. Keep acting tough and you'll regret it."

Davina rolled her eyes, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Wow. Thanks for the warning. But I'm good. Real good. Let's just wait and see who walks away the loser."

Her retort drew laughter from the crowd, clearly embarrassing the lackey. The lackey's face twisted in rage. Without warning, he raised his hand, aiming to slap her across the face.

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The crowd held its collective breath, bracing for the sharp crack of a slap across Davina's cheek—but instead, the scene flipped in a heartbeat.

Davina's hand shot up, clamping hard around the lackey's wrist before his palm could even connect with her cheek. Her grip was like steel, stopping him cold and drawing startled gasps from onlookers.

The lackey's bravado crumbled into a pained grimace. "You miserable..." he snarled, but the words choked off as Davina's hold tightened with calculated precision.

With one decisive twist, Davina dislocated his arm.

"Ah!" The lackey howled in agony, clutching his arm.

"Get the hell out of here!" Bruno barked, his glare lethal.

The lackey, shaking and furious, clutched his arm and edged away. "I'm going!" He retreated without another word.

Bruno advanced on Davina, eyes blazing. "Do you have any idea what happens to people who lay a finger on my men?" he growled, malice dripping from every syllable.

Davina stood her ground, her expression frosty. "You might want to check who threw the first punch. Your man attacked me—I just defended myself."

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Bruno's laugh was low and dangerous, his smile twisted with spite. "We'll see how cocky you are after you lose the competition."

Unfazed, Davina's lips curled into a cool, confident smile. "Well, don't be so confident. Who knows? You might be the one who loses the competition."

With Christina standing by her side, Davina knew defeat wasn't even on the table.

Most people remained clueless about Christina's real background—but Davina knew it all too well.

"Let's just wait and find out." Bruno gave a contemptuous grunt and yanked a voluptuous woman close, clutching her chin in a bruising grip before kissing her hard. The gesture was more aggressive than affectionate, and his teeth caught her lower lip sharply.

The woman squealed at the sting, swatting his chest in mock protest. "Ow! You're so rough!" she whined, pouting up at him.

Davina found the whole spectacle nauseating and turned away, her expression tightening.

Katie's scornful laugh cut through the crowd. "What a joke. Trash attracts trash. That woman trying to race Bruno? She's begging to be humiliated."

Katie and Brendon had just shown up, drawn by rumors swirling about a woman challenging Bruno on the track. The promise of drama had been irresistible. To their surprise, the challenger turned out to be Christina's friend, a twist so absurd that it was hilarious.

Bruno's chosen racer was no rookie. Back in the days when Skybreaker and Darknight dominated the circuit, he always finished third. Unless Darknight or Skybreaker returned, no one stood a chance against him tonight.

Brendon's frown deepened, clear disappointment flickering in his eyes. "Seriously? This racing? What's the point?" His voice dripped with disdain. "This is a waste of time. Let's get out of here."

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He couldn't muster an ounce of interest in a race he thought was already decided. It seemed obvious the woman didn't stand a chance, and the crowd's energy felt flat.

But just as Brendon pivoted to leave, the crowd stirred with sudden excitement.

"Hey, check it out—her backup just showed up!"

A Mini car rolled into view, earning a round of snickers and incredulous glances from the bystanders.

"That thing's practically screaming 'girl driver.' I figured her reinforcements would be impressive—guess this race is a joke."

"Seriously, a girl in that cutesy little car? There's no way she can hang in a real race. She's just here for the humiliation."

The crowd's jeers grew louder, doubts and mockery swirling through the air. Most people dismissed the newcomer outright, and several men started spreading nasty rumors, their laughter sharp and biting. Brendon's gaze narrowed as he focused on the Mini car. Something about the car tugged at his curiosity. Could Christina be inside? The question barely formed in his mind before the car door swung open.

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