

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 61:



Christina's gaze didn't waver. With a faint, icy smile curling on her lips, she looked Katie dead in the eye. "Call the police? Please. You don't have the guts."

That smug tone lit a fuse. "You think I won't?" Katie snapped. "Watch me!"

Christina gave a casual shrug, her voice like ice. "Be my guest. Go ahead."

Fueled by rage, Katie yanked out her phone. "Just you wait."

But before Katie could press a button, Brendon stepped in and snatched the phone from her hand.

"What the hell, Brendon?" Katie barked, furious. "Give it back! She almost killed us—we have to report her!"

"Let it go," Brendon said firmly. "We're still breathing, aren't we?" In truth, he didn't believe they were safe—not with Christina standing there like nothing could touch her. Something about the calm in her eyes made his gut twist with fear. If they pushed her, who knew what she'd do?

"Let it go?" Katie's voice cracked as it rose. "We were almost killed! Are you seriously defending her? What, do you feel bad for her now?"

"Brendon..." Yolanda stepped up beside him, her voice soft and eyes red-rimmed. She slipped her hand into his. "I get it. Maybe we should just let it go. We owe her that much. Stirring up more trouble won't help anyone."

Yolanda had hoped to play the gracious one—putting on a show of generosity to guilt Brendon into being harsher with Christina. But to her dismay, he gave her a gentle smile and lightly patted her head. "You're always so understanding, Yolanda."

Yolanda's stomach twisted, but she forced a tender smile. "Whatever you decide, I'm with you."

"Thanks," Brendon said simply and then turned to Katie, handing back her phone with a firm "No one's calling the police. Understood?"

Across the room, Finnegan quietly pulled out his phone to involve the police, but Brendon's sharp gaze locked on him. He hesitated and then reluctantly slid it back into his pocket. If he didn't need the Dawson family as allies right now, he wouldn't be putting up with this circus at all.

The Mitchells stood simmering in silence, their faces tight with restrained fury. Inwardly, they cursed Brendon—gritting their teeth at his cowardice, blaming him.

They blamed Brendon for their disgrace. If only they had someone stronger backing them, they wouldn't have had to swallow this humiliation.

But Christina couldn't have cared less about their silent rage or whispered resentment. Whatever games they played in their heads didn't concern her. As long as they stayed out of her way, she wouldn't lift a finger against them. But if they pushed their luck, she'd happily let them choke on the consequences.

As the movers finished, Christina headed toward the door without a backward glance. Brendon trailed behind her, stubbornly refusing to leave. He needed to see for himself. Part of him still believed she was bluffing. If she wasn't really moving into one of those luxury villas, it would confirm everything—this was just another desperate act to win him back. After all, women didn't go to such lengths unless they were still obsessed. And Christina had to be that kind of woman. The more he convinced himself, the more self-satisfied he became. By the time he and the others reached the moving truck, his confidence practically oozed from his smug grin.

Christina's belongings were minimal, and the movers had already packed most of them. But one item made Brendon pause.

"What the hell is that?" Brendon asked, frowning at a massive syringe tucked neatly among her things. It looked bizarre—out of place. Was it some kind of weird bedroom toy?

"Oh, that?" Christina said with a shrug. "It's for dealing with the garbage."

Katie's temper snapped. "Christina! You're the garbage!"

Christina turned her head slowly and gave Katie a lazy smirk. "Huh. I didn't name anyone, but if the shoe fits..." Then, tapping her temple with a mockingly sympathetic look, she added, "You might wanna get that checked out, though. Something tells me a few screws are loose up there."

"You!" Katie sputtered, shaking with fury, her face flushed red as her temper boiled over.

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Christina rolled her eyes. "If you're sick, go see a doctor," she snapped, her tone cutting. Katie's fury crackled in the air, her hands practically itching to slap Christina across the face. But before she could so much as twitch, a hulking brute of a man stepped into her path, his massive frame filling the space between them. Katie froze, her breath hitching as her arm jerked back on instinct. The memory of those meaty hands wrapped around her neck—the brutal force that had left her dangling and helpless—flashed through her mind, squeezing the air from her lungs all over again. A raw, animal panic seized her, rooting her to the spot. No way was she risking getting snatched up like that a second time. Katie's voice came out in a quivering stammer as she faced the man. "Y-you... What on earth do you think you're doing? I—I'm warning you, I could... I could call the cops..." The man didn't blink, his blank stare boring into her with all the warmth of a tombstone. The cold in his eyes made her skin crawl, like a ghost brushing icy fingers over her scalp. She couldn't even bring herself to look at him for more than a second—her gaze kept slipping away, chased by that creeping, suffocating dread. Only after Christina and her entourage of muscle

piled into the moving truck did the tension finally ease from Katie's chest. She let out a shaky breath, relief flooding her as the paralyzing fear slowly uncoiled and faded away. "Get in," Brendon called out, his voice clipped and unreadable as he opened his car door and slid inside, leaving Katie no choice but to follow. Their two vehicles stayed glued to Christina's truck. Brendon refused to believe Christina had actually become some pampered mistress for a wealthy benefactor. Katie squinted out the window, her brows knitting together. "Isn't this the road to the hillside mansions?" she muttered. In a syrupy, mock-worried tone, Yolanda leaned forward. "They haven't left this neighborhood... Could they really be headed for one of those exclusive estates? You don't think Christina's tangled up with some old, filthy-rich guy, do you? Perhaps..." Yolanda let her voice trail off, deliberately sowing seeds of suspicion. Katie scoffed, crossing her arms. "Is there any doubt? It's written all over her face. She's..."

