

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

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 161:

Without missing a beat, Christina leveled her cold stare at Thea.

For the first time, Thea felt her arrogance start to crack. That look was enough to make anyone's heart skip. There was something intimidating about Christina's presence.

"Whether you've finished or not, I'm going to teach you a lesson," Christina said, stepping forward and swinging at Thea.

Thea barely managed to duck, the brush of Christina's fingers just glancing across her lips.

"You've lost your mind, Christina! You think you can hit a Reed and walk away?" Katie's eyes were huge, shock coloring her words. Christina seemed intent on pursuing Thea, but Katie's words shifted her focus.

"Since you're so concerned for her, you can take the hit for her!" With that, Christina turned and lunged at Katie.

A surge of relief ran through Katie when she realized Christina's moves weren't fast enough. She dodged, but still felt the whisper of Christina's fingertips grazing her lips.

"She's lost her mind, Mr. Palmer! You need to get security right now!" the senior sales assistant cried to Claude, her voice trembling with anxiety.

"You must really want a fight!" Christina shouted, her anger boiling over as she rushed straight at the senior sales assistant and Claude without hesitation.

Christina lunged forward with wild abandon, causing the senior sales assistant to shriek in panic as she dove behind Claude for protection. "Ahhh! She's lost her mind! Mr. Palmer—save me!"

Even Claude felt a chill run down his spine. Mad or not, Christina's chaotic energy was enough to rattle anyone. Without thinking, he darted to the side, using the senior sales assistant as a human shield, mentally calculating the best moment to dash out and call

security. The senior sales assistant, shoved into harm's way, couldn't believe her luck had turned so sour. She let out another terrified wail. "Ah! Help! Don't hit me, I beg you..."

A slap seemed inevitable, but at the last second, the senior sales assistant twisted away, narrowly missing Christina's hand. She managed to evade the blow, her heart pounding with relief, too distracted to notice how Christina's fingers barely grazed her lips. Claude made a break for it, but Christina planted herself in his path, cutting off his escape.

Mirror of the real draft: alnovtels.com

Having stumbled to the floor, the senior sales assistant gulped down a shaky breath. Thanks to Claude drawing Christina's fire, she'd avoided the brunt of the chaos. Had things gone differently, she would have been the one on the receiving end of Christina's wrath.

A slow, menacing smile curled on Christina's lips as she locked eyes with Claude, her gaze burning with manic intensity. "Thought you could run? Not a chance!"

"You—you're absolutely nuts! Don't you realize you could get arrested for this? Lay a finger on me and see what happens!" Claude's boldness was shaky at best, fear nearly rooting him to the spot.

Christina only giggled, sounding every inch the lunatic. "No biggie—I'll have my fun beating you guys up before anyone shows up."

A shiver racked Claude as he faced her, certain that she might really be unhinged. Assaults involving the mentally unstable rarely ended with jail time—most people just counted themselves unlucky for the encounter.

When Christina suddenly aimed a savage kick toward his groin, panic washed over Claude, and he barely leapt out of harm's way. As he scrambled back, Christina's hand lashed out with another wild slap. He dodged, though not quickly enough—her fingertips still grazed his lips as he twisted away.

.
.br/>.br/.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 162:

The prospect of being pummeled by this unhinged woman loomed in Claude's mind, but before it could become reality, a squad of security guards stormed into the shop.

"What's going on here? Who's causing this disturbance?"

Immediately, those who had been terrorized by Christina wasted no time pointing fingers. "She's the one! Over there!"

Without hesitation, the security guards closed ranks around Christina, ready to bring order. Claude and the others exhaled in collective relief, grateful that someone had finally come to put a stop to her rampage.

Meanwhile, Chloe's voice trembled with worry. "Christina... Christina, are you alright?"

Despite her blindness, Chloe tried to push herself upright, but an unfamiliar hand gripped hers. "Christina?" She ran her fingers over the hand, and an uneasy jolt shot through her. She quickly jerked away. That touch didn't belong to Christina—she knew it instantly! She asked warily, "Who are you?"

"I work here. Security has Miss Jones surrounded," Valerie blurted, urgency coloring her voice.

