

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 4:

With a swift jerk, Christina yanked her wrist free from Brendon's grasp, eyes narrowed and voice sharp. "Try that again, and you'll regret ever laying a finger on me."

Instead of backing down, Brendon's irritation boiled over. He couldn't explain it, but it felt like control—something he'd always taken for granted—was slipping through his fingers. "This place doesn't suit you!" he snapped, voice cold. "You don't need to play dress-up just to make me look your way."

That made Christina laugh—sharp, humorless, and laced with contempt. "Wow. You think this is about you? Don't delude yourself. We're finished. Whatever you think you still have a say in, you don't."

"Is that really what you want?" Brendon asked, his stare hard and searching. "To erase everything just like that?"

"Don't you want the same?" Christina retorted flatly. "Don't forget, we've already divorced."

Brendon's hand twitched, and before he could stop himself, he reached for her again. But her reflexes were faster. With a crisp slap, she knocked his hand away.

"Shit!" Brendon recoiled, holding his wrist, fury flashing in his eyes.

"Are you insane?"

"If I am, at least I'm not delusional," Christina said casually, her gaze drifting down to his groin and back up with a derisive smirk. "Though you might want to get yourself checked for any functional problems."

Rage twisted across his face. "You've got a real mouth on you!"

"Appreciate the compliment," Christina replied with a shrug, completely unfazed.

Brendon's anger flared even hotter. "I came here to warn you because I didn't want to see you crash and burn. But if this is what you want, go ahead. Make your mess. I'm done trying."

Without saying another word, Brendon spun on his heel and stormed off, his frustration echoing in each step.

Christina's transformation hadn't gone unnoticed. Still, in his mind, it was nothing more than a flashy attempt to draw his attention.

Across the room, more than a few men couldn't stop staring, their eyes tracking Christina like prey. She met their gazes with a look so sharp it could cut glass, and whatever boldness they carried dissolved on the spot. Every spine stiffened. Whatever fantasy they'd been brewing was snuffed out before it even formed.

No one in that bar forgot what had happened earlier. Those foolish enough to touch her were left broken—one of them, quite literally, had his manhood destroyed. Nobody dared try again. Not after witnessing that brutal reminder.

Elsewhere, inside a private, soundproof room tucked away from the crowd, two men silently observed the commotion.

Dylan Scott leaned back in his chair, eyes narrowing slightly as the striking Christina strode away from the scene, her presence drawing focus like gravity. Something about her brought back a name he hadn't spoken aloud in years—Rose. The masked woman who had nearly shattered his pride at that shooting match four years ago. He could still picture the glint of her eyes behind the mask.

"She's got bite," Ralphy Graham, Dylan's friend, commented, his gaze flicking from the bar to Dylan. "If Brendon picked a fight with her, he'd be eating dirt."

The quiet authority in Dylan's posture was undeniable. He didn't need to speak to make his presence felt—his energy did the work for him. Ralphy caught the flicker of interest in his friend's eyes and said, "Don't tell me she's cracked that cold wall of yours. You thinking of pursuing her?"

A shift in Dylan's expression sobered the air. "Finding any leads on King is all I care about," he said evenly.

A crease formed on Ralphy's brow. "Still nothing?"

Dylan's features were drawn tight. "Not a trace."

"It's like King disappeared off the face of the earth," Ralphy said, a note of frustration slipping into his voice. "But King is the only one who can treat your sister. That hasn't changed."

At those words, Dylan's grip tightened around his glass. "Exactly. That's why I'll keep looking—no matter how long it takes." Without pause, he downed the entire drink.

A shrill ring sliced through the room, breaking the tension.

Without missing a beat, Ralphy reached for his phone and answered, looking composed at first. But within seconds, that calm shattered. His eyes lit up with sudden, electric excitement, and his posture shot upright.

Dylan raised an eyebrow, voice steady. "What could possibly rattle you like that?"

The call ended with a sharp tap. Ralphy turned to him, breathless with disbelief. "It's about King. The shooting competition!"

Confusion flickered across Dylan's face. "What are you talking about?" He hadn't expected King's name to be tied to a shooting competition.

Ralphie explained, nearly bursting, “King just released a statement. Next week’s champion of the shooting competition gets an opportunity for treatment—no expiry, just has to follow King’s terms.”

Ralphie almost bounced in his seat. The competition he hosted had just become the hottest event of the year because of King’s announcement.

“No way! Seriously?” Dylan leaned forward, his voice dropping but the edge in it sharp. “Say it again.”

With unwavering certainty, Ralphie said, “Whoever wins the shooting competition earns a treatment session from King. And Dylan, you’ve been on top of the shooting competition for three years straight under the alias of Dillan. If anyone’s walking away with that prize, it’s going to be you!”

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