

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

## The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

### Chapter 141:

Davina frowned and stepped back. The smell of the three drunkards hit her hard—sweat and alcohol mixed into a sickening stench. It clung to the air like rot.

One of the drunkards spoke up. “Hey, gorgeous. All alone? Join us for a drink—it’s on us.”

His companions quickly jumped in. “Yeah. And looks like you were expecting us. Even brought cards. How thoughtful.”

“We’re heading to the next round of fun, babe. Tag along. Keep us happy, and you’ll be well paid.”

Three pot-bellied drunkards stood grinning like wolves in cheap suits. Their eyes roamed Davina’s body, hungry and shameless.

Davina felt sick to her stomach. It was as if their stares could peel away her clothes—lewd, disgusting, and invasive.

One of the drunkards pressed on when she didn’t reply. “So, what’s it gonna be, beautiful? Or do you want a little more cash thrown on you?” Then all of them broke into loud, sleazy laughter. The sound scraped her nerves raw.

The shortest one, chubby and sweating, rubbed his chin as he stared at her chest. “As long as you make us climax, money’s no issue.”

The bald one chimed in. “Please the three of us at the same time, and you get ten grand from each of us. More if you’re worth it. We’re generous guys.”

The third drunkard smirked. “You’ve got the looks, sweetheart. That’s why we’re making the offer. Most girls don’t get this chance.”

Davina pressed her tongue against her cheek, gripping the cards tightly. Her patience was wearing thin. These drunk, ugly fools were now acting like they owned the world. Did they really believe she wouldn’t put them in their place?

She stepped forward slowly, a small smile spreading across her face. Her eyes locked onto the shortest one. The three drunkards lit up, mistaking her smile for interest. Their excitement was almost laughable.

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“Ten grand from each of you?” she asked with a sweet smile.

“Of course!” They grinned widely, flashing yellow, stained teeth. Their minds were deep in the gutter.

The most eager one reached out, hoping to pull her in. “Come here, gorgeous. Just one kiss. I can’t hold back anymore.”

Davina’s smile turned cold. Without warning, she raised her leg and slammed her foot into him.

“Ugh!” he cried as he crashed to the ground, limbs flailing like a stranded whale. He groaned in pain, rolling from side to side.

Ralphy, watching from nearby, had been ready to step in—but froze mid-step. His brows lifted in surprise. He’d seen Christina in action. Now, witnessing Davina’s skills, he realized she was no damsel either. Judging by her stance, it seemed she didn’t need his help at all. He leaned against the glass door of the convenience store and lit a cigarette. His eyes stayed fixed on her, narrowed with quiet interest.

Davina crossed her arms and smirked. “One kick, one fifty. One punch, a hundred. Step up if you’ve got the guts.”

“Don’t just stand there! Get that bitch!” the one on the ground roared, his face red with fury. He doubted this seemingly delicate woman could take all three of them down.

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The other two drunkards charged at her, fists clenched, eyes wild.

Davina scoffed. She dodged the first and kicked him hard. “One fifty,” she muttered.

The last drunkard swung. She ducked and came up with a clean uppercut. His jaw snapped back, and before he could fall, she kicked him in the gut. He hit the ground hard. She stared down at him with disgust.

“You’re the fattest. Count it two-fifty.”

Ralphy let out a low chuckle. Her boldness amused him.

Davina turned, ready to speak—but then saw Ralphy’s face change. The cigarette slipped from his lips. His eyes widened with alarm.

“Watch out!” he shouted, dashing toward her.

Davina barely turned her head before Ralphy pulled her into his arms, shielding her without a second thought. The sharp crash of shattering glass filled the air.

It turned out that one of the drunkards had lunged, smashing a bottle at Davina. Ralphy had rushed over and swept her into his embrace, his arm raised just in time to fend off the bottle.

The glass exploded against Ralphy. Without flinching, he spun around with Davina still in his arms. Then, he delivered the kick—swift and brutal.

His foot slammed into the drunkard’s leg. A crack rang out, followed by a scream of pain. The drunkard dropped like a stone, clutching his leg and howling.