Absolutely bagged herself a sugar daddy. Who in their right mind would choose a washed-up divorcée and treat her so generously?" Yolanda shot Brendon a pointed look. The tension in his jaw and the way his knuckles blanched on the steering wheel made it clear he was barely holding it together. Yolanda sighed thoughtfully. "Well, she is divorced now. Honestly, whatever she does isn't anyone else's business. If a woman can't fend for herself, what choice does she have but to cling to a man with deep pockets? Still..." She let the thought hang tantalizingly in the air. Brendon's fingers dug even deeper into the leather, his breathing strained as he struggled for composure. He pressed, forcing a veneer of calm into his voice, "Still what?" "Oh, it's probably not my place to say. Just forget it," Yolanda murmured softly, glancing away as if she'd lost the nerve. "What's so hard about just saying it out loud? If Christina was gutsy enough to pull that stunt, she should at least have the backbone to admit it! If you won't say it, I will!" Katie barreled in, unable to restrain herself. "Brendon, what Yolanda won't spit out is that that bitch Christina was screwing you way before the divorce!" Yolanda raised her hands, trying to calm Katie down. "Katie, we really don't have any evidence. Let's not jump to conclusions." "What's there to be afraid of?" Katie shot back, her voice trembling with outrage. "No evidence? Then let's go find some!" Her whole body trembled with fury at the thought of that slut Christina getting her hands on even a penny of their money. Katie whipped around to face Brendon, eyes blazing with contempt. "Brendon, listen to me. We have to dig up proof Christina cheated during the marriage. Force her out with nothing—don't let her walk away with a dime! Just imagining Christina pocketing a villa and millions in alimony made Katie's blood pressure spike. That was Dawson money, damn it—she'd die before letting some outsider waltz off with their family fortune. Yolanda put on her most delicate, worried expression. "But they're already divorced. The settlement's signed. Trying to break it now would just rack up penalties. Besides, collecting hard evidence of cheating is nearly impossible." Of course, as the soon-to-be Mrs. Dawson, Yolanda was just as eager to see Christina lose everything. She simply preferred to play the gentle, reasonable type, letting Katie wear the villain's mask.

Katie's gaze flicked left and right, scheming. Suddenly, a cold, triumphant grin twisted across her lips. "Actually, I've got a way to make sure she forfeits everything."

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Yolanda leaned in, her voice sharp with anticipation. “So, what’s your plan?”

A wicked smile curled across Katie’s lips. “Easy. We drug Christina, stage a few scandalous photos with some random scumbag, and then shove the evidence in her face until she signs everything away in the divorce.”

Satisfaction radiated from Katie—she looked downright gleeful at her own cunning.

Noting Brendon’s jaw tighten, his eyes turning stormy, Yolanda hurried to play the voice of reason, clutching Katie’s arm, her voice tinged with fake caution. “Katie, that’s going too far. We can’t just frame Christina for something she didn’t do.”

Katie clenched her jaw and hissed the words in a low, seething tone, “Why not? She’s just a shameless slut. She acts like a whore and dared betray my brother. I’ll make her wish she’d never been born!”

Brendon shot Katie a cutting glare. “That’s enough. Stay out of this.”

Katie bristled, refusing to back down. “Why are you always so quick to defend her? What kind of witchcraft did she use on you?”

Katie spat out her next words, her anger simmering. “She’s cuckolded you, and you just stand there and take it? Even if you can stomach it, don’t you at least think about Yolanda? Why should that despicable bitch get the house and the money? All of it should go to Yolanda! She’s about to marry you. She’s the future lady of this family!”

Masking her glee, Yolanda intervened with a gentle sigh, lowering her gaze as if resigned. “Katie, don’t say things like that... Christina still deserves some kind of compensation. Even if I have to suffer a little, I’m willing. I trust your brother to do what’s fair. He would never let me lose out in the end.”

Katie’s frustration simmered in her glare. “Yolanda, you’re way too soft. If you keep this up, that bitch will trample all over you one day.”

“I...” Yolanda’s head drooped, her voice barely audible. “I just... believe in your brother. He’ll keep me safe.”

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Brendon’s voice cut through the tension, cold and absolute. “That’s enough. Whatever’s between me and Christina is my business. None of you are to meddle.”

When the car rolled to a stop, Brendon shot Katie a look sharp enough to make her flinch. “And if you dare go through with that filthy little scheme, don’t think I’ll let it slide just because you’re my sister.”

Katie's hands balled into fists as she pressed. "Just be honest—do you still have feelings for Christina?"

"No." Brendon bristled, his tone sharp and his features clouded with irritation.

Before Katie could challenge him, he yanked the door open and strode out. "We're done here." He left the two women in stunned silence. Katie glowered after him, chest heaving with fury. When she finally turned, she found Yolanda biting her lip, tears gathering in her eyes.

"Yolanda..." Katie's words carried a soft wave of empathy. "Don't let it get to you, alright? There's no way my brother still has feelings for that tramp. She's out there sleeping around—who'd want disgusting leftovers like her? Brendon could have anyone in the world. Why would he ever settle for that slut?"

A faint, trembling sniff escaped Yolanda. The acting skills she showcased were impressive enough to earn her an Academy Award for Best Actress. "I know... I do trust him. It's just... It's a bit hard not to feel hurt."

Katie reached over, her eyes full of steely promise. "Don't fret. You're the only sister-in-law I'll ever acknowledge. That's never changing. I've got your back, no matter what."

Yolanda met her gaze, measured gratitude shining through the sheen of tears. "Thank you, Katie. I mean it—I'll never forget your kindness."

