

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

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Chapter 51:

Christina's voice dripped with icy sarcasm. Her tone alone made everyone's blood boil.

Katie practically vibrated with rage. "Enough with that attitude! Apologize properly, pay for the medical bills, and maybe—maybe—we'll let this go. If not—"

Christina tilted her head, her smile cool and effortless. "If not, what? You'll cry louder?"

Katie's eyes blazed. "We'll press charges! You'll be arrested for assault. Hope you enjoy jail food."

Christina widened her eyes in mock fear, clasping her hands to her chest. "Oh no, not that. Please don't call the police... I might be able to heal that old man myself."

Katie scoffed, her tone cutting. "Heal Finnegan? You? Don't make me laugh—you're not even a real doctor!"

Just then, Yolanda's voice wavered, choked with theatrical tears. "Christina, how can you still refuse to acknowledge your misdeeds? If you're angry, take it out on me—not on my father. He's not in the best health."

"Not in the best health?" Christina's smile was razor-sharp. "Perfect. Not only can I heal him—I'll have him doing cartwheels by next week."

"Christina!" Yolanda's voice cracked as if it were a plea, her eyes shimmering with fake tears. "How can you joke like this? Have you no heart at all?"

"Can you really heal Finnegan? And make him fit as a fiddle?" Katie folded her arms, practically salivating at the chance to spring her trap.

"Absolutely," Christina replied, her voice cool and unwavering, laced with an infuriating calm that only made Katie itch to humiliate her.

"Good!" Katie leaned forward, eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Let's make it interesting. If you pull it off, I'll give you five million. If not—you owe me five million."

Katie couldn't believe how easily Christina had walked into her trap. What an idiot.

"Deal." Christina's answer came without hesitation, her confidence unwavering.

Sheila, who had remained quiet until now, chimed in with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Why don't we all get in on this? We'll each put up one million. If you fail, you owe each of us a million."

Katie hesitated, lips pursed—but with everyone watching, backing down wasn't an option.

Finnegan lay perfectly still, struggling to suppress a grin. With his feigning to be seriously wounded on the floor, his family would win three million? It felt like the heavens themselves had wired him a personal jackpot. He wasn't just after the three million—he also planned to squeeze every last penny from Christina for "medical expenses." If he played this right, she'd be paying for everything.

"Please, excuse me for a moment." Christina turned on her heel and disappeared into the hallway.

When she returned, gasps rippled through the room. She was holding a massive syringe—thick, gleaming, and absurdly oversized. It looked like it belonged in a veterinary clinic for sedating lions.

"What... What is that?" Sheila's voice trembled, recoiling instinctively.

Yolanda blinked, stunned. "Christina, you're not seriously going to use that on my dad, are you?"

"Have you lost your mind?" Katie barked, eyes bulging as she took a step back.

Joselyn's jaw dropped. "You... You're not going to kill him, are you?"

"Kill him?" Christina scoffed, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Please. I'm saving his life." She held the syringe aloft like it was a magic wand. "Relax. I have plenty of experience with this sort of thing."

"Experience?" Yolanda echoed skeptically. "Since when have you ever studied medicine?"

"I didn't," Christina answered cheerfully. "But I am a vet, so that's close enough. Besides, don't be dramatic. A body's a body. One shot from this, and he'll be doing jumping jacks before lunch."

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Chapter 52:

Sprawled on the floor, Finnegan's mind spun in a haze of confusion. Only moments ago, he'd been feigning unconsciousness in peace, but the second the word "vet" hit his ears, a surge of panic jolted through him.

He cracked open one wary eye, risking a sly peek at his surroundings—and what he saw nearly made his heart stop. Christina was wielding a syringe so enormous that it looked fit for tranquilizing an elephant. No human being could possibly survive a dose from that thing. Hell, even a wild boar wouldn't stand a chance.

Finnegan had no hesitation believing the needle could drop him dead in a heartbeat. Did Christina intend to bring him down alongside her? His life was valuable. Dying alongside this pathetic bitch would be a colossal waste. She didn't even deserve the honor.

Finnegan squeezed his wife's hand in secret, desperation written in the tension of his grip—a silent cue for Sheila to intervene.

Sheila shot upright, her voice trembling with outrage. “Absolutely not! You're not using that thing on my husband. Are you out of your mind? You'll kill him!”

Christina didn't bother to argue. She simply reached out a palm, calm and expectant. “All right, have it your way. You lost the bet, so pay up.” Her cool determination made it clear—she wasn't leaving without that five million. What kind of twisted family threw down million-dollar gambles like pocket change? They were so eager to throw money at her, and she'd be a fool to say no.

Katie, her face flushed with indignation, snapped, “Pay you? For what? You haven't even cured Finnegan!”

Christina cocked an eyebrow, a scornful smirk tugging at her lips. “If you won't let me treat him, how exactly am I supposed to cure him? Let me try, and I promise he'll walk out of here healthy. If I fail, you win. Simple as that.”

Yolanda started to plead. “Christina, please—”

But Christina sliced through her words with a cold, flat command. “Enough. Either let me do this or hand over the money. I'm done listening to excuses.”

“We won't pay you. What can you... Ah...” Katie tried to push back, but her protest ended in a shriek of pure terror.

Christina lunged, wielding the monstrous syringe like a weapon, her gaze wild and unflinching, radiating a threat that made everyone's blood run cold.

Finnegan snapped awake at the sound, his eyes going wide as he caught sight of Christina storming toward him, that syringe aimed straight at his heart. Whatever hope he'd had of survival instantly evaporated—this woman wasn't trying to save him. She was about to murder him in broad daylight.

“This is a life-saving injection!” Christina declared, slamming the syringe downward with zero hesitation.

“Hell no!” Finnegan barked, panic overtaking his pride. “You fucking lunatic—stay away from me!”

He scrambled backward, pale and sweating, rolling out of the way as Christina's “treatment” came down with deadly force. He was sure this woman was insane. Absolutely, irredeemably insane—there was no other word for her.

