

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 26:

In almost the blink of an eye, Christina found herself hauled into the back of a van, her mouth covered.

These kidnappers moved with chilling precision—their planning was evident in every lightning-quick motion, giving no one a chance to intervene.

Taking them down would have been child's play for Christina, but she decided against it. Curiosity outweighed caution. She let them believe she was too weak to fight back, wanting to discover who had gone to such lengths to snatch her off the street. Why not turn a little danger into an adventure?

No sooner had she been tossed inside the van than a wad of cloth was shoved between her teeth and ropes cinched around her wrists and ankles.

With a fiery glare, Christina glowered at her captors, her performance flawless—outwardly furious, inwardly cool as ice.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!" Christina's body thrashed, and her voice came out muffled, a perfect imitation of terror and rage.

To anyone watching, she looked like she'd been scared senseless—flailing like a fish dumped on a cutting board.

"Enough! Shut up already! Move again and I'll slice you!" one man shouted, giving her a rough shove and shooting her a look brimming with malice.

Christina recoiled, letting tears spring to her eyes, her entire face the picture of utter despair.

Had Davina witnessed the scene, she'd have handed Christina an Oscar for her convincing display. On the inside, Christina was cold and unruffled—on the outside, she played the scared victim to perfection.

Convinced by her act, her captors lowered their guard and discussed among themselves.

"Women are always quick to start crying and making noise."

"Yeah, what else could you expect? Completely worthless."

"Don't take your eyes off her. If she tries anything, you'll answer to me."

Christina let her eyes fill with tears, her lashes glistening and her chin tucked, the very picture of terror. Yet, beneath that shivering facade, an amused smile flickered inside her mind.

"Damn, look at this chick. Wouldn't mind a turn..." one of the kidnappers said, unable to hide his leer.

A sharp elbow from the leader of the group shut the recent speaker up. "Keep your mouth shut! She's marked for the Terrells. You know how brutal that clan gets. We're not here to die."

The man scratched his head. "They're paying through the nose for this job, though. Makes you wonder what she did to get on their blacklist."

"No clue about the specifics. Word is, she messed up Jacob in a bar—left him permanently impotent."

"Holy hell! Never would've pegged her as the type to pull something like that."

The group studied Christina with fresh suspicion, noting her tear-streaked cheeks and shaking frame, all an act for their benefit. It seemed impossible that someone so slight could have taken down Jacob Terrell and even destroyed his manhood. Their best guess was that Jacob had tried to force himself on her, never expecting a fight, and paid dearly for his mistake. Even so, the assumption left an uncomfortable tension hanging in the van, each man suddenly wary in his seat.

Bits and pieces of their conversation gave Christina all she needed to understand the situation. Apparently, that night at the bar, when those thugs tried to corner her, one of them—Jacob—had ended up permanently impotent after her attack.

The Terrells didn't hold a place among the true upper crust, but their wealth and connections ran deep—both in the boardroom and the back alley.

Jacob, notorious for his arrogance, was the sort of predator who believed the world owed him everything, and that no woman could say no. Any woman who happened to catch his interest usually left the encounter scarred, especially if she dared turn him down.

A cold smirk tugged at the corners of Christina's mouth. If anything, Jacob had earned every ounce of his fate by foolishly provoking her. Someone like him practically invited retribution. Looking back, she wished she could've gone much harder on him. Letting him live, even impotent, was almost generous. Yet now, he'd found the nerve to strike back? He was courting death. If the entire Terrell family wanted to join the fight, then they, too, were lining up for destruction.

Just for an instant, hidden behind the facade of trembling fear, a glint of something ruthless and deadly flickered in Christina's eyes.

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Chapter 27:

"Out! Move it!" A rough hand dragged Christina out of the van with little care.

Nothing but emptiness surrounded them—the landscape barren, an abandoned warehouse looming ahead like a warning.

Christina's ankles were trussed together, the rope giving her just enough freedom to shuffle, never enough to move fast.