"Enough of this. Let's go find your parents. Your dad said he's cooked up a plan for dealing with that bitch." With an exasperated huff, Katie yanked the car door open and strode out.

At that moment, Brendon was already striding across the courtyard, his expression stormy.

The moving truck sat squarely in the driveway, its engine still idling as a crew of burly men lugged boxes into the house.

Christina stood at the center of the chaos, calmly directing the movers with crisp, decisive gestures.

Brendon stalked up to her, eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Drop the act, Christina. Why don't you just admit it?" he demanded, his voice sharp as broken glass. "This place is just a rented prop—part of your little charade."

He then seized her shoulders, compelling her to meet his gaze. "Where are the staff? If this is really your house, why is there no one around?" A cocky grin flickered across his face, as if he'd just exposed her greatest secret.

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Christina's grin dazzled, her eyes flickering with sly amusement as she watched Brendon. Who would've guessed her ex-husband could be this delusional, his mind crafting an absurd theory of her staging an act just for his attention? She cocked a brow, her voice laced with mockery. "You think I'm putting on a show for you?"

Brendon squared his shoulders, flashing a confident smirk. "Isn't that exactly what you're doing right now?"

With a low, melodic laugh, Christina dipped her chin and then lifted her gaze to meet his. "You really think I'd waste my energy just for you? Don't make me laugh. You're giving yourself far too much credit." Her tone, velvet-smooth and edged with quiet derision, sliced straight through Brendon's battered ego. He bristled, but the sting in her words gnawed at him.

Still clinging to denial, Brendon pressed on, his voice taut with frustration. "How much longer are you going to keep up this act? What is it you actually want from me, Christina?"

Deep down, he was praying she'd admit she still wanted him.

But Christina simply delivered a cool command. "Get lost."

Jaw tight, Brendon replied stubbornly, "I'll leave. But not until you bring out those 'servants' you have hired for this house."

He wanted to catch her in a lie, to prove that she hadn't chosen some supposed sugar daddy over him, and that she had been faithful to him during their marriage.

Before Christina could fire back at his nerve, the doors swept open. A procession of women filed in, each dressed in crisp, identical uniforms.

At their head strode a stately woman, dignified in her fifties, flanked by ten younger women whose expressions betrayed not a hint of emotion.

With everyone frozen in disbelief, the group of women stepped forward, forming a protective barrier in front of Christina.

Every woman stood tall, hands folded gracefully at their waists, posture flawless and unyielding. Their uniforms, plain and spotless, exuded a quiet authority, and not a single detail was out of place—not even their perfectly manicured nails.

In unison, they dipped their heads in a polished bow. "Good day, Miss Jones," they chorused, voices clear and respectful.

Brendon's jaw dropped as he observed their smooth coordination and refined bearing. These were no ordinary servants—they resembled the kind of staff only the city's most powerful families could afford. Was Christina truly connected to the legendary Hubbard family?

The thought flashed through Brendon's mind, but he scoffed at himself a moment later. The Hubbard family was obsessed with their image. No way would they welcome a divorced woman, no matter how impressive her facade. No way. Christina had probably just hired a team of professional actors. He had to admit their performance was convincing, but not enough to shake his certainty.

Relief swept over Brendon, easing the tight knot of suspicion in his chest. A faint, self-assured smile played at his lips as he watched Christina maintain her "charade."

Stepping forward, the stately woman, Aylin Chadwick, kept her head slightly bowed, her voice steady and deferential as she addressed Christina. "Miss Jones, we have been assigned to serve you from this day forward. I'll be your head housekeeper—should you need anything, please don't hesitate to ask."

Christina gave a subtle, dismissive smile. "Alright. Nothing much for now. You may go."

She watched the servants file out in perfect silence, marveling at Dylan's attention to detail—he'd even arranged an entire staff for her, though eleven people felt downright extravagant.

Once the last uniformed servant vanished through the door, Brendon lunged forward, seizing Christina's wrist in a bruising grip. Christina's eyes flicked down at his hand, her gaze turning sharp and frosty. "Let go of me," she stated, her voice flat and glacial.

Brendon ignored her protest, suspicion curling around every word. "So these 'servants' of yours... what are they, hired actors you picked up for the day?"

She didn't flinch. "I'll say it one last time. Let go," each syllable dripping with chill, daring him to defy her.

His hand trembled for a second—some old fear flickering behind his eyes—but then he doubled down, fingers digging in tighter. "Why can't you just admit you're putting on a show? Why keep pretending?"

Brendon searched Christina's face, desperate for some hint of surrender, his brows drawn tightly. All he wanted was for her to bow her head and admit defeat. But she just stared him down, her stubbornness every bit as unyielding as his own.

He couldn't understand it. Christina used to fold the moment he frowned, scrambling to please him at the slightest sign of annoyance. Now, she was someone else entirely—a stranger who no longer bent to his will.

From across the room, Yolanda watched the standoff, her stomach twisting with jealousy. She had never truly loved Brendon—not the way stories described—but seeing him so obsessed with another woman made something inside her ache and twist. Brendon's relentless interrogation only revealed how deeply he still cared for Christina, whether he admitted it or not.

Yolanda felt uneasy. She couldn't lose Brendon—not now. Not to Christina. Not after everything. Her nails dug into her palms as she clenched her fists, fury simmering just beneath the surface. Christina wouldn't steal her future. Not this time. Just wait. One day, she would make Christina

disappear from this world entirely. And anyone foolish enough to stand in her way would face a reckoning they'd never forget.

"I'm warning you. This is your last chance—let me go," Christina said, her voice cool and steady, but the threat beneath her words was unmistakable. She stood perfectly still, her icy gaze locked on Brendon, daring him to test her.