Christina's wild laughter rang out as she missed her mark, flinging her arm back for another go.

"You deranged bitch! Are you out of your fucking head?" Finnegan shrieked, scrambling up from the floor. He stumbled forward in a panic. "Somebody stop her! She's gone berserk! Stop her! She's about to kill me!"

Gripping the syringe, Christina flashed a deranged grin. Her eyes glittered with a manic light, giving off the unmistakable aura of an escaped lunatic. The syringe hovered menacingly in her fist as she stalked forward, her every movement promising chaos.

"Finnegan!" Sheila gasped, lunging to intercept Christina to protect Finnegan.

But the instant Christina's wild, feral gaze swung in her direction, Sheila's courage shattered. She shrieked, "No! Stay away!"

Sheila stumbled back, tripping over her own feet, eyes wide with pure panic. She wasn't alone—everyone else retreated in frantic disarray. No one doubted it now: Christina had snapped, gone completely off the rails.

There was something chilling about confronting a lunatic—someone who had nothing left to lose and could shatter the rules with a flick of her wrist. That kind of unpredictable recklessness was terrifying, the threat of sudden violence hanging in the air.

While the others shrank back, Christina whipped around and locked eyes with Finnegan, her grin stretching wider.

The moment Finnegan dared to hope she'd forgotten him, her predatory gaze pinned him in place, icy terror flooding his veins—he was certain this was the end.

"Time for your shot..." Christina grinned, charging forward with the syringe poised like a weapon. She looked like a fanatic soldier, gripping her last grenade—utterly

Fearless, fully prepared to go down with her target, the menace in her eyes was enough to freeze the room.

A strangled cry slipped from Finnegan's lips, panic overwhelming him.

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Chapter 53:

The house rang with Finnegan's terrified screams, mixed with the panicked shrieks of the others as they scrambled away.

Christina finally stopped, arms crossed and breath steady. “Medicine delivered, illness cured. Time to pay up—I don’t do credit.”

The group froze, panting, their eyes wide with fear. They stared at her like she might snap at any second.

“What money?” Finnegan gasped, still out of breath.

Christina raised a brow. “The five-million bet, remember? What, you trying to weasel out of it now?”

Katie, still catching her breath, glared. “Did you even cure Finnegan? If anything, you owe us—for emotional damage!”

“Of course, I cured him alright,” Christina said, pointing at Finnegan. “Look at him. He’s wide awake and sprinting like an Olympian. I didn’t just bring him back—I upgraded him. Guys half his age can’t keep up.”

“That’s nonsense!” Sheila snapped, face flushed with anger. She looked like she wanted to lunge—if not for the fear still hanging in the air.

“Anyway, I did my part. You lost and owed me money,” Christina said coolly.

Finnegan let out a sharp laugh. “And if we don’t pay? What’re you gonna do?”

“Yeah!” Katie chimed in, smirking. “What can you possibly do, you psycho?”

“Christina...” Yolanda said softly, once again managing to paint Christina as a villain. “Please be reasonable. You can’t just shake people down like this. It’s not right.”

Christina rolled her eyes. “If I weren’t reasonable, you’d all be buried out back by now.”

She pulled out a tablet and played a video, holding it out for them to see. “Here’s proof. The bet, the win, the miracle cure—all caught on camera. Try stiffing me. I’ll post this online and let the world decide.”

Her voice was steady, each word sharp and sure. Not a hint of fear.

The group paled as they watched the footage. The audio was crystal clear.

Then, without warning, Finnegan snatched the tablet from Christina’s hands.

A wave of relief swept through the group.

“Ha!” Finnegan shouted. “No proof now, genius! Good luck getting a dime out of us!”

Katie scoffed. “What’ll you post now? Your imaginary win?”

Christina didn't even blink. "Smash that tablet all you want. My security system auto-uploads everything—multiple backups." Christina turned, locking eyes with Finnegan just as he reached for the security camera overhead, ready to destroy it. She drawled, "And by the way—trying to destroy that camera? That's just more evidence." She lifted her fingers like a gun and aimed at him with a smirk. "You're in deep."

Meanwhile, Sheila crept up behind Christina, ripping a glass, her eyes burning with rage.

But Christina's senses were razor-sharp. Her hearing, especially, was deadly.

Just as Sheila raised the glass, Christina sidestepped and spun, gripping Sheila's wrist tightly.

Sheila cried out in pain, "Ah!"

The glass slipped from her hand.

Christina caught the glass just before it hit the floor.

"Mom!" Yolanda shouted, lunging forward.

But Christina's glare froze Yolanda in place. Her grip tightened.

"Ah!" Sheila cried again.

"Christina, please," Yolanda pleaded, eyes red. "Let her go. She didn't mean any harm."

Christina gave a cold laugh. "No harm? If this glass had hit me, I'd be bleeding—or dead. You call that harmless?" Christina raised an eyebrow. "Tell you what—why don't I do the same thing on you, and you tell me how it feels?"

"Yolanda, stop begging her!" Katie barked. "We didn't do anything wrong! This is my brother's house—we can throw her out if we want!"

Christina's voice turned ice-cold. "This house? Part of my divorce settlement. It belongs to me now."

"Says who?" a voice cut in.

Christina turned. Her eyes narrowed. It was Brendon. He stood there, face hard, a bandage on his head, and a storm brewing behind his eyes. She frowned slightly. He was hurt?

"You promised me this house. It's in the agreement," Christina said calmly.

"The agreement says a seaside property. Not this one. And since the papers aren't finalized, it's still mine," Brendon replied coldly. He could still feel the sting—Christina ignoring his calls, climbing into that luxury car without a word of concern.

"But you said this one was mine," Christina said, looking into his eyes.

“Verbal promises don’t count. I’ve changed my mind. It’s Yolanda’s now,” Brendon said.

Christina stared at him for a long moment. “Brendon... Going back on your word—what kind of man does that?”

“I don’t need your approval to be a man. You think too highly of yourself, Christina,” Brendon sneered.