Worry knotted in Chloe's chest as she shouted at the guards, "Touch Christina and you'll regret it—this won't end well for you!"

Katie gave a derisive snort, her words dripping with scorn. "What a joke. Blind and clueless, yet still pretending to be tough. Is talking all you've got?"

Thea sneered. "Stuck in that wheelchair, can't even see the world. Why bother dragging yourself through life?"

Tears stung Valerie's eyes as she faced them, anger flaring. "Enough! She's already been through so much—does kicking her when she's down make you feel powerful? Where's your humanity?"

With a cold grin, Thea moved closer, giving Valerie's cheek a mocking pat. "Family barely scraping by, and you still have time to meddle in someone else's business? If you're so eager, why not just die along with her? I might even spring for a joint funeral—if the mood strikes."

Watch for truth here: alnovels.com

Insulted by Katie's harsh words, Valerie struggled to form a reply. She felt like a doormat, pushed around and crushed by those with power. In the past, she had tried to fight back when being mistreated, but the more she resisted, the worse the bullying became.

And the bullies didn't just go after her. They went after her family too. Her parents ran a small business—until the bullies drove it into the ground. To pay off the debts, her family sold everything they had. Just when they managed to breathe again, her parents fell ill.

Tears welled up in Valerie's eyes. Was it really worth it to stand up for those being bullied? Her parents had always taught her to be kind and do what was right, but doing good only seemed to bring her pain. For the first time, she began to question if her parents had been wrong.

Glaring at Katie, Christina said with a smirk, "You might not live as long as we do, so worry about your own funeral first."

The words snapped Valerie back to reality. Her teary eyes locked onto Christina's face. Christina looked so radiant, so bold. It was hard not to envy her.

"You witch! Who are you cursing with those malicious words?" Katie snapped, angrier than Thea.

.

.

.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 163:

Christina arched a brow and smiled. "Whoever takes offense is the one I'm cursing."

Katie's eyes burned. "Keep talking. Let's see how long that smug act lasts." She turned to the guards. "Why are you just standing there? This lunatic is attacking people. Give her a solid beating and throw her out!"

The guards glanced at Claude, waiting for his signal.

"Do as she says. The Reed Group's heiress is here. You won't be held responsible if anything happens," Claude said calmly.

Thea folded her arms, full of herself. "That's right. I'll take full responsibility."

Still, the guards hesitated. If they complied and wounded Christina, they knew they'd take the fall.

“Stop! Don’t touch Christina!” Chloe called out, blind but sensing danger.

Christina yawned lightly. “Alright, I’ve had my fun. Let’s wrap this up.”

“What are you planning now?” Katie asked, her voice tight. Christina’s calm made her skin crawl.

Christina slowly lifted her hand. A sleek black card shimmered between her fingers. “This is an exclusive VIP card,” she said, her lips curling into a lazy smile. She looked at Thea. “Doesn’t that mean I outrank you in this store?”

Gasps filled the room. All eyes fixed on the black card.

Claude and the senior sales assistant turned pale. Their palms began to sweat. A black VIP card—one that came with real power. If Christina truly owned this card, messing with her meant dire consequences. At best, they’d lose their jobs. At worst, their careers would be over. Fear gripped them. Their legs felt like jelly. At the same time, anger simmered beneath their fear. Why hadn’t she shown the card earlier? Was she playing with them on purpose?

“No way! That card has to be fake! If it were real, you would’ve cleared the store before walking in!” Thea shouted.

gVlnovels.com; *first seen*

Christina raised a brow and chuckled. “But I like the presence of other customers. Besides, didn’t you also choose not to clear the place before walking in? You have that privilege too, so why didn’t you use it?”

“You...” Thea stammered, struggling to speak. “I like it this way! It’s none of your business!”

She couldn’t admit the truth—that she enjoyed the envy in people’s eyes, and that fed her pride.

For a split second, Katie was thrown off balance, though it didn’t take her long to recover her swagger. “That card is definitely a fake! Even if you spent every cent you’ve got in this boutique, the best you’d get is a VIP account—not a black card.”