Brendon met her glare with stubborn defiance. "And if I don't? What are you going to do?"

A frosty chuckle slipped from Christina's lips. "If you're so desperate to find out, don't blame me for what happens next."

Before Brendon could react, the doors burst open, and a squad of armed men swept into the room with military precision, forming a tight perimeter around them. "Don't move! Hands in the air—now!" The glint of cold steel and the unwavering aim of their weapons left no doubt—one wrong move and it would all be over in an instant.

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Brendon's legs nearly gave out beneath him, his heart pounding with panic—until he spotted the uniforms. Police officers. He exhaled sharply in relief. So, Finnegan had really called the police. For a moment, he thought they were done for.

One officer stepped forward, his voice firm and official. "We received a report about a suspected criminal gang posing a public threat in this area. Please cooperate and come with us. You have the right to remain silent—but anything you say may be used against you in court. Who made the report?"

"I did!" Finnegan raised his hand high, pointing toward Christina and the muscular men flanking her. "It's them! They attacked us! Tried to strangle us to death—look at our necks!" He tugged at his collar, revealing red marks like badges of honor. "This is attempted murder!"

Katie jumped in eagerly to play the victim. "I can back that up!" she said, holding her head high and turning to show the red welts on her skin. "I was this close to dying! They attacked us like savages!"

Joselyn and Sheila quickly followed suit, revealing similar bruises and adding exaggerated gasps and dramatic retellings, all designed to paint Christina as a monster.

Yolanda's eyes shimmered with tears, her hand drifting to her neck. Though it seemed she was trying to cover the marks, she was actually revealing them just enough to be noticed.

Brendon remained silent. As a man, the shame of being lifted by the throat like a helpless puppet was unbearable. The memory made his stomach turn—but he said nothing, refusing to admit the humiliation.

The officer glanced over them all, his expression unreadable. “All of you will need to come with us for further investigation.”

Christina let out a slow breath, utterly unfazed. “Alright,” she said coolly. “Let’s get this over with.”

Without another word, she stepped forward, the others following behind as the officers escorted them away.

Not far away, hidden in the shadows, a sleek black business car sat parked. “Mr. Scott,” the driver said quietly. “Miss Jones has been taken by the police.”

Dylan simply hummed in response.

“Should we intervene?” the driver asked cautiously.

Dylan’s expression remained unreadable. “Not for now.”

“Alright.” The driver offered no further comment. He had served Dylan for years, and if there was one thing he knew for certain, it was that Dylan never acted without a plan.

“To the police station,” Dylan instructed calmly, closing his eyes as he leaned back in his seat. He had a gut feeling that Christina didn’t need his intervention this time. She could handle everything herself.

The car slid into a shadowed corner near the police station, its matte-black body blending seamlessly into the darkness.

Meanwhile, inside the police station, the initial questioning had wrapped up. The servants had already been cleared and released.

Brendon turned toward Christina, his expression a strange mix of sternness and something gentler—almost pity. “If you apologize and admit fault,” he said quietly, “I’ll drop the charges. No need to drag this out.”

Christina tilted her head, unimpressed. “Apologize? For what exactly? I didn’t do anything wrong.”

Brendon’s brow tightened. “Why are you so stubborn? I’m trying to help you. If this goes further, you could end up in detention. I’m offering you a way out.”

Her eyes narrowed slightly, her voice cold. “How generous of you.”

Before Brendon could reply, Katie cut in with sharp disdain. “Brendon, seriously? Stop trying to help her! You’re not her husband anymore. The woman you should be thinking about is Yolanda—not some fickle slut who cheated on you!”

“Shut up, Katie!” Brendon snapped, his face flushing with anger. The mention of being cuckolded in public was a slap to his pride. His face darkened with fury.

Katie bit her lip and backed down, though her glare said she wasn’t finished.

With a fake attempt to smooth things over, Yolanda stepped forward, her voice soft and reasonable. “Let’s not escalate this, Christina. Just apologize and take responsibility. We really don’t want this to get uglier than it already is.”

Christina gave a slow, mocking smile. “How thoughtful.” Then, with an almost playful glint in her eye, she reached into her pocket.

Christina’s actions sent a ripple of unease through Brendon and the others. They tensed. A wave of dread prickled across their skin as if Christina were about to unveil something that would shatter the fragile narrative they’d built.

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“What’s that supposed to mean?” Yolanda asked, her tone laced with caution.

Christina lowered her head slightly, a faint smile tugging at her lips. But beneath the smile, her posture betrayed something else—grief, resignation, and a flicker of fear. “It means,” she said quietly, “I plan to make things very difficult for you.”

Christina slowly pulled out her phone and added with a calm, almost playful menace, “In fact, I’m going to blow this up—loudly, publicly, and dramatically.”

Katie’s eyes flicked toward Christina’s phone, her expression tightening. “What are you getting at?” she asked, her voice cold and wary.

Christina’s smile faded. Her expression hardened as her eyes reddened with sudden emotion. She held the phone close, clutching it as if it were a lifeline. “Don’t act innocent. I’ve got video proof. Clear evidence you threw the first punch. It’s all right here. And the police—” she paused, her voice dropping to a sharp whisper. “They care about evidence, not stories. You’re done for.”

As soon as Christina finished speaking, Katie and the others finally realized they were in trouble.

“You little snake!” Katie shouted, lunging toward Christina. “Hand your damned phone over—now!”

Christina jerked back. Finnegan and Sheila sprang into action beside Katie. All three charged forward. They couldn’t let Christina keep that phone. If the footage got out, they were ruined.

