

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

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 121:



He lowered his voice, overflowing with affection. “You have no idea how much I love you.”

Their eyes met, drawing them irresistibly closer—on the verge of a kiss when a sudden burst of noise rippled through the crowd, breaking the moment.

“Did Mr. Happer seriously bring in some big shot for backup? Who even is this guy?”

“No way—they’re seriously rolling up in a freaking Rolls-Royce Cullinan? These people are loaded!”

“And that woman’s driving some crazy-expensive sports car too. Are they all born rich or something?”

While the crowd buzzed with shock and barely disguised envy, a jet-black Rolls-Royce Cullinan glided to a stop, drawing every eye in the driveway.

As the door swung open, camera lenses whirled into action, the scene magnified on the giant stadium screen for everyone to see.

A man stepped out, his features devastatingly handsome—ice-cold eyes slicing past the camera with the chill of a winter storm, leaving the onlookers shivering. He moved with the easy confidence of someone used to power, his long, athletic frame radiating a mix of understated class and brute strength.

Elliott’s gaze zeroed in on Christina, taking in every detail of her racing suit. There was a spark of curiosity in his eyes, edged with a hint of provocation.

The crowd buzzed with theories.

“Hang on... Is that really Mr. Hubbard? What’s he doing here?”

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“Hold up—is that Mr. Happer’s ace in the hole? No way he actually convinced Mr. Hubbard to throw himself into the race!”

“What if Mr. Hubbard is just warming the bench and the real racer hasn’t shown up yet?”

Speculation rippled through the crowd, but Katie barely heard them—she couldn’t take her eyes off Elliott. He was exactly her type: obscenely wealthy, dangerously attractive, and radiating influence. If she could land him, she’d be set for life as Mrs. Hubbard, wrapped in luxury from head to toe.

A lovesick, starry-eyed grin took over Katie’s face as she drifted off into daydreams of life as Elliott’s wife.

Yolanda, just as entranced, couldn’t tear her gaze away. Elliott made Brendon look completely ordinary in comparison—more striking, higher-born, the whole package. If she could catch his attention, she’d ditch Brendon without a moment’s hesitation.

Speaking of Brendon—the second Elliott stepped out of that car, his eyes zeroed in on Christina, and that pissed Brendon off big time. The intent in Elliott’s stare made his interest painfully obvious. Christina was quite something, having already drawn another man under her spell. And it wasn’t just anyone—this was someone younger, richer, and even more capable.

Brendon hated to admit it, but Elliott had beaten him in every single category—appearance, wealth, and even sheer physical presence. Watching Christina so easily pull Elliott’s attention left jealousy smoldering deep in his chest.

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Chapter 122:

Bruno’s cheerful facade vanished in an instant, irritation twisting his features the moment he caught his cousin blatantly eyeing Christina. He had set his sights on this woman. Was his cousin seriously trying to cut in? If Elliott made a move, he would have no choice but to step aside—a thought that burned like acid beneath his skin.

Elliott fixed Christina with a chilly stare. “So, you’re the one gunning for me?”

Christina shot back, her chin jutting toward Bruno. “Not really. My friend here made a bet, and I’m the one finishing it. Best two out of three. Last round’s coming up, and I’m walking away with the win.”

Elliott’s gaze swept over Christina, sizing up her steady confidence. She wore a sly, unruffled smile, like she’d already claimed the win. In an instant, he found himself drawn in, curiosity flickering in his eyes. Women never showed this kind of nerve around him—never with such fearless bravado. A sly grin tugged at the corner of his lips.

“Big claims, huh? You’ll need a lot more than swagger if you’re hoping to beat me,” Elliott replied, a teasing lilt in his voice.

Christina just slipped her helmet back on, defiant and unbothered. “Let my skills do the talking, then. Enough chatter—let’s race.”

Bruno shot Christina a scornful look, nostrils flaring. “Do you even know who you’re up against? Keep mouthing off and you’ll be bawling before this is over!”

“I don’t care who he is. Even if Darknight himself rolled up right now, he’d get wiped out,” Davina declared, swaggering forward with unshakable confidence.

