

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

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 111:

A striking figure emerged, clad in a sleek racing suit striped with black, white, and a flash of bold red. She cradled a scarlet helmet loosely in one hand, every inch radiating confidence and composure. Midnight hair spilled in glossy waves down her back, catching the light with every graceful movement.

Her presence seemed to seize the entire crowd's attention the moment she stepped forward.

Katie and Yolanda stiffened, jaws clenched tight, their eyes narrowing with bitter jealousy as Christina's silhouette appeared.

From across the track, Brendon stared, his brow creasing in disbelief. Why on earth was Christina here? Had she come just to seduce someone? The thought sent a spark of irritation through him, tightening his chest with suspicion.

Christina gave a subtle tilt of her chin, flipping her lustrous hair with a practiced flick. Under the floodlights, it shimmered with an almost ethereal glow.

Cameras instantly swiveled to capture her arrival, projecting her face onto giant screens for the audience packed too far back to see in person. Even on the monitors, her beauty stunned: delicate, flawless features as if carved by a master, not a hint of imperfection in sight.

Her sculpted jawline traced into a long, graceful neck, accentuating a poised, impossibly slender frame that looked too perfect to be real.

With each casual toss of her hair, the crowd's energy spiked—more than a few men stared so hard at the screen that they practically forgot to breathe, gaping in awe and entranced by the vision before them.

From across the venue, even filtered through a screen, it felt as if her intoxicating scent drifted over the crowd, bewitching everyone who laid eyes on her.

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“Who is that woman? She’s utterly breathtaking! I thought the competitor was already pretty, but she doesn’t even compare. This woman is on a whole other level!”

“This one is not just beautiful—she’s got that killer magnetism. I’d give up ten years of my life for one night with her.”

“You? Please. You think you stand a chance? She’s clearly here for Bruno. Unless you’re richer and more powerful than he is, don’t bother dreaming.”

“Pretty faces are cheap. I want to see if she can actually win this race. If not, what good is she?”

“What a letdown. Why would they drag in a pretty face as backup? I’m putting all my money on Bruno again.”

Brendon’s irritation simmered as the men around him traded lewd remarks. He shot a scathing glare in Christina’s direction, her presence radiating a dizzying blend of innocence and seduction that made his blood pressure spike. Those idiots weren’t wrong—she must be here to hitch herself to the most powerful man.

In the room, angling for Bruno’s attention. Pathetic. Did she even know her place? A divorced woman like her, thinking she could marry into the Happer family?

The more Brendon dwelled on it, the hotter his anger burned. His vision narrowed, clouded by jealousy and frustration, until he could barely see straight.

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Brendon’s knees buckled, and for a moment, he nearly collapsed. A flicker of worry flashed in Yolanda’s eyes as she reached out to steady him. “Are you alright?”

Drawing in a shaky breath, Brendon forced himself to calm down. Blinking hard, he looked up again, the fog in his vision clearing. He managed a quiet reply. “I’m okay.”

“If you’re really feeling unwell, we should go back to the hospital,” Yolanda suggested, her voice gentle but firm.

“That’s not necessary.” He waved her off, his lips, drained of color, tightening in stubborn defiance. Not for a moment did he consider leaving. He was determined to stay and watch Christina lose this match. More than anything, he wanted to witness the tricks she would use to win Bruno’s attention.

The intensity in Brendon’s eyes was unmistakable, and Yolanda clenched her fists in silent frustration. Despite his obvious discomfort, he refused to move—all because of Christina. Why did he insist on watching her? Did he want to see her fail, or was there something else he couldn’t admit?

To Yolanda, Brendon had once felt like a kite she could guide at will. In the past, she held the string and felt in control, letting him drift or pulling him close as she pleased. But lately, it seemed as though he was slipping away, no longer tethered to her. That creeping sense of losing control gnawed at her.

Yolanda fixed her gaze on Christina, her eyes blazing with a look so sharp it seemed filled with poison. In her mind, Christina was to blame for everything. If only Christina would disappear.

Meanwhile, in the center of the arena, Bruno’s attention was fixed on Christina, unable to look away. For the longest time, he believed that Davina’s wild, magnetic beauty was unmatched. He was shocked when he realized that Davina’s backup was even more stunning, and the mere sight of her sent a jolt of longing through him. He gave Davina a questioning look, lifting an eyebrow, and his voice took on a teasing edge. “Don’t tell me this is the backup you brought in.”