“No!” Christina screamed, her voice cracking as she stumbled backward, as if she were truly frightened. “Let go of me! Help—please! They’re trying to snatch my phone! Someone help me!”

To anyone watching, Christina looked like a terrified victim being attacked—helpless, pleading, and vulnerable. But underneath the chaos, she wasn’t as fragile as she appeared. Her elbows found ribs. Her heels struck shins. She fought back with unexpected strength, catching the three off guard.

Grunts of pain escaped from the trio as they flinched, staggered, and gasped for breath. Despite outnumbering Christina, they were on the receiving end of her attack.

“Enough!” A female police officer pushed through the fray, grabbing Katie by the arm and pulling her back.

More officers rushed in, forming a barrier between Christina and her “attackers.” Christina stumbled back and hid behind the officer. Her shoulders trembled as she clung to her phone. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and her hair fell in tangled waves around her face. Even in her disarray, there was something devastatingly beautiful about her vulnerability.

Brendon stood frozen nearby, unable to look away. He had never seen Christina like this—so fragile. Seeing her cowering behind the female officer, her face pale with terror, something inside him snapped. An overwhelming need to protect her surged through him. Every tear that rolled down her cheeks felt like a dagger to his heart.

Christina’s disheveled hair, the way she seemed to fold into herself, and the silent sobs escaping her lips struck Brendon with unbearable regret and sympathy. And it wasn’t just Brendon who felt it. Even the officers around her couldn’t help but soften, their expressions shifting to sympathy.

When the officers turned their attention to the trio who had “attacked” Christina, their eyes were hard, judging, and disapproving. To them, the three no longer looked like victims of a scuffle but predators caught in the act.

“What just happened?” the female officer asked, her tone softening as she looked into Christina’s eyes. “You’re safe now. Don’t be afraid. Just tell us what happened—we’re here to help.”

Christina slowly looked up, her eyes red and swollen from crying. After a moment’s hesitation, she reached into her pocket and shakily handed the phone to the officer. “Th-this has the proof,” she stammered. “They came at me... They tried to take it, thought they were going to kill me.”

Her voice cracked, and a choked sob escaped. She covered her mouth with a trembling hand, seemingly struggling to breathe. “I begged them to stop...” she whispered, her voice barely audible. “But they wouldn’t. They just kept trying to rip it from me.”

Earlier, when Christina was brought in for formal questioning, she hadn’t said much. She had sat stiffly, hands clasped in her lap, her entire demeanor that of a fragile woman holding on by a thread.

But what the others didn’t see was how meticulously Christina had orchestrated all of this. Earlier, when she had smiled at Brendon and the others, it was never in front of a camera. She had avoided direct angles, tilting her face just so, keeping her most calculated expressions hidden from view.

Even when Brendon had grabbed her by the neck back in the house, she hadn't fought back. She had allowed it to happen so that it could be captured on video.

Christina had warned them before: if they didn't provoke her, she wouldn't go after them. But they'd ignored that warning. And now, they had no one to blame but themselves.

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. Christina passed her phone to the female officer without a word and backed away, her face stricken with a convincing act of fear so raw it could've fooled anyone.

Katie didn't react at first. She stood still, breathing heavily. But as the reality of the situation hit her, fury bubbled up, and she lunged forward. Yet, restrained by the officer, she couldn't get any closer to Christina.

Her hands clenched into fists. Then, she lifted her foot and kicked in Christina's direction, not caring who saw. "You conniving witch! You tricked us! Stop pretending!"

Katie belatedly realized she had been outsmarted by Christina. All that boldness Christina flaunted earlier had vanished. Now, Christina looked like a fragile victim, eyes lowered, shoulders shaking—completely transformed, hoping people would pity her. It was disgusting. The gall of this woman. Faking it all like she deserved an Oscar.

What Katie didn't see was the effect her outburst had on the watching officers. Every shout. Every wild movement. It only made Christina seem more like the wounded one.

Moreover, Christina had proof. Real, solid evidence. She hadn't started the mess—Katie and the others had.

By the time the officers finished their investigation, they handed down fines and a strict verbal warning to everyone involved. Finnegan was detained for a few days as punishment for filing false police reports.

Except for Finnegan, the rest of the group was released.

Once outside the police station, Yolanda broke down and ran into Brendon's arms, sobbing as if her chest might cave in. "Brendon, what do we do now? My dad didn't mean for this to happen..." Her voice cracked, full of panic.

Sheila stood off to the side, her face pale. "It was just a harmless lie," she said quietly. "Did the officers really need to take it that far? Locking Finnegan up over that?"

“Christina’s the reason we got hit with those fines! If she hadn’t pulled that stunt, we wouldn’t have been in this mess!” Katie snapped, her voice shaking with rage.

Joselyn crossed her arms and sneered. “Lucky thing our Dawson family had the sense to cut her off when we did. That bitch’s cursed—she would’ve dragged all of us down.”

Yolanda sniffled, seizing the moment to appear gentle and understanding. “It’s not all on Christina. She was just looking out for herself... She had her reasons. But my dad...” Her words gave way to sobs before she could finish.

Brendon glanced at Yolanda, taking in the tears trailing down her face. But it wasn’t her he saw. Instead, his mind wandered back to Christina’s tearful image. He wasn’t even sure if it was Yolanda or Christina that his chest tightened for.

“Don’t worry. I’ll find a way to get your father out,” Brendon said to Yolanda, his voice steady.

“Really?” Yolanda blinked up at him, her eyes red and swollen.

“Yes.” Brendon reached out and brushed her tears away with his thumb. “Come on. Let’s head home.”