Quick mental math told Katie that even after counting the cash Christina had coaxed out of her family and adding in the divorce payout from her brother, it might total a few million at best. She reasoned there was no way that would buy a coveted black card. Plus, who would throw their entire fortune into luxury handbags? That would be sheer lunacy!

Sidling up to Katie, Thea dropped her voice to a whisper. “You’re sure that card isn’t real?”

“No question—it’s a fake. Christina’s nowhere near the kind of money it takes to own one,” Katie replied, her confidence unwavering.

Reassured, Thea squared her shoulders and shot a glance at Claude. “Why not just have the staff check her card? If it’s a forgery, she shouldn’t just be kicked out—we should get the police involved too!”

.

.

.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 164:

“You’re right.” Claude, still shaken, sided with Thea. Unlike Christina, Thea had long been recognized as a legitimate premium client, while Christina’s supposed black card had yet to prove itself genuine. Skepticism crept in, especially with Katie appearing to know so much about Christina’s background.

A quiet breath of relief escaped the senior sales assistant, who had felt like she’d been on a roller coaster. If it turned out Christina used a counterfeit card, they definitely needed to involve the police.

With composure, Christina turned her attention to Claude as he approached. Gracefully, she extended her hand, the black card displayed between her fingers. “You’re welcome to verify it,” Christina said, her voice gentle, her smile unwavering.

Each time Claude looked Christina in the eyes, something about her calm confidence made him feel strangely uneasy. Not wasting a second, he took the card and hurried toward the cashier to run it through the verification process.

Everyone in the store watched his every move, waiting for the truth to come out. Suddenly, color drained from his face.

A collective gasp seemed to run through Thea and the others, nerves suddenly stretched tight.

Verifying the card left Claude speechless, his hands shaking so badly that he nearly dropped it. The truth was unmistakable: this was an authentic black card. No matter how hard he tried, his clearance couldn’t reveal the identity of the cardholder.

“Well? What did you find out? Why are you just standing there?” Katie asked, unable to bear the suspense any longer as she shot a scowl at Claude. Anxiety twisted inside her, and she nearly bounced on her toes, desperate for an answer.

Jolted out of his stupor, Claude stumbled toward Christina, knees wobbling with each step.

“Out of my way! Move aside, everyone!” Claude ordered, waving frantically at the security staff to clear a path.

Get the latest updates on gVlnovels.com

“Please, take your card back,” Claude said to Christina, handing the card over with both hands, his respect plain to see.

Raising one eyebrow, Christina accepted it. “I take it you’ve confirmed my card isn’t a fake?”

“Y-yes, absolutely! I’m sorry for doubting someone of your standing. Please overlook my ignorance,” Claude stammered, nodding vigorously, the apology spilling out as his whole body trembled.

The senior sales assistant, realizing the blunder, hurried forward with watery eyes. “Miss Jones, I’m so sorry. I completely misjudged you. Please forgive me—I swear it won’t happen again!”

Chloe, who could only hear what was going on due to her sight issue, let out a chilly little laugh under her breath. Hearing them trip over themselves to apologize to Christina was almost comical. These people really needed a harsh lesson.

Valerie just stared, utterly stunned and speechless, her mind struggling to process what she was witnessing. For Christina to turn out to be the exclusive black cardholder was beyond anything she’d imagined.

With a calm, measured air, Christina slid the black card back into her wallet. “I want to speak with your superior,” she said, eyes locked on Claude.

Claude and the senior sales assistant froze, shivering in fear.

.
.br/>.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 165:

“Please don’t call my superior. I admit I was wrong. Please, forgive me,” Claude begged.

The senior sales assistant was even more shaken. She burst into tears. “Please, give us a chance. We both have families to feed. If we lose this job, how will we survive?”

Christina’s eyes turned cold. Her lips curled into a sneer. “If survival is that hard, then maybe you shouldn’t bother trying.”

The senior sales assistant looked stunned, caught off guard by the cruelty in Christina’s voice. For a moment, she forgot to keep up her act.

“Please don’t push us to the edge...” the senior sales assistant whispered, her voice trembling. She dropped to her knees, sobbing. “I’ll do anything. Just don’t dismiss me.”