Disheveled hair fell across her face as they pushed her ahead, her balance faltering more than once.

Her captors started chatting. "When are the Terrells supposed to show?"

"Just got a call—Jacob's coming himself to handle her."

A nasty click of the tongue followed. "She's in for it, then. Everyone knows about Jacob's twisted tastes in intimate encounters. He likes it when they scream in pain."

"Doesn't concern us. All we do is hold her till the Terrells arrive. We grab our money and disappear. No point sticking our necks out. Only thing to remember—keep your hands off the employer's target. Get the cash, and there's plenty of pretty chicks out there to play with later."

By this point, Christina had been tossed unceremoniously into a dusty corner.

Clouds of filth rose as she hit the concrete, the grime adding to her already battered appearance. She already looked a mess, and the dirt stuck to her just made things worse.

Beneath the surface, however, her mind was razor-sharp, nerves steady as steel, taking in every word they said.

Hearing that Jacob planned to come in person, her mouth twitched ever so slightly, a glimmer of dark humor sparking in her eyes. So, she wouldn't even have to hunt the Terrells down—Jacob was volunteering himself for the slaughter. He thought he could break her and make her beg for mercy? How amusing. Let him dream.

Jacob's arrival would be the signal. The curtain would rise on the true spectacle. Her captors would be granted front-row seats to her metamorphosis—from a seemingly cornered, trembling rabbit into something far more dangerous.

"Forget about running. You're not getting anywhere. Cooperate, and it'll hurt less. Sit tight!"

That final threat hung in the air as the kidnappers sauntered out, utterly convinced she was too rattled to attempt an escape. In their minds, she looked too defeated, too broken to even bother trying. To them, she was just a caged sparrow—flightless, helpless.

They couldn't have guessed that as they lingered outside, passing cigarettes and checking their watches, Christina was already twisting her wrists against the ropes. She wasn't about to spring free just yet. The bindings were loose enough to slip in a second, but she bided her time, hidden by stillness.

Head dipped low, a subtle, chilling smile played across her lips. Her eyes glowed with a hint of red, a ruthless promise gleaming deep within.

A storm of cruelty and madness churned in Christina's eyes, as if some ancient beast waited to burst free. Had anyone glimpsed her expression in that moment, the raw threat would have sent them fleeing in terror.

"Mr. Terrell!" A loud shout shattered the silence, paired with the abrupt cutoff of a car engine.

"Where is that little bitch?" Jacob's voice, thick with arrogance and malice, echoed into the warehouse.

"She's inside," came the immediate reply from one of the hired kidnappers.

"Stay here and don't let anyone in."

"Understood!"

Seated in a wheelchair, Jacob let one of his goons roll him across the dusty concrete. The woman inside had stripped him of his pride in a bar fight—left his manhood ruined and barely clinging to life. Retribution burned in his veins. Today, she'd pay for every humiliation.

Whispers had circulated for years: the elusive doctor King could supposedly repair injuries no one else dared to touch—even restore what had been lost and make it better than before.

Getting close to King, however, was nearly impossible. No amount of power or money had opened that door.

Left with no options, the Terrells had shifted their focus to the shooting champion, hoping to buy or bully their way into a miracle cure from King. But fate had a twisted sense of humor—the marksman they hunted was the very woman who'd destroyed Jacob's manhood from the start.

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Chapter 28:

Every memory of that night sent Jacob's rage surging. He ached to rip Christina apart with his own hands. Having her at his mercy now, trussed up and powerless, meant he could finally unleash every grudge he'd nursed. He'd wring out the answer he wanted, forcing her to surrender her slot for King's treatment, and then take his time making her pay in ways she'd never forget.

Only when his appetite for vengeance was satisfied, only when he'd bled every last scream from her, would he grant her the release of death.

Yet, Jacob couldn't have imagined the truth: the object of his hatred, the so-called "worthless whore" he wanted gone, was King, whom the world's richest and most powerful would sell their souls to please.