But even as the words left his mouth, he wasn’t fully present. That look on Christina’s face—so raw, so shaken—it wouldn’t leave him. Christina had always struck him as tough, the kind of woman who didn’t crumble. But today, she did. And it wasn’t an act. She must have been genuinely terrified.

While the group continued their chatter, Brendon stayed silent. Every step he took was haunted by that moment—Christina’s trembling, tear-filled eyes burned into his memory.

Suddenly, Katie’s voice rang out, slicing through Brendon’s drifting thoughts like a slap to the face. “Stop right there!”

The shout rang loud and fierce, but Christina didn’t even flinch. She kept walking, completely unfazed.

Driven by a surge of anger, Katie charged ahead and threw herself in front of Christina, cutting off her path.

Christina frowned, her gaze sharp and unyielding. “Haven’t you learned your lesson?”

Shaking with fury, Katie stood her ground. Her expression clouded over, and her hands clenched at her sides. “You think you can take us on? Without backup, you’re nobody!”

“Step aside,” Christina commanded with chilling calm.

“No. You’re going back to the police station, and you’re going to make sure they let Yolanda’s dad out. Right now,” Katie demanded, lifting her chin defiantly.

“That man means nothing to me. Why would I bother getting involved? If you’re really that worried about him, maybe you should go sit in that cell for him,” Christina retorted. She folded her arms and stared at Katie like she was a complete fool.

Seething, Sheila stomped forward and jabbed a finger at Christina. “You’re such a scheming bitch! You fooled everyone at the police station, crying like you were really terrified. Your audacity and shamelessness astound me!”

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 68:

Christina’s lips curled into a cold smile as her eyes briefly flicked from Sheila to Yolanda, who clung to Brendon like a delicate porcelain doll. A slow, mocking smile tugged at Christina’s lips. “How generous of you,” she said smoothly to Sheila. “Though I must admit, your daughter’s far better at playing the damsel in distress than I ever could be.”

Sheila’s expression darkened, her fury boiling over as she lifted her hand to slap Christina. But Christina caught her wrist midair without flinching.

Katie immediately surged forward to help Sheila, only for Christina to twist Sheila’s arm and shove Sheila straight into Katie’s path. A loud thud followed.

“Ahh!” “Ouch—watch it!”

The two crashed to the ground, limbs tangled, with Sheila landing hard on top of Katie.

“Mom!” “Katie!”

Yolanda and Joselyn hurried to help Katie and Sheila, panic and worry etched across their faces as they struggled to lift Katie and Sheila off the ground.

Brendon stepped toward Christina, anger flickering in his eyes. “Why do you always have to escalate things? Can’t you just let it go for once?”

Christina folded her arms, her gaze cool and unbothered. “Maybe if you paid more attention, you’d see who really started it.”

“Must you always use that annoying tone to talk to me?” he snapped.

She offered a slow, biting smile. “Of course. How else am I going to slice through the nonsense around here?”

He stared at her, trying to rein in the frustration burning in his chest. “Does it always have to be war between us?” he asked finally. “We could, I don’t know, at least be civil for once.”

Christina tilted her head, her voice calm but cutting. “Sure. Just keep your entourage in check. I don’t start fights—I finish them.”

“You started this mess!” Katie shouted, brushing herself off.

Brendon took a step closer, his voice low and firm. “Don’t test me, Christina. I’m trying to be reasonable, but you keep pushing it.”

“Oh? Is that all you have to say?”

“There’s nothing else? Then leave. Stop wasting my time,” Christina said, turning slightly away.

Brendon’s jaw tightened as anger boiled beneath the surface. He had never found her so infuriating. “You really want to go down this road?” he said quietly. “Because if you do, I won’t hesitate to tell the Jones family about the kind of company you’ve been keeping.”

Christina’s smile vanished. Her eyes darkened as she whipped around. “Do it,” she said, her voice low and calm. “Tell them. But don’t think for a second that I’m scared of your threats.”

Brendon stared at her for a long moment before replying, his voice cold and calculated. “You might not care about your own reputation, but dragging your family into this? Think very carefully, Christina. Some stains never wash off.”

“Stay out of my business, Brendon!” Christina snapped, reaching out to shove him out of her way.

But to her shock, before she could make any contact, Brendon stumbled backward—his balance faltering—before his eyes rolled back and he crumpled to the ground.

His head struck the floor with a sickening thud. The impact tore through the bandage on the back of his skull, and blood began to soak through, vivid and alarming.

Brendon didn’t even flinch. He was already unconscious before the pain could catch up to him.

“Brendon!” Joselyn cried out in panic, rushing to his side. Her face turned pale at the sight of the spreading red stain. “Oh my God—he’s bleeding! He’s bleeding!”

Katie shrieked, her voice rising in alarm. “Someone call an ambulance! Now!”

“I—I’m calling!” Yolanda fumbled with her phone, her fingers trembling. Her eyes brimmed with fear. With her father in custody and her family’s company teetering on collapse, Brendon had become her last thread of hope.

Sheila pointed a shaking finger at Christina, her voice quivering with fury. “You monster! Look at him! This is your doing!”

Christina crossed her arms, unbothered. “Are you serious right now? I didn’t even touch him. He fell on his own.”

“Don’t try to weasel out of this!” Sheila barked. “This is your fault. You’re paying for this—you won’t leave until you do!”

Sheila stormed toward Christina, hand outstretched to grab her. But before she could get close, the deep growl of an engine cut through the chaos. A sleek black business car rolled up beside them.

The doors opened, and three tall men in black suits stepped out. They were broad-shouldered, stone-faced, and radiated quiet menace. Their sharp eyes swept the scene, making it instantly clear—they weren’t just any men. They were professional bodyguards.

