

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 5:

Dylan didn't wait for Ralphy to say another word. He turned sharply and walked away without hesitation.

That sudden exit made Ralphy blink. "Where are you headed?" he called out, still riding the high of the news.

"I'm heading back to train. If I want that win, I can't leave anything to chance," Dylan replied, his voice cold, eyes set like flint on the future. Finally, there was hope—his sister might get the treatment she needed. As long as that phantom from his past showed up, victory was within reach. Still, he couldn't afford to gamble on luck. He'd push harder, train longer. Failure wasn't an option.

Elsewhere, Brendon stood frozen with his phone in hand, staring at the notification of King's statement.

"It's real! King's giving out treatment! You're going to be okay!" Katie gasped from across the room and rushed forward, pulling Yolanda into a tight hug.

Uncertainty clouded Yolanda's face. "But... isn't Dillan still undefeated? I heard no one's even come close to beating him in years."

Katie waved the concern off with a confident smile. "It doesn't matter who wins. We'll make an offer they can't refuse. There's no way anyone will refuse money."

"That's right. Yolanda, you have my word—I'll do everything in my power to get King to treat you," Brendon said, his voice steady with conviction. "No matter what it takes, I'll find a way to ease your pain and make this illness less of a burden."

Tears welled up in Yolanda's eyes as she clutched his sleeve. "You're always doing so much for me, I don't even know how to thank you."

Brendon held her close, one hand soothing her hair. "You don't have to. I'm not doing this for thanks—I'm doing it for you."

Moved beyond words, Yolanda buried her face against his chest. "Brendon, thank you."

And so, the long-awaited day of the shooting competition finally arrived.

By morning, the shooting grounds were packed tighter than ever. The rare luxury car was a flashy incentive, but it was King's offer of treatment—more precious than gold or any fancy car—that pulled the crowd in like gravity.

Barely had the opening round finished before contestants began dropping like flies.

As each round grew more demanding, the numbers thinned fast, with only the most skilled shooters hanging on.

Brendon held his own long enough to break into the top ten, but his run ended when he pushed too hard for the top five. The disappointment etched itself clearly across his face.

“It’s alright, Brendon. We’ve got more than enough money to work with,” Katie said, fully prepared to use their wealth to secure the championship by any means necessary.

Yolanda offered a softer response, her voice warm and gentle. “You did everything you could, Brendon. Making it that far was amazing. Please don’t be so hard on yourself.”

One look at Yolanda’s calm, supportive smile eased some of the tension knotted in Brendon’s chest. Even so, her grace only deepened the self-reproach twisting inside him for not being skilled enough to win the prize of King’s treatment. He hated coming up short.

Now, only two names remained on the board. One man. One woman.

Everyone recognized Dillan—the reigning champ with a perfect track record. The woman standing across from him, Chrissy, was a mystery to most.

The final challenge came with a twist—contestants had to shoot while blindfolded.

Dylan had already pieced it together. Chrissy wasn’t some unknown competitor. She was Rose—the same Rose who had disappeared without a trace three years ago. She hadn’t just returned; she had reinvented herself under a brand-new alias.

Standing across from the very woman who had once crushed him in the past, Dylan felt the weight of that memory press down hard. Even so, three years of relentless training had reshaped him. This time, he believed he could take her down.

With steady steps, Dylan walked onto the stage. A black mask concealed his face, but the resolve in his stance said everything. The staff tied the blindfold tightly, and the final showdown began.

First shot—direct hit. Right through the center.

Second shot—another bullseye.

Then came the third.

All around him, the crowd leaned in, the arena holding its breath like one giant lung.

When that final shot struck dead center, the silence shattered into wild cheers. The audience leapt from their seats, the roar deafening.

“Dillan is amazing! If I flirt with him and win him over, I bet I can talk him into giving up that prize once he wins!” Katie exclaimed from the front row, clapping her hands together and beaming.

“You’re smitten with him, aren’t you?” Yolanda tilted her head, an amused sparkle in her eyes.

Flushing, Katie quickly waved it off. “Absolutely not! I’m just trying to secure King’s treatment for you, that’s all.”

Yolanda chuckled. “You’ve always looked out for me, Katie. I’m so lucky to have you.”

Brendon crossed his arms. “This match is Dillan’s to take. No question.”

Brendon hadn’t taken Chrissy seriously since she walked in. In his mind, women just didn’t belong in the upper tier of this sport. The name Rose still lingered in his memory—her win years ago felt more like a lucky strike than a real triumph. If she had the skill, she wouldn’t have vanished three years ago.

Now blindfolded and standing center stage, Chrissy—who was actually Christina—made no move to shoot. Instead, she turned her body slowly, letting the eyes of the crowd follow her every motion.

Whispers broke out almost immediately. “Is she giving up?”

“Maybe this is her way of backing out without saying it outright.”

“I said it from the start—women just can’t hold their own in a match like this.”

But as the noise grew louder, Christina raised her weapon behind her back and, without adjusting her stance, pulled the trigger. The shot rang out sharp and clean.

“Direct hit!” the announcer shouted.

Gasps rippled through the audience. She had landed a bullseye—and under conditions that were harder than earlier rounds.

“How is that possible?”

“No way. That was pure luck!”

While the crowd clung to doubt, Dylan’s confidence began to slip. It was happening again. He was about to lose to Rose.

From her second shot to her last, Christina never missed. Each movement was fluid, each shot dead-on. She moved like she had eyes in the back of her head. Shot after shot, bullseye after bullseye.

The difficulty of Chrissy’s round surpassed Dylan’s, leaving no room for dispute—Chrissy had won. Cheers erupted, curses followed, and stunned silence filled the gaps in between.

Those who bet everything on Dillan were left stunned and broke. Meanwhile, Davina couldn’t stop grinning. She had bet on Chrissy from the start—and now she was walking away with more money than she knew what to do with.

Dylan remained rooted to the spot, his disbelief anchoring him in place as Christina strode straight toward him.

“You will peel off the mask yourself, or should I do it for you?” Christina said casually, determined to see his face as per the privilege that came with the winner.

The voice modulator built into her mask disguised her tone, keeping the crowd guessing.

But Dylan didn’t need a voice to recognize her—he knew. This was Rose. No doubt. With no hesitation, he reached up and pulled off his mask.

Gasps swept through the arena as his face came into full view. Revealed beneath the mask was none other than Dylan Scott, head of the city’s most powerful dynasty and the silent force behind the very competition they were watching.

Brendon exhaled in quiet relief. Had Dylan come out on top, not even the Dawson name would have held any weight to sway him into giving up the prize of King’s treatment. Compared to Dylan’s influence, the Dawson family would have been brushed aside like a rumor.

Masked and silent, Christina moved past Brendon and his crew, her steps aimed at Davina—until Katie suddenly stepped in her way.

“Hold it right there!” Katie planted herself in front of Christina, eyes narrowed with smug defiance. “That reward—sell it to us. Just say how much you want.”

“Nah, not for sale,” Christina said, her voice dry and unmoved. Helping Yolanda had never been on her agenda. Not now. Not ever.

“You seriously think refusing us is smart?” Katie snapped. “Do you know what happens to people who go against the Dawson family?”

“I don’t,” Christina said with a shrug. “And I don’t care. I said it’s not for sale.”

“You arrogant—” Katie’s words failed her as rage took over. In one furious motion, she lunged forward and yanked the mask off Christina’s face.

Every head turned. Silence swept the crowd as Christina’s face was revealed to all.

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