Bruno snorted, the sound edged with disbelief. “You really have no idea he’s actually...”

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“Let’s get started,” Elliott interrupted, brushing past Bruno with cool indifference as he slipped his helmet on.

At that moment, hardly anyone in the crowd knew Elliott was actually Darknight, and he had no intention of letting that secret slip anytime soon.

Out of the top five racers, only Skybreaker and Darknight had managed to keep their identities secret. Elliott had spent ages hunting for any trace of Skybreaker, but Skybreaker had vanished without a trace after retiring. He figured maybe this bold woman would bring a little thrill to his night before Skybreaker ever resurfaced.

Bruno threw them a theatrical thumbs-down, his tone laced with smugness. “You’re so screwed.”

Davina didn’t hold back. She rolled her eyes and shot Bruno the finger, making sure he saw every bit of her contempt. “We’ve got this locked down!”

Bruno only offered a frosty smirk, refusing to rise to her bait. Inside, he’d already accepted their defeat. In his mind, he could see it: Davina and Christina, crumpled and

sobbing, forced to swallow their pride in front of everyone. The fantasy of watching them crack at his feet sent a wicked thrill straight through him.

As soon as the flag dropped, both race cars exploded off the line, engines howling, tires shrieking as they barreled down the track.

High in the bleachers, Katie was seething. “Unbelievable. Christina just floats from guy to guy, desperate for a little attention. You’d think she’d drop dead if a man stopped looking at her.”

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Chapter 123:

Just imagining Elliott’s lingering, fascinated stare aimed at Christina made Katie’s blood boil.

“It’s not really Christina’s fault, though. The guys are the ones showing interest in her,” Yolanda offered quietly, acting as if she was truly defending Christina.

“Oh, come on! If she wasn’t always batting her lashes and acting all coy, would they even notice her? She’s out here prowling for guys and you know it!” Frustration laced Katie’s words as she snapped back.

“Well...” Yolanda faltered, as if she’d run out of arguments. She shot a discreet glance at Brendon, who was already scowling. Their bickering was pushing his patience to the edge.

Katie barely got a word out before Brendon silenced her with a glacial look. “If you don’t want to be here, then get out of here!” he hissed, his tone icy.

Flushed with anger, Katie jerked her gaze away, swallowing any comeback.

“Alright, alright.” Yolanda quickly jumped in, as if she hadn’t subtly fueled the argument, looping her arms through theirs. “Come on, let’s just watch the race, okay? No point in arguing.”

Out on the track, Elliott gripped the wheel, guiding the car with smooth, almost lazy confidence. He'd intended to take it easy, but after just one lap, it hit him—Christina was the real deal! At the very first turn, a split-second distraction sent her surging ahead, stealing the lead before he could react. He was floored. His jaw clenched, eyes wide with disbelief. So, her victory over the second-place pro...

He realized then that it hadn't been some lucky break. He'd assumed she was a fluke newcomer, but her pure skill shattered that belief.

The realization stung—he'd made a rookie mistake of his own, letting his guard down and misjudging his opponent. All traces of playfulness vanished as he bore down, every nerve sparking with competitive focus. This was no longer just a warm-up—now it was war. By the second turn, he hunted for any chance to slip past her, analyzing every move with sharp-eyed intensity.

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Finally, right before the third bend, he spotted it—a subtle, nearly invisible error in her line. A sly grin tugged at his lips. She slipped up. She'd finally given him an opening. And that was all the cue he needed. Elliott barreled into the turn, tires screaming as he pulled off a flawless drift, surging ahead in one clean, ruthless move. The instant he shot past her, a wild rush of adrenaline tore through him—intense, addictive, the kind of high he hadn't tasted since Skybreaker retired.

To Elliott, the second-place racer was not bad, but nowhere close—leaving the second-place racer in the dust was child's play. But this woman? She was a different story. She'd actually forced him to push his limits. No wonder she'd smoked the second-place racer. Sure, his win had never really been at risk, but for the first time in ages, this competition had actually meant something.

The exhilaration twisted inside Elliott, sharp and sweet, leaving him feeling invincible.