“Yes! If we lose this job, our families will starve. Please, have a heart,” Claude chimed in, falling to his knees beside the senior sales assistant. Tears streamed down his face.

Christina didn’t flinch. Her stare was icy, and a mocking laugh escaped her lips. She pointed at Valerie and raised a brow. “She begged you before, didn’t she? And you turned your back. So it’s fine when you ignored her plea, but it’s wrong when I do the same to you?”

“No, no, that’s not what we meant!” Claude cried, shaking his head desperately. “I was wrong! I’ll let her stay on the job. I’ll even give her a bonus out of my own pocket.”

The senior sales assistant quickly jumped in. “Please, spare me too. I’ll help her family. I’ll donate a whole month’s salary!”

“I’ll donate two months!” Claude added quickly.

Both of them remained on their knees, begging and crying as if their lives depended on it.

Christina remained still, calm as ice. “No need,” she said.

Get the newest chapters galnovels.com

They froze and looked up, confused. Did that mean she was letting them go?

“What... What do you mean?” Claude asked carefully.

Christina smiled faintly. “She’s getting a promotion. Why would she need your pocket change?”

“Promotion?” The senior sales assistant’s voice cracked. Her face drained of color.

“That’s right. I’ll recommend her to your superior for manager training,” Christina said smoothly.

“No way!” Claude blurted out before he could stop himself. But one sharp look from Christina made him lower his head. “I mean... she doesn’t have the experience. I’m just afraid she won’t manage...”

“Everyone starts somewhere. And I believe she’ll surpass you one day,” Christina replied.

“But...” Claude wanted to say more, but Christina cut him off. “That’s enough! I don’t want to waste breath. Are you calling your superior, or should I?”

Claude and the senior sales assistant were frozen with regret. Their hearts sank. If only they had known she was the exclusive premium customer in the entire store, they would’ve bowed to her from the start. But it was too late to fix the damage.

Just then, Thea sneered from the side. “Ha! You’re just a customer! You don’t get to decide who stays or goes!”

.
. .

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 166:

Katie, finally snapping out of her daze, chimed in, “Mr. Palmer, don’t listen to her! That black card probably isn’t even hers. It could be stolen! Call the police! Arrest her now, and when the real owner shows up, you’ll be the hero. You’ll be rolling in rewards!”

Katie’s suggestion made sense to both Claude and the senior sales assistant. With Christina refusing to let them off easily, calling the police suddenly felt like their best option. If it turned out Christina had actually stolen the black card, they could simply let the authorities handle her—her fate would be sealed. On top of that, a nice cash reward and brighter prospects awaited them if the accusation proved true. That was a tempting

prospect for anyone in their shoes. Both Claude and the senior sales assistant stood up, shaking off any trace of desperation or pleading.

Without hesitation, Claude whipped out his phone and called the police, demanding Christina's immediate arrest.

Christina's voice was cold as she warned, "If you're bent on this, don't blame me for what comes next."

Katie scoffed, her lips twisting with contempt, "Tough talk. I'd love to see you try. Just remember, prison isn't a pleasant place to grow old." A laugh came from Thea. "We might even pay you a visit behind bars — if we're in a good mood!"

Christina's original plan had been simple: dismiss Claude and the senior sales assistant. But after their stunt, blacklisting them from the entire industry seemed only fair. As for Katie and Thea... A steely glint flickered in her eyes, cold and calculating.

Christina smirked. Right now, Katie, Thea, Claude, and the senior sales assistant had already been poisoned. As night descended and sleep claimed them, the symptoms would begin to creep in. This toxin was never meant to be lethal. Its purpose was pure torment—a maddening itch would spread across their lips, impossible to soothe or scratch. They'd find no relief, clawing at a sensation buried deep within skin and bone, a restlessness that would gnaw at their nerves. Each night would become an ordeal, rest stolen by the incessant agony.

The misery would linger for five days and then vanish without a trace, leaving them with no evidence of what had caused it.

Updated stories galnovels.com

Christina's concoctions had always been of various kinds—they could heal or simply make someone beg for mercy. Had these people not gone out of their way to insult Chloe, she might have spared them entirely. With her abilities, she could have delivered a physical blow with ease, but she'd purposely held back, orchestrating their suffering without arousing suspicion.