If Ralphy hadn’t acted fast, Davina would have been hurt. Maybe not by the glass, but the impact alone could have done real damage.

Ralphy held Davina tightly, spinning them away from danger before stopping.

For Davina, in that split second, everything else seemed to disappear. No voices. No chaos. Just the two of them. It felt like they were dancing. A dangerous, beautiful waltz in the middle of a fight.

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Pressed against Ralphy’s chest, Davina stared up at him. His face was stern, a lethal intent flickering in his eyes as he kicked the drunkard hard.

She had always thought of Ralphy as laid-back, mischievous, even careless. But now, she saw something more. His sharp jaw. His striking features. His strong profile. His eyes, cold and calm as he kicked the drunkard down. There was something quietly heroic about

him. Something that made her heart skip without warning. She found herself staring, unable to look away.

“You okay?” Ralphy’s voice broke through, low and gentle.

Davina blinked, snapping out of it. She quickly dropped her gaze, flustered. “I—I’m fine.”

“Let me check if any glass cut you.” Gently cupping her face with both hands, Ralphy furrowed his brows, inspecting her delicate skin that was now faintly flushed. “No cuts. That’s good. But check yourself—anywhere hurt? Tell me if you feel any pain.”

His barrage of concerned questions made Davina’s heart race slightly faster. Then, she remembered. His arm had been struck by the bottle. She grabbed it gently.

Ralphy hissed in pain and tensed up.

Davina immediately released his arm, her panic evident as she apologized.

“I’m sorry! Did I hurt you? Should we go to the hospital?”

He gave her a crooked grin. “Relax. It’s just a minor injury.”

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As he spoke, he rotated his arm in front of her. “See? No muscle or bone damage, just a small bruise. It’s nothing,” he said, his tone light and dismissive.

“Let me take a look anyway,” she said, her voice soft but firm. She carefully rolled up his sleeve. A dark bruise was already blooming beneath the skin.

Her face fell. “This doesn’t look like nothing.”

Ralphy looked down and saw the worry in her eyes. Something stirred in him—warm and unfamiliar. Then came the teasing smile. He leaned closer, his voice playful. “You care about me, don’t you?”

Davina froze. Their faces were close—too close. His gaze held hers, deep and mischievous. His words echoed in her head. Her cheeks burned. Her heart fluttered like a trapped bird. A faint scent lingered between them—a mix of tobacco and something softer, something only his. It was his scent. Like him—impossible to ignore.

Davina met Ralphy's gaze head-on, her expression unwavering. "What? I'm not allowed to worry about you now?"

Her bluntness caught Ralphy off guard. He arched an eyebrow, a crooked grin tugging at his lips. "Of course, you're allowed. I'm not complaining."

Davina studied his face, concern lingering in her eyes. "Are you sure you're alright?"

Ralphy waved off her worry, his voice light. "It's nothing serious. Just a scratch—I'll be good as new in a couple of days."

"I'm going to check if there's any ointment nearby. If not, I'll buy some for your wound," Davina remarked, gently slipping out of his arms. Ralphy let her go without protest, a faint smile curving his mouth as he watched her walk away.

The moment her back was turned, his warmth vanished. He pivoted toward the three burly drunkards sprawled on the pavement, his eyes glinting cold as steel. The drunkards immediately stiffened under his chilling stare. He pulled out his phone, dialing swiftly. When the line connected, his voice dropped several degrees as he revealed the current location. "You have ten minutes to take care of this," he said coldly, hanging up without waiting for a response.

Ralphy leveled one last icy look at the drunkards before turning to follow Davina. Catching up, he let her steer him toward a weathered public bench.

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Davina patted the seat beside her. "Sit down. Let me take care of that for you."

A sly grin tugged at Ralphy's lips as he settled down. "It's nothing—just a flesh wound. Don't make such a big deal out of it." Despite his words, he extended his arm toward her.

Davina eased up his sleeve, and her face fell when she spotted the ugly bruises mottling his skin. "This must hurt like hell," she murmured, smoothing ointment over the worst of it, her fingers gentle.

Ralphy tried to wave it off. "Please, I've had worse. This? It barely feels like anything. Just a scratch, like being tickled—ah! Damn! It hurts!"