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Davina shot daggers back at him with her glare. “That’s right. What about it?” With a half-smirk, Bruno leaned in. “Why not get a skilled racer to fight your battle in the second round? Otherwise, people will say I’m bullying you.”

A cold laugh escaped Davina. “No need.”

“Fine. Just remember, I offered you a chance, and you declined it. If you end up losing again in the second round, you’ll lose this match,” Bruno said, his smug grin making it clear he already believed victory was his.

Rolling her eyes, Davina snapped, “Stop wasting time! You’re going to lose anyway. Let’s get started!”

That display of confidence made Bruno chuckle. “Seriously? You really think your friend can beat us? How hilarious.”

Roars of laughter erupted from Bruno's cronies at his comment. One of them leaned in with a mocking grin. "You sure talk tough, but do you have any clue who you're up against?"

"Our racer has been sitting at number two in the pro circuit for ages. Even if Skybreaker and Darknight entered, he'd still be top three—no contest."

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"Exactly. Skybreaker and Darknight might outpace him, but he'd never lose to just a pretty face like your friend."

Jokes flew across the group. "If he can't handle some girl, he should hang up his helmet for good!"

Not a flicker of emotion showed on Christina's face when the relentless taunting reached her ears. Cool as ever, she kept her gaze forward, unfazed.

Davina, however, was visibly irritated. "I'll put it simply—none of you are even in my friend's league. Don't flatter yourselves!"

Her remark sent a wave of anger through the group. One man balled his hands into fists, his entire posture suggesting he was on the verge of striking out.

Bruno stepped in and shouted, "Enough! Let's race."

Grumbling, the men held back, swallowing their anger under his command.

"Let's see if you can back up that big mouth of yours." Bruno sneered, his gaze sweeping over Davina and Christina with disdain. To him, these two were just decorative—nice to look at, but clueless about racing, here only to put on a show.

Without missing a beat, Christina reached for her helmet and slid it on with quiet confidence. "We'll let our driving skills speak for us. As for who's got the skills..."

A slow, sly smile played on Christina's lips as she met Bruno's stare. "Honestly, I doubt you've got what it takes."

Her visor snapped down with a practiced flick, every motion sharp and smooth.

"Mr. Happer..." One of his men began, his voice tinged with hesitation, as though seeking permission to put her in her place. Bruno silenced the speaker with a cold glare. None of his lackeys dared to act rashly.

He figured there was no point in wasting energy before the race. He would just let her have her moment—she'd regret it later.

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Engines revved as Christina and her rival settled into their cars, each braced for the green light.

Engines thundered, and the racers shot off the line, neck and neck down the straightaway.

Winding around the mountain, the Rockland track dared even the bravest with its sheer cliffs and sharp bends.

A shroud of early-morning mist gave Rockland an extra edge of danger. Legends surrounded this racetrack—one wrong move, and a careless racer could end up airborne with nothing but a deadly drop below. Spectators barely blinked as they stared at the massive screen, following every twist and turn.

"Come on! I bet big on that beauty. Whether I make it or break it depends on her!"

Ridicule came quickly. "Are you crazy? Look at those odds. The bookies know she doesn't stand a chance. You just kissed your money goodbye."

A third gambler chimed in, "Exactly! Anyone betting on her is out of their mind. They're about to go broke. Just watch!"

Side by side, both race cars rocketed off the starting line, neither giving an inch as the crowd watched in fascinated silence. Suspense thickened in the air, every spectator glued to the unfolding showdown. Soon enough, the gap started to grow. Christina gradually slipped further behind the seasoned racer.

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Once the racer pulled ahead by a full car length, the crowd betting on his victory erupted in cheers.

A self-satisfied smirk tugged at Bruno's lips. Everything was going just as he'd pictured. For him, defeat was the only fate awaiting Christina. He sneered at Davina, "So, what do you have to say now? Your friend's a flop. I offered you a chance, but you declined it. You just brought embarrassment upon yourself."

Without missing a beat, Davina answered, her tone icy, "Getting cocky already? Don't celebrate too soon. This race is far from over."

Davina's confidence in Christina was unwavering. No scenario played out in her mind where Christina didn't come out on top.

In Davina's eyes, rankings meant nothing. Even the famed Darknight couldn't keep up with Christina once she hit her stride. Those idiots would never guess that Christina was actually Skybreaker. Years ago, Christina had disguised herself as a man and fooled everyone.

