

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 2:

In the Vertbrook Bar, Christina slid off her black-rimmed glasses and tucked them into her hands. Without them, her eyes sparkled with mischief and warmth.

Gone was the flat, straight hair she always wore like armor. Now it flowed in waves, framing her face as if she belonged on the cover of a magazine. With that red lipstick and confident glow, she turned heads effortlessly.

She moved like someone who had shed a skin. Whatever plain, quiet version of herself had existed at home—she wasn't here tonight. Davina leaned in, swirling the straw in her cocktail. "Hey, there's a shooting match next week. You thinking of signing up?"

"Not a chance," Christina replied without missing a beat. "It's been forever. My hands aren't as steady as they used to be."

"Come on, who cares?" Davina flashed a teasing grin. "Use it to blow off some steam. Picture Brendon's face on the bullseye and go full demolition mode." A low chuckle slipped out as Christina brought her glass to her lips. "That's tempting."

"Right?" Davina grinned, her tone rising with excitement. "Oh—and guess who's going to be there? Dillan. The guy who almost knocked you out four years ago. You bailed, and now he's been hogging the spotlight ever since."

Davina didn't wait for Christina to respond as she added, "And get this—the prize this year is a custom Bugatti. Not a model you can just go out and buy. One of a kind." She passed her phone to Christina without missing a beat. "Here. Take a look at the competition."

Christina flipped through the details in seconds. The prize money wasn't the only thing catching her attention. What really stood out was the twist—contestants would be hidden behind masks and aliases. But whoever came out on top? They'd get to force the others to show their real faces.

"If you enter and win, you have to make Dillan take off his mask. I need to know what that guy looks like!" Davina exclaimed.

"Okay." Christina gave her wineglass a gentle swirl. The corners of her mouth curled into a teasing grin. "If I show up, I'm not just going to play. I'm going to raise the stakes."

Davina tilted her head, curiosity sparking in her eyes. "Alright then, tell me—what exactly are you thinking?"

Christina shot Davina a sly grin. "Let everyone know—whoever takes the crown this year gets a personal session with King. No expiry date either. As long as they meet King's terms, the deal stands."

Davina nearly spilled her drink. “You’re kidding! If that gets out, people are going to crawl over each other just to sign up. This thing’s about to blow up.”

“I’m heading to the restroom.” Without another word, Christina rose from her seat.

She didn’t get far before a small crowd of men stepped into her path, their swagger loud enough to silence the room.

“Well, look what we’ve got here,” one of them said, grinning. “You look like you could use some company. How about a drink?”

They leered at her, scanning her from head to toe like she was something they could own.

Ice filled Christina’s gaze. Her voice dropped like a warning. “Move.”

That only seemed to encourage them. “Feisty,” one of them chuckled. “We like a girl who makes things interesting.”

Christina didn’t flinch. “Last chance. Get out of my way.”

Instead of stepping aside, one of them whistled, reaching out a hand toward her chest with a lewd grin.

That was all it took. Christina snapped his wrist before his fingers even brushed her. The sickening crunch made the whole group freeze. The man yelped, “What the hell—”

The others didn’t get a chance to retaliate. Christina moved like a storm—a kick to the knee, an elbow to the jaw. One by one, she dropped them with cold precision.

Within moments, the entire group lay sprawled across the floor, groaning and clutching bruises they’d remember for weeks.

Above them, the second-floor balcony overlooked the chaos.

“That woman’s a knockout,” one of Brendon’s buddies said, his jaw practically on the floor. “Cool, confident—exactly my type.”

Brendon’s gaze drifted to the woman with the wavy hair, and the longer he stared, the stronger the sense of recognition grew. There was something in her face—something uncanny—that made him wonder if he was looking at Christina, his ex-wife.

After spending the afternoon at the hospital with Yolanda, Brendon had agreed to hit the bar on her suggestion. Blowing off steam sounded harmless—until now.

“Hold on a second,” Yolanda murmured, squinting at the woman downstairs. “Isn’t that Christina?”

“Wait, you’re telling me that knockout is actually Christina? Get out of here. That can’t be the same dull housewife who barely spoke.”

Curiosity sparked in the group as they leaned in, squinting for confirmation. Recognition settled in fast—it really was Brendon’s ex-wife, and the shock hit them like a slap.

Katie Dawson, Brendon’s younger sister, didn’t hide her disdain. “Look at her—dressed like she’s auditioning for attention. I guess getting dumped made her desperate. Bet she’s prowling for a sugar daddy.” The group laughed, quick to follow her lead.

“Typical,” someone sneered, “Women like that only know how to latch onto a man.”

“Brendon dodged a bullet. With that look? She’s practically advertising herself.”

“Take the man away and she’s got nothing left. Just another gold-digger trying to act like she’s someone.”

Their voices scratched against Brendon’s patience like nails on glass. He’d had enough. “Cut it out!” he snapped, his tone sharper than they’d heard all night.

Without waiting for a reply, Brendon gave them one final glare and stormed off in Christina’s direction.

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