Christina stood there, stunned, eyes flicking to the others. Their faces were full of smug delight.

“You’re so clever, right? With all those men you’ve been charming, I’m sure one of them can buy you a fancy new house,” Brendon added with a smirk.

Christina said nothing. She had long stopped expecting anything from him. But his words still cut deep. Every cruel syllable jabbed like a needle, turning her past sacrifices into one long, bitter joke.

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Chapter 54:

Brendon studied Christina in silence, feeling his resolve waver just a little. “Apologize to them,” he declared, feigning magnanimity. “Maybe I’ll let this go. You can stay—at least until you find a place.”

Brendon felt he was offering Christina a lifeline, expecting gratitude or at least a flicker of humility.

Christina gave nothing away. She stared straight at him, her face unreadable.

The lively warmth in her eyes had faded, replaced by something tangled and distant.

Anxiety pricked at Brendon, a growing unease winding through him—like he was on the verge of losing something vital, and powerless to stop it. Questions tangled inside his chest, clawing for a way out, and before he could rein himself in, the words burst from him. “Christina, about that night—”

Christina snapped him down with frosty precision. “Save it. You were right all along—I’ve got a line of men just dying to buy me a house.” With an indifferent shrug, she tried to mask the ache tightening in her chest.

Outwardly, she seemed unruffled, but inside, the sting was sharp and real. Anyone would be hurt after baring their soul, only to watch it tossed aside like garbage. Maybe she was stronger than

most, but that didn't mean she didn't bleed. Her heart wasn't made of stone—it was flesh and nerves, raw and breakable.

Her dismissive bravado was gasoline on Brendon's fire. "Oh, so you're admitting it now? Had you cheated on me the whole time during our marriage? Running around behind my back?" he spat the accusation through clenched teeth, his anger barely held in check.

Christina arched an eyebrow, a mocking smile flickering on her lips. "Think whatever you want. I couldn't care less about how you view me."

Her indifference only made Brendon's blood boil. He balled his fists, knuckles whitening as he forced himself not to lose control.

"I'm warning you—this is your last chance. Explain yourself, or I'll—"

Christina cut him off, her tone chillingly distant. "Explain what, exactly? I don't owe you anything. My life, my rules. I don't answer to anyone, least of all you."

Unfazed, Christina pulled out her phone, her gaze turning playful. "But hey, since you're all dying to know about my so-called rich admirers, why don't I just show you how 'generous' they really are?" Christina unlocked her phone and, with a devil-may-care grin, tapped Davina's number. She fully expected her friend to help her.

Out of this mess by answering the call and playing along. But instead, the line went dead—Davina's phone was switched off.

Katie noticed immediately, her lips curling into a smirk. "What's wrong? Your sugar daddies cut you off the second you needed money?"

Yolanda watched, masking her satisfaction behind a gentle, pitying tone. "Christina, it's okay. You don't have to lie just to save face."

A sly grin curved across Christina's lips as she suddenly thought of Dylan.

Katie's scorn cut through the room. "What the hell are you smirking at? Don't you have anything better to do than loiter here? Maybe you should start worrying about where you'll be sleeping tonight! If it weren't for the Dawsons putting up with you all these years, you'd have been starving in a gutter somewhere! You worthless leech!" Her voice dripped with malice.

Christina ignored Katie, calmly dialing Dylan's number as she locked eyes with Yolanda. "Take it easy, Yolanda. I wouldn't fight you for Brendon even if you paid me—he's not even fit to carry my man's shoes."

The taunt landed squarely, knocking the air from Brendon's lungs and leaving his pride in tatters. His fists curled at his sides, knuckles pale with rage. What the hell made her so sure her so-called man was better than him? How dare she claim he wasn't worthy to carry her man's shoes?

Brendon wasn't alone in his outrage. Joselyn's face twisted with fury, righteous indignation blazing in her eyes. To her, Brendon was flawless—her pride and joy. Hearing Christina toss him aside like yesterday's trash, comparing him to some random sugar daddy, was beyond infuriating.

“That’s bullshit!” Joselyn screeched, stabbing a trembling finger in Christina’s direction. “It’s those filthy sugar daddies of yours who should be begging for the privilege of carrying my son’s shoes!”

The commotion filled the air just as Dylan picked up. He didn’t hear Christina’s voice at first—just the shrill, furious shouting in the background. He frowned, glancing down to confirm the caller ID. Christina’s name blinked on his screen. A moment later, her laughter drifted through the line—carefree, mocking, and utterly unbothered by the chaos exploding around her.

“Careful, Mrs. Dawson,” Christina purred, her lips curling into a lazy smirk. “If you get any more worked up, we’ll need to call you an ambulance. I’d hate for all that pent-up rage to fry your poor, overworked heart.”

Christina’s voice slipped into a syrupy, mocking falsetto as she aimed her next words straight at the phone. “Darling! Are you listening?”

Dylan blinked, momentarily startled. A traitorous smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. He smothered the surge of joy bubbling up, molding his reply into a deadpan, “Mhm.”

The flat grunt slipped out automatically, clipped and almost bored. Only after it hung in the air did he realize—he was supposed to play the doting lover, not some cold bystander.

Christina dialed up the theatrics. Her whine dripped with faux sadness. “Poor helpless me just got thrown out in the street, all alone. Won’t my sweet, generous boyfriend buy me a house? Please?”

Christina doubted she could really gross them out. She barely kept a straight face, the sheer cringe nearly making her gag.

Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted Brendon—his face blotchy, fists trembling, barely containing the urge to explode.

Ordinarily, that kind of baby-voiced simpering would make Dylan want to hurl. If anyone else had tried it, he’d have recoiled in disgust. But somehow, coming from Christina, it felt like a live wire humming right through his chest. Instead of revulsion, a light, fluttery happiness bubbled up inside him. He could picture her perfectly—those big, dramatic puppy eyes, the over-the-top pout, the sly glimmer of mischief sparkling in her gaze. Every ridiculous syllable felt like a teasing caress, sending a wave of warmth pulsing through his veins.