As she applied more pressure, he sucked in a sharp breath, his face twisting in pain. "Are you trying to finish me off?" he yelped, meeting her wide eyes.

He instantly realized she had done it on purpose. She shot him an annoyed look. “Didn’t you just brag about it being ticklish? What happened to all that big talk?”

Her patience had already worn thin from his stubborn act, so she pressed a little harder, watching to see how long he’d last.

“It only hurts because you’re practically digging into it! Anyone would yell,” Ralphie protested, pouting.

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Davina eased her touch, her tone softening. “If it hurts, just say so. Why act tough?”

“Act tough? You think I’m putting on an act?” Ralphie retorted, his tone playful again. “I’m seriously a tough guy—this little bruise is... Ah! OW, ow, easy! Be gentle, okay?”

Davina seized his arm and pressed down, determined to break through his bravado. “Still acting tough now?” she demanded, arching an eyebrow.

He gave in with a dramatic sigh. “Not anymore.”

“No more big talk now?”

“No more,” he hurriedly answered.

“Still think you’re some kind of iron man?”

“Not after what you put me through—my spirit’s been totally broken.”

Her earlier irritation vanished, replaced by a laugh at his over-the-top surrender.

Ralphie grinned as he watched her, drawn in by the way her laughter lit up her whole face. Something shifted in his chest—her brightness was utterly magnetic.

Once finished massaging his wound, Davina let her fingers linger a second before pulling away. “I’ll apply the ointment on your injury again tomorrow. The bruises should fade in a few days. Let’s go back; the others are probably done eating by now.”

Ralphy replied with a nod, warmth softening his features. “Sounds good.”

They strolled back side by side. Ralphy sneaked glances at Davina, while a lazy breeze tugged playfully at her hair, carrying a delicate trace of her perfume.

The moment they stepped into their private room at the pizza joint, an odd hush greeted them—something about the room’s mood had shifted.

If Ralphy hadn’t noticed Dylan and Elliott sitting stiffly in silence, he might have assumed the two had just come to blows.

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Christina, clearly restless, looked up and asked, “Got the cards? What took you so long?”

She’d been desperate to get the game started—anything to cut through the heavy awkwardness settling in the private room. In an effort to keep things moving, she’d even started drinking with Dylan and Elliott. When Davina and Ralphy returned, she exhaled in relief. The atmosphere lightened a little. She wasn’t exactly a pro at keeping things lively, but with them back, the vibe was bound to pick up.

“Yeah, we had to walk all the way to a convenience store just to find a deck,” Davina remarked with a breathy laugh, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. She made no mention of the commotion outside—it was pointless to bring it up now that everything had been handled.

Ralphy ripped open the new deck and grinned. “Okay, ground rules: nobody’s leaving this room sober tonight. No exceptions.” He shot a sly glance at Davina, silently acknowledging their unspoken agreement to keep the earlier events to themselves.

With a practiced flick, Ralphy split the cards into two tidy piles and offered them up to the group. “Here’s how it goes. We’ll each take turns drawing a card—the lowest number drinks. Simple enough, right?”

Davina perked up, a playful spark in her eyes. “Nope, let’s change it up. Here’s my suggestion—everyone has to guess who’s got a card lower than theirs. Get it wrong, bottoms up.”

Ralphy’s eyes lit up, his knuckles cracking as he leaned in. “Hell yeah! I’m ready to crush it.”

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“No complaints? Great. Ralphy, you’re first,” Davina declared, pointing at him. Ralphy shot her a cocky salute. “Yes, ma’am.” He dove for a card, snatching it from the pile.

Davina drew next, followed by Elliott, and the rest took their cards in quick succession.

“So, who’s kicking things off?” Christina asked, her voice cool and measured as she toyed with the Joker between her fingers, eyes sweeping the table.

Ralphy shot his hand up before anyone else could react. “Me! I’m up. One sec—if I make the right guess, the person I guess about has to drink, right?” He eyed the group, eager to lock in the rules.

Davina gave him a nod. “Exactly. And if someone guesses correctly that your card is lower than theirs, that’s one drink. Two people? Two drinks. It’s open season—team up as much as you want.”