Christina's fingers danced over her phone as she quietly sent a message.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the city, William Addams—the CEO of this very luxury brand—was deep in an important meeting when the alert flashed across his screen.

His assistant tapped on the door, entering with William's device in hand. A flash of annoyance passed over William's face, his demeanor cold and commanding as he glanced up. A single look from him made it clear—this interruption had better be for something critical.

His assistant hurried forward and lowered her voice. “Mr. Addams, you’ve got a message from Miss Jones.”

William instantly reached for his phone, the hardness in his eyes melting away, replaced by unmistakable respect. For a moment, the device seemed almost precious in his hands. He didn’t hesitate. “Meeting adjourned,” he said, rising and heading out of the conference room with the phone clutched tightly.

Around the table, the meeting’s attendees traded confused glances and soon began murmuring among themselves.

.

.

.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 167:

“Wow, who could message Mr. Addams and get a reaction like that?”

“Is it possible he’s dating someone?”

“Has he even got a girlfriend? I haven’t heard a thing.”

“Maybe it’s something to do with his family?”

“Doesn’t seem likely, maybe it’s about the company?”

Meanwhile, though the police still hadn’t arrived, the luxury brand’s manager—Brad Cohen, Claude’s superior—came rushing in, short of breath. He’d happened to be close by, so his arrival was prompt and harried. Sweat poured down Brad’s face as he paused to dab his forehead before making his way inside. A heavy sense of urgency drove him. After all, someone inside the store had reached all the way to the brand’s CEO, who then called him. Whoever it was must wield enormous influence.

And so, Brad knew—this was one customer he absolutely could not afford to upset.

Brad knew that if this matter wasn’t handled properly, he might as well hand in his resignation. The entire upper management team at the Dorfield store might even face an

overhaul if things went wrong. Wiping the cold sweat off his forehead, he stepped into the store, his nerves apparent.

Those who were waiting for the police immediately noticed him.

Brad's eyes scanned the room and landed on Thea and Katie. William had been very clear that the important guest's last name was Jones. So, these two couldn't be her. But he wondered if they were connected somehow.

Claude and the senior sales assistant stiffened at Brad's abrupt arrival, their hearts racing.

"Mr. Cohen, what brings you here?" Claude asked, approaching with an overly deferential smile.

Brad's anger flared at the sight of that ingratiating grin. Did Claude not understand the seriousness of this situation? If this mess wasn't handled neatly, they'd all lose their jobs. Yet, Claude was smiling like nothing was wrong.

gα ℓη σ ve ℓs.com holds great reads

"I happened to be passing by and heard there was some commotion," Brad said coldly. "So I came to see for myself." His gaze locked on Claude, sharp and unforgiving. "How are you running this store, letting this chaos happen?"

If William hadn't forbidden him from approaching Miss Jones, Brad would have done so. William had insisted that Miss Jones was extremely discreet and her identity must remain confidential. If she got upset, even William could face problems.

Brad felt like a cat on a hot tin roof, anxious and unsure of how to fix the situation without upsetting Miss Jones.

Claude lowered his head, speaking quietly. "I'm sorry. This is my fault. Someone tried to use a stolen exclusive VIP card to make a purchase. We caught her in the act, and we're waiting for the police to arrive now."

The moment Claude finished explaining, Christina burst out laughing.

"Really? You just accept whatever baseless accusation someone throws around? Owning an exclusive VIP card signifies a distinguished status. There's no way such a prized possession could be stolen so effortlessly. Even if a thief managed to steal it, it would be discovered almost instantly. Anyway, it wouldn't require you to involve the police. Those reckless enough to steal it always pay a heavy price."

.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 168:

Except, of course, for Christina herself—the unrivaled master of theft. If she wanted to swipe something, it happened so smoothly that no one ever noticed, and catching her was impossible.

Brad’s eyes flicked over to her, and he plastered an ingratiating smile. “Do you actually have an exclusive black card?” he asked cautiously.

“Naturally.” Christina displayed the card again, holding it up confidently. “If you doubt me, go ahead and verify it.”