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Chapter 55:

Dylan, usually so logical and quick-witted, found his mind going strangely blank as he listened to Christina. For a stretch of awkward silence, he said nothing at all.

Christina almost started to think he might refuse to help, but then his voice finally broke the tension. “Of course. Which house do you want?”

Relief fluttered through her chest, and a sly little smile touched her lips. She cranked up the sugar in her voice. “So you mean I get to pick any house I want?”

“Yeah. Go ahead—pick whatever catches your eye,” Dylan answered smoothly.

A teasing melody wove through her words over the line. “Hmm... Do you happen to have a house by the bay? I’d like to move in tonight.”

“I do,” Dylan replied without missing a beat. “But there’s also the one at Cloudcrest Heights. Why not stay there instead? It’s got better views. Honestly, I think it’d suit you more.”

Christina gave a light, playful laugh, twirling a strand of hair around her finger. “Oh, sweetheart, you really spoil me. But the bay mansion’s perfect for now. We’ll save the one in Cloudcrest Heights for after the wedding—our future love nest, okay?”

Bayfront mansions started at fifty million, while the mansions in Cloudcrest Heights boasting panoramic ocean views easily soared past a hundred million.

Christina knew just flashing a deed to a bayfront mansion would be enough to make Brendon eat his heart out—she didn’t even have to bring up the ultra-exclusive estate on Cloudcrest Heights, at least not yet.

As soon as “Cloudcrest Heights” rolled off her tongue, everyone around her sucked in a sharp breath, their eyes wide with disbelief before skepticism hardened their faces.

Estates on Cloudcrest Heights weren’t simply expensive—they were legendary, rarely traded, and off-limits to all but the most powerful. It wasn’t about money alone. One needed influence that stretched behind closed doors. Even the Hubbard family—top of Dorfield’s social food chain—barely managed to snag a single property, and that was on the lowest rung of the mountain. The closer one got to the summit, the more unimaginable the owner’s clout.

The group exchanged looks. Was Christina somehow tied to the Hubbard family? No way in hell! There was no way a family as distinguished as the Hubbard family would give a second glance to a divorced woman—let alone let her through their doors.

“Alright.” Dylan’s low hum rumbled through the phone, smug and satisfied.

“Thanks, darling! Can you send someone with the key and maybe help me move my things?” Christina cooed, pouring on the sweetness.

“No problem,” Dylan replied, his smile so broad that it threatened to split his face.

Christina’s voice oozed syrupy affection as she purred, “Hurry up, okay, darling? I’m hanging up now—mwah, mwah! Love you!” With one last exaggerated air kiss, she ended the call.

Even after the line went dead, Dylan sat there, dazed and grinning like a fool. Her honeyed words kept echoing in his mind, replaying over and over, the smile on his face stretching impossibly

wider. He was still drifting in that warm, ridiculous afterglow when the door flew open and a voice cut through his daydream like a splash of cold water.

“Dylan!” Chloe’s piercing call cut through his thoughts and anchored him to reality.

He blinked, immediately smothering the stupid grin, though his cheeks still ached from holding it so long. Twisting his brow into a frown, he shot her a look of mild reproach. “You didn’t knock,” he said, his voice clipped and cool—though there was a lingering softness that betrayed his mood.

Chloe huffed and crossed her arms, lips jutting into a pout. “I did knock! You just didn’t hear me. I walked right in and you were completely zoned out!”

Then, remembering the way he’d been beaming like an idiot, she couldn’t help but ask, “Alright, spill. What happened? Why were you grinning like a total idiot just now? Something pleasant?”

She couldn’t help herself—she’d never seen her stoic brother look so hopelessly happy.

“Yeah,” Dylan responded with a noncommittal hum as he slipped on his suit jacket and headed for the door.

Chloe trailed after him, her eyes gleaming with curiosity. “What’s got you so happy? Spill it—don’t leave your dear sister in suspense!”

“Just wrapped up a big deal,” Dylan answered briskly before grabbing his keys.

With a dismissive wave, he went straight for the door and stated firmly, stepping out. “You stay here and be good.”

“Dylan!” she called, picking up her pace to keep up with him. “Come on, what kind of deal?”

She eyed him skeptically. No ordinary business win could have sparked that ridiculous smile—she was sure of it. Even the biggest contracts never made him look so goofy.

He had never beamed like a fool before. Clearly, he was hiding something. But no matter how she probed, the answer eluded her.

“Quit stressing about my matters,” Dylan remarked, slipping into his usual big-brother mode. “Just worry about getting better—I’ll handle everything else.”

Chloe could see he wasn’t going to budge. Once he clammed up, not even wild horses could drag the truth out of him. She watched him retreat down the hall, letting out a soft, frustrated sigh. “If only Christina were around,” she grumbled to herself, “She’d have the secret out of him in no time.”

Chloe hadn’t known Christina for long, but something told her that woman could charm the truth out of anyone—even her stone-faced brother.

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Chapter 56:

At the bay-front villa, after ending the call, Christina turned back to the stunned group with a smirk tugging at her lips. “Did you hear that? That’s the kind of man I roll with,” she said, eyes gleaming. “And don’t even get me started on this measly bay-front villa. If I felt like it, I could move into a mansion at Cloudcrest Heights before sunset.”

The group stared at Christina in disbelief, but she didn’t flinch. She knew if she so much as whispered a word about King, her hidden identity, the powerful elite of Cloudcrest Heights would be scrambling to hand her their keys and beg her to take their million-dollar properties off their hands. After all, she could do what no world-renowned doctor could: cheat death. She didn’t sell medicine. She sold time. And to billionaires, a few more years of life was worth more than anything they owned.

“Christina, you’re being reckless again, pretending to have a phone call with some affluent elderly gentleman,” Yolanda said gently, her brows furrowed in mock concern as she made a subtle attempt to smear Christina’s reputation. “Be careful. Not everyone has good intentions, and some might leech onto you for life...”