Wheelchair wheels rattled over concrete as Jacob was pushed inside. His eyes quickly found Christina, slumped and apparently pitiful in the shadowed corner, barely more than a battered stray.

Rage had knotted Jacob's jaw, but seeing her reduced to such a state sent a cruel shiver of satisfaction down his spine.

"Where'd all that swagger go, huh? At the bar, she acted like she owned the place. Now she lies at my feet, a wreck gasping for air, nothing but a shadow of her former self."

But this humiliation wasn't enough. He needed to savor her suffering up close, to carve the lesson into her bones.

"So you're the sharpshooter everyone talks about?" Jacob's voice dripped with mockery.

Christina, ever the actress, trembled from head to toe, her reply ragged and frail. "Y-yes... W-what do you want from me?"

"You really don't remember?" Jacob's bloodshot glare bored into her. "After what you did to me at that bar?" His teeth ground together, fury on the verge of shattering him.

A feigned look of bewilderment crossed Christina's face. "Th-the bar?"

Jacob practically came out of his seat, fists shaking. "You bitch! All that arrogance, all that attitude—don't act like you've forgotten what you did! You wrecked me and now you play dumb?"

Her eyes widened as if a memory clicked into place. "O-oh, it's you..."

His laughter sliced through the air, bitter and sharp. "So, it finally comes back to you. Here's the deal—only King can heal me. Give up your treatment slot, and I might let you leave in one piece. This is your only shot."

A flood of tears welled in Christina's eyes, her voice trembling as if she were truly terrified. "That slot means everything to me. I... I can't hand it over."

A growl ripped from Jacob's throat. "Like hell you can't! You owe me for what you did. You'll pay one way or another!"

Christina held his gaze for a beat, appearing to cower before him, then softly replied, "It's too late. I already sold the slot."

"What?" Jacob's face contorted with rage. The urge to leap out of his wheelchair nearly overpowered him, but the agony in his body sent him crumpling back, breath ragged.

Hatred radiated from his glare, his voice a venomous hiss. "You had the nerve to sell it, you wretched slut? Who got it? Tell me!"

Christina's answer came out barely above a whisper: "T-that's confidential... I can't say."

Jacob barely held himself back from lashing out—his whole body quaked with barely contained violence. After simmering in rage, he pulled on a mask of false gentleness, his tone dripping with deceit. "You know, you could always call off that deal. Give the slot to me instead. I'll let you walk out of here—maybe even with a pile of cash. But if you turn me down..."

His words hung for a moment before he leaned in, his voice dropping to a menacing hiss. "You won't live to see another sunrise."

No one could mistake his meaning. Far from trembling, Christina found a kind of dark amusement in watching him spiral out of control.

"I'm not backing out of the deal. I keep my promises," she answered, voice steady as stone.

With that, Jacob's thin veneer of calm shattered. "One last time—are you sure you want to do this?"

Christina's chin rose, exposing the delicate line of her neck—defiance blazing in her eyes. "I am."

A twisted smile pulled at Jacob's lips, his fists balled tight with fury. "Fine. Have it your way."

Without a hint of mercy, he turned on his men. "Get her clothes off. Now."

“Yes!” His goons leered and began to close in on Christina in the corner.

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Chapter 29:

On the surface, Christina resembled a frightened rabbit—wide eyes, trembling frame—yet a sly smirk hinted at the steel beneath her facade. Long before now, she’d worked the ropes loose. These fools never stood a chance of holding her down. Fear was the last thing on her mind.

A glimmer of something fierce flashed in those tear-stained eyes as her would-be attackers lunged. Deep in her chest, a cold, silent laugh built. Just as she prepared to strike—

Bang! The crack of gunfire ripped through the warehouse. The closest thug dropped lifelessly, his body crumpling mid-step.

For a moment, stunned silence gripped the room. Every eye locked on the fresh corpse at Christina’s feet.