“N-no need.” Brad quickly waved his hand, clearly not daring to question her further. The thought that she might be the Miss Jones William mentioned sent a jolt of worry through him—a mistake here could ruin everything.

Brad was just about to discreetly ask about her connection to Thea and Katie when Thea’s sharp voice cut through the tension. “How can you not verify it? What kind of manager are you? Do you just believe her every word?”

Brad had a suspicion and smiled at her. “Is it you who had the conflict with this lady?”

Thea held her chin up, her words dripping with self-righteousness. “She stole someone else’s VIP card, used it to buy a designer bag, and intended to flip it for profit. On top of that, she tried to fire an innocent sales assistant. I was only trying to uphold justice.”

Brad chuckled. “Without solid evidence, your accusations won’t stand. Be careful—making baseless claims can backfire legally.”

“You!” Thea shot him a fierce glare. “Are you defending her?”

Before Brad could respond, Katie stepped in impatiently and pointed at Christina. “Mr. Cohen, quit wasting time! Get security to catch this thief—Christina Jones—before she slips away. If the police arrive and she’s gone, you’ll be the one to blame.”

A wave of appreciation for Katie swept over Brad, even if it surprised him. Her words had given him just the insight he needed to recognize the Miss Jones William mentioned, all without upsetting Miss Jones in the midst.

More chapters at glnovels.com

Shifting his attention to Christina, Brad's entire demeanor changed. His smile became genuine, warm. "Miss Jones, is there anything you'd like to see improved in our store?"

Confusion spread through the onlookers. Whispers rippled across the room as people tried to make sense of his sudden interest in Christina's opinion.

Katie could hardly believe she was being ignored. Outrage made her voice rise above the murmurs. "You should be asking for advice from us! Why waste your time on a thief?"

Thea, scowling, tried to intimidate Brad. "Keep this up, and you can kiss your job goodbye!"

Brad paid them no mind, ignoring their anger as if they were invisible. His gaze never left Christina, and a steady smile lingered on his face. He studied every detail of her features, determined to remember her, knowing how important it was not to offend her in the future. After all, even the brand's CEO, William, would think twice before crossing her. Treading carefully around her seemed the right thing to do. For someone of Christina's stature, holding an exclusive black card seemed only natural.

Christina said without a moment's pause, pointing at Claude and the senior sales assistant, "Here's what I think: fire them and make sure they never work in luxury retail again."

Faces blanched instantly, Claude and the senior sales assistant, looking as though their fate was sealed then and there.

.
.br/>.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 169:

“Absolutely. Your request will be honored,” Brad replied quickly, his tone showing nothing but respect.

Shock rippled through the store as they realized Brad was taking Christina’s words as law.

“One more thing,” Christina added, her tone gentle but her authority unmistakable.

Brad leaned forward, eager to carry out whatever came next. “I’m listening,” he said with sincere deference.

One simple gesture from Christina set the wheels in motion. She lifted her hand and pointed at Valerie. “Train her to be the store manager.” A jolt ran through Valerie as the words sank in, her chest tightening with disbelief. Gradually, excitement flooded in, and she waited anxiously, her eyes locked on Brad for any hint of confirmation.

“I’ll make it my mission to help her excel as manager. You have my word,” Brad said without a hint of hesitation, his voice full of confidence.

For a long moment, Valerie was lost for words. Everything felt surreal, as if she’d stepped into someone else’s dream. She had thought it would be just like the last time, stepping in to lend a hand and somehow ending up in trouble herself. But today had proved her thoughts wrong. Instead of trouble, she’d earned an incredible chance. This chance might mean little to others, but to her, it meant the world. Tears threatened to spill as Valerie looked at Christina, gratitude shining in her gaze. Memories of her past hardship made her silently vow never to forget her benefactor. No matter what it took, she’d repay Christina’s kindness, even at great personal risk. Christina hadn’t just changed her fate. Christina’s intervention had given her entire family hope for a new beginning. Appreciation surged within her—how could she possibly feel otherwise?

“Alright,” Christina said with a nod. “From now on, make sure you carefully check each employee’s background and integrity. That’s it. I have nothing else to add.”