A glance at the scoreboard made Bruno laugh, the gap now stretching to two car lengths. Between puffs on his cigar, he tossed out another jeer. "Give it up. You are doomed to lose this match."

Davina met his gaze, cold fire in her eyes. "Is that so? Let's just wait and see."

With an arrogant shrug, Bruno replied, "Fine. I'll wait for you to finally admit you've lost."

Cool as ever, Davina's response was unwavering. "You'd better brace yourself for disappointment. This win isn't yours."

Meanwhile, up in the stands, Brendon couldn't take his eyes off the big screen, his mind racing with questions. Never in his wildest dreams had he pictured Christina behind the wheel like this. He had never realized she had this hidden side. She might not have had the polished skills of a professional, but she managed to keep up and prove she could handle herself. Nothing about this fierce, untamed version of Christina matched the drab, obedient woman he remembered.

He couldn't help but wonder why she had always hidden this fire in his presence. He felt like he didn't know his ex-wife at all.

As the race unfolded, Brendon's scowl deepened as he kept his eyes glued to the action. It didn't take long for Christina to fall far behind. Her chances seemed grim. Onlookers quickly dismissed her as a lost cause. Pity and scorn echoed through the crowd.

"She's already out of the running. Didn't I say? Women don't have what it takes for this sport."

"Knew it from the start. The moment they sent in a female backup, I lost all interest. The only thing keeping me here is the bets."

"A rookie couldn't beat a veteran, much less a woman. Odds were stacked against her from the start. I'm just glad my money's on Bruno, or I'd be broke right now."

Irritation flared in Brendon as the men around him jeered at Christina. His jaw clenched, and he shot a sharp glare in their direction. Despite their ridicule, Christina was still the woman he'd once called his wife. It stung to hear strangers tear her down.

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Meanwhile, no hint of stress crossed Christina's face as she cruised steadily, letting the car glide as if the race was a joyride. A rebellious smile flickered at the edge of her lips.

The next second, her eyes narrowed and her focus sharpened. Both hands locked tight on the steering wheel. Without warning, her foot slammed down on the accelerator. The engine roared, and the car shot forward, slicing through the mist like a bolt of lightning.

"Look! Look! She's speeding up!" someone screamed, and instantly, every wandering eye swung back to the massive screen. The entire crowd seemed to freeze, each person caught in a moment where their hearts hammered with excitement.

For Brendon, it felt like his heart jumped into his throat as he watched her accelerate. Concern twisted his expression. At those speeds, the smallest mistake could mean disaster. One wrong move could be fatal. How could she risk everything like that?

Excitement and fear crashed over the crowd in waves. Cheers erupted, especially from those daring enough to bet on Christina.

Raucous voices rang out. “No way! She’s blasting ahead out of nowhere!”

“Unreal! She’s pushing the car to its limits and still holding it together. Come on, don’t let me down—I put everything on you, girl!”

“You fools keep yelling. Wait until the next curve—she’s going to crash and burn at that speed. Just watch. It’ll be over in seconds.”

Wild cheering from those who had bet on Christina quickly gave way to a barrage of boos. Soon enough, both camps were hurling insults, their tempers on the edge of boiling over.

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Tension ran through Brendon as his hands balled into fists. His gaze never left Christina’s car, afraid that even a blink would mean missing something crucial. Each second brought the deadly curve closer. Beads of sweat crept down his spine, icy and relentless.

Brendon mentally screamed for her to hit the brakes. Rockland never spared mistakes. Crashes left nothing but broken metal and tragedy behind. No corner on this track was deadlier than that curve. Keeping her current pace would be nothing short of suicide. Everyone knew that curve was Rockland’s deadliest trap. At the speed she was going, not a soul believed she could make it through alive.

To Brendon, the roar of her engine sounded like the Grim Reaper revving his scythe. Yet, not once did Christina lift her foot. Every nerve in his body felt like it was about to snap. There was nothing he could do to save her. Why was she risking everything? Was she truly willing to gamble her life just to catch Bruno’s eye?

A mix of anger and terror churned inside Brendon. He ground his teeth as his vision swam red with concern.

Stillness gripped the crowd, and everyone was frozen, waiting. Every eye was locked on the giant screen. Not a single breath disturbed the silence. Several people covered their faces, unwilling to watch whatever came next.

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Then, out of nowhere, someone let out a piercing scream. The sound tore through the hush, followed by a wave of collective gasps.

Most people couldn't even bring themselves to watch—until a sudden outburst broke the tension. “Holy shit! No way! Did she just drift that corner at full speed?”