"Elliott pulled it off! He just passed her!"

"No way! I can't believe how good he is—this race is nuts!"

"Holy crap! For a minute there, I thought he might choke. But let's be real, she's just a woman. Like she ever stood a chance."

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Chapter 124:

Katie smirked, soaking up all the dismissive chatter about Christina with smug satisfaction.

“Oh my god, Elliott is just ridiculously hot!” Katie squealed, grabbing Yolanda’s arm in a lovestruck daze.

“Yeah, totally...” Yolanda almost echoed the sentiment but then hesitated, shooting Katie a sideways look. “Or maybe you’re just hopelessly obsessed?”

Blushing, Yolanda sneaked a glance at Brendon and let out a dramatic sigh. “Brendon is obviously the hottest guy here. It’s not even close.” Katie rolled her eyes but laughed, conceding with a playful shrug. “Whatever. Elliott is flawless out there.” Her voice dropped to an awestruck whisper, cheeks burning as she giggled.

But her starry-eyed smile vanished in an instant. “What in the actual fuck? How did that happen?”

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. “Is this for real? What on earth just happened?”

Everyone’s attention snapped to the track, breath caught in their throats as they witnessed the unthinkable.

. Elliott’s drift around the bend was already clean enough to drop jaws. But then Christina came in hot—her drift was pure madness, the kind of move that made the crowd collectively forget how to breathe. She was even quicker than when she’d dusted that second-place racer earlier, her car practically flirting with the edge of control. It wasn’t just driving—it was a death-defying ballet on asphalt.

The spectators were buzzing, their nerves on fire, their scalps prickling with the rush. And since it already felt like this from the sidelines, what kind of chaos was exploding inside that car?

The instant Christina snapped out of the drift, she launched forward like a missile, obliterating Elliott’s lead in seconds.

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“What the hell? No way in hell!” Bruno growled, his eyes popping like they might fly out of his skull. He couldn’t process it. Christina had just overtaken Darknight.

Most didn’t know who Darknight really was—but Bruno did. His cousin, Elliott. Only Skybreaker could ever manage to rival him.

“Mr. Happer, you think he’s holding back just ’cause she’s a woman?” one of Bruno’s lackeys whispered, not daring to raise his voice.

“Obviously!” Bruno’s voice cracked like a whip. “Of course he’s holding back! No damn way that woman beats my cousin’s car unless he’s letting her. If he were serious—hell, she wouldn’t even catch the shimmer of his taillights!” He spat on the ground, fury sizzling in his chest. “Goddammit! We are not letting this bitch take the win!” Bruno’s glare seared into the giant screen, silently begging his cousin to stop holding back and put an end to her at once.

Nearby, the second-place racer parted his lips like he might speak up, but thought better of it. Bruno wasn’t ready to hear the truth.

The second-place racer had competed against Christina not long ago. Earlier, he had told himself she simply got lucky, that his own missteps handed her the win. He’d clung to excuses. But watching her now, slicing through the track with Elliott on her tail, it hit like a punch to the gut. Losing to her hadn’t been chance. It was inevitable. And for once, he wasn’t even mad.

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Chapter 125:

She was a damn storm behind the wheel.

In the stands, Katie was practically levitating out of her seat, nails digging into her palms. “Come on, Elliott! Hit the gas! Don’t let her take you—pass her!”

Brendon stared hard at the sleek machine Christina commanded. Something twisted in his gut, like the ground had shifted under a truth he never saw coming. This wasn’t the

Christina he knew. Not the woman he'd once married and walked away from. Just how many secrets had she kept from him?

Beside him, Yolanda caught the way his eyes clung to the screen for Christina's every movement. A flicker of irritation sparked in her chest.

After a moment of tense silence, she swallowed her irritation and muttered, "You think Elliott's holding back on Christina?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Katie's answer came quick, sharp—laced with conviction. "There's no way someone like Elliott could actually lose to her. He's totally throwing the race." Her voice carried the weight of certainty, as if the idea of Christina winning on merit was laughable.

"But he was brought in to help Bruno," Yolanda said softly, her brows knitting. "If he's letting her win, doesn't that mean he's into her?"

