

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 3:

“Brendon!” “Wait, Brendon!”

Katie and Yolanda both called out, their voices overlapping as they rushed to stop him.

Before Brendon could move any farther, they stepped in front of him, forcing him to stop.

“Please tell me you’re not about to run to that woman,” Katie said, disbelief tightening her voice.

A flicker of anger crossed Brendon’s face. “Watch your mouth, Katie. That attitude isn’t just rude—it’s disgraceful. You’re carrying our family name. Try not to drag it through the mud.”

Yolanda gently placed a hand on Katie’s shoulder, her tone sweet and measured. “Brendon, please don’t be so harsh on Katie. She’s still young and doesn’t know better. If you still care about Christina, just be honest with me. I won’t make things difficult for you. I’ll go quietly.” Yolanda’s eyes were red with tears as she made a move to turn away, her face full of hurt.

Seeing her like this made Brendon’s heart twist. “Yolanda, no—don’t go,” he said quickly, stepping forward and grabbing her hand. “You’re misunderstanding. There’s nothing left between Christina and me.”

“Then be straight with me. Is there still a part of you that loves her? Because... if there is, I can handle it. I won’t hold it against you.” Yolanda’s voice was small and trembling as she met his eyes.

Brendon couldn’t ignore the way her face twisted with hurt and hastily said, “You’re overthinking it. Whatever Christina does now has nothing to do with me anymore.”

Yolanda reached for his hand, her voice gentle but firm. “Perhaps Christina has a reason to dress like that. Maybe she’s struggling to fend for herself. We should help her.”

Brendon was impressed by Yolanda’s apparent kindness. “You’ve always had a golden heart, Yolanda. But don’t fret over Christina. She’s not struggling the way you think. I gave her enough to live comfortably, and if she chooses to be a gold-digger and discards her self-respect, that’s on her.”

Yolanda seemed like she wanted to say more, but suddenly lost her footing, her body leaning back as her balance faltered.

Brendon moved fast, catching her before she hit the floor. “Yolanda!” His voice cracked with panic.

“I’m fine. It’s just too noisy here. I feel a bit dizzy. Let’s go back to the private room,” Yolanda’s voice came out faintly as she leaned against him.

Holding her steady, Brendon frowned. “You should have stayed in the hospital and rested a few more days. You shouldn’t have insisted on leaving.”

Turning toward Katie, he instructed, “Katie, take her back to the private room. I’m going to the restroom and I’ll be back in a minute.”

Suspicion danced in Katie’s eyes like a match to dry paper. “You’re not seriously planning to sneak off and meet Christina, are you?”

Before Brendon could respond, Yolanda gently placed her hand on Katie’s arm. “It’s alright. If Brendon wants to speak to Christina, let him. She’s not just some stranger—she was part of his life once. Pretending she doesn’t exist won’t make her disappear. And if her inappropriate attire tonight stirs up gossip, it won’t just fall on Brendon—it could drag down the Dawson name too.”

“You’re always so thoughtful, Yolanda, even considerate of that bit—”

Katie stopped herself just as she caught Brendon’s cold stare. She froze, swallowing her next words.

A beat later, Katie’s tone shifted. “Brendon, you see, Yolanda’s still not in the clear. If something happens while you’re out here wasting time, that’s on you!”

With an exasperated sigh, Katie latched onto Yolanda’s hand. “Come on, Yolanda. We’re leaving.”

Downstairs, Christina exited the restroom. She gave her hair a casual toss, a small gesture that turned every head in the bar. Men watched her openly, eyes trailing her curves with a hunger that didn’t even try to hide itself.

From a short distance away, Brendon stood rigid. His jaw tightened as he watched the scene unfold, those men’s stares igniting something bitter inside him. They weren’t just looking—they were undressing her with their eyes. And he hated it.

“Christina Jones!” Brendon called out, voice low but taut with irritation.

Christina’s head turned slowly, her gaze meeting his with a cool detachment. She gave him a slow, deliberate once-over before answering, “What do you want?”

Her tone was casual. Distant. Like he was just another stranger in the crowd.

That chill in her voice struck a nerve. It rattled something in Brendon he wasn’t ready to name.

Without thinking, Brendon marched over and seized her wrist. “You’re coming with me.”

.

.

.