Heads whipped around, those who had looked away turning back just in time to catch Christina's car slicing perfectly through the curve.

Brendon had been tracking Christina's car the entire time.

The instant she took that curve going way faster than anyone would dare, a jolt shot through him. His fists balled up without him realizing it.

Katie had been watching with a smug grin, already predicting disaster. Instead, Christina nailed the drift—smooth and flawless—and Katie's confidence vanished.

Katie couldn't believe her eyes. How was that even possible? There were only two drivers out there who could pull off something like that—Skybreaker and Dark-Night. Nobody else even came close. So how the hell did Christina—a dull woman who only knew how to handle household chores—have skills like that?

Shock rippled through the audience, leaving everyone speechless. Meanwhile, Katie simmered with envy, unable to hide her frustration. Yolanda had also braced herself for a crash, and she was just as rattled by what she saw. Outwardly, she kept her cool, but inside, jealousy twisted. Still, putting on her best performance, she let out an overly dramatic gasp. “Wow! Christina's unbelievable!”

Katie sneered, dripping with bitterness. “Oh, please. That wasn't even hard.”

Brendon shot her a sharp look. “You're way off. Pulling that off takes real talent. She's honestly incredible.”

Yolanda's smile grew rigid, her frustration barely contained. “Christina really is something, isn't she? Makes you wonder what else she's been hiding all this time.”

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Brendon's jaw tightened, his annoyance barely concealed as he said, "I have no idea."

Katie rolled her eyes, her tone laced with venom. "Come on. Isn't it obvious? She always thought she was too good for us. Bet she's been saving all her fancy moves just to reel in men—probably hoping to catch Bruno's eye." Every word reeked of jealousy.

A cold shadow crept across Brendon's face. Katie had just implied that Christina regarded him with silent contempt. For years, Christina had kept this remarkable side of herself completely under wraps, never letting him see just how talented she really was. Now that their marriage was over, she had no problem putting her...

talents were on display for everyone, almost as if she were showing off for more powerful men. The thought kept eating away at him, stoking a quiet fire of anger beneath his calm exterior.

"She's got it! She made it through!"

"No way! Did you see that? She not only took that turn, but also blew past that professional racer!"

"Oh man, I'm cashing in big tonight! She's on fire! That was legendary—Christina is officially my goddess!"

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The roar from the audience jolted Brendon back to reality, and he snapped his gaze up at the massive screen.

On the track, Christina was now cruising ahead, leaving the pro racer eating her dust. Even when the racer slammed the pedal down, desperate to catch up, she maintained a steady lead, always keeping at least a car length between them.

Bruno just stood there, too stunned to react, his eyes glued to the screen as everything unraveled right in front of him.

Bruno suddenly exploded, shoving the woman clinging to his arm aside in a fit of rage. “Unbelievable! How the hell did she pull that off? What’s wrong with that racer? He can’t even keep up with a pretty face!”

Bruno wasn’t the only one fuming with frustration—everyone who had backed his racer felt the sting of disappointment. All the confidence they’d placed in Bruno’s racer had crumbled in an instant. No one had expected Christina, written off as nothing but eye candy, to unleash skills that left even the pros in her dust.

When Christina surged across the finish line with a comfortable lead, the crowd erupted, not with applause, but with groans and bitter complaints. Every sour outburst came from those who had bet against her, their hopes shattered. In sharp contrast, the few who had dared to bet on Christina couldn’t wipe the grins off their faces, nearly dizzy with disbelief and excitement.

The moment Christina rolled into the pit, Davina was at her side, beaming as she pressed a bottle of water into her hand.

“That was insane! You just crushed it out there!” Davina leaned closer, dropping her voice. “By the way, I bet on you and made a killing. We’ll split, right?”

Christina shot her a sideways glance and replied quietly, “Give my share to charity.” Money meant nothing to her—she already had more than enough, and Davina was hardly short of cash herself.

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“Heck yes!” Davina burst out laughing. “Guess I’ll donate mine, too.” The two exchanged quick whispers and mischievous grins, looking for all the world like a pair mocking Bruno, which only fueled his irritation.

Face stormy, Bruno marched over and barked a sharp, dismissive laugh. “Don’t get ahead of yourselves!” he snapped. “It’s not over yet. Best out of three—there’s still one last round, and you’re going down!”