Sheila froze, her outstretched hand retreating instinctively.

Katie and Yolanda exchanged uneasy glances. Who were these men? Were they here for Christina?

The three men approached Christina, stopped in front of her, and bowed in perfect unison. “Miss Jones,” they said in low, respectful tones.

Katie, Yolanda, and Sheila felt their stomachs twist as the realization sank in. These men were Christina’s people.

One of the bodyguards stepped forward, his voice calm and assertive. “We’ve come to escort you home, Miss Jones.”

Christina gave a small nod. “Alright. Let’s go.”

But before leaving, she turned back to the trio with a smirk dancing on her lips. She lifted her hand and wiggled her fingers in a mocking wave. “Try not to miss me too much,” she said, her tone light but dripping with sarcasm.

Katie, Yolanda, and Sheila seethed in silence, their eyes locked on Christina’s retreating figure. But none of them dared to move. None of them had the courage to speak up—especially not with those intimidating men around. Each of those bodyguards looked strong enough to knock someone out with a single blow.

Christina stepped into the sleek black car, and within moments, it pulled away, vanishing down the street.

Leaning back in the seat, Christina closed her eyes and let out a deep breath, a satisfied smile on her lips. Yolanda might be good at playing the victim, but she could play that game too—better, even. After all, life was nothing but a stage. And she had learned how to play her part perfectly.

At Bayview Estates, Christina stood in front of the three bodyguards who had brought her home and a line of ten uniformed servants. “Thank you for your service,” she said warmly. “And please extend my deepest gratitude to Mr. Scott for arranging this on such short notice. I’ll be sure to thank him in person when time permits. You may all leave now.”

Without hesitation, the entire line of personnel bowed in perfect unison.

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 69:

The bodyguards, rigid and unreadable just moments before, now quaked with unease.

Aylin stepped forward, bowing to Christina. “Miss Jones, we were all assigned by Mr. Scott to serve you. If you let us go, we’ll all lose our jobs... Please, don’t turn us away! Without this job, I don’t know how my family will survive. My husband’s illness is rare—the medication costs a fortune, and it’s only available overseas. If I’m fired, my family will fall apart. My daughter’s always been devoted, and she’d never walk out on me or my husband, but I don’t want to be a burden to her...”

Tears streaming, Aylin added, “Miss Jones, I’m begging you—give me any task, no matter how hard. Just let me work for you.”

A chorus of desperate voices echoed her plea. “Please, Miss Jones, don’t dismiss us! We have nowhere to go—we’re pleading with you...”

One by one, the household staff spilled their stories, each more heartbreaking than the last. Every family seemed to be hanging by a thread. If their words held any truth, losing this job would destroy them. Still, the coincidence nagged at Christina—could every one of them truly be so desperate?

A crease formed between her brows. “That’s not going to happen. If you leave here, you won’t be out of work. Weren’t you all Scott family staff to begin with? If you go back to provide service, I’m sure the Scott family will take you back. Why would you end up unemployed?”

Aylin’s voice trembled, eyes growing glossy. “Miss Jones, it’s not that simple. Once the Scott family sends someone away to serve elsewhere, there’s no going back. If we’re not needed anymore, it’s as if we’ve been banished for good. The pay offered by the Scott family is the highest we’ll ever see, and after working here, no other rich family would trust us—they’d think we’re spies or have our own agenda. Landing another decent job just isn’t possible.”

Christina considered the Scott family’s rigid structure. She’d always known they were strict, but she hadn’t realized the rules were this unforgiving. Still, for a family wielding such influence, it fit. Even among relatives, rivalries ran deep—if siblings could turn on each other, what chance did outsiders have?

The Scott family’s oppressive rules were nothing new. Their relentless vigilance was likely the very reason they’d managed to maintain their power for generations. Even so, Christina had no intention of keeping so many people around—especially when she had no plans to live here for long. This mansion wasn’t truly hers, just a place she used to show Brendon and his crew that she was flourishing on her own.

“Please, Miss Jones, don’t take away our only means of survival!” Aylin pleaded, her tears spilling unchecked down her cheeks.

Moved by their desperation, Christina finally gave in. “Fine. You can stay here for now. I’ll talk to Dylan and see if something can be worked out for all of you.”

She resolved to try convincing Dylan to bring the staff back into the Scott family’s residence.

“Thank you, Miss Jones! We’ll give you our absolute best and never betray your trust!” Aylin promised, her gratitude shining through.

“We’re grateful for your generosity, Miss Jones! Our loyalty is yours!” the rest of the staff chimed in, their unified voices ringing out with a fierce, almost ceremonial resolve, as if they were reciting an oath in a period drama.

Had Christina been born in another century, she might have mistaken their devotion for the kind that sparked revolutions, ready to charge into battle at her command.

“Go on, you’re dismissed for now,” Christina said, pinching the bridge of her nose as a dull ache started to build behind her eyes.

She pulled out her phone and dialed Dylan’s number, only to be met with a dead line. A flicker of annoyance crossed her face, but she chose not to dwell on it—she’d circle back to it with Dylan when the moment felt right.

Just then, her stomach let out a loud, impatient growl, making her painfully aware she’d skipped breakfast in all the earlier chaos.

Before she could hunt down something to eat, a servant stepped forward, bowing with careful deference. “Miss Jones, there’s a visitor outside requesting to see you.”

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 70:

Puzzlement etched itself across Christina’s brow. She hadn’t been here long—who would be seeking her out already?

Stepping outside, Christina shaded her eyes and tried to make out the figure at the gate. Ralphy stood there, his face a mask of nervousness as he peered into the courtyard.