Ralphy glanced down at the King of Spades in his hand, unable to hide his grin. Without hesitation, he pointed straight at Davina and declared, “Easy. Your card’s lower than mine, guaranteed!”

Davina fired back, grinning as she locked eyes with him. “Think so? I’m saying yours is lower than mine!”

Dylan and Elliott exchanged looks, both turning toward Christina, quietly waiting to see which way she’d jump.

Christina’s lips curled into a playful smirk as she pointed directly at Ralphy. “I’m guessing yours is lower too,” she stated, her voice smooth and certain.

Without missing a beat, Elliott and Dylan followed her lead, their arms locking onto Ralphy like a firing squad.

Ralphy’s jaw dropped as he stared, utterly stunned. “Hold up—are you guys for real?” he exclaimed. “What is this, some kind of siege? This is outright cruelty!”



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He clutched his chest in mock agony, hamming it up so much that Davina burst out laughing.

Davina grinned, her eyes sweeping over the group. “Alright, you get one shot to change your guess. But if you do, you owe half a drink. Anyone wanna switch?”

Nobody moved. Their determination was written all over their faces. Ralphie tried one last time, waving his card with dramatic flair. “Sure you don’t wanna rethink this? My card is a beast. I’m warning you!” But his cocky bravado bounced right off their collective resolve. With a playful nod, Davina said, “Cards up, let’s see what you’re hiding.”

Ralphie let out a theatrical groan, smacking his card down with enough force to rattle the table. “Trust me, you haven’t seen regret until now! Take a good look, everyone!”

He revealed the King of Spades with a flourish, his grin sly as a fox as he folded his arms and leaned back. “Didn’t see that coming, did you? King of Spades, right here! Come on, let’s see what you’ve got—no way you all top this.”

“No way! You’re the King of Spades?” Davina gasped. Her smile faded.

Ralphie smirked, proud as ever. “I warned you all. I said—point at me and you’ll regret it. But no one listened.”

Davina let out a long, dramatic sigh. “What a shame.” She flipped her card over with a flick. “Too bad for you—my card’s bigger!”

Then, she burst into laughter, loud and sharp, like she was laughing at a clown.

Ralphie’s jaw dropped. “Hearts Ace?” he cried, staring at her card. “How is that even possible?”

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“Anything’s possible,” Davina teased, laughter bubbling. “You really thought a King was enough to beat me? Please.”

Now, Davina was the smug one. Chin in hands, she beamed at him like a cat who got the cream.

Ralphie tried to recover. “Fine, yours is bigger. But what about theirs?” He looked at the three remaining players. “Flip your cards! You guys aren’t considering cheating, are you?”

Elliott smiled and slowly revealed his card. “Spade Ace.”

“Ah!” Ralphie yelped. His eye twitched. He turned desperately to Dylan and Christina. “No way your cards beat mine too, right?”

“Joker,” Dylan said with a smooth grin, turning his card over like a magician.

Ralphie let out another howl. “What kind of cursed game is this?” He stared at them in disbelief, his face a mix of shock and suspicion. Then, he turned to Christina, the last player yet to reveal her card. Hope clung to him like a lifeline.

“You... You don’t have a higher card too, right? Come on, can’t be that unlucky.”

Christina gave a soft smile. Calm, unreadable. She held her card with two fingers and flicked it onto the table, face-down. “See for yourself,” she said quietly.

Ralphie hesitated. His hand hovered over the card, trembling.

“Oh, come on already! Just flip it!” Davina snapped.

Ralphie shot her a look. “Easy for you to say. You’re not the one on the chopping block.”

Davina couldn’t help but laugh. “It’s just a drink. Don’t be so dramatic.”

“Seriously, all of you picked me! It seems every single one of you has a higher card. And now

“And now I’m the only one who has to drink!” Ralphie cried, pulling a face like he was about to cry.

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“Alright, alright. Tone down the drama,” Davina said, rolling her eyes.

Ralphie dropped his dramatic act in an instant. “Fine, fine. A loss is a loss.”