Davina let out a sharp, dismissive laugh. Her gaze swept over Bruno with open contempt, every word dripping with scorn. “That’s a lot of talk coming from someone who’s completely full of shit. Run your mouth all you want, but it won’t change a thing. You’re doomed to lose this match. This win is ours, and there’s nothing you or your lapdogs can do about it.”

With Christina backing her, Davina’s confidence soared. She stood taller, her defiance shining through. With Christina by her side, victory felt inevitable.

Bruno let out a sneer, trying to hold onto his bravado. “You’re not nearly as clever as you think. Just wait—you’ll see,” he snapped, though the bluster in his voice was already fading. He yanked out his phone, punching in a number like it was a weapon.

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One second, Bruno still looked smug, chin raised as if he were already celebrating their defeat. But as soon as the call connected, his demeanor shifted. His back hunched, and he forced a sweet, oily tone into his voice. “Elliott... Hey, do you think you could stop by Rockland for a bit?” he inquired, pasting on a syrupy smile.

Miles away, Elliott Hubbard was stretched out on his bed, still in pajamas, hair damp and clinging to his forehead, tiny beads of water glinting at the ends. “Rockland?” His brow furrowed, his handsome face unreadable. “What for?”

Bruno rushed to explain, desperation bleeding through. “There’s a race tonight, and I was hoping—”

Elliott cut him off without a hint of interest. “Nope. Not coming.”

The curt rejection made Bruno’s jaw clench. He managed to swallow his fury. Thank goodness he hadn’t switched to speaker—otherwise, enduring that shame would’ve been excruciating.

Despite being Elliott’s cousin, Bruno still bowed and scraped like a desperate sycophant.

Bruno burned with resentment, cursing Elliott silently. Who did Elliott think he was, anyway? Was being born into a wealthy family really all it took to lord over everyone else?

“Wait—hold on!” Bruno panicked as he sensed the call was about to end, his voice flipping into a desperate chirp. He scrambled to hook Elliott’s interest as he lied. “The second-ranked racer just lost to a woman. Now she’s calling you out. Said you wouldn’t stand a chance.”

In a bid to reel Elliott in, Bruno described how...

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Christina sliced through the tightest corner at breakneck speed, drifting so cleanly that it seemed she'd been born with a steering wheel in her hands.

That got Elliott's attention. He sat up, eyes sparking with curiosity. "You're certain it whipped by that quickly?"

A woman, with that level of skill? That was something Elliott had to see for himself.

Still, what Elliott really craved was a chance to go head-to-head with Skybreaker. Too bad that legendary racer had vanished without a trace. No matter how hard he searched, he'd never managed to unmask Skybreaker's real identity. All he wanted—his one obsession—was to challenge Skybreaker and maybe, just once, finally beat him. The thought that Skybreaker might actually be a woman? That never even crossed Elliott's mind. Everyone in the racing world just assumed Skybreaker was a man.

"Dead sure. And she said she'd still mop the floor with you, even if you showed up yourself." Bruno doubled down on his lies, certain this would hook Elliott for good.

Elliott simply shrugged off the trash talk, but boredom and a flicker of curiosity about the female racer lured him in. "I'll be there soon." With that, Elliott ended the call, climbed out of bed, and casually tossed his hefty book onto the nightstand.

Bruno seethed at being hung up on but didn't dare let it show. He kept his curses trapped behind clenched teeth. Gazing at Davina, he declared, brimming with false bravado, "The guy I just called is coming. Get ready, because once he's here, you're finished! If you still manage to win, I'll kneel right here and apologize in front of everyone!"

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Davina didn't flinch. "Good. Make sure everyone hears you when you do," she retorted, her voice laced with mockery. With a powerhouse like Christina in her corner, she had every reason to let her swagger show.

"If you lose, you're kneeling and apologizing too!" Bruno countered, not backing down.

Christina didn't even blink. A calm, amused smile curved her lips. "You've got yourself a deal."

That subtle smile caught Bruno off guard, leaving him frozen for a beat. A breeze drifted by, carrying her delicate scent—soft and sweet, with an edge of mystery.

At that moment, he made up his mind. Win or lose, he had to have this woman for himself.

Bruno's imagination churned with depraved visions of what he'd do to Christina once she was at his mercy. He shot her a vulgar, lopsided grin. "In the bedroom, you'll kneel too."

Christina smirked coldly, a flicker of malice flashing in her eyes.

Davina let out a harsh scoff, her glare sharp enough to cut glass. "You're delusional, you repulsive pervert!"

