

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 6:

As the white mask was torn away, Christina's breathtaking face was revealed. Graceful features framed her face—so striking that it was impossible not to stare. The contradictory qualities of allure and innocence coexisted on her face without the slightest discord, blending seamlessly into a unique charm that no one could replicate. She exuded an enchanting glow.

"Christina?" Brendon stood rooted to the spot, his brain struggling to process this unexpected revelation.

Katie's jaw dropped as her eyes locked on Christina, disbelief washing over her like a slap. The idea that Christina—of all people—had just won the shooting match felt absurd.

Neither Katie nor Brendon could reconcile with the fact that the woman who once folded laundry and made grocery lists had just emerged victorious in the shooting competition. How could a woman, cast aside and overlooked for the past three years, pull off breathtakingly difficult blind shots with that kind of precision and grace?

Finally finding her voice, Katie scowled and stepped forward. "What the hell are you doing here, Christina?"

Christina didn't flinch. Her smile was razor-sharp, her expression unreadable. "I could ask you the same thing. And why wouldn't I be here?"

Brendon retorted, his voice sharp and loud, "This isn't a place for someone like you. You're not cut out for this!"

"Oh?" Christina cocked her head, her smile now dripping with mockery. "Where I choose to be is none of your concern. And since when do pathetic people like you get to decide what I'm allowed to do?"

"You bitch!" Katie, burning with fury, lunged forward with her hand raised, ready to strike Christina across the face.

Without even blinking, Christina caught Katie's wrist mid-air. Her grip was steady, unflinching, cold.

Katie gasped as pressure clamped down on her bones. "Ah!" she cried out, her voice cracking in pain. She was mildly surprised. That grip wasn't normal. That strength didn't belong to the fragile woman they thought they knew.

"Christina Jones!" Brendon charged forward, his face dark with fury as he seized Christina's wrist. "Let go of Katie. Now," he said through clenched teeth.

Moments like this had played out countless times before. Every time things got ugly between Christina and his family, Brendon chose his blood over her without hesitation.

Christina gave him a sharp look and a mocking smile before her fingers loosened. Katie stumbled back, cradling her wrist.

Christina didn't release Katie because of Brendon. The truth was, she had no desire to engage with them.

Even after Christina let go, Brendon refused to release her. His grip stayed firm, as if trying to stake some last claim.

"Let go of me," Christina said, her voice low and sharp, her patience thinning.

"Sell me the King's treatment opportunity. I'll pay whatever it takes."

Instead of backing off, Brendon tightened his hold.

Christina met his gaze with a sneer, her eyes brimming with contempt. "Anything I ask for?"

"Anything," Brendon said without hesitation. "Just don't ask for my heart or the position of my wife."

In Brendon's mind, Christina was shallow enough to jump at the right offer. Money, he assumed, was all it would take. He saw no difference between his offer and the choice she'd made when she supposedly hit the bar for a sugar daddy the other night.

Christina's eyes locked onto his. They were sharp. Unforgiving. "Then give me your life in return."

The demand hit him hard. His expression darkened, and for a moment, he was completely thrown. His life?

"Don't push it, Christina Jones!" Katie snapped, her voice shrill with fury.

Yolanda's brows pulled together as she spoke up, her voice weak, much like most expected from a patient. "Christina, I know you can't stand me since Brendon chose me over you and never loved you. If you're angry, aim it at me. Brendon doesn't deserve your bitterness. All he ever wanted was to marry me, the woman he truly loves—is that so unforgivable? If you still want to be with him, I won't stand in your way. I'll step back. But if I do, Brendon will be heartbroken. Can you really bear to see him live the rest of his life in pain?"

Christina turned her gaze to Yolanda, noticing the shimmer of unshed tears clinging to the edges of her eyes. Yolanda's performance was hard to stomach.

Christina had to admit Yolanda was a master of manipulative tricks, each word dripping with apparent concern for Brendon and blatant accusations of her being selfish and unreasonable, painting herself as an angel with a golden heart.

A glint of light caught Christina's eye—Yolanda's necklace, a cruel reminder of her own past naivety. Back at the third anniversary of their marriage, she had believed that necklace was a heartfelt gesture from Brendon. She had deluded herself that maybe, just maybe, he had finally warmed up to her.

But the truth hadn't just hurt—it had wrecked her. His harsh words—a gift specially prepared for Yolanda's return—had shattered the last illusion she clung to. She had learned the hard way that love forced into existence only left scars behind. Some things, no matter how tightly held, simply weren't meant to be.

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