He let out a loud sigh and then slapped the card onto the table. Hearts Eight. He blinked and stared at it. Then, he blinked again. Was he seeing things? No. It was real. Smaller than his card. For a moment, silence.

“YES!” Ralphy leapt from his chair, nearly knocking it over. “I knew my luck wasn’t that bad!”

Davina rolled her eyes again. “It’s just one less drink. Do you really need to throw a party over it?”

Ralphy grinned from ear to ear. “Of course I do! This is my ray of hope after all that despair! Even if I drink, I drink with joy!” And with that, he snatched up his glass and downed it in one go.

Christina smiled faintly as she watched him. Under the table, hidden from view, she held a card—the Joker she had initially drawn.

“Alright, let’s go!” Ralphy boomed, pounding the table. “Round two! I’m back, baby!”

Christina’s smile lingered. Quiet, knowing. She slid the Joker back into the deck.

The game rolled on.

The drinking games had gone on for far too many rounds, and everyone was more than a little drunk.

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### Chapter 147:

“Cheers!” Ralphy raised his glass high, his cheeks flushed. He clinked glasses with Davina. “Bottoms up! No one’s going home until we’ve had our fill!”

Davina laughed, her voice slurred. “You’re already drunk.”

“Drunk?” Ralphy gave a tipsy grin. “Me? Never! I’ve never been drunk. Not tonight. Not ever...”

Davina giggled. “Ha-ha! You’re definitely drunk. So, so drunk... Hic!”

“Alright, that’s enough. Let’s stop here and head back to rest.” Christina said, standing up. Her voice was calm but unsteady.

She tried to rise gracefully, but her balance wavered. She nearly fell. Two pairs of hands reached out at the same time, steadying her just in time.

“Thanks...” she mumbled, cheeks pink as she looked at the two men beside her.

She looked left and right, feeling like there were too many people around. She blinked slowly. Everything felt too close. Faces blurred. Her head swam. Yes—she was drunk. Truly drunk. If she had even one more drink, she might pass out cold.

Trying to stay focused, Christina said, “Let’s go. Time to settle the bill. Is the driver here?”

“He’s waiting outside...” Ralphie mumbled, wobbling a little as he stepped forward.

Their cars had already been sent back earlier. The driver had brought two business vans—plenty of room for everyone.

“Then let’s move,” Christina said softly.

Dylan, though drunk, was still sharp. He watched her carefully, keeping close.

Elliott did the same, both men stepping in from time to time to remind Christina to be careful.

Ralphie had planned to ride with Elliott, but before he could react, Davina shoved him into one of the vans. The door slammed shut behind him.

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“To Bayview Estates,” Davina told the driver.

“Elli—” Ralphie started, but the name was cut short as Davina pressed her hand over his mouth.

Her fingers were slender and cool, with a faint, sweet scent. The unexpected touch left Ralphie stunned.

Davina raised her other hand and placed a finger on her own lips.

“Shhh.”

The van began to move.

Ralphy blinked, dazed. Whatever he was about to say slipped from his mind. The warmth of the van and Davina's perfume made him drowsy. Meanwhile, outside the second van, Elliott was about to climb in when Dylan stepped in front of him.

"Call your driver to pick you up," Dylan said coolly. His tone was sharp, even through the haze of alcohol.

"He went to bed early. I didn't want to wake him," Elliott lied calmly. Christina looked between them.

"Why don't we all go together? There are extra rooms. I'll check with Davina and Ralphy."

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She was worried that the two men, both proud and half-drunk, might end up arguing. If things got heated, it could ruin their friendship—and more.

Elliott smiled faintly. His eyes locked on Dylan's, a spark of challenge there. Then, he turned to Christina. "Thanks for letting me crash." Dylan's expression didn't change. He held the van door, refusing to move.

Christina swayed slightly. The alcohol was catching up fast. Her head ached. She felt the dizziness building. There wasn't time for this. She furrowed her brow, hesitated, and then took a step forward.

Christina reached out and gave Dylan's sleeve a gentle tug, as if coaxing a favor out of him. Her voice softened, smooth and calm. "Everyone's had a little too much to drink. As the host, I should make sure everyone gets home safe. Let's take care of each other, okay?"