"Impossible!" The word burst from both Katie and Brendon in perfect sync, sharp and defensive.

"Elliott would never go for some washed-up divorcée," Katie added, her tone dripping with disdain.

Brendon kept his expression tight, voice like steel. "She's older than he is. And went through a divorce. Not his type—never will be."

"Yeah... I guess you're right," Yolanda murmured, scrunching her nose in vague distaste. "I've never even heard of Elliott dating. He barely has any women around. He must live like a monk."

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"Exactly," Katie said, her smile smug and self-assured. "A man like him doesn't waste time on nobodies. He deserves someone exceptional."

Katie had no doubts—she was the one made for Elliott. Anyone else? Just background noise. If some desperate woman thought she could swoop in and steal him, she'd crush that fantasy before it had a chance to breathe.

Pursuing Dylan had been a lost cause, but Elliott? He was different. And if she couldn't worm her way into the elite Scott family, well, snagging a place in the prestigious Hubbard lineage wasn't a bad backup plan.

Yolanda couldn't help but notice the dreamy look plastered across Katie's face, and an amused smirk tugged at her lips. Honestly, it was laughable. Katie, of all people, thought

she stood a chance of marrying into the Hubbard family? Not in a million years. Keep wishing, darling.

Snuggled up against Brendon, Yolanda kept her eyes glued to the giant screen, her mind already working several steps ahead. She had no intention of staying with Brendon for long. The real prize was Elliott, and in her mind, she was destined to claim the title of his wife—no one else would take that spot.

Not far away, tucked in the shadows, two striking men stood quietly apart from the crowd. Everything about them radiated an effortless confidence, from their poised stature to the subtle, aristocratic air that seemed to set them apart.

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Chapter 126:

“Wow, I never thought I’d see the day,” Ralphy commented, a playful glint in his eye as he leaned toward Dylan. “Miss Jones actually pulled this off? That’s something I didn’t expect.”

“Yeah, I didn’t see her beating Elliott either.” Dylan’s tone was flat, his attention fixed on the events playing out on the screen.

Ralphy gave him a nudge and shot him a sideways grin. “So, any idea where Skybreaker disappeared to after retirement? Skybreaker just vanished—no gossip, no trace. I’d give anything to see a match-up between you two. That’d be legendary.”

Dylan didn’t react, his gaze unwavering. After a moment, he finally spoke, his voice low and measured. “Watch her closely. Doesn’t her driving remind you of Skybreaker?”

Ralphy’s eyes went wide, and his jaw nearly dropped. “Wait, you’re not suggesting... she might actually be Skybreaker?” He stared at Dylan, his face etched with shock and utter disbelief.

A single, deliberate nod from Dylan was all the confirmation he gave. He meant every word.

Ralphy's jaw snapped shut, and he spun back to the screen, replaying every second of the race in his mind. Each sharp turn and calculated maneuver reminded him of Skybreaker's unmatched skill, though he had to admit, there was still a noticeable difference. Christina wasn't quite at that level yet.

"Some of her moves look like Skybreaker's, I guess," Ralphy mumbled, barely loud enough for Dylan to hear. "But Skybreaker's a guy. She's definitely not."

Dylan glanced at him, his expression unreadable. "Have you ever seen Skybreaker in person?"

"No, never." Ralphy paused, caught off guard. "Then what makes you so certain Skybreaker isn't a woman?" Dylan's words cut through the doubt like a cold wind.

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Ralphy's mind went into overdrive, his mental image of the legendary driver suddenly blending with Christina's silhouette. For a moment, he looked like he'd seen a ghost. "You're messing with me, right? There's just no way!" He stared at Dylan, searching his face for a hint of a joke.

"Wait. Don't tell me you've already figured it out?"

Dylan's lips curled into the faintest smirk. "Care to place a wager?"

It took Ralphy a second to recover. "Nope. Not this time. I know better than to bet against you. You're up to something, aren't you?"

Ralphy had lost enough bets to Dylan to recognize a trap when he saw one.

When Dylan's sly smile deepened, Ralphy couldn't help but shiver. "Geez! I nearly walked right into it!"