Bruno only looked more pleased with himself, his grin stretching even wider. "That fantasy of mine is about to become reality."

"You..." Davina started to fire back, but Christina's slight shake of the head and knowing smile made her bite her tongue.

Davina huffed, lips curling in disgust. "I'll spare you for my friend's sake—but don't push your luck!"

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A sly smirk curled across Bruno's lips as he sized them up, certain they lacked the strength to do anything more than hurl idle threats. One eyebrow arched in challenge, he reached for Davina, but she smacked his hand away with a sharp, punishing blow.

Bruno didn't even blink. He just let out a low, vile chuckle, bringing his fingers to his nose and breathing in, revoltingly pleased with himself. "Go ahead and enjoy your petty insults while you still can," he sneered. "It won't be long before you're the ones in tears."

Davina glared daggers at him. "Don't act so sure. You might be the one choking back sobs when this is over."

Bruno snorted. “Guess we’ll see, won’t we?” His eyes slid back to Christina, devouring her with a brazen, predatory stare that seemed to undress her in his mind.

The way Bruno eyed Christina—bold and dripping with lust—was enough to make anyone’s skin crawl.

High in the stands, Brendon’s temper boiled over. His fists tightened and loosened in a cycle of seething, powerless rage. Was Christina out of her mind? There she was, tossing her hair and giggling with Bruno, barely reacting to the way he practically undressed her with his eyes. Not a single hint of resistance—just flirty smiles and fluttering lashes. Why wasn’t she putting him in his place?

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Chapter 120:

“Christina’s getting quite cozy with Mr. Happer, don’t you think?” Yolanda murmured, aiming to sow a seed of doubt in Brendon’s heart.

Katie scoffed, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “Oh yeah, real cozy—cozy enough to tear each other’s clothes off with their eyes right here.” Her eyes narrowed with open contempt. “Seriously, have you ever seen anyone so desperate? She’s literally throwing herself at him in front of a whole crowd. Pathetic.”

“Katie, come on...” Yolanda gently tugged at her sleeve, making a feigned attempt to defend Christina. “Don’t talk about Christina like that. What if you’re reading it all wrong?”

“Reading it wrong? Give me a break. You’d have to be blind not to notice her practically climbing all over him. Did you miss their little flirting session? No shame at all!” Katie shot back, curling her lip in disgust.

Yolanda darted a calculating look toward Brendon to see how he was taking it. With a soft tone, she slipped her arm through his and said words she didn’t mean at all, “Brendon, don’t listen to Katie. I really don’t think Christina is that kind of woman.”

“Enough. Quit trying to defend her—she’s not worth it.” Brendon’s jaw tightened, annoyance flashing across his face. The longer he dwelled on it, the more his rage boiled. That uptight, dull woman who’d wasted years trying to be the perfect little wife was now out there flashing smiles at other men? Watching Christina shamelessly flirt with someone else was an insult he refused to swallow. Unforgivable. His hands curled into fists, knuckles bleaching with the force of his fury. It took everything in him not to march over and wipe that arrogant grin off Bruno’s face.

“Yolanda, you heard my brother,” Katie said, giving Yolanda a knowing smile.

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“Honestly, can’t help feeling a little envious of Christina. The way she carried herself after winning—it was like she was born for the spotlight. I wish I had even a fraction of that confidence,” Yolanda said quietly, her gaze dropping as measured insecurity colored her features. “I wouldn’t even know where to begin with a racecar. I could never be that effortlessly impressive around so many men.”

Katie scoffed, her eyes rolling with dramatic disdain. “Oh, spare me. She’s nothing but a brazen flirt who basks in attention. There’s nothing admirable about parading herself like that—it’s pathetic.”

Brendon’s eyes drifted to Yolanda’s downturned face, his expression softening. He reached for her and gently drew her against his side, his tone turning warm and sincere. “Don’t waste time comparing yourself to her. You’re already wonderful just as you are. There’s nothing remarkable about someone desperate to be the center of attention.”

Yolanda’s voice wavered as she pressed closer, a thread of doubt slipping through. “But Brendon... What if you lose interest in me? I don’t have anything that stands out or any skills. I’m not outstanding at anything.”

“Not a chance,” he replied, his tone steady and protective. “You’re perfect as you are. You don’t need any skills. I’ll take care of everything.”

Blushing deeply, she looked up at him with stars in her eyes. “You treat me better than anyone ever has... I love you more than words can say.”

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