Katie rolled her eyes and jerked Yolanda aside. “Are you stupid or what? Why are you still worried about her?” she hissed. “Let her crash and burn! If she wants to throw herself off a cliff, don’t offer her a parachute!”

“Exactly, Yolanda!” Joselyn cut in, her voice heavy with disdain as she shook her head. “Don’t waste your kindness on someone like Christina. Tramps like her don’t see compassion—they see a stepping stone. She’ll use your goodwill to claw her way up.”

Finnegan let out a scoff, lips curled in a sneer. “She’s clearly putting on a show. A mansion on Cloudcrest Heights? That was a dead giveaway that she’s bluffing. Even the Hubbard family—the wealthiest in Dorfield—lives at the base tier. And she expects us to believe she could worm her way into their circle?” He chuckled darkly. “A divorced woman with no name and no backing? Please.”

What no one knew—what Finnegan would never admit—was that he and his wife hadn’t come to town just to visit Brendon in his hospital bed. That was the excuse. Their true aim was the upcoming Hubbard banquet, which celebrated the joy of locating a long-missed daughter. The Mitchell Group was hemorrhaging money. One connection, one introduction, could save it. The Hubbards were the last rope keeping the Mitchell Group from collapsing.

And now there were whispers—dangerous whispers—that Samuel Graham, a kingmaker from Dorfield, would be attending.

Finnegan doubted Christina had any connection with the Hubbard family. Unless, of course, she was the long-lost daughter the Hubbards were preparing to welcome home.

Finnegan nearly laughed aloud at the thought. He had his own sources; Christina wasn't even a blip on the Hubbard radar.

"Everyone knows that the people who live on Cloudcrest Heights aren't just rich. They're untouchable," Sheila added, her nose tilted arrogantly. "If someone like Christina could charm her way into that circle, then her daughter would've been the Hussain family's mistress a long time ago."

"Let's not forget—this house? Christina only got to live in it because of my brother. Now she's dreaming of Cloudcrest Heights? Delusional doesn't even begin to cover it," Katie folded her arms and leaned in with a smirk.

"I'm staying right here," Katie snapped, arms crossed defiantly. "Christina, let us see how long you actually last in this neighborhood."

To Katie, this was just another one of Christina's desperate charades—some pitiful attempt to save face with a well-rehearsed lie. The mansions in this neighborhood were worth tens of millions. How could a jobless, cast-off woman like Christina afford even a corner of one?

In Katie's eyes, Christina was beneath her—pathetic, unworthy. But Christina didn't flinch. She cocked a brow, amusement dancing in her eyes. "So that's it? You're all really going to welch on a bet?"

Finnegan flinched. "W-what bet? We didn't agree to anything like that."

"You did," Christina said coolly. "Each of you—one million. That was the deal. Now, pay up." Her gaze slid to Brendon like a dagger dipped in silk. "Hey, care to be chivalrous and cover their bill?" she said, voice dripping with mockery.

Brendon's brows knotted. "What the hell is going on?"

Christina didn't bother answering. She didn't need to. "A bet's a bet. A debt's a debt," she continued, her tone ice-cold. "If five million's too much for you to stomach, that's fine. Just don't blame me when this hits the internet."

Her stare swept over the group like a blade. "You have 24 hours. One day. If I don't see that money in my account by then..." She leaned in slightly, voice dropping to a whisper. "I will go public."

Her smile was wicked. "And when Mitchell and Dawson stocks start tanking, five million will look like pocket change."

After everything Brendon had put her through, Christina felt she had shown more mercy than any of these people deserved.

Brendon's voice sharpened, frustration seeping in as he turned to his mom and the others. "What the hell happened here?" Since Christina refused to elaborate, he sought answers elsewhere.

Finnegan let out an exaggerated sigh, as if the weight of Christina's words were some unbearable injustice. "Brendon, don't let her manipulate you. There was no bet—she's making it up."

“Yeah, she’s just—” Joselyn tried to badmouth Christina, but the moment Brendon’s glare snapped to her, she fell silent.

“Enough!” Brendon’s voice was sharp, clipped. His eyes settled on Yolanda. “Tell me the truth.”

Yolanda felt her throat tighten. She wanted—desperately—to twist the story, but one look at Brendon told her it would be useless. Worse—Christina had proof, that damned surveillance footage...

“Brendon...” Yolanda’s voice cracked as she slipped into her theatrical acting again. “We did make a bet with Christina. And we... we lost.” Tears brimmed in her eyes, and when she looked at him, it wasn’t just guilt—it was fear. “I’m... I’m so sorry.”

Brendon’s jaw clenched. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the group with disdain. “You lost, so pay what you owe. Or are you really trying to cheat your way out of it?”

His tone dripped with contempt. Their shamelessness didn’t just disgust him—it embarrassed him, especially in front of Christina.

“N-no! Of course not!” Yolanda stammered, her fingers fumbling for her phone. “I’ll transfer it—right now. Please, Brendon, don’t be angry.”

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 57:

The moment Brendon saw Yolanda’s tear-streaked face, something inside him caved. His anger melted away, replaced by concern. He reached for her hand and pulled her into his embrace. “I’m sorry... I shouldn’t have raised my voice.”

Yolanda sniffled softly, her eyes lowered as she played the part of the heartbroken girlfriend. “No, it’s okay. We brought this on ourselves. You had every right to be upset... I’ll send Christina the money right now—”

“No need,” Brendon interrupted. “I’ll handle it. I’ll transfer the five million.”

A flicker of joy crossed Yolanda’s face, but she quickly masked it with another sob. “How can we let you pay up?”

He shook his head. “Why not? We’re about to get married. What’s mine is yours.”

“But—” Yolanda started, but he silenced her with a gentle finger against her lips. “No more buts. Let me take care of it.”

“Brendon, you’re too kind to me. I don’t even know how I’ll ever repay you,” she whispered, burying herself in his arms.

“Just marry me,” he murmured, brushing her hair back. “That’s all I want.”

“I can’t wait for our big day. It’ll be magical, won’t it?” she cooed.