"I'm good, thanks. I trust your hunch. Let's skip the bet," Ralphy said quickly, waving his hands in surrender. "Too bad... That plot of land in the north would've been a nice prize."

Dylan let out a mock sigh, his eyes glinting.

Ralphy shot him a look of exaggerated outrage. "I knew it! So that's what you've been after all along, my property in the north end!" With a smug little tilt of his chin, Ralphy added, "Good thing I've been on my toes since I was a kid. No way I was letting you trick me."

Dylan raised an eyebrow and shot back, "Really? Haven't you fallen for enough of my traps by now? Let's not forget—"

“Enough! Don’t you dare bring that up,” Ralphy quickly cut Dylan off, waving his hands to silence him before he could dig up any old embarrassments. “That’s exactly why I’ve learned my lesson. After being burned so many times, I became wiser.”

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Chapter 127:

Their focus returned to the giant screen just as the two cars raced for the finish, still separated by barely half a car length.

In the end, Christina snatched the victory by a fraction of a second. The crowd went wild, their cheers filling the air as the adrenaline from the close finish lingered.

“Hell yes! That’s my hero. Nobody can touch her!” Ralphy couldn’t help but shout, caught up in his excitement. “She’s already unbeatable at shooting, and now she’s crushing it on the track? Is there anything she can’t do?”

Dylan remained silent, his eyes locked on Christina as she stepped out of the car. With an effortless flick, she tugged off her helmet and let her jet-black hair fall free.

To Dylan, Christina seemed to radiate confidence—every move she made was calm, elegant, and entirely her own.

Across the room, Katie could barely contain her irritation. “What just happened? How did Christina beat Elliott?”

“Doesn’t matter if Elliott held back. Christina still came out on top,” Yolanda replied smoothly.

Brendon suddenly spoke up. “I need a word with her. Wait here, alright?”

Yolanda turned to him, eyes sharp. “Why do you need to talk to Christina?”

“I just need to ask about my grandma’s surgery,” he gently explained, his hand brushing her cheek.

Yolanda forced a sweet smile. “Okay, but don’t keep me waiting too long.”

As soon as Brendon was out of earshot, Yolanda’s expression changed.

She put on an air of disappointment, but her eyes betrayed no genuine emotion. Instead, her focus shifted to Elliott, watching him step out of his car.

The standings thrummed with energy, yet Bruno remained rooted, his expression as dark and turbulent as an impending storm. His eyes fixed on Christina, who stood basking in the glow of victory—radiant, confident, and utterly triumphant. Bruno couldn’t accept this. His own cousin, Elliott, known far and wide as Darknight, the legendary racer, had been bested. How did Christina manage to outpace Darknight?

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Meanwhile, Davina came flying across the field, her laughter echoing as she rushed to Christina and threw her arms around her. “You did it!” she exclaimed. “You just crushed it out there!” She raised her fist high, thumb sticking up in full-blown praise.

Christina tossed her hair back with a soft smile. “You put me on that track—I had to try my best.”

“You’re incredible!” Davina’s thumb stayed firmly aloft, admiration shining in her eyes.

But her excitement faltered the moment she noticed Bruno approaching. Her expression dropped as if a switch had flipped. The thumbs-up turned into a sharp thumbs-down aimed straight at him. “We won two out of three, Bruno. Time to pay what you owe,” she said coldly, crossing her arms.

Bruno’s jaw tightened. “That race was rigged. You cheated. I’m not accepting this.”

“Excuse me? Cheated?” Davina looked ready to explode. “Show me where. How did we even cheat?”

“Even if you played fair, my cousin must have gone easy on you. No chance you actually pulled off a win!” Bruno snapped, his gaze hard and accusing.

Davina rolled her eyes. “Wow. You really can’t handle losing, can you? Be a man and own up to the bet!” She raised her voice and called across the field, loud enough for Elliott to hear, “Hey, Elliott! Is this what the mighty Hubbard family calls honor?”