Death’s reek was unmistakable, thickening the stagnant air.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Shot after shot rang out. Jacob’s goons hit the floor one by one—like toy soldiers knocked over by an unseen hand. The goons posted outside had already been dealt with.

Only Jacob remained, the sole survivor in a sea of bodies. He shook violently, terror overtaking rage. That was when Dylan strode inside—cold and implacable, a shadow in human form, death glinting in his eyes.

The muzzle of Dylan’s pistol tracked Jacob’s every move, promising no mercy.

Jacob’s nerves failed him. He lost all feeling in his legs. Survival instincts flared. He scrambled desperately, desperate to flee.

But Dylan’s men dragged Jacob back, tossing him to the floor like discarded garbage.

Crashing to his knees, Jacob dissolved into hysterical sobs. “I’m—Mr. Scott! Please! I beg you—have mercy!”

The chill of a gun barrel pressed into Jacob’s scalp, and sheer terror overwhelmed him—he lost control, urine soaking his pants as he shook uncontrollably.

“I—I didn’t—Ah—!” A savage kick from Dylan landed on Jacob’s side, shattering ribs before Jacob could finish his plea.

“Who gave you permission to touch the woman under my protection?” Dylan’s voice was pure ice, lethal and unyielding.

The gun never wavered, trained on Jacob’s head while the stench of fear filled the air. Utterly broken, Jacob could only gape, saliva dribbling from slack lips, his terror so complete that he lost the ability to form words. To him, Dylan wasn’t human any longer—he was death incarnate, come to collect what was owed.

“From this moment on, the Terrell family is finished in this city. Find everyone involved in the kidnapping. Don’t stop until each one begs for death,” Dylan said, voice stripped of all feeling.

“Yes!” His men sprang into motion without hesitation.

Reduced to a blubbering wreck, Jacob choked out desperate pleas, his voice shredded by fear. “Mr. Scott! Please—I’m begging you! Spare me! Spare my family! I didn’t know—honest! If I’d known she was under your protection, I never would have dared! Please, I’m sorry! Please!”

Saltwater streaked Jacob’s cheeks as he prostrated himself, his body racked with terror. “Please... Mr. Scott! Mercy—just this once! I swear, I’ll never do anything like this again!”

But no amount of pleading would save Jacob now. With Dylan’s wrath unleashed, not only was Jacob finished, but the entire Terrell family faced obliteration.

A cold, derisive snort escaped Dylan, his eyes glinting with contempt as he stared down at the pathetic figure sprawled on the floor. “You’re not sorry. You’re just terrified.”

Desperation took hold—Jacob crawled toward Dylan, but Dylan’s men blocked his path without hesitation. “No—no, please! I beg you, I’m sorry! Mr. Scott, spare me... please!”

Jacob’s wailing grew more frantic by the second, but not a hint of compassion flickered in Dylan’s eyes. Those foolish enough to touch those under his protection had already sealed their fate.

“Get him out of here,” Dylan instructed, his voice cold.

“Right away!” Without pause, his men grabbed Jacob, dragging him off like so much dead weight.

“Mr. Scott! NO—NO! Please! I was wrong! I was—” The shrieks rose, jagged and wild—screams of a man who already knew his doom was sealed.

Dylan’s patience wore thin. He gave the slightest nod, and one of his men understood instantly. A quick chop to the neck ended the uproar. Jacob’s body slumped over, mercifully silent.

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Chapter 30:

Christina sat in the corner, still as stone, her eyes locked on the bloodied bodies scattered across the floor. Damn... Dylan wasn't one to waste time.

Dylan caught her dazed look and traced her line of sight. The carnage wasn't subtle—twisted limbs, lifeless faces, blood pooling beneath them like ink spilled from a shattered bottle.

He mistook her stillness for fear, and something unfamiliar twisted in his chest—sympathy and maybe even regret for letting her witness such a scene. His brow creased. Quietly, he crouched beside her. Without a word, his calloused palm moved to gently cover her eyes.