Dylan glanced down at her. His expression stayed cold, but her clear gaze held his attention, cutting through the fog of alcohol. Her voice, sweet and calm, had a way of slipping past his guard.

“Okay?” she repeated, drawing the word out with a small tilt of her head. She tugged his sleeve once more, just a little.

Dylan’s throat moved as he swallowed. His heart skipped. Did she even know how cute she looked right now? In an instant, his firm resolve crumbled. He said nothing, but let go of the car door. It was a quiet surrender.

Christina beamed. Her smile lit up her face, playful and carefree. Feeling bold, she blew him a teasing kiss.

Dylan’s mouth curved just slightly. She was impossible to resist like this. And he didn’t want anyone else to see it. “Get in the car,” he said, his voice low. Without missing a beat, he took off his jacket and draped it over her shoulders. “You’ll catch a cold.”

“Thank you.” Christina smiled, hugging the jacket close. The warmth comforted her.

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She hiccupped, her balance swaying. With Dylan steadying her, she clumsily climbed into the van.

Elliott stepped up to follow, but Dylan blocked his way.

“Backseat’s tight. Take the front,” he said coolly. Without waiting for a response, he climbed into the car and firmly shut the door behind him.

Elliott narrowed his eyes. “It’s a business van—it fits three just fine.”

Still, he didn’t argue further. He circled around and got in the front. He knew if he hesitated even a moment longer, he’d risk being left behind entirely.

Meanwhile, in the other car, Davina and Ralphy had already reached the mansion. With arms slung over each other’s shoulders, they stumbled through the door, laughing like lifelong friends.

Ralphy suddenly stopped in his tracks. Davina, caught off guard, tripped over his foot. She pitched forward, about to fall. He reacted on instinct. He grabbed her hand and pulled her close.

The tipsy Davina crashed into his chest. Their eyes met. The air shifted. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe something else—but their faces slowly drew closer.

Just as their lips nearly touched, Davina suddenly gagged.

The moment shattered like glass.

Clutching her mouth, she groaned, “I can’t—ugh...”

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She swayed, eyes wild, and bolted toward the nearest door.

“The bathroom’s this way!” Ralphy called out, rushing to guide her.

A moment later, the sound of retching echoed through the hall.

The smell hit Ralphy hard. He gagged, eyes watering. In the end, both of them were leaning over toilets in separate corners, vomiting in unison.

The next morning, golden sunlight poured through the floor-to-ceiling windows, soft and warm. Christina stirred. She blinked at the brightness, frowning slightly as she sat up.

She stretched, slow and sleepy, and then slid toward the edge of the bed. But the moment her toes touched the floor, they bumped into something unexpected. She froze. Her foot recoiled like it had touched fire.

Sleep vanished in an instant. Her senses snapped awake. Alert and wide-eyed, she stared down—ready to face whatever it was.

A flicker of uncertainty crossed Christina’s face as she paused and stared once more, still grappling with disbelief. Nestled together on the plush carpet, two men lay intertwined in sleep beside the bed. Christina’s attention lingered on the scene before her, eyes drawn and unmoving. Sleep had softened Dylan’s and Elliott’s usual rigidity, stripping away that air of aloofness they always wore while awake. Relaxed and peaceful, their faces lost all trace of harshness, the tension gone.

Sunlight meandered in through the gauzy curtains, spilling gently across the room and illuminating the pair with golden warmth. Anyone would find their looks striking, but among the two, Dylan’s features were even more memorable.

Hesitation made Christina falter. She weighed the idea of waking them, reluctant to cause discomfort. Seconds ticked by as she sat on the bed and then quietly resolved to slip out and let them have their privacy. Maybe, without a witness to the scene, their embarrassment might fade.

Intent on making her exit unnoticed, Christina began to inch toward the far side, careful not to disturb the quiet. Just as she neared the edge of the bed, a faint noise from behind made her freeze, every muscle tensing at once.

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That soft commotion stirred the two men. Alertness crept into their movements as their eyes snapped open. The moment they became aware of their embrace, an icy chill swept over their expressions. An instant of alarm sent them scrambling apart, their arms practically flying away from each other as though the air had turned electric. Irritation flashed in Elliott's eyes. "Have you lost your senses?" he snapped, unable to hold it back.