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 128:

A flicker of panic crossed Bruno's face—he hadn't anticipated her dragging the Hubbard family's name into this dispute. Yet, the words were out. "This is between me and you alone! Don't you dare besmirch the Hubbard name!" he warned, stepping forward, teeth clenched. "Mind your words."

"You're wrong, Bruno. This is very much about the Hubbard family now," Davina said with a smirk. "You made the bet. Your cousin raced. Now you're backing out. That stains the whole Hubbard name."

She shrugged off Bruno's protest. Since he wanted to sulk like a sore loser, she would just escalate things and get the Hubbard family involved. She doubted he'd actually risk dragging their name through the mud.

"I'm not backing down," Bruno snapped. "You cheated, and I won't accept an unfair outcome!"

Just then, Elliott approached, his expression unreadable, his brow drawn in a tight line. "There was no cheating," he declared with quiet conviction.

Elliott's eyes fixed on Christina, sharp and probing. Her technique on the track mirrored Skybreaker's too closely. Who exactly was she? "How can you say she played fair? You're the famous—" Bruno abruptly stopped himself, swallowing the secret he almost revealed. Taking a steady breath, Bruno asked cautiously, "Did you hold back against her?"

Elliott shook his head firmly, unwavering in his honesty. "She didn't cheat, and I didn't go easy on her. I was simply outmatched."

Elliott never made excuses. If someone outperformed him, he owned it without hesitation or complaint.

"That's unbelievable! A woman outdriving you?" Bruno's frustration surged, threatening to spill over as he battled the urge to expose Elliott's concealed identity as Darknight.

"A defeat is a defeat. No use dwelling on it," Elliott replied calmly, maintaining his composure.

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Bruno clenched his jaw, simmering with rage. He was sure Elliott had intentionally tanked the race—just to sabotage him. But with Elliott refusing to confess, he was powerless to prove it.

“Did you catch that, Bruno? Elliott owns his loss like a man. What about you?” Davina’s triumphant smile widened. “Come on—pay up so we can all call it a night.”

Bruno shot a venomous glare her way, muttering curses under his breath.

“Respect the bet, Bruno. Don’t drag the Hubbard family name through the mud,” Elliott stated firmly.

Still, Bruno remained rooted, fists clenched tight, stubbornly unwilling to yield or acknowledge defeat—his pride chaining him in place.

“I still don’t believe that woman didn’t cheat,” Bruno muttered. He didn’t dare accuse Elliott of going easy on Christina to his face again, but he could damn well suspect Christina of foul play.

“Are you questioning my judgment?” Elliott’s voice was cold, his stare even colder.

Bruno replied quickly, “No, I’m not.” His jaw was tight as a drum.

“Good. Then keep your end of the bet. Unless you’d prefer I bring your parents in to settle things?” Elliott’s tone was light, but the threat was clear.

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 129:

Bruno’s fists clenched, and his eyes flashed with fury. Every time he slipped up, Elliott ran straight to his parents. And every single time, he ended up being punished. If not for the Hubbards, he could get away with anything. But once they stepped in, it didn’t matter who was right. He always ended up paying the price. He hated Elliott and the whole Hubbard clan.

In that moment, Bruno made a silent vow—if he ever got the chance to bring the Hubbard family down, he'd take it. No second thoughts. One day, the Hubbard Group would be his.

"Fine! A bet's a bet!" Bruno spat, then dropped hard to his knees before Davina and Christina. "I was wrong! Forgive me!" He forced the words out, each one laced with bitter anger, like they left a bad taste in his mouth.

Davina smirked. "Now that's settled, wire the money."

"I'm doing it!" Bruno growled under his breath.

Davina handed over Christina's account info. Bruno tapped his screen and sent the ten million over. "It's sent!" he snapped.

Christina smiled, sugar-sweet. "Got it."

"Well then, looks like we're done here," Davina said, linking arms with Christina. Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Let's grab some barbecue. Maybe a drink. We earned it."

Bruno nearly choked. They were really going to celebrate?

"Sure," Christina replied with a nod.

But just as Christina turned to leave, Elliott's voice rang out. "Wait."

Before the word had even settled, someone grabbed Christina's wrist. But it wasn't Elliott.