View from secure source: alnovtels.com

“Got it,” Brad replied, turning his gaze to Valerie. “Shouldn’t you be showing your gratitude to Miss Jones?”

“Oh!” Valerie snapped back to reality. She dabbed at her cheeks and then stepped forward, her voice trembling with emotion. “Thank you, Miss Jones. You’ve done more for me than I ever imagined. If there’s ever anything you need—anything at all—I’ll be there for you.” Nothing would keep her from honoring that promise, no matter how hard it might be.

“You earned this. Had you not stood up for what’s right, I wouldn’t have intervened. Work hard and prove yourself,” Christina replied, her voice steady yet gentle.

Valerie straightened up, determination in her eyes. “I will!”

Just then, a sharp interruption cut through the room when the doors swung open. Two officers in uniform marched inside, their stern expressions scanning everyone as one of them asked, “Who called the police?”

Before anyone could speak, Brad stepped up to the police. “One of our employees called, but it was a misunderstanding. Everything’s been settled now. I’m truly sorry for the trouble.”

Brad bowed deeply, apologizing again and again. The officers’ stern expressions softened. “As long as it’s resolved,” one of them said, and with that, they left.

Christina turned to Brad, frowning as she pointed at Katie and Thea. “Remove them. They’re ruining my shopping mood.”

“Consider it done.” Without hesitation, Brad walked over to Thea. He gave a polite gesture. “Miss Reed, I’m sorry. Please leave.”

.
.br/.

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 170:

His tone stayed respectful—he knew the weight of the Reed and Dawson family names. But anyone with sense from those families would know better than to cross Christina.

“You’ll regret this!” Thea snapped, shooting daggers at him with her eyes.

Katie followed suit, voice sharp. “You’ll regret taking her side! That black card of hers can’t be real!”

“That’s not your concern. Please leave.” Brad remained calm, smiling as he gave another polite bow.

“You—” Katie was too angry to finish her sentence.

When Thea stormed off, Katie scowled and ran after her. “Thea! Wait up!”

As the two disappeared, Brad turned to Claude and the senior sales assistant. “You’re both fired. Leave now.”

Claude dropped to his knees in front of Christina. “Miss Jones, please, have mercy! Just forgive me. This error won’t happen again!”

The senior sales assistant dropped to her knees and crawled forward, trying to grab Christina’s pant leg, but Christina stepped aside. Her hand caught only air, but she kept begging through tears. “Miss Jones, please don’t blacklist us in the industry! We accept being fired, but blacklisting us is too much!”

Claude also forced out tears. “Yes, we accept being dismissed. Just don’t go that far... please...”

Christina looked down at them, face cold as ice. “I gave you a chance. You wasted it.” She tilted her head slightly, lips curled with the hint of a smirk. “Everyone pays for their mistakes. This is your bill.”

Realizing their pleas were useless, Claude and the senior sales assistant dropped their pleading demeanor instantly, replaced by eyes dripping with malice.

Your next story begins at [galnovels . com](http://galnovels.com)

Claude rose to his feet abruptly, glaring at Christina. “Are you really going to push us to the brink? Aren’t you afraid of karma?”

“Karma?” Christina raised an eyebrow and smiled faintly. “I’m just serving what you served. If karma comes, it’ll find you first.”

The senior sales assistant snarled, “You slut! Who knows how many old men you’ve slept with just to get that pathetic black card? What’s so special about it?”

“At least I have a black card,” Christina said with a laugh, waving the card slowly. “Do you?”

“Disgusting! Only shameless women like you would make out with old men for financial gains! Aren’t you afraid they’ll drop dead on you?” the senior sales assistant shouted bitterly.

Claude jumped in, his face twisted with anger. “A black card bought with your body—that’s your pride? Pathetic!”

Claude’s venom and the senior sales assistant’s baseless accusations could have ignited anyone’s temper.

But Christina? She stood untouched—her smile unwavering, her eyes brimming with a serene poise that seemed to brush their insults aside like dust. With the elegance of someone fully in control, she cast her gaze downward and asked, smooth as silk, “Is that so?”

Both Claude and the senior sales assistant blinked in confusion. “What do you mean?” they asked, thrown off by her composure.

-
-
-