“Don't be afraid...” The edge in his voice was gone, replaced by something softer. “I'm here. You're safe.”

With delicate insistence, he turned her face away from the bodies, guiding her gaze to him, shielding her from the worst of it. “Don't look,” he whispered. “Just think of it like a bad dream, one you'll wake up from soon.”

His eyes—dark, burning, unwavering—held hers in a quiet command, pulling her back from the brink. The usual frost in his eyes had thawed—scorched away by something unseen—leaving behind an unfamiliar warmth. Something almost gentle.

He waited, unmoving, until Christina gave a soft, shaky “Alright.” Only then did he allow himself a silent breath—one he hadn't realized he was holding. She was still fighting. That was a good sign.

He tucked the thought away like a mission directive: Therapist. Tomorrow. No exceptions. Unaddressed trauma wasn't a wound—it was a ticking time bomb. It crept in as nightmares turning shadows into monsters. This wasn't a fender bender or some close call. Christina had walked through hell's front door and barely made it back out.

His jaw tightened as he reached for the ropes, fingers steady but his mind storming. Then, he saw them. The deep, angry ridges across her wrists and ankles—skin rubbed raw, welts etched like curses.

Something inside him detonated. His eyes went dark, a dangerous shift rolling through him like thunder before a downpour. The Terrell family. They didn't deserve mercy. They didn't even deserve fear. They deserved to die miserably.

“Does it hurt?” His voice came out low—rough like gravel, but carrying a strange softness underneath.

Christina shook her head. “No.”

She accepted his help, but as soon as her feet touched the floor, her knees betrayed her. Her legs folded, weak and trembling.

Dylan caught her in a flash—arms steel-tight around her, instincts faster than thought. For the first time, his iron composure cracked. A flicker of flush—real and raw—flashed across his face like lightning slashing through storm clouds.

They froze. Her chest close to his, eyes locked, breath tangled in the sudden quiet. The air between them shifted, thick with an unspoken pull.

Seconds passed before reality reassembled.

“I—I’m fine,” Christina blurted, trying to wriggle free. But then her knee brushed a scrape, and the pain hit sharply. She hissed softly, breath catching.

Dylan didn’t let go. His gaze dropped to her swollen ankle. His frown deepened into something lethal.

“Forgive me.” Without waiting, he slid one arm beneath her knees and lifted her effortlessly into his arms. Reflex kicked in—her arms snapped around his neck, her cheeks flushing with heat.

“Seriously, I’m fine—it’s just a scratch! You’re overreacting,” she muttered, flustered. To her, these minor scrapes barely registered—they weren’t worth a bandage, let alone anyone fussing over them.

“A scratch is still an injury. I’m not overreacting,” Dylan said, his voice steady and unshakable.

Something fragile and unfamiliar stirred in Christina’s chest. Her grip on his shoulder tightened, as if holding on might keep the feeling from slipping away.

She had once given everything she had to the Dawson family. To Brendon. Time, devotion, love—poured out like water into a cracked vessel that never held a drop. And what did she get in return? Not even the ghost of affection.

She could still recall that day in the kitchen—how the knife had slipped, the sharp sting followed by a rush of blood spilling across her palm.

Brendon had shot her a cold, indifferent glance, instructed a servant to fetch the first-aid kit, and walked off without a backward look. Not once did he ask how she was—not in that moment, not ever. It was almost cruel, the contrast. Even a stranger might have asked if she was okay. But Brendon, her husband at that time, hadn’t even blinked.

And yet, she’d seen the way Brendon looked at Yolanda. Gentle hands brushing hair from her face. Soft words dipped in honey. He was capable of warmth—just not for her. Maybe that was the simple difference—love cared, indifference didn’t.

A dull ache bloomed in Christina’s chest. She had loved fiercely, given without keeping score. And in the end, she hadn’t even been worth a moment of kindness.

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