Christina turned, and her eyes met Brendon's. His grip was firm, his expression cold. She scowled, clearly annoyed.

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"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?" Davina barked, stepping forward. "Take your dirty hands off her!"

"This doesn't concern you. Stay out of it," Brendon shot back without looking at her.

Davina's lip curled. "You're the outsider here! Like a bad penny—you just keep showing up. Why are we always stuck running into you?" That one hit a nerve. Brendon's face darkened. "Oh, so Rockland's yours now? You run the place?" he sneered. "If anyone's a bad penny, it's you."

Davina opened her mouth to fire back, but Christina stepped in first. "You're the bad penny here," she said, her voice sharp as glass. "Let go of me. I won't say it again."

Her glare spoke volumes. She was seconds away from exploding.

Brendon backed off—just a little. “I just wanna talk. About my grandma,” he muttered, softer now. He had suffered at Christina’s hands before and was wary of her sudden movements.

Christina eyed him warily. “What about her?”

Brendon looked around and then leaned closer. “Too many people here. Let’s talk somewhere else.”

“Right here. Or not at all,” she replied flatly.

Brendon clenched his jaw. A sharp ache throbbed in his head. “Do you have to be like this? We don’t have to fight. Can’t we just talk?” His voice was pleading, but there was an edge to it.

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 130:

When she stayed silent, he reached out, aiming to pull her away. “C’mon, let’s just step outside and—”

But before Christina could unleash her fury, someone else beat her to it.

Brendon’s wrist was suddenly caught in a steel grip. Pain shot up his arm like fire.

Everyone turned. Elliott stood there, cold as ice, his fingers digging into Brendon’s wrist.

“Let go,” Elliott said. His voice was low, but the threat was unmistakable—and with each passing second, his grip only grew more punishing.

Brendon winced. His bones felt like they were being crushed. The pressure was unbearable. With a grunt, he finally let go of Christina’s wrist.

“You okay?” Davina rushed to Christina’s side, gently lifting her wrist. Angry red marks circled Christina’s skin, and Davina’s chest tightened at the sight.

While Brendon was still doubled over in pain, Davina slammed her heel down on him. Hard. “Trash!” she hissed.

“Argh!” Brendon cried out, his face twisted in pain. What the hell was wrong with this lunatic?

Elliott’s eyes dropped to Christina’s wrist. The red lines made something flicker in his gaze. Without a word, he crushed Brendon’s wrist even harder.

“Ah! Fuck!” Brendon screamed, vision going white at the edges. The pain was blinding.

Brendon jerked back, trying to break free. With a faint smirk playing on his lips, Elliott let go.

Brendon stumbled backward, completely off balance. He crashed to the ground, landing hard on his tailbone. Pain rippled up his spine. At least his head didn’t hit the floor again—he couldn’t afford another round of stitches.

Red-faced and fuming, Brendon scrambled to his feet, rage burning under his skin. Too scared to go at Elliott, he turned on Christina instead. “I just came to ask about my grandma’s surgery!” he snapped, brushing himself off.

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“What the hell was all that for? We were once married, for God’s sake!” Brendon spat the word “married” like poison, throwing it in Elliott’s face. His message was clear: no matter how much Elliott protected or fancied Christina, she was just a woman he had discarded. He aimed to let his words sting.

“I’ll take care of your grandma’s surgery. You don’t have to worry,” Christina said, her voice frosty.

Elliott’s lips curved slightly as he regarded Brendon with detached amusement. “You’re overstepping as an ex-husband.”

Brendon’s face darkened, his anger bubbling up, his retort on his tongue—but he choked it back, not daring to snap at Elliott. Through gritted teeth, he forced out his modified reply. “Mr. Hubbard, I was once her husband. If anyone’s overstepping, it’s you.”

“And what if you were? That doesn’t stop me from pursuing her,” Elliott said coolly.

Gasps spread around them. Did Elliott just say that? He intended to pursue Christina? A divorced woman who was older than him? This was huge. If this got out, it’d be tabloid gold.

Brendon’s face turned red. “You’ve got to be kidding. She’s divorced. And older than you.”