“It’ll be everything you’ve dreamed of,” he promised. “You deserve nothing less.”

Yolanda nodded eagerly. “I know you’ll make it perfect.”

Christina’s sharp voice broke their moment. “If you lovebirds are done, can we wrap this up? I’ve got things to do.” She was disgusted by their nauseating display.

Brendon turned to Christina with a glare, his expression darkening. Was she really that eager to run off to another man? Living with him like some cheap rebound? “Relax. You’ll get every penny,” he said coldly.

“I’ll believe it when I see the funds in my account,” Christina replied, unimpressed.

Brendon’s jaw tightened. “I never realized how greedy and shallow you were.”

“Appreciate the insight,” she said with a dry smile. “Now, how about the transfer of the five million?”

Grinding his teeth, Brendon tapped on his phone and completed the transfer. “There. Five million. We’re square.”

Christina checked her screen and then nodded. “Confirmed. The bet’s done. But don’t forget—” She met his eyes calmly. “There’s still the divorce settlement. The compensation and the villa. I expect the paperwork soon.”

“You’ll get it,” Brendon said through clenched teeth. “Every damn bit.”

“I hope so,” Christina said, her voice light and unbothered, yet the warning beneath it rang clear as day. “I’d hate to bring lawyers or journalists into this.”

Brendon’s eyes darkened, pissed off by her. But then, a new theory bloomed in his mind—twisted yet strangely comforting. Maybe this wasn’t indifference. Maybe Christina was just putting on an elaborate show, desperate for his attention. Maybe she still loved him. That would explain everything—her defiance, her theatrics, even her sudden independence. The idea stroked his pride. Of course. She couldn’t possibly have moved on.

“Did that man really dispatch people to help you move?” Brendon asked, voice tinged with disbelief. “You didn’t have to stage this whole act to test me, Christina. My heart belongs to Yolanda—it always will. You need to stop. This childish game isn’t going to—”

Ding-dong.

The doorbell interrupted his speech mid-sentence, killing the smug expression on his face.

Without sparing him a glance, Christina walked over and tapped the video feed.

“Hello, we’re from the moving company—”

The camera revealed a group of tall, broad-shouldered men standing in uniform at the door. They looked like they could lift a truck with one hand and crush a skull with the other.

Christina’s eyes narrowed slightly. Her instincts kicked in. Years of reading people made it easy to see through their disguises. These guys were definitely not average movers.

Just as suspicion stirred, her phone buzzed. It was Dylan. She picked up immediately.

“The moving team’s outside,” Dylan said calmly. “If anyone gives you trouble, they’ll take care of it. Whatever happens, I’ve got your back.”

Christina froze, stunned by the sincerity in his tone. He was protecting her. No questions. No blame. Just quiet, unwavering support. If it had been Brendon, he would’ve accused her first—mocked her, scolded her, and blamed her. Warmth was never part of the equation.

“Hello? Are they bothering you again?” Dylan’s voice pulled her back.

“No—no.” She snapped out of it. Then, in a deliberately sweet, exaggerated tone, she added, “Darling, you’re amazing—I love you! Mwah!”

Dylan choked back a laugh on the other end. Her sudden sweetness clearly caught him off guard. Today just kept getting more entertaining. “Okay, baby, go do your thing. I’ll call once the move’s done. Kisses, bye!”

Christina ended the call, still blushing from her over-the-top act. She had no idea how he’d take the sudden sugar-coated theatrics, but she committed anyway.

Behind her, Brendon looked like he might explode. Since when was Christina like this? She had never acted this way with him. Not once had she been this playful, this radiant. Yet, here she was, cooing like some lovesick schoolgirl for a sugar daddy.

Jealousy coiled inside Brendon, white-hot and bitter. This wasn’t the Christina he’d married and dismissed as dull and lifeless. No, this woman was magnetic. Confident. Irresistible. Every glance, every word seemed crafted to captivate.

As Christina opened the door to let the movers in, something in Brendon snapped. Rage overtook reason, and he lunged forward.

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 58:

Brendon's eyes burned with rage as he stormed forward—then, without warning, slammed Christina against the wall. His hand locked around her throat, fingers digging into her skin. “Christina, do you get off on seducing other men?” he growled, his face inches from hers.

Around them, the others just watched—eyes glittering, lips twitching in satisfaction. No one moved to stop him. No one dared.

“Are you insane?” Christina hissed, her voice a razor blade of defiance. “Who have I seduced? What are you even talking about?”

She couldn't understand. What the hell was wrong with him? Just moments ago, he'd been composed—cold, maybe, but in control. Now he looked feral. Unhinged. His eyes were bloodshot, his breath ragged. Was he having a stroke or some kind of psychotic breakdown?

“You never dressed up for me,” Brendon sneered. “Always cold. Distant. Treated me like I was in your way. But once another man glances at you, suddenly you're all smiles and softness?”

Christina's laugh was sharp, bitter, laced with venom. She had dressed up for Brendon once.

The memory hit her like a freight train. It was the day Brendon had finally walked again—no wheelchair, no crutches, just his own two legs beneath him. She'd been ecstatic. To celebrate, she spared no effort. A full spa day. Hair curled into soft, elegant waves. Flawless makeup. A new dress—deep burgundy, his favorite color. Heels she hadn't worn in years.

She had spent hours preparing a candlelit dinner—his favorite dishes, arranged with meticulous care. Every detail was perfect. Every second charged with anticipation. But as the sun dipped lower, he hadn't come home.

The food had cooled. She reheated it. It cooled again. She kept trying, like maybe if she kept the dinner warm, she could keep hope alive, too.

But food could be reheated. A numb heart could not.

That was the thing about divorce—it was rarely sparked by a single explosion. It was the weight of a thousand quiet disappointments, slowly crushing everything beneath them until nothing was left but frost.

By the time midnight crept in, so had Brendon—reeking of alcohol, jacket half-buttoned, eyes glassy. She was still there. Alone in the dark. The candles had burned out. The food had crusted over.