Before she’d even crossed the courtyard, Ralphy was already calling to her through the gate. “Miss Jones, could you please tell them to open the gate and let me in?”

A bright smile appeared on Christina's face as she nodded at the bodyguard. "Go ahead—let him in."

With a quick salute, the bodyguard complied at once. "Of course, Miss Jones!"

Relief washed over Ralphie as he finally stepped inside, brandishing a takeout container. "Made it! I brought some food for you."

Arching an eyebrow, Christina couldn't resist teasing him. "Why the special delivery, Mr. Graham? You could have sent someone else to do the errand."

A sheepish grin spread across Ralphie's face as he scratched his nose. "Dylan had to rush off to a meeting, so he ordered me to deliver it myself."

She let out a light laugh. "I suppose I should count myself lucky to be fussed over by the two of you." Her invitation was immediate. "If you're hungry, you might as well join me for lunch."

Instantly, Ralphie's eyes lit up and he nodded with exaggerated enthusiasm. "Absolutely! I haven't eaten a thing all day!"

Catching sight of Dylan preparing a meal for Christina, Ralphie's hunger had flared—and without missing a beat, he quickly offered to handle the delivery. This clever move gave him the perfect excuse to stick around at Christina's place, ensuring he'd get a taste of that mouthwatering food himself.

Christina's eyebrows shot up in mild disbelief. "Dylan actually cooked all this himself?"

Without missing a beat, Ralphie replied, "Naturally. That man's gone out of his way for you, Miss Jones."

A thoughtful look crossed Christina's face. "Then I'll need to find a way to thank him for the gesture."

Ralphie shook his head, already prying open the containers. "No thanks necessary. You're the reason Chloe has a fighting chance—if anything, the Scott family owes you. Hope is back in our house because of you."

She settled into her seat at the table. "Any idea when he'll be finished with work?"

Ralphie gave a shrug, glancing at the clock. "No idea. He's a workaholic. It could go on until late."

"Alright," Christina said quietly, letting the conversation drift away.

It didn't take long before Ralphie, unable to hide his ravenous hunger, made quick work of every dish.

Wiping his mouth, Ralphie grinned from ear to ear. "You know, if it weren't for you, I'd never get a bite of food this good."

Christina responded with a gentle smile. “I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

Ralphy had just opened his mouth to speak when his phone began to buzz insistently. “Sorry, let me grab this.” He answered without delay. “Hello?”

All the mischief drained from his features in a heartbeat, replaced by stark worry. Panic crept into his voice. “What do you mean? What happened to Chloe?”

Christina’s heart skipped a beat, her own concern instantly showing on her face.

The moment Ralphy ended the call, Christina leaned in, her tone urgent. “What’s going on with Chloe?”

Ralphy’s answer was grim. “She suddenly went blind. They’ve already rushed her to the hospital.”

A worried frown settled across Christina’s forehead. “We should go right now.”

“Let’s move.” Without hesitation, Ralphy nodded, any trace of lightheartedness replaced by a grim resolve.

Matching his urgency, Christina’s brows remained furrowed, her thoughts spinning. She had looked over Chloe’s medical history—nothing had pointed to such a rapid decline.

Suddenly, Ralphy broke the silence, anxiety tightening his voice. “Has King been in contact with you at all?”

Christina gave a short nod. “King’s been in touch, saying the prescription for Chloe’s cure is almost ready and just needs one last ingredient. But…”

Ralphy leaned in, nerves on edge. “But what? What’s the problem?”

A moment of hesitation passed before Christina replied, “The last ingredient is a rare find. Tracking it down could take a while.”

Ralphy’s voice turned sharp, desperate for clarity. “What’s the name of this ingredient?”

“Woodfort,” Christina answered simply.

The shock was instant. “Woodfort?” Ralphy repeated, almost in disbelief. “That’s next to impossible to get. The Scott family once had one, but…”

She finished the thought for him. “But they don’t have it anymore?”

Regret colored Ralphy’s words. “Exactly.” He gripped the steering wheel tightly, recalling the past. “When I was a kid, I nearly died and needed Woodfort to survive. Because my family and the Scott family were close, Dylan’s grandfather gave his family’s only piece to my grandfather. It saved me, but now…”

Self-reproach pressed down on him, his jaw clenched. “If it weren’t for me, Chloe might have already been getting the treatment she needed.”

“You can’t shoulder all that blame. It was a life-or-death decision. Your family and the Scott family have always stood by each other—no one would have let you die,” Christina said softly, trying to comfort him.

Emotion thickened Ralphy’s voice. “Still... I can’t help but feel like I stole Chloe’s hope with my own survival.”

A wave of dread washed over Ralphy, the fear of losing Chloe gnawing at his every thought. The idea that her life might slip away because of him haunted him, a torment he knew he could never escape. If Chloe didn’t survive—if her death was somehow his fault—it would break him in ways he couldn’t begin to describe.

Christina’s voice was soft, a gentle attempt at reassurance. “Try not to let your worries consume you—sometimes, fate finds a way.”

Ralphy said nothing in return. The silence in the car thickened as he slammed his foot down on the accelerator, desperate to close the distance to the hospital. Every second that passed tightened the knot of anxiety in his chest, a constant terror that they might arrive too late.

King had given them hope—a promise that Chloe could be cured. Yet now, everything felt as if it were slipping through their fingers.

The instant they reached the hospital, both Ralphy and Christina hurried down the corridor, not wasting a moment.

Ralphy’s voice cracked with urgency as he flagged down Morse. “What’s happening? Tell me, how is Chloe? Where can I find her?”

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