Dylan answered with a glare as cold as winter, "You're the one who's lost it."

"You..." Just then, Elliott's words faltered. Realization hit him. He clamped his mouth shut and shot upright in one swift motion. Casting a glance toward the mattress, he spotted Christina still lying there, appearing completely undisturbed. His shoulders loosened with quiet relief.

Truthfully, Christina had only slipped beneath the covers moments earlier. If anyone tried to drag her off to some dreadful place now, she would still have feigned sleep without hesitation.

Dylan, not wanting to linger, stood up at once, his gaze glinting coldly as it darted toward the bed. Relief washed over him once he saw that Christina had not stirred and was still in her slumber.

A stare as sharp as a knife was directed at Elliott from Dylan, the air suddenly heavy between them. Despite acting tough, Elliott found himself wilting under that stare. It wasn't just his family who found Dylan's presence daunting. Almost everyone thought twice before meeting his eyes for long.

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## Chapter 150:

Snapping out of his unease, Elliott trailed behind Dylan, both men trying to slip out as silently as possible. Dylan, leading the way, straightened his cuffs, the gemstones catching a stray beam of sunlight, all while tiptoeing to avoid making a sound. Before they could breathe easy, the door across the hall opened, and Ralph stepped out.

Stealth seemed to be Ralph's intention as he padded softly through the hallway. The sight of Elliott and Dylan slipping out of Christina's room left him staring, eyes round with astonishment. Curiosity lit up his face as he lifted his hand, pointing the way. "Did all three of you spend the night together?"

Neither Elliott nor Dylan gave anything away. They barely spared him a look and then brushed past as though nothing had happened.

Watching them disappear down the corridor, Ralph lingered, glancing back at Christina's door, a swirl of intrigue flickering across his features. But speculation would have to wait. There were other priorities—he needed to wash up and shake off the night. Last night, he had shared a room with Davina, but he had spent the entire night in the bathroom. The good fortune that Davina remained asleep was not lost on him. If she had caught him, she would not have missed the chance to joke about his "romance" with the toilet, spreading the story far and wide. Just the thought of her teasing made him shudder.

A vague memory surfaced—he and Davina had staggered to the downstairs bathroom, the night ending in a blur of nausea and exhaustion. What came after that was lost in the fog. Overindulgence had clearly gotten the better of the group, leaving Ralph's head pounding and his energy sapped.

Meanwhile, tucked away in her room, Christina waited until all was quiet before daring to peek through half-opened eyes. Relief swept over her as she realized the coast was clear. The risk of being caught faking sleep had rattled her. If anyone had noticed, the embarrassment would have been unbearable for everyone involved.

She burrowed under the covers for a moment longer, uncertain whether to rise or stay hidden, until the call of a hot shower finally won her over.

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In the dining room, without a word, Dylan set down two steaming bowls of rich porridge, each finding its place on the long dining table.

Spotting the bowls, Ralphy perked up and reached for one, asking, “Is this one mine?” He had already guessed the other was meant for Christina.

Stone-faced, Dylan said, “That bowl’s for Chloe.”

“Okay.” A sigh escaped Ralphy as he let go of the bowl, forced to settle for the plain offering a servant handed him instead. With a slouch, he propped his chin on his palm, saying, “Looks like bland porridge is all I get today.”

Laughter sparkled in Chloe’s tone as she replied, “Who told you that’s all you deserve?”

That comment brought Ralphy to his feet, and he hurried over to relieve the servant of Chloe’s wheelchair. A cheerful grin spread across his face as he guided her to the spot Dylan had set with the heartier porridge. “Chloe, your brother made you something special.”

Though Chloe’s sight still hadn’t returned, she reached out, her fingertips skimming the table until she found the bowl. Then, she slid it gently toward Ralphy. Her smile was warm. “I’d rather have the simple porridge today. Take the good one for yourself, Ralphy,” she said, her smile not fading.

Before Ralphy could decline, Chloe asked with a laugh, “So, did Mr. Hubbard end up staying over last night?”

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