He had staggered in, saw her, and whispered, “Yolanda... I missed you so much.”

Her heart hadn't just been broken. It had been shattered. He had clung to her, slurring promises meant for someone else, pouring out love that was never hers to keep. Every word was a dagger.

And then, when he had reached for Christina—tried to kiss her, touch her, take her—she shoved him back. His breath was sour. His hands, unwelcome.

When he lurched toward her again, she slapped him as hard as she could. “Open your damn eyes!” she hissed, her voice low and shaking with fury. “I’m Christina. Not Yolanda.”

Then, Christina turned and walked away, each step slicing through the silence like a blade. Her dress flared behind her, the final flicker of a flame she’d kept alive far too long. That night, she stripped off every trace of hope. She wiped away her makeup with shaking hands. Tore the dress from her body like it was made of lies. Kicked off the heels. Tossed it all in the trash.

Christina had never dressed up again. It wasn’t about giving up—it was about refusing to be someone else’s stand-in. Brendon only ever looked at her when she was dolled up enough to blur into another woman. She wasn’t a placeholder. She wasn’t a goddamn echo. She was Christina. And no one—no one—got to treat her like a consolation prize.

Brendon had never understood why Christina defaulted to simple clothes. He never saw her exhaustion. The endless caregiving. Cooking, cleaning, bathing him, lifting him, catching him when he stumbled. Holding in her tears until she could cry quietly behind a locked bathroom door. For months, she had been nurse, maid, cook, therapist, punching bag, all while he simmered in bitterness and lashed out at her like she was the reason he fell. But she had endured in silence.

And now—now, after everything—Brendon accused her of dressing up for other men but never for him? As if he hadn’t pissed all over every effort she’d made. A broken laugh tore from her throat, raw and jagged. The irony. The absolute absurdity.

Her eyes met Brendon’s—wild, gleaming, unhinged—and her laughter broke loose, sharp and spiraling into hysteria. It was the laugh of someone who had bled too much to cry anymore.

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 59:

Brendon froze at the sound of Christina’s laughter. His brows pulled tight. “What the hell are you laughing at?”

“She’s snapped!” Katie shrieked, fear sharpening her voice. “She’s been a ticking time bomb since day one—just throw her in a damn asylum already!”

Yolanda hesitated, wringing her hands as if offering wise advice instead of plotting against Christina. “Maybe something set Christina off. We should take her to a hospital. Let a doctor—”

“Hospital?” Finnegan cut in with a snort. “Hell no! She’s insane. What she needs is a padded cell and a straitjacket.”

Christina’s laughter died, replaced by a deadly calm. “You think I’m the crazy one?” Her voice was low, chilling. “No, I’m the only one who’s sane here.”

The moment her eyes locked with theirs, something in them recoiled. They all backed up—every one of them.

“Someone like you should be locked in a padded cell!” Katie spat, her voice sharp with venom.

Katie hated Christina’s guts. This conniving bitch knew too much—even skeletons buried deep in her cupboard. Every step Christina took chipped away at her plans. Christina had to be erased. Crushed. Eliminated—whatever it took.

Driven by that thought, Katie snapped, “Hold her down! I’m calling the asylum. Let them deal with her madness!”

Christina responded with a laugh—cold and dripping with contempt. “You? Take me down? Don’t make me laugh.”

“Why can’t you ever just surrender? Why is it always a goddamn war with you?” Brendon snarled, voice ragged with rage. “Say you’re sorry, and I’ll act like none of this ever happened.” His tone was low and dangerous.

What Brendon truly craved wasn’t peace—it was control. He wanted to see Christina break. To watch that fire in her eyes fade, replaced with the same docile obedience she reserved for those old men she charmed.

“Apologize?” Christina scoffed, her smirk razor-sharp. “You think you deserve that?”

The mocking curl of her lips sent Brendon over the edge. His hands closed around her throat, grip unrelenting.

Christina’s face turned scarlet as her breath hitched, the air cut off, her body trembling beneath the weight of his fury.

Brendon wanted her to feel it—that creeping, breathless panic. If brute force was what it took to break her, then so be it. How could he let this stubborn little woman keep disrespecting him?

Across the room, the massive movers stood still, muscles taut, eyes locked on the chaos. Only Christina’s earlier glance—a silent command layered with warning—kept them from intervening and leaping into the fray.

“How about now, Christina?” Brendon growled, his jaw clenched, shaking her with barely restrained fury. “Still think we don’t deserve it?”

Her lips curved into a slow, merciless smirk—cool, composed, and cutting. “Not. Even. Close.”

The ease of her contempt, the unshaken confidence in her gaze—it ignited Brendon’s fury like gasoline on fire. His fingers dug in tighter, joints creaking, skin stretched bone-white with rage.

On the sidelines, Katie and the others basked in the moment, faces lit with vindictive glee. Finally, someone was clipping Christina’s wings. How was Christina going to act high and mighty now? They stood there watching like vultures circling roadkill.

The movers stood like statues—pathetic, paralyzed, hiding behind silence and uniforms. Cowards, every last one. Not a soul among them dared defy the Dawsons.

Overcome with smug adrenaline, Katie stepped forward. Her eyes gleamed with cruel satisfaction, lips curled in triumph. She raised her hand and swung—ready to mark Christina’s face—but pain bloomed across her gut instead.

“Ahh!” Katie’s scream ripped through the room as she collapsed, limbs folding awkwardly beneath her. She hit the floor with a sickening thud, gasping, clutching her stomach.

“Katie!” Yolanda shrieked, scrambling to her knees beside Katie, panic etched in every line of her face.

Yolanda spun on Christina, voice cracking. “Why did you kick her like that?”

Christina’s expression was ice. “If you’re so concerned, then why don’t you take her place and let me kick you instead?”

“Christina...” Yolanda whispered, apparent rawness bleeding into her voice. “Do you still hate me that much?” She took a breath that rattled in her chest and then stepped forward, trembling. “If you need to let it out—your anger, your grievance—take it out on me. I won’t fight. Scream, hit, whatever you want. I deserve it.”

Christina tilted her head, studying Yolanda. Then, her face twisted into something colder than contempt. “Why would I waste my energy on you? Even touching you would make me feel dirty.”

The insult landed like a blade. Yolanda’s mouth trembled, and tears spilled unchecked down her cheeks. She looked utterly broken—like a porcelain doll cracked beyond repair, abandoned and ashamed.

That sight struck Brendon like a punch to the chest. Something twisted deep inside him. His gaze snapped to Christina, dark and thunderous, fists clenched. “You got a death wish, Christina?” he growled, his voice coiled with venom.

His hands, which had momentarily slackened, clamped down again—sudden and brutal, like a steel trap snapping shut.

But Christina didn’t recoil. Her eyes met his with a ferocity that burned cold. “No,” she whispered, lips curling. “But it sure looks like you are.” She barely tilted her head—just a subtle cue—and suddenly, those towering, muscle-bound movers jumped on Brendon.

“Ugh!” Brendon didn’t even get a full breath before a hand like a steel trap snapped around his neck. His lungs collapsed inward. Darkness crept at the edges of his vision as panic surged to the surface. He wasn’t choking Christina anymore. Now he was the one clawing for air.

Brendon’s hands beat against his captor’s arm, fists pounding helplessly against muscle that might as well have been concrete. His captor didn’t even blink.

“Brendon!” Yolanda lunged forward—only to be snatched mid-step. Another mover hoisted her up by the throat, her heels scraping for purchase that didn’t exist.

Every one of them—dragged off the floor like rag dolls. Legs kicked. Fingers scratched. But it was like watching insects caught in the jaws of lions.

“L-Let... go... please,” Katie choked out the words, her voice strangled, her face contorted in terror. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she fought with every ounce of strength she had.

She kicked. She writhed. But her captor’s grip was inhuman—unyielding. Her lungs screamed. Her limbs weakened. The black haze pulled tighter around her, whispering finality. What the hell? No! She couldn’t accept it! She refused to die here. Not in this place. Not like this. There was still a life waiting for her—glamour, wealth, indulgence. She was meant for more.

With a final burst of fading energy, Katie clawed at the fingers around her neck, her mouth opening to make a bid of screaming. “H-Help!”

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 60:

Suspended midair like helpless puppets, Brendon and the others were completely at the mercy of the towering men who held them. The pressure around their necks became unbearable. As the world blurred and darkened, flickers of the afterlife appeared in their minds—familiar, comforting faces waving from beyond. Perhaps their deceased relatives, arms open in welcome.

Christina touched her neck, wincing slightly. The raw, red bruises left by Brendon’s grip were already darkening against her skin. “That’s enough,” she said, her voice low but firm. “I don’t want anyone dead. Not today.”

She knew that if she didn’t stop this now, these burly men would finish Brendon and the others right here and now. These men were clearly Dylan’s guards, disguised in movers’ uniforms—ruthless and highly trained.

At her command, the men released their grip. Brendon and the others dropped like sacks of grain, hitting the floor with heavy thuds and sharp groans.

Christina didn't even glance at Brendon and the others. She turned to the men with a composed nod. "Let's begin moving my belongings. I appreciate your help."

"No problem," they replied respectfully, then asked which boxes to pack first.

Following Christina's instructions, the men began gathering her belongings and carrying them into the living room.

Meanwhile, Brendon and the others lay scattered across the floor, wheezing and coughing like broken puppets.

"Yolanda..." Brendon rasped, dragging himself toward her. "Are you okay?"

Yolanda looked shattered. Her hair was a tangled mess, her cheeks streaked with tears, and her eyes red and puffy from crying. She shook slightly as she tried to sit up.

"I'm fine," she whispered, her voice barely steady. "What about you?"

Brendon's chest tightened with emotion. Even in her terrified state, she still worried about him. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her close.

"I'm alright. I've got you."

"I really thought... we weren't going to make it," she sobbed into his chest, trembling uncontrollably.

"I won't let anything happen to you," he murmured, holding her tightly. But his heart boiled with rage—Christina, that witch, and those bastards in uniform—they would pay for this.

Brendon turned his glare on Christina, his hands curling into fists. He wanted nothing more than to lash out—but now wasn't the time. These men could kill them in seconds if provoked again. No, he'd wait. Then, he'd call the police. Press charges, sue every last one of them if he had to. They'd regret ever laying a hand on him.

Yolanda clutched his arm, her voice barely a whisper. "Brendon, they're monsters..." She sniffled and added, "They don't look like movers... Do you think Christina brought them here just to hurt us?"

Brendon's expression stiffened. He turned to study the men more closely. Now that Yolanda mentioned it, something felt off. They weren't just tall—they were built like tanks. Each one had the same intimidating frame, the same steely, expressionless stare. They looked more like bodyguards or hired muscle. Could Christina really have staged this? Hired these men to rough them up just to make a point? And if that was true, then what about Christina's earlier bravado? The villa, the "darling"—was it all a show? There was no way Christina could afford a place like this on her own. No way she'd landed a rich partner who let her live here.

His jaw clenched. He'd find out soon enough—he just had to see where they moved her things.

While Brendon was lost in thought, Katie finally caught her breath—and with it came a volcanic burst of rage. She launched herself at Christina, grabbing her collar with a snarl. She yanked, trying to drag Christina forward, but Christina didn't move an inch.

Katie ended up just standing there, breathing hard, face flushed with rage and humiliation. "You psycho bitch!" she screamed. "What the hell is wrong with you? Are you trying to kill us? I swear, I'll call the cops! You and those thugs—you'll all rot in jail!"

Brendon's heart sank. That was his plan—one he'd meant to carry out quietly once they were out of danger. But now, thanks to his hotheaded sister, that card had been thrown on the table. He clenched his jaw, barely containing the panic rising in his chest. If Christina believed they were a threat—if she even suspected he might go to the police—there was no telling what she'd do next. For all he knew, they might not make it